20 I. 7/35

THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW;

A

RECORD

OF THE

TURF, THE CHASE, THE GUN, THE ROD, AND SPEAR.

THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

VOL. XII.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1850.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY SANDERS, CONES AND CO., No. 14, LOLL BAZAR.

1850.

052.
IND/E
VOL.12

[redacted] No. 10290 dated 28.5.76.

THE INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

INDEX TO CONTENTS OF VOL. XII.

A.

Abel East, Portrait of—The Sporting Gallery—No. XXIII., 81.
A Tribute to the Memory of Thomas Paingle as a Poet and a Sportsman, 82.
A few words in reply to "Asmodeus."—The Pacha of Egypt's Challenge, 96.
Alphabetical List of Winning Horses.

B.

Bengal, Sequel to Sport in the worst Station in, 104.

D.

Different Parts of India, Hog Hunting in, 219.

E.

Eastward Ho, 68.
Errors Corrected.—To a Member of the Turf Club, Greeting, 196.

F.

Furlough, or the first fruits of, Labours of Idleness, 1—135.

G.

Grouse Shooting in Scotland, in 1850, 204.

H.

Hints on Shikar—First Day, 63—Second Day, 235.
Hog Hunting in different Parts of India, 219.

I.

Idleness, Labours of; or, the First Fruits of Furlough, 1—135.
Indian Turf—The, 51.

L.

Labours of Idleness; or, the First Fruits of Furlough, 1—135.

M.

Matches, Rowing, Oxford and Cambridge, 61.

N.

Note Book, the Editor's, 116.

O.

Oxford and Cambridge Rowing Matches, 61.
Odds and Ends anent the Sonepore of 1850, 91.
Our last Sonepore, 226.

R.

Rowing Matches, Oxford and Cambridge, 61.

S.

Stranger—Labours of Idleness; or, the First Fruits of Furlough, by, 1—135.
Shikar, Hints on, 63.
Sporting Gallery—No. XXIII.—Abel East, 81—No. XXIV., William Grey, Esq., C.S., 218.
Sonepore of 1850, Odds and Ends anent the, 91.
Sequel to Sport in the worst Station in Bengal, 104.
Selections and Sporting Intelligence—No. XXIII. pp. 229—No. XXIV. pp. 208.
Spectacles for Young India, No. 3, 186.
Scotland, in 1850, Grouse Shooting in, 204.
Sport on the South West Frontier, 208.
Sonepore, our last, 226.

T.

The Indian Turf, 51.
Thomas Pringle as a Poet and a Sportsman, a Tribute to the Memory of, 82
The Pacha of Egypt's Challenge—"A few words in reply to "Asmodeus," 96.
The Editor's Note Book, 116.
To a Member of the Turf Club, Greeting—Errors Corrected, 196.

W.

Winning Horses, Alphabetical List of.
William Grey, Esq., C.S., Portrait of.—The Sporting Gallery—No. XXIV., 218.

Y.

Young India, Spectacles for, No. 3, 186.

THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

No. XXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1850.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY SANDERS, CONES AND CO., No. 14, LOLL BAZAR.

1850.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SKIFFINS.—The promised favor has not come to hand.

TODGERS.—We are happy to hear from our correspondent again and sorry for the cause of his long silence. The paper was unfortunately too late for the present No., but shall appear in our next. Articles must reach us by the 15th of the publishing months, at latest, or be pretty certain of missing the Number they are intended for.

A READER doubts the originality of an article in our last *Review*—"A Day's Sport in the Woods of Carolina," by STEEL-PEN. Let our Contributor answer it.

CALEB.—The story is very amusing, but not sufficiently characteristic for our pages.

JESSORE.—We have received the Prospectus; it will appear in our next.

WHIFF.—We must decline inserting the "Lines on a favorite Cheroot Case." The author, however, has our best thanks for his good intentions.

A PIG-STICKER's remarks are just; but the matter has been noticed before.

HUGH.—We have quite failed in deciphering the letter. If we are to give any opinion on the matter, our correspondent must write again.

ERA.—You have won. Voltigeur started and won once before his Derby triumph.

L. D.—A paper on the subject will be very acceptable.

R. T. F. will see that we have anticipated him. We refer him to our Note Book for a description of the Tapir.

A GRIFF.—We believe there is such a work, but are unable to say when it was published.

TOM HARKAWAY.—We shall hear from him again with pleasure.

MUSAFIR-EL-HAJI.—We hope to find in him a steady contributor. The paper, however, under consideration is not sufficiently sporting for our pages.

ERRATA IN NO. XXII.

Page 267, Orig. Dept., line 13 from the bottom, for "*Glendowers*" read "*Glendoveers*," and immediately after, for "*I am a blessed Glendower*" read "*I am a blessed Glendoveer.*"

Page 274, Note, for "*Philip Saltmarshe, Esq., of Saltmarhe and Co., York,*" read "*County York.*"

EMBELLISHMENT.

THE SPORTING GALLERY.—NO. XXIII.—PORTRAIT OF ABEL EAST . 81

CONTENTS.

LABOURS OF IDLENESS ; OR, THE FIRST FRUITS OF FURLOUGH.—BY THE STRANGER 1

THE INDIAN TURF.—BY A MEMBER OF THE CALCUTTA TURF CLUB 51

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ROWING MATCHES.—BY AN OXONIAN . 61

HINTS ON SHIKAR.—BY F. Y. 63

EASTWARD HO!—BY ASMODEUS 68

THE SPORTING GALLERY.—NO. XXIII.—ABEL EAST.—BY A. E. . 81

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS PRINGLE AS A POET AND A SPORTSMAN.—BY SUUM CUIQUE 82

ODDS AND ENDS ANENT THE SONEPORE OF 1850—BY YOUNG TURFITE 91

THE PACHA OF EGYPT'S CHALLENGE—A FEW WORDS IN REPLY TO ASMODEUS.—BY A MEMBER OF THE CALCUTTA TURF CLUB . 96

SEQUEL TO SPORT IN THE WORST STATION IN BENGAL.—BY TOM HARKAWAY 104

THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK 116

SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

RACING CALENDAR.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1850.

LABOURS OF IDLENESS; OR, THE FIRST FRUITS OF FURLOUGH.

BY THE STRANGER.

Part IV.

'There is a temple in ruin stands,
Fashion'd by long forgotten hands;
Two or three columns, and many a stone,
Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!
Out upon Time! it will leave no more
Of the things to come than the things before!''

* * * * *
* * * * *

"Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay!''

BYRON.

In perusing this draft of a journal which was intended to be, and actually is, merely a memorandum of a journey over the most interesting portions of Syria and Asia Minor, the reader will doubtless discover minute shades of colouring, which are the result of long travel and ill health upon the mind of the author, rather than such as, had he been transported by one of the friendly and "omnipotent genie, perpetually attendant on Suliman Bir Dawood," at once, either from his solitary seat of useful employ in distant Guzerat, or from the busy idleness of well-thronged Regent Street, the scenes and characters of Arabia, Palestine and Turkey would have presented themselves in. Oriental habits wore no gloss of novelty to him; no Byronic affectation of hatred or disgust for the human species lent the desert a charm not its own, nor did the "society where none intrude by the deep sea" compensate for the utter desolation of these once glorious realms, and for the entire absence of intellectual converse among unlettered and

bigotted wanderers. In short, our Arabian Nights Entertainments afforded little amusement; but there is much to be learned, if not to be enjoyed, in good honest hard work, and that we certainly did pursue with wondrous pertinacity day after day, till we found a temporary halt tame, after the second idle morning. We both enjoyed most decidedly the remarkable freshness of the glorious climate we had exchanged for the enervating heat of Bombay, and surrounded as we were by as many of the luxuries as gentlemen travelling in India contrive to comprehend in their equipment, we both found that a sense of independence of all absolute control either from those we moved among or those we left behind us, added much to the relish which historic lore lent to the natural beauties of the lands of the Bible. But like Gray's bold adventurers, who "disdain the limits of their little reign," we too often were tempted to look behind and hear a voice in every wind which often reproved one for misapplying hours of leisure which might never again be allotted to us, and wasting health and happiness among ruins, upon whose past history we could never hope to throw additional information, and among people we could not elevate from the misery and ignorance we saw them buried in. We longed to be in England, and yet were unwilling to relinquish the task self-appointed while any of its anticipated charms remained unenjoyed. If the fever occasionally visited either of us, the other was generally robust and buoyant in spirits, and if the sun's heat appeared sufficient to make one sink exhausted on the ground, these trifles were forgotten when the next morning's refreshing breath whispered of hope and strength and some new scene of interest. However, it is enough to have earned the Palmer's weeds, to have become entitled in the east to the respectable title of "Hadji;" but had my friend, Abel East, bespoken an exciting romance, he might have adorned the pages of the *Review* with a spicy narrative, perhaps rivalling the authorship of Eothen! in lieu of this dismal dotting down of the daily drudgery of The Stranger. Should any member of the service, unwilling to leave the luxury of full pay, be advised change of air for any of the thousand and one maladies which long residence in the East entails, let him employ and enjoy his six months' leave of absence by a residence in the neighbourhood of Beyrout and in excursions through the snow-clad Lebanon. Twenty-four hours on board the *Novelty*, and thirty or forty rupees for the passage money of each of the "*sahib-logue*" between Alexandria and Beyrout, will place the invalid within the influence of "Syria's Land of Roses," while almost all the largest

villages will furnish houses which can be converted, at a very trifling expenditure of time and piastres, into a very comfortable dwelling for men accustomed to Indian habits of camping and for ladies pre-disposed to make the best of every thing. From Beyrout the Austrian steamers ply to Syria or to Smyrna, and the *Novelty* twice or thrice in each month will *disembark* the traveller in search of health and picturesque scenery at Alexandretta, whence he may visit Antioch and Aleppo, or loiter on the pleasant mountain of Beilan enjoying the sea breezes of the sweet Mediterranean and the mountain scenery in the vicinity of the gates of Syria; or should he not despise the coasting craft of the Levant and feel disposed for the independence of canvas and a wandering camp, let him extend his voyage to to "Tarsus, a city in Silesia," and let him obtain through the Turkish authorities, permission to occupy the empty palaces and endless barracks which, perched upon the lofty pinnacles of Mount Taurus, look down upon the endless length of the deep defiles of Golueck Borglos. Within a journey of fifty miles from the British Consulate at Tarsus, he may enjoy scenery such as the world cannot shew finer—a most bracing climate, and endless variety of shooting in these thinly populated mountains, while his intelligence from Europe can be supplied still fresh and his communication with the west through Constantinople be daily made through the Turkish "Boster." But why should I waste the valuable pages of our beloved *Review* by planning excursions for those whom antecedent numbers and subsequent pages of "The Labours of Idleness" may have already satisfied that such "First Fruits" had better be the last. "Le jeu ne vant pas la chandelle." On! for the city of the Sultan! Behind us is the desert and before us lies the last citadel of the Imperial Cæsars, and which will soon be the grave of Ottoman greatness, when the Turkish empire and the obsolete customs of the Moslems shall be a figure of speech or the theme for wonder-working novelists to "point a tale." Yellah! Nimshee! as our followers often heard and often repeated. "Arise, let us be going." We have already turned our horses' heads northward, we have already re-visited the city of Zenobia, but we have not yet noted our recollections of the world-famous ruins of Baalbec, lending a glory to the high table land of the Bakaa, and backed, as each view of its glorious columns should be, by the hoary head of Hermon or the white peaks of Sunneen, glittering in the morning's sunbeams. Fain would we linger amid its ruins, though the morning of our departure has already dawned and the rich capitals of Corinthian architects are glowing with the ardent rays.

16*th June*, 1848.—The magnificence of these ruins exceeds all that we had seen in Syria or Egypt, and if they excited our wonder on the first visit, we admired them more after a careful examination had enabled us to comprehend the plan of the building and the magnitude of the work. Where are the men who employed such materials as these gigantic fragments, which nothing but the earthquake could disunite, and time has spared the marble which the earthquake has now only prostrated? As we rode slowly over the heaps of rubbish which afford a sloping footway over the crumbling walls, which successive generations of barbarians have piled around the original platform of the Temple of the Sun, we entered the great square, having on our left hand that magnificent row of six gigantic pillars surmounted by Corinthian capitals, which so many elegant pictures have made the world as well acquainted with, as we ourselves had become, from constantly contemplating their tall forms. As we slowly traversed the last ten miles of our journey along the broad plains of the Bukaa, on our visits to Baalbec, we recognised a green and yellow tent amid the columns of the largest temple, and we saw two English faces at the door, but though they were men whom we afterwards discovered we had met at Jerusalem, and who had traversed for months the same roads as ourselves, they allowed us to lead our weary horses past their door, and without word or gesture of recognition, to take up a position in the shade of a wall, while we waited the tardy arrival of our mules. The English dress appears like the loadstone to the native, but acts like the reversed end to his own compatriots. There are no trees in the "*Kalaah*," as they call the temples, and the mercury rose to 53° at sunrise, to 89° inside at 11 A. M., and 95° outside. We examined the temples most carefully, our countrymen having departed at sunrise for Damascus: and finally having seen the mules depart at 12-30, we visited the Tomb of Saladin in a very paltry mosque adorned with ill-assorted columns robbed from the heathen Temple of the Sun; and leaving Baalbec at 2 P. M., we looked into the spacious but flimsy barracks built by Ibrahim Pacha, crossed the dusty and stony plain of the Bakaa, here about 7 miles wide, inspected a lofty column of blue granite of the Corinthian order without any inscription, but which bore marks of such attempts to overthrow it as it will not long survive, and reached the miserable hamlet of Deir El Akmar at 4-45 P. M. Sun rather hot and no wind. Mules travelling very slowly. The Thermometer pointed to 94° when taken from my box at 5 P. M., and sank immediately to 89° in the tent and to 72° at 8 P. M. My idea of the design of the great temple at Baalbec differs from

that of most travellers—looking upon the high wall which encloses the whole of the buildings, as a superstructure of a much later date than the temple, in short of Saracenic architecture: in which I am borne out by the fact of the uniform use of immense blocks firmly and wonderfully closely joined up to a certain height from the ditch which surrounds the work, and thus forming a platform of uniform altitude and construction upon which the courts of the temple were laid out. I do not consider the present entrance, imperfect as it is, or the sloping path which leads apparently between two stone walls into the largest area, to be that original route by which the temples were entered; I believe that the access to the temple was attained by a broad flight of steps on the eastern side, where, upon the level platform of the main building, a lofty row of columns, whose bases still remain and whose trunks are in some cases built into the wall of the fort, formed a double portico, to the right and left of which were capacious rooms with three arched entrances to each, of which that on the north side is almost as complete as it was in the days of Zenobia; while that on the south has been thrown down partially and the doorways closed up. The facings of each of these recesses, shrines, or dwelling houses for the priests, are covered with highly ornamented carvings, the three entrances (perhaps a door and two windows) being supported by pilasters with Corinthian capitals. The wall which now fills the space, once occupied by the immense row of pillars which must have formed the inner side of the portico, is of immense thickness, and though it contains some huge blocks of stones, is manifestly the work of the Saracens, for converting the massive temple into a Fort, you enter under a block of stone perhaps ten feet long, but not more than six feet from the ground. From this portico then, in olden times, the stranger went through into an octagonal court-yard about 50 yards in diameter. The walls round this area are also more recent than the temple, and I find it impossible to comprehend the original design of this enclosure. Passing on westward through a broad gateway, the walls of which are twenty feet thick, the Stranger enters into the principal area of the temple, a square of one hundred yards, on three sides of which the magnificent architecture is sufficiently perfect to convey an easy idea of the original design. On the eastern wall of this enclosure are two semi-circular recesses of equal length and occupying each the centre of the wall, on either side the gateway:—these recesses contain five niches in double row with ornamental pilasters before each, one above the other, semi-circular and roofed with the scallop shell

pattern, or in some instances eagles, tortoises, or other distorted fanciful designs. Doubtless in each niche once stood the statue of some god or hero, surmounted by a cornice of ornamental work, generally the palm wreath. Down the north and south sides are three recesses similarly ornamented, but varying in dimensions from those described, of which the centre recesses corresponding and facing each other, contained two rows of eight inches each, and the other four had five each. At the N. W. corner of this area, we remarked an ornamental shrine with a secret staircase descending into the moat below, perhaps, however, of a date subsequent to the construction of the temple, while the corresponding corner of the large enclosure on the north-west affords no similar arrangement by which to ascertain the style or use of this unique building, as much of the wall on the south side from the second recess has been thrown down and crushed doubtless by the same earthquake which has flung over its place, and over part of the platform of the large court, the debris of the immense frieze and part of the columns of the smaller, but more complete temple, which occupies the south-west corner of the Fort. From the pavement in front of these walls, I am of opinion that a portico eight yards wide supported a roof so fashioned that these recesses, and indeed the entire length of the quadrangle, formed schools or places for preaching, or for oratorical displays, as we know the porticos in Rome and Athens were appropriated to. About thirty feet from the eastern entrance a raised platform of large stones, one hundred feet square, possibly contained the great altar, or was the space on which the people stood to worship while the priests went forward into the long magnificent "aditus," or inner shrine, of which six massy and uninjured columns support a capital, whose elaborate sculpture and elegant proportions are the admiration of the world. The same style of ornament can be traced on every side of the building as I have described. These columns were, as far as I could trace the pediments, fourteen in number on either side and eight at either end. The height it is almost impossible to estimate, and the diameter appears to vary from six to seven feet. Six, as all the modern world knows, remain the most perfect remnants of antique art in Syria. Three lie to the westward and two to the eastward of these six, while all that are prostrate here or from the smaller temple, have an inclination to the N. W. from the south east, and their fragments are so uniformly placed as to leave no doubt in my mind that their destruction is the effect of one earthquake, the vibrations of which took place from N. E. to S. W.,

and from the immense distance some of the upper portions have been thrown, the whole building must have oscillated once or twice before sufficient impetus to disjoint the massive structure was imparted. Upon the western side, the fragments of one column have crushed through the Saracenic wall and are now in the ditch. The columns which formed the continued line on the west side, have been entirely, and those on the east partially, removed down to the pediments, so as to induce the belief that the temple was dismantled and destroyed almost as much as at present, before the Saracens erected their fortified wall round the entrance, while the terrific effects of the earthquake occurred subsequent to this later erection. Behind the southern wall of the grand quadrangle stands in an angle of the fort a domed building, lighted from above, evidently Saracenic, but it also bears the impress of the earthquake's force. The south-west portion of the enclosure within the ditch is occupied by the smaller and most perfect temple. Fourteen elegant Corinthian columns on either side, north and south, support an architrave of elaborate sculpture containing medallion busts of men and women. On the east and west ends are a double row of six fluted Corinthian columns corresponding with the longer row, except in the additional ornament of being fluted. On the east side is now, and doubtless originally existed, the principal entrance, though a wall has been built up, and the stranger crawls through a broken aperture made in this wall. About 12 feet in front of this entrance is a broad square doorway, perhaps twenty feet wide, and as the ruins have filled up the flooring, the original height cannot be guessed. The centre stone has fallen from its place and is half disunited from the masonry of the portal, and is ornamented with a very well executed eagle, with the caduceus apparently in his claws, while on either side are relievos: one has been entirely effaced, the other is a flying Mercury with a cornucopæa in his hand. The temple measured outside, between the columns and the exceedingly well finished wall in which the huge sandstone slabs fitted into each other as smooth as glass, eighty-one feet in breadth and one hundred and fifty-six feet in length: the portico was ten feet broad all round, and the pillars, not less than five feet in diameter, are about forty feet in height. The temple inside looking from the door-way I have described, seems to have consisted of a row of eight Corinthian pillars, of which only the pediments exist on either side, and the aisle which terminated in a shrine, from which an oblong slab, perhaps covered with sculpture, has been removed. On either side of the place thus occupied is a recess with

Corinthian pilasters, seven in number, and seven corresponding niches on either side the walls, north and south, each niche being surmounted by the scallop shell and supported by smaller Corinthian pilasters. The six mighty pillars are visible from all parts of the plain of the Bukaa, seven or ten miles off, and the rich colour of the yellow stone was heightened by the sun's glare. We had seen it by moonlight, by sunrise, sunset and midday, and could discern some fresh beauty in each phase. We found our encampment on a wretched scrap of flat stony ground, much frequented by sheep, and therefore abounding in fleas. The village of the dirtiest description, and as the muleteers declared themselves ignorant of the route to Elden, rather a tax on our credulity as well as on our purse. Guiseppe contrived to engage a huge savage to act as guide, and we were joined during the night by a very pretty girl about twenty years of age, though she called herself twelve and her brother looked younger than she, although professing to have attained the discreet age of twenty-two years.

17*th June*.—Though barely above the plain of the Bakaa which we had found of late so oppressive during our midday marches, yet the air at our camp was very cool and refreshing. The mercury pointed to 55° at 4 P. M. We left the ground at 4-30, glad to wrap our cloaks round us to retain warmth. The road began to ascend immediately leading up a rich black soil, free from stones and thickly shaded by oaks—the holly oak and the dwarf—in short, much resembling the country we had traversed in our descent from the stony range of Sunneen, on 23rd May. There was one bleak bare ridge between that we were ascending, and the snowy peaks, which, notwithstanding the true distance from us, appeared quite close. After climbing till 6-30 A. M. we left the public road, having given orders for the mules to travel on until we might overtake them, and passing southward along the face of the mountains we came upon a full noisy stream running southward through a valley rich in wheat and barley, well planted with trees. This we followed for nearly five miles, when at 7-40 A. M. we approached the picturesque little lake *Lemonich* or "Birket El Yenoni," near which is a village of the same name. The English traveller who has wandered off the mail coach road from London to Holyhead, after leaving on his right hand the gloomy shores of Lyn Ogwen, will remember with what wild delight he gazed upon the fantastic peaks which throw their sombre shadows, (or, it may be the thick white vapours which often conceal their green outlines) upon the glassy pool of Lyn Idwal, and memory will furnish him with a miniature picture of the sweet Lake of Yenoni, whose more

verdant banks and summer skies distract but do not destroy the resemblance of the leading features in the more romantic but diminutive Welch Pool. Alike the bare pointed outlines of the frowning cliffs, whose gigantic proportions reduce the scale by which the eye can calculate the watery expanse, this Lake appears to be about one mile and a quarter in circumference, receiving the waters of the brook we had followed from the N. W., and on the west is supplied by a broad strong stream, which, falling down one of the prettiest cascades you can imagine, turns a mill and empties itself into the Lake. There is no visible outlet to its waves, yet the banks shew no signs of overflowing. A few mills in ruins are now in the water, so that it once was smaller than when we saw it. The water is said to be swallowed up through a hole in the earth on the south end, and doubtless finds its way to the Bakaa, although some people assert that it finds for itself an escape by the cascades down the valley of the Kadesha, westward of the snowy range. The Lake is surrounded by high mountains on three sides—the valley we had descended opening on the north-east side. Having satisfied our eyes with its beauty as well as the time would allow, we hastened back to overtake the mules, travelling as fast as our horses could walk and much faster than the huge savage, our guide, could conveniently follow; for stalwart as he was, and in wonderful health and spirits, he now began to lag far behind. He was a man about 35 or 40 years of age, more than 6 feet high, and very stout, but not fat; throwing his feet from stone to stone with a wonderful recklessness and with the precision of an Opera dancer, he strode down the hill hitherto far in advance of our horses, ran and skipped like a boy at every declivity, trumpeted joyous tunes whenever he fancied himself sufficiently removed from us to escape ridicule, and would have rivalled Michael Boai in his execution on his chin. Meeting one of his acquaintance he ran to meet him, caught him up in his arms, and, though the other was a full-grown ordinary sized man, carried him like a child. His sandy moustache and sun-burnt complexion, dark mahogany coloured legs and hands were in strange keeping with his chest and shoulders, which gleamed white as an Englishman's, whenever the wind removed the coarse blue and yellow garment of sackcloth which he wore as his principal article of dress: his head was merely covered by an old turboosh, and his shoes were tied in his waistband to keep company with sundry loaves of coarse barley bread, which he, from time to time, devoured. He was a good-humoured savage, and, to us, a kind of wonder. At 9 40 A. M. we reached a fine fountain where women and children were

washing clothes, &c. We had hitherto travelled from the Lake Yenoni, a distance of nearly seven miles, upon a ledge of the mountain side under the highest and steepest range, but here the great guide declared he could see the mules far above us and we began the ascent, by far the steepest three miles I ever rode in my life, and one which, looking from above, I would have believed impossible for a horse to ascend: the mules had taken a more circuitous route. The great savage caught E.'s horse and, to assist himself, almost worn out with the pace, held on by the Bishop's tail and nearly pulled the miserable pony over. Huleel and I made the best of our way upwards. We passed several bands of men, women and girls going down the hills for the harvest, and a few asses laden with their clothes, &c. As we approached the snow, I perceived a large herd of goats and sheep, several hundreds in number, grazing on the mountain's side, and the herdsmen having told us that the mules had passed, I soon perceived the ill-fated cafilah apparently stopped by the snow. Guiseppe and one of the muleteers had passed over and Haj Ibrahim was trying to bring round to his work a refractory mule, while Furaj endeavouring to drive the rest over the snow, had caused a confusion worse confounded, for the sick man would not assist, and the mules, half frightened, had many of them turned back and were in full retreat down the mountain, when I came to the rescue and drove them back. On crossing the patch of snow I perceived Guiseppe, the girl, and her brother, evidently determined for a halt, and as the snow afforded means for cooking, we halted for breakfast at 10-45. The view was most grand, and, after passing the immense patch of snow before us, the western descent was immediate, the pass having no table land. Below on the western side lay the Cedars—the far-famed Cedars! looking like a gorse cover, not shelter for a fox. Behind lay Elden, and to the front the glorious valley of the *Kadeshah*, while right and left, the snowy peaks closed in upon the scene, opening wider and wider to the broad sea beyond. We halted and wrapped in our cloaks, lay down on the rocky ground, and slept till breakfast was announced. Some of the numerous "chevres," as Guiseppe calls them, affording us a plentiful supply of milk, which, with a cold rice pudding (which had excited the desire of the young lady as Guiseppe explained,) was, with the remnant of the viands, handed over as usual to Guiseppe and his guests, and as he contented himself with rice and milk, his usual sustenance, was soon eagerly devoured. We left the summit of the hill, the highest point of our journey, about 12-45, and walking for the benefit of the little 'Muskeen,' I made the best of my way towards

the Cedars; the steepness of the road downwards was only surpassed by the morning's ascent, while on this side, as on each occasion of our crossing the Lebanon, we discerned here the peculiar characters of the west and eastern slopes. Excited by the breakfast or by the notice he had attracted, and thinking the offer of food a proof of our admiration, the mighty savage conducted himself in the most eccentric manner, singing, leaping, running, throwing his turboosh in the air, and exhibiting all the wild spirits of a boy of fifteen. The young girl walked out of fear, or because the mule which she and her brother had mounted alternately, must have been an unpleasant conveyance. "Why do you not ride, you will be fatigued," she cried, half jestingly to me, as I passed her, and as E. would not dismount, I contrived to walk with her and her brother and to talk as best I could in bad Arabic. She was going to join her husband at Elden, having come from Zahlee. She had been married some years, had one child, &c. Evidently much flattered by the admiration she excited, her spirits rose, as she chattered to me with a fluency which pre-supposed unlimited intimacy with her language on my part, and guessed and appreciated the ill-expressed replies of my imperfect Arabic with great smartness and infinite good humour and relish. At last she was induced to mount my horse, and when Huleel overtook us, rode his. The Cedars are a more numerous grove than the descriptions of travellers lead one to suppose. Many of a very great size and age, the greatest number large and containing the names of all sorts and conditions of men as early as the year 1665, including Chateaubriand, Irby and Mangles and Prince Pucklan Muskan *(Pickled Mustard)*, and a few adventurous Indians; however we did not add ours. There is a small church dedicated to "St. Honore, patron des Boulangers," and strange to say, there hung on the left side of the altar a very miserably-coloured French print, representing the baking art in all its stages, &c. The 'bint' and her brother, the 'grande sauvage' and the muleteers, knelt reverently to their prayers, while we uncovered stood by decorously. On our emerging forth from the doorway we found a black stolid priest, who could only speak Arabic, with a subscription book, to which we added our mite, and saw Sir Robert and Lady A. had visited the spot and subscribed to this refuge for the wanderer. The priest like his brethren at Cande, retires from these mountains during the winter—had returned about one month or a little more, and should live there for seven he said. We sat and smoked, and talked, and threw stones to bring down the fresh Cedar cones, the little girl bringing them to me, as a kind of keepsake, and I

promising, of course, that they should be planted in England in her name, which I forgot, if I ever knew it. Her spirits and activity were those of a child, though her years, judging from her form, must have been more than she would acknowledge, and when she mounted one of the horses at our request instead of her own mule, she laughed and talked and rode as fearlessly and well over some terribly broken paths as that most accomplished horsewoman, Madame Caroline, could have done. Among other fancies she wished to teach us her prayers as she recited them to the rosary of gilt beads which hung round her neck. Her brother from fatigue or natural slowness, did not shew equal liveliness, though resembling her strongly in features. About 4-30 P. M., we overtook the mules at a place where the road had been carried away by a flood. The crops were just appearing in their first greenness above the ground, and the village of Elden, which is deserted during the winter, did not appear very populous even now. We reached the village about 6-30 P. M., and after walking through the village in search of a place to pitch the tents, we found, horrid sight—a sounder of tame hog!—and soon after a loud outcry about "Ferengi," made us aware that they were "twigging on us," and as they one and all shouted again and pointed to the convent, we made our retreat as soon as possible, and meeting Guiseppe and his mules outside the town, we climbed over a stone fence into a vineyard which some man was obliging enough to place at our disposal, and there pitched the tents, (64° at 9 P. M.) 18th June, 56° at sunrise in the tent, 77° at noon, 63° at 9 P. M. Tent under a large walnut tree. Rejoicing in the temporary rest from fatigue and delighted with the fine air of this mountain track, we often regretted the time wasted in Damascus, and thought how much better for our health had been a week's sojourn here! but time was passing on and we had already experienced warnings of the effect of the sun on constitutions rather exhausted from residence in India. We climbed the hills behind the tents in the afternoon and had a fine view of Tripoli and the coast northward, and I, after passing the range of pines, sat down upon the grey stone, beyond the limits of cultivation, to admire the effect of sunset on the valley of Kadesha.

19*th June.*—56° at sunrise, 75° at noon, 64° at 9 P. M. Joseph Simon arrived from Beyrout with a letter from Mr. Heald, and with a very handsome chesnut horse, about 14-3 or 15 hands, which he had purchased for 2,400 piastres for Meer Ameen Shoofed of Beyrout, a Druze Chief; as we had commissioned him to buy a horse on his own account which we

would hire from him. He said he expected to sell him in Constantinople for 3,000 or 4,000 piastres. He was the finest, best bred, and most active horse I had seen for sale, or in any one's possession, except the two belonging to Colonel Rose and the stud of the Seraskier at Damascus. About noon, E. mounted the Acroot, I rode the 'Burghoot,'* and Joseph mounted the young mule to proceed to Kamobin, the patriarch's summer residences. We turned down the road leading to the Cedars for a short distance, then descending rapidly to a mill, crossing the head of the stream which flows into the valley of the *Kadesha*, and going too high up the bank, lost our way. Having performed a sort of slow steeple chase over the barley fields and down the heaps of stones which form the terraces on which the cultivation is carried on, we found ourselves, about 2. P. M., at the gorge of a very precipitous path leading directly down upon the convent. As E.'s horse had lost two or three shoes and was egregiously lame, he mounted the mule; but we soon found that the mule would not, and the Acroot could not, descend; so throwing stones towards a man who was asleep in a ledge of the rock some short distance off, across the ravine on whose brink we stood, we contrived to rouse him by the noise, and he came and held the horses while we went down to the convent, a descent which appeared almost perpendicular. As usual we passed through mulberry and then through pine groves on the red sand, and then on to the olives, walnuts and oaks, and finally, while yet a long way from the river Kadesha, we reached an artificial platform. Here we were accosted by a mild-looking young monk, whose pale but sallow complexion and delicate Italian features, almost resembled the subject of his discourse, as having paused beneath a noble oak whose gnarled roots were placed to form a rustic bench, he shewed the way along a ridge of rocks towards a cave, in which a few tawdry ornaments on a simple altar, commemorated the residence of a female saint who had sought, and for years obtained, an asylum in the convent as a monk, until slander drove her forth to die in this cavern. So spake the young priest who met us as we descended and by whom we were shewn into the convent: a few mean-looking cells, about ten in number, with one window each, look out upon this most glorious valley in the world, while below are an equal number of stalls for horses which serve for the monks, as the venerable long-bearded priest who escorted us said,

* The chesnut was known to the Arabs as *Burghoot* or the *flea*, for his great activity in leaping. Acroot is a term of contemptuous abuse, applied by our attendants so often to a poor old white horse, which belonged to Haj Ibrahim, and had been hired by us, that the horse was always alluded to by this name.

whenever the patriarch returns with so many chiefs and great merchants as occupy the rest of the house. Across a very narrow passage was a chapel hewn in the rock, of about forty feet square and thirty high, where were two bishops crowning the Virgin with a file of cherubs on each side. The first of each side were musicians, one playing the fiddle and the other a penny trumpet. A few rooms for the refectory, &c. &c., complete the establishment. The roads on the opposite cliff appeared like silver threads and lead up the mountain to the summer residence of the patriarch Damam, which was in sight, though distant several hours. There were only four monks resident. We had a very hard drag up the hill, which occupied us about an hour, and the ride back was most picturesque. In short we only regretted not having pitched at Baam and not having arranged to pass a week there. Particularly remarkable was an isolated promontory between the two valleys, that of Kadesha and that of Elden, below which the torrents meet and roll the waters in one channel to the sea, which itself always delightful to look at is doubly so as a background to such scenery as the Lebanon affords; add to this, the contrast of snow on the white limestone peaks above and round, and some very faint idea of the beauty of the neighbourhood of Elden may be conceived.

20th June.—55° at 4 P. M. Guiseppe, by whom we intended sending letters to Beyrout, having expressed himself willing to march on to Aleppo, accompanies us this morning. He has already begun to sing at his work, and as if relieved from the necessity of much responsibility by the arrival of El Bedir, thinks himself quite happy. We left our ground about 4-50 A. M., a very young man consenting to act as guide half way to Hermill, a town which none of the muleteers profess to know, and which really has been seldom, if ever, visited by Europeans, except our friend the Rev. Thompson. From thence the guide's brother, who lives at a village about that distance from Elden, is to conduct us on. There is a forest said to abound in hog, hares, partridges, &c. on the east side of the mountain, the western slope, as usual, being cultivated to the very summits. Soon after leaving Elden we ascended close to the snowy range and continued our course upon the edge of the cultivated lands. After reaching the highest range over which our course lay, we had a most magnificent view of Tripoli and of a few villages between it and us. The country is broken into detached conical hills which gradually recede from the coast forming a very extensive bay, round which the mountains close again in the far back ground: the whole chain of mountains wheeling round as it were to the northward. Tripoli was said to be five

IND/S
Vol 12

hours distant. The scenery was very wild and much of the land uncultivated or sown with barley only; during this day's travel, leading over a succession of steep ridges round the heads of picturesque valleys and never over level ground, we halted about 9 A. M. under some "Betteen" trees, near a spring beyond Belinnata, for breakfast, and having sent on the mules, proceeded to follow them at 12-30. We overtook them at the village of Seer about 2-20 P. M., having passed one considerable village named Jeffrir, perhaps two miles from Seer. The baggage having been disarranged, Guiseppe had halted to repair damages, and as soon as we conveniently could, we again put the column in motion, ourselves stopping to talk to the natives. How it would astonish my worthy friend Eacoob-Ali, or even Mohammed Bin Dervish, to have seen these fair-faced European-looking Moslems who inhabit this neighbourhood. The immense oaks under which we sat would have done honour to Windsor Park, and the village without being the largest or the most prosperous, was the best situated, with more plain rich arable land in its neighbourhood than any other in the Lebanon range. We now began to ascend without intermission for at least three hours, passing two villages at a short distance from each other. About 6-25 we reached the top of the mountains with the snow in deep broad patches close above us. There is a fine spring of water here, frequented by the flocks and herds of the neighbourhood, called Merubden, and near this we endeavoured to halt, but finding no proper ground, proceeded still further up for about half an hour. Even at this elevated range, water-courses for irrigation had been formed from this spring, and its course was visible for a long distance down the mountain. It gave a very good idea of the unwearying industry of these people, to see how many water-courses at different elevations were drawn off from this one stream. The neighbourhood was covered with rich grass, buttercups and daisies, as are only found in these high latitudes. We had remarked occasionally Cedar trees in clusters since passing the celebrated grove, but never until that point, while here there were a few mixed with cypress and pines. We encamped about seven o'clock, after having journeyed at least twenty-eight miles during the day, allowing for the time lost in stoppages, the very slow pace of the mules and the steepness of the route. The cold was very piercing, but the view of the sea and the bracing air made this a very charming encampment. Joseph's horse, the Burghoot, had carried himself and his rider so well and behaved with so much temper and courage as to be altogether so superior an animal, that I made up my mind to buy him.

Shakespeare Jalgaon Public Library
Acc. No. 10290 Date 28.5.76

21*st June*.—The longest day. The Thermometer 44° at sunrise, being the lowest temperature we have experienced for weeks or shall till we reach Europe. Farewell to the mountains, we descend now to the arid plains of Syria and Asia Minor, and the most tedious part of the journey is before us. We left the ground at 5-50 A. M., and began a continued descent down to Hermill. The road was beautifully wooded, and though only once or twice affording a glimpse of the sea, yet the well-wooded glades were extremely picturesque and the absence of cultivation rendered the scenery of this day's travel different from any part of the mountain we had yet visited. This is known as Jebbel Akkar, and the town of Akkar lies to the north of our road. The few men we met were Metualis, the most rude and brutal in their manners of any of the Syrians, though in appearance varying little from the poorer class of Mussulmen. They never conduct themselves with the habitual courtesy on which the Moslem prides himself. A couple of men, after loud yelling and weeping had been heard, made their appearance from the hills to our right hand and told Guiseppe that they had been seized, robbed, and beaten by the Metualis, and that the whole neighbourhood was infested with robbers. We therefore abstained from our usual habits of wandering out of sight of the baggage. We saw a few ordinary-looking mares with foals by their sides and occasionally flocks of the silver-coated, silky-haired "chevres." We breakfasted at a fountain at 9-45 A. M.: only one tree in the neighbourhood overlooking a long green meadow and a shallow lake about two miles broad, where there is a guard or Gluffar to levy customs. We marched thence at 12-20, and about the middle of the meadows we came to a group of men who were assured by Joseph that we had a Bouruldi and Teshkan and were merchants, so we passed without being molested or even taxed. Soon after we passed a spot where the waters of the lake disappear under ground with considerable noise, as we witnessed who stood by. The lake is picturesque, though not surrounded by fertile land or near any village and is enclosed by high hills, except on the east where the road begins gradually to ascend a low range of chalky limestone, from whence, by a short but steep descent, we entered a beautiful valley studded by oaks of each description, and other shrubs. I found a brace of partridges, could only obtain one shot, bagged a bird and saw a hare; but though I walked on the steep hill side for more than one hour, I did not flush the covey again. We continued to descend down into the valley of the Orontes, and finally about 4-35 P. M. we saw the town of Hermill below us, and about three miles beyond, on a

black chalky hill, we saw the monument mentioned by Mr. Thomson, but which E. would persist in declaring half mile distant and not twenty feet high. Leaving this momentous question for the morrow's decision, we waited under some magnificent walnut trees till Guiseppe and his mules made their appearance, having sent forward Eusiff el Bedir and the horse-keeper to buy grain and fowls for us, as the Commissariat was reported empty; finally, we encamped at 5-30 P. M., having been under weigh nearly ten hours, and having travelled at least twenty-five miles. Thermometer 72° at 9 P. M.

It is arranged that I am to become the owner of the handsome chesnut for 2,400 piastres, about £20 sterling. I do not think he could be purchased in Bombay for 1,000 rupees or £100.

22nd June.—64° at 4 P. M. Left the ground at 4-35 A. M. It was arranged that E. and I, and Joseph Simon, should find our way to the monument, and having inspected the same, made the best of our way over the only bridge across the Orontes to the high road to Homs, so as to march with the baggage, as the road is reported very dangerous and the Arabs are about in great numbers. Eusiff el Bedir did not return from the village till very late, so we dined on an omelette; they attracted so much attention and admiration in the village from the beauty of 'Burghoot,' that they took him for a Turkish Agah and offered him all sorts of provisions gratis, begging him to stay. They are much more abject in their behaviour to a Turk than the natives of India are to Europeans, even when they know them, and I believe our unknown European attracts no attention in Indian villages. However, Joseph said he had other Arab horses and an English "bey" with him, and must return to his tent. We three therefore marched off while the mules were yet unloaded, and having ridden round the outskirt of the village, which appears to have been very extensive once but is now in three divisions and partly in ruins, we found our way over or through several streams of water pouring themselves into the Orontes, passed by a circuitous route of about two miles down to the bridge a well built stone edifice upon three arches, followed a broad road up the opposite bank, and found ourselves in an immense barren plain without trees, barley, or cultivation, covered with coarse dry grass and the usual blue thistles. Looking round for the column, we perceived the pyramidal top of it over a bare hill about one mile to our right hand. I was riding the Burghoot full of life and spirits. If I stopped for one moment or cantered up a hill to reconnoitre, he danced about with measured steps

until he rejoined his companions. He was very active and well broken, and even E., who always sneers at the horses of this country and at my fancy for buying animals, admitted he was a remarkably handsome animal and worth 1,000 rupees (£100,) in Bombay. I made a sketch of the monument; it stands nearly eighty feet high, consisting of two compartments, the first of about thirty feet high, with Doric pilasters at each corner of the level plain, a second story about twenty-five feet or more in height, with similar pilasters enclosing a large slab on either side, with hunting pieces carved thereon. None of the sides corresponded with the points of the compass, but the angles appeared to be set; beginning from the north-east side—the first which we inspected—there were two stags almost as large as life, one standing *regardant*, one charging with his horns set and leaping. Below, above, and on either side, were spears, with the Arab feathers attached to them, crossed bundles of arrows, swords, and clubs; on the south-east was a large boar, well executed, attacked by a dog in front and one behind, the latter very stiff and ill-shaped; here were the same attributes of the chace as in the first piece: the south-west side had been effaced by an earthquake, all the stones having been removed and rubbish piled high on this side. The north-west side had either a lion or a rhinoceros on it. I could not discern which, but if a lion his head was very extraordinary, and if a rhinoceros his legs were like a dog's. There was a large fissure through the head of the beast so as to preclude a guess at his identity: bones and javelins, &c., completed the tablet. The upper story was a pyramid of grey limestone slabs like the Egyptian monuments, about twenty-five feet high, and the lower story was about thirty feet square. After completing our sketch we descended towards the stream of the Orontes, here a rapid and deep river without many trees or much cultivation on its banks. The bridge seemed about a mile and a half from the monument, and we proceeded for four miles along the road to Homs, keeping on the west side of the Orontes out of sight of the stream, as we had ordered the muleteers to do, to avoid exciting the attention of the Arabs who had overrun the eastern side and stopped the main road to Damascus. A few vineyards spread over the flat plain, but the chief produce was barley which the peasants were reaping. The heat became excessive even at 9 A. M., and after in vain searching and inquiring for the mules we returned to Hermill, by half after 10 A. M., thinking Guiseppe had been afraid to move without us. The man in the stack-yard close to which we had passed the night informed us that the muleteers

had loaded soon after our departure, and left the ground without passing through the village, but going northward and keeping a road high up the mountain side among the high bushes and groves of wild olive and dwarf oak, as Haj Ibrahim had said he intended to do so from fear of the Arabs. We therefore found a boy to go out to the nearest village and see if they were waiting for us, and also to procure some eggs and bread. About noon the boy returned. He had seen nothing of the mules; and Joseph having placed the hard boiled eggs and coarse barley cakes, large, thin, and tough like cartridge paper, before us, we endeavoured to keep the wolf out of our *interieurs*, and all shared alike, black salt and Spartan sauce savouring all things. Here contrary to the advice of the last owner of the Burghoot, who had cautioned Joseph never to remove the bridle after the horse came from work for a long time, or until the horse bag was given, he had hobbles locked to his forelegs, and was loosed with the Bishop and the Acroot. Muskeen having been ridden by Guiseppe, had gone on with the mules:—there was no grain for the horses, so they one and all ate largely of green rank grass. We all slept till 3 P. M., when I woke both E. and Joseph and proposed starting. E. was unwilling to move, and about 4 P. M. we did proceed. I found the chesnut very inert, and he received me without his usual alert look and liveliness. His mouth too was burning hot as I placed the bit in, and I knew he was ill. There was no help for it but to go on. I shot a pigeon for Joseph, as the horse passed under the tree from which the bird flew, and afterwards a partridge which I lost. The horse was violently purged for three hours and became very sluggish and weak, and he had lost all his usual playfulness. About 6 P. M. we came to a few trees in a valley formed by a considerable stream which, rising in the mountains over which we h[illegible] been passing, turned a mill upon the high road to Homs, and at which we made enquiries and found that Guiseppe and the mules had passed at noon; Joseph who undertook to reconnoitre, approaching very cautiously a group of men seated in the shade of a walnut tree, and taking the telescope as a precautionary measure to avoid falling among the Bedouins, he soon saw they were reapers, and as we had followed him to give assistance if necessary, we all walked down to the mill, obtained the requisite information and joyfully followed the road they pointed out. By the side of the road was a water course about six feet wide, on the banks of which we saw numerous turtles or tortoises, and found subsequently they were as common as frogs in all this part of Syria and Asia Minor, and are never eaten by the natives. The village was called Mutriba.

About sunset we entered a village called Zeteh, where we were advised to be careful, as the Arabs were in great force in the neighbourhood, had besieged the large village of El Seir across the Orontes about eight miles off, which we had seen with our telescopes, and that the people of that city had not been outside for ten days. They also assured us that the mules had unloaded about 3 P. M., and after halting a short time marched on. We now hasted on at a trot for the next village called El Tell, near a Santon's white tomb, which we had seen from Mutriba. We passed on our road several herds of cattle, ponies, and sheep, all hastening from the fields from fear of the Annesee, who were in great force. By the time we arrived at El Tell it had become quite dark, and having passed several encampments of Deirik* Arabs, we entered the first we found conveniently near; halted close to the fire at which a boy was preparing coffee, and calling for the Chief, asked a guide to El Tell. A man herewith came out asking us to stay, saying the Bedouins† were about in great numbers. He shewed us a ford through a lake which served to turn a mill and, then joined the Orontes. We had heard the noise of the water, but could not see the limits or where it lays. This water caused the death of my horse. The water came half way up the saddle-flaps; but having crossed, we ascended the mound; received several surly answers from the Arabs encamped outside, (for all the Deirik Arabs now crowded round the village from fear of the Bedouins,) till Joseph by blustering, &c. &c., found the Chief's house, went in to shew the Borouldi, and demanded a guide. The mules had not come there, but were supposed to be at El Hows, about 1½ mile further north. A boy soon came out to us, and having re-crossed the water, we found ourselves at 9½ P. M. at El Hows. The Chief's house was here also attacked, and he at first denied any knowledge of the mules as they had arrived after night-fall, some one however declared he knew where they were. In a hollow near a stack-yard, close by the pond, we saw our attendants, all the men asleep. No tents pitched, no dinner prepared, but each man within the circle of the baggage unwilling to give an answer. We were right glad to find ourselves at our tents. The poor chesnut was very sick, refused to eat, and as I knew the cold water must be the death of him if he could not be recovered soon, I

* *Deir*—a clampaign country. *Deirik*—The dwellers in cultivated land.
Dēdre—Plural of the above, as "*Dēar Bukar*," the track between the Tigris and Euphrates.
Dāēr—A convent, as *Daer El Kummar*—The convent of the Moon; *Daer el Akmar*—The convent of *Moons*. This orthography is conformable to the pronunciation, not according to the written words.

† *Bedo*—The Desert. *Bedowee*—The Desertmen.

had him dried, rubbed, and well clothed, and sent into the Chief's house; the tents were soon pitched, lights on the tables, and some cold provisions enabled us to turn in, thankful that all had ended so well. The wind blew cold over this open plain, as the mountains of Akkar had been passed, the hills of the Ansaryah not atttained, and a high table land extended to the sea, westward and eastward, beyond Tadmor to the Euphrates, without a hill to break the monotonous flat. The mercury had sunk to 68° by 10 P. M.

23rd June.—59° at sunrise. We left the ground at 6-15 A. M. When 'Burghoot' was brought to the tent, he gave a joyous neigh at the sight of the Bishop and the Muskeen, and I rushed from my tent, hoping to see he had recovered; he sank almost immediately on the ground, his pulse was rapid but very feeble, and the heat of his ears and feet diminished, but the colour of his nostrils and his sunken eyes told that inflammation had run its course. His pains had ceased, because life was soon about to leave him. We tried to bleed him in the mouth with a penknife—I had no fleam—but no blood would flow. Haj Ibrahim and Joseph took the poor beast back to the Shaik's house and told that worthy that the horse should be left with him, if I returned on the day after to-morrow and found the horse better he should be rewarded, and if the horse died, he must send in the feet by the groom. We went our way. Traversed an immense flat plain covered with thick grass, immense passion-flowers, as we had seen during the preceding day's journey, and a few fields of barley. There were two villages between El Hows and the Lake of Homs, Baker El Cades; one to the westward, close to which we passed in order to go round the lake on the west side, and one to the north on the road which we wished to avoid. We soon reached an immense marsh. I tried to obtain a shot at some ducks, without success. While loitering here we were overtaken by one of the Irregular Horsemen on an old grey mare, large and heavy. She fell over in some bad ground, and gave him a rolling fall which enabled me to enter into conversation with him and he volunteered to shew us a short way to Homs, saying it was distant only three hours for mounted men. We marched round this marsh, and came in sight of the white chalky waters of the lake reflecting nothing, even the blue sky found no mirror in its dull waves, and they beat upon the shore with thick heavy foam amid the thick weeds and wild flowers of a species we had never seen before. Around us was a barren desert of stones, not a tree near, and behind lay the snowy peaks of Lebanon, so glorious a contrast with our present pestiferous neighbourhood, and on

the east lay Shaik, with his head also white with snow. On the north-east the blue hills of Ansaryah and the castle of Kulaal el Husan were beautiful from the distance, but before us lay this dreary lake and the flat plains of the great Desert of Arabia behind them. A few antelopes leaped up and deluded me to follow in the hopes of a shot, but though several times near enough for the rifle, I was too far off for the smooth barrels to be effective. At 9-55 A. M. we halted at a ruined tower built upon the dam, which Alexander the Great made to retain the waters of this lake, forming a surface of about eight miles long and six at its broadest part, while the Orontes no longer bright and blue as at Hermill but tinged with the dull colour of the lake, rushes over the solid bulwark of the dark grey stones of the conqueror's dam: this is a mighty work, perhaps twelve hundred yards in length and about twenty-five feet on the highest surface; it retains a lake as large as above described, and has, for two thousand five hundred years, performed the duty for which it was intended. What a model to Indian Engineers! The tower beneath which we sat was on the extreme west and had a platform of solid masonry connecting it with the main land, having a narrow water-course to irrigate the fields around. The tower contained only one room about twelve feet square, accessible through a window about five feet from the ground, and had been two storeys high, as the upper window was perfect; when we climbed to the top, I could discern the house-tops of El Sier and the dust of the encampment, if the Arab bands were still there, or else of a very large body of men marching, about six or eight miles eastward. There was not another tower on the dam: below the mound a rich meadow was occupied by herds of camels, horses, sheep and cattle belonging to the Arabs whose black tents covered the rising grounds. From the top also Hom[illegible] was plainly visible, apparently about five miles off, and the hills of Selaiah in the vicinity of Hamâh. We began our march again at about 12-30, and having passed a village close to the dam, called Sittah, we crossed over the Orontes by a stone embankment, the road running through the miller's house, which, as usual, was crowded with cattle and men waiting to have their corn ground. We now entered a higher plain of open arable land, slightly covered with gravel stones and earth. Almost all the barley had been removed. Joseph and the Irregular Horseman took a slight gallop, half in race, half in fancied exercise of the Jereed; and as E. and I followed more soberly, although we walked away from the mules, we were overtaken by a good-looking dark Deirik Arab, without arms, carrying

only the usual hooked oak staff in his hand, and mounted on a very promising four-year-old filly, about 14-3 high. She was low in front, and E. and Joseph thought her clumsy. I expressed my admiration of her. He asked if I wished to buy, but would not name a price. I would have bought her had I been going to Bombay instead of to England. When we overtook the other men, the news of this Arab insurrection was detailed by the Arab. The tribe of Muhusinea had been attacked by the Pacha of Homs. Some fine mares, horses, camels, and a few women of the higher classes taken, and the Arabs vowed to kill every person they came up with. Several villages had been plundered, the Pacha had gone to Hamah, where three Pachas had met to consult. He had sent a messenger on a camel to call in the heads of the Annesee, to make up in the restitution of some cattle stolen from the gates of Homs, and that thus Arabs would be engaged against Arabs. We walked and talked some time, he and the horseman then bowed and went from us; and as we soon after cantered ourselves, we overtook them and again joined conversation. The man was very like the Pacha of Jerusalem, and on my telling him so, he cried out—"I also shall be a Pacha," and laughed much at the idea. The heat was excessive, my thick cloak did not keep it off, and as I had no turban over my cap, as my wont was in India in the hot weather, I found the heat excessive. We both cantered on to reach shelter in the town, when suddenly the Arab with a loud yell started his horse for a race with us. As he came near, I put the Muskeen on his legs, got him into racing speed, and after lying by the side of the Arab's mare for a few strides, passed him to his infinite disgust, for he left the road, pretending he had dropped something and dismounted. Joseph and the Irregular were much delighted and said the Arab would not speak to any of us again. He was a wretchedly bad rider and could neither sit on his horse nor make her go, and having only the head-stall (as they appear to ride without bridles) was of course beaten even by the inferior pony with a little jockeyship. Homs is a large brick-built town, surrounded by thin stone walls and with a huge mound on the east side, once crowned by a castle, but now the ruins scarcely retain the form of walls. The river is about one mile and a half westward, and the vicinity of Homs has no trees nearer than the course of the river which is richly wooded, among them the Pacha and two Colonels have good houses. The bazaars are however well supplied and clean, and tolerably extensive. We reached the gates at 2-30 P. M., and therefore consider seven miles the least distance from the tower, and perhaps the whole route from El Hows, as we came, twenty miles. We rode to the Khan, but found the place so

crowded with merchants, and the rooms offered us so filthy, that we retired to a Greek shop and drank coffee and smoked nargille till lodgings in a *maison particuliere*, as Guiseppe calls it, were found. Suddenly I perceived a few flasks of gunpowder close to my lighted pipe, and disliking this dangerous vicinity, we walked off to see the lodgings. A Turk Janissary had, for the consideration of fifty piastres, given us the use of an upper room and a small yard for the servants during the two days we passed in the town, and having given some time to have the house "swept and garnished," we took possession as soon as the mules came up. Though very hot in the sun, we found the house agreeable enough; for these immense plains have generally a fresh breeze blowing over them, and with the thermometer at 84°, the room was not insupportably hot; we dreaded now the insects which infest all Syrian houses, and which, by living in tents, one avoids, but the neighbourhood of large towns is, especially as this was at present infested by the Bedouins who commit depredations up to the walls of the town, dangerous for those who live in tents.

24th June.—75° at sunrise, 90° at noon, 82° at 9 P. M. As usual on a halt, though professing not to need the refreshment of rest, the very great and almost irresistible inclination for sleep shewed how worn-out a man becomes after the long endured labour of twelve or fourteen hours in the saddle and exposed to the sunshine during eighteen successive days with only one day's interval at Elden. We wished here to change the horse; we named Acroot and another which was perfectly useless, but found none of the people willing to lend a horse, through fear that we should allow the Arabs to take it from us. Moreover our funds were very low, and it was impossible to find a decent horse to purchase. Haj Ibrahim, of his own will, suddenly appeared with a man who was willing to give me 500 piastres upon my written promise to pay the money to Haj Ibrahim at Aleppo, and 40 piastres for the accommodation of the loan. Joseph had great difficulty in procuring a small mare for himself and a heavy coarse bred bay horse, which his owner valued at 2,000 piastres, for me, to ride to-morrow and ascertain the fate of Burghoot; the owner of the horse expressing his hopes loudly that the Bedouins might attack us and take away the horse that he might recover his supposed value from me—the same reason prevented our obtaining mules to change some which being weak and undersized, were unable to march up to the others, and thus we found this Muharieh never averaged three miles an hour during this tour, as had the last muleteers.

25th June.—76° at 4 A. M. I was on horseback by 4-30 A. M.,

and a Syrian having some business in a neighbouring village, was anxious to go with us to El Hows; Joseph, I and he passed out of the gate before sunrise, but to my great disquiet, as I was riding down the main street, I perceived the stock of my double-barrelled gun had been broken in half. I saw when I brought it from my bed-room that it was quite sound and placed it on the ground while drinking coffee, and the stupid owner of the horse was the only man who had passed by, so that he must have knocked down the weapon and smashed the stock already sprung by a fall from a howdah in 1845. The gun was handed over to the Bowal or door-keeper, and we sallied into the plain and cantered merrily on for some distance, doing the eight miles in about an hour; for like all Syrian horses, I soon found that the coarse heavy shouldered brute I rode, though ready to neigh and rear and dance at the sight of a mare, was not fit to canter more than a few hundred yards without symptoms of shortness of breath; we forded the river to the westward of the bridge we had crossed over on, and much nearer the city, a very deep ford which both the Syrians were careful to allow me to enter first. Joseph had a very small pony mare, who appeared perfectly unaccustomed to the saddle. We now passed a few Arab huts, and, sometimes trotting, but generally walking, crossed a bare stony plain, for perhaps eight miles, when finding myself in the vicinity of the marsh where I had seen the ducks, I pushed on at a canter and reached El Hows about 8 A. M., only to find the children jumping upon and over the dead body of poor 'Burghoot.' The horsekeeper said he had died at 6 P. M. in the afternoon of the preceding day, having neither eaten nor drunk, and in great pain. Although I had expected this catastrophe after the exposure to the cold water after the very severe attack which the horse had experienced, yet I was very much disgusted with the sight, and telling the groom he must prepare to return with us directly, sat down on a mat while a very old Arab, the servant of the Shaik, procured some bad barley for the horses, and about an hour after, some hard-boiled eggs and coarse barley bread for the men. There came in and joined our repast a respectable looking Mussulman merchant who had left Hermill before sunrise and was going on to Homs. The horsekeeper left in company with him about 9 A. M., and though we did not see him on the road, made his appearance at Homs about 9 A. M. Joseph and his friend and I devoured the eggs and the bread, and having saddled our horses, we left about 10 A. M. By some one's advice we were to return by the road through the miller's house which I estimate to be five miles further round, and

having very soon lost Joseph as he loitered behind to take leave of his friend and then to catch his mare who had absconded while he shot at some ducks, I found my way to Homs alone about 3 P. M., very much fatigued and worn out with the excessive heat and the difficulty of riding the slow heavy brute I had mounted; and for which, though his owner expected 2,000 piastres if I had been robbed, Haj Ibrahim, endeavouring to purchase him to hire out to us, would offer no more than 580 piastres, being equal to five pounds sixteen shillings of English money. He would have made a very good-looking horse in harness, being about 14-2½, and very handsome as a heavy figure; so that we were daily convinced that the large returns for capital expended in the purchase of horses for the Indian market, must cover all possible losses in shipping colts from Bussorah to Bombay, when large coarse bred animals can be bought for such trifling sums.

26*th June*.—76° at 4 P. M. There was some difficulty in assembling the muleteers. Haj Ibrahim has a house in the town with two wives; his first being the mother of Mohamed, one of our muleteers, whom we distinguished as the horse-faced man, from his likeness to that animal; and the second, the mother of a fine little boy whom he brought to see us. Furaj, the youth who as soon as the heat became great, used to take off his undeceivables and hang them on one of the mules, also had a family in Homs, so that the surly sick man who rides his lame ass at the point of the knife, was the only man who, having no domestic ties, slept in the area of the house he occupied, and was fit for service in due time. We contrived to leave the town by 6-20 A. M. "What fools are those Europeans," said a grave shopkeeper, "they are risking their lives and will lose all their property, travelling at present on this road, without a guard." The muleteers had more at stake than we,—only they say the Arabs do not take mules. Homs, on every side but that towards the river, is surrounded by barren-looking, low undulating land, from which, as the crops had been removed, the appearance was of the desert, up to the city walls. We followed the Sicca Sultani, or high road, a very short distance; turning to the left hand we went down by El Ghanta, till we drew near to the Orontes and halted at a bridge on which as well was a mill, at about 10 A. M. pitching the small tent used by the servants. E. and I slept till breakfast was ready, and I having the torpor of a coming fever on me, slept again after breakfast till roused by Joseph, who said every thing was packed. I do not suppose that sleeping in that fiery atmosphere under the questionable shade of one cloth did me any

good. Hardly had we mounted, before I perceived, that if we had prolonged our march for one-half hour more, we should have discovered some fine shady trees. Here we were joined by a young Turkoman armed with the heavy Turkish sabre. He said he was one of the soldiers who attacked the Arabs ten days since near El Seir, four hours from Homs; that the Turkish horsemen are slow in the charge, and he and others were surrounded by Arabs, before the rest of the Turkish troops came up his brother killed and cut to pieces before him and his horse died of fatigue; that he was on his way to Homs to join his regiment, had seen at least 200 Arabs this morning attacking a village named Tell, two hours from the bridge close to Homs; that he, hearing the firing, had fled away and was anxious to make the best of his way with us. We left the bridge at 1-35 P. M., and after traversing a plain with little or no cultivation until 4 P. M., we passed a miserable village, and soon after a few Arab tents with flocks and herds in the neighbourhood. Joseph and E. rode off to drink milk at the Chief's hut, and shortly after the Turkoman youth declared he was so sick he must lie down and die. I declared he should not be left and we all dismounted and sat by him till he felt better. He smoked a pipe, &c., and then we gave him Huleel's horse, and we all marched on to Hamah, which we reached about 6-30 P. M., after a tedious journey of about twenty miles. Wheat, maize, and barley we had seen on the east side the Orontes, but nothing on the west till close to Hamah, a much finer town than Homs, in short, superior to all except Damascus in Syria. Situated on two hills and occupying the valley between, it is divided by the river Orontes, here very broad, which, flowing through the town, affords, by means of immense water-wheels—some of which must have been forty-five and fifty feet in diameter—irrigation to any distance over so flat a country as that we now saw around our route. There are several very commodious and handsome houses on the banks of the river, one said to have been built by Ibrahim Pacha and inhabited by the present Pacha. The gardens abound in fruit trees of every description, though here, as in Damascus, late frosts had destroyed all the fruits. We encamped in a garden full of lucern. I was dreadfully fatigued at first from that languor which I have so often experienced when a fever is coming on. Thermometer 89° at sunset, 74° at 9 P. M.

27th June.—64° at 2 A. M. inside, and 62° outside the tent. I woke at 3¼ A. M., weak but free from fever, feeling that I had undergone a mild attack in the three forms usual to these fevers. We left the ground at 6 A. M. The mules were

conducted out of the town while we found a guide to shew us the principal buildings and the barracks in Hamah. We had a letter from Mr. Temoni to Taheer Pasha commanding the Artillery, but the time which would have been lost by presenting this letter (although it might have insured an inspection of the barracks and irregular troops which both E. and I would have much liked,) would have caused one, or perhaps more, day's delay, and that we could not undergo, anxious as we were to reach Aleppo, and as the hot season was every day growing more oppressive, to reach the high lands of Asia Minor with as little delay as possible. We however proceeded through the town to a long bridge on mud arches which was of considerable length and level, looking upon two most excellent well built stone serais, the Pacha's palace upon the right hand: after passing the palace, E. saw an inscription in hieroglyphics upon reddish granite. The oldest part of the town was now traversed, and after looking into areas which would have surpassed those of most of the houses in Damascus, and thinking this must have been, with the exception of the bazaars, in which the trade and the arrangements of Damascus enable that town to surpass all others, have been the best in Syria. We came out upon the parade ground to the east of the town, and we saw large barracks and a hospital, but only four guns; there were to the north-east lines for the regular cavalry. About two hundred and fifty or three hundred horses were picketted very close together, tents and baggage, men and horses, huddled in apparent confusion—so close were the lines, and the horses seemed to me to be very ill bred; few, if any, Arabs, mostly coarse Turkoman brutes, ill-shaped and spiritless, selected probably from their size, which did not appear to average much more than 14-3, without regard to any other good qualities. There were said to be six hundred regulars and five hundred irregulars quartered at the khans in the towns. We occasionally saw well-mounted men in the irregular cavalry about the villages, especially at Acre and at Tabarea, but we do not think the Turkish regulars can compare with those of Mehemet Ali as a well-mounted, efficient body. We now resumed the direction of to-day's route north-west, and passing through some excellent orchards abounding in apples, plums, apricots, walnuts, the maize tree, and the vine, we again emerged upon the desert, were directed by a guard of Janissaries, such as we had met on entering the town, and had seen in many places throughout the country, apparently for the collection of transit duties. We soon overtook the mules, travelled with them through a country devoid

of cultivation, with a well-beaten broad road, the high road to Tripoli, upon which we met many passengers, mostly travelling on asses. The women showed their faces uncovered and had generally the lower lip tattooed and dyed blue, which gave a very hideous appearance to their dried-up, withered figures. We also passed on many of the undulating grounds, excavations entered by steps, in which we sometimes discovered water, and sometimes not. We met with these kind of reservoirs in the neighbourhood of Hamah yesterday, and continued to find them within a day's march of Antioch. Here and there we saw the Turkomans collecting the barley harvest, and could perceive their villages consisted of mere conical-shaped mud huts or of black tents like the Arabs. They appear to possess no horses, and though larger men, are less independent and intelligent looking than Bedouins. About 8-30 A. M. the mules passed over a bridge on three arches across a deep, dry water-course. We descended for the sake of the shade. E. and Joseph fell asleep immediately, and I woke them about 9-15, after which a short canter brought us again to the baggage just as they were entering a large road diverging to the north from the rising ground. Haj Ibrahim pointed to an ordinary-looking brick-built edifice on a low cliff about the same level as the ground we stood on, and beneath which the road lay down to a long bridge over the Orontes, and said, that is Kalaat el Shejao. Joseph and I hurried on to select a place for the tents, as I was aware of the rapid approach of my ancient foe—the fever—and hoped, by a timely dose of quinine and the shade of the tent, to baffle his approach. As we rode under the Castle we could see that it was much higher than our first view had led us to suppose, but the approach from the south upon the promontory on which it had been built was destroyed by a deep artificial ditch, which thus cut off the fort, a substantial building of large bevel-edged stones from the promontory. The Orontes forcing its way between the earth wall and the opposite hill, formed an unapproachable barrier upon two sides, including that upon which the steep entrance up a sandstone rock and over a double-storied bridge, gives access. North of the Castle below this steep mount, the river is crossed by a bridge of ten arches, as usual containing a mill situated on the bridge at about one-third of its distance from the northern bank. E. who went out in the evening to explore, found a very fine stream issuing from a chasm in the rock beyond the river. The work appears Saracenic, of considerable age, and though small in size, must have been of much strength. We saw the same kind of water-wheels used here as in Hamah; but not

more than twenty feet in diameter, conveying water upon a wooden aqueduct to a considerable distance. Close to one of these we found a couple of large walnut trees, and the tents were pitched about 11-20 A. M., the distance from Hamah being about eighteen miles. I found the thermometer 88° in the shade, and 94° in the sun, so that oppressive as the Syrian sun seems, it sinks to comparatively temperate heat contrasted with the Guzerat sun in June. We saw the egg-plant in great plenty in this neighbourhood; the country was undulating, of a rich brown soil slightly covered with small stones, which, without hindering the plough, retain the moisture, and where we had marched through it, for many miles perfectly denuded of trees but clothed with a rank coarse grass varied by the large blue-flowered thistle and passion-flower on all the uncultivated spaces. I swallowed a large dose of quinine, wrapped myself in my cloak, and lying down in the tent under the shade of a substantial tree, fell asleep till nearly 2 P. M., when breakfast was announced and I found the fever had been averted. I sat and read and wrote in my tent, being too weak to walk out at sunset. The heat in the tent was considerable. The mercury rose to 102° at 2 P. M., but soon after began gradually to sink—was at 80° at 9 P. M. The people who brought milk and barley, &c., told wondrous stories of Arabs and robbers;—that a merchant a few days before was sleeping at noon across the river with his head on his saddle bags, an Arab snatched the bags, mounted his horse (the merchant's) and made off with the booty; that another on the preceding night had lost a mare and an ass from his train. Joseph taking the Boruldi in his hand, went up into the fort where the few houses which constitute this village are. The Chief hoped to persuade us to go on, as he could not be responsible that we were not robbed, saying that all the men were tired with working at the harvest all day; but Joseph shewing the order, protested that he should furnish a guard and become responsible for even an old shoe; whereupon he came himself, and bringing some of his soldiers with him, kept a very efficient guard. I had already taken the precaution to have the mules placed in circle between the two tents and our horses picketted within their centre.

28*th June*.—Thermometer 72° at 2 P. M. I woke at 1½ A. M. still feverish and ill, as if I had again undergone a second attack during the night: as our march was one which could be accomplished at one stage, I was anxious to start early and so avoid the heat. The "Guffar," as the watchmen are called, were very vigilant and challenged me the moment I left the

tent. Joseph, with all his numerous weapons, had kept watch during part of the night, and being proportionably sleepy now, was allowed to rest unmolested till the mules were led off the ground at 4-5 A. M., just as the daylight was breaking grey over the Castle walls. Usiff el Bedir, as he was generally known even in Beyrout—his Christian name being Joseph Simon—appeared to much advantage on the first day of his receiving command of our escort from the more quiet Guiseppe; when mounted on the gallant "Burghoot," or the Flea as the horse was named, being a good rider, and the horse admirably broken, he looked a fine specimen of young Syria; his dark chesnut hair in thick curls supported a jauntily arranged turboosh bound round by a handsome purple and gold "*mundel*;" his short silk jacket of maroon colour, edged with black, opening to exhibit a red coloured English patterned vest, and a white neckerchief neatly arranged; large grey schalwan, and the heavy Damascus riding boots, the top which, if required, is worn above the knee, now turned down to shew the red morocco lining; a small blunderbuss, about twenty inches long, to be used in one hand, and loaded with sixteen slugs, hung over his shoulder reaching to his right hand; two ordinary percussion locked pistols in his belt, and two other small neat weapons in the fancifully embroidered holsters of his peaked saddle, with the long light gun, usually transferred to Huleel, across his left shoulder: altogether, he cut a magnificent figure, capering about on the fiery but elegant chesnut. I rode up to the Castle to endeavour to comprehend the plan, having been too stupified to pay much attention to its figure on the preceding morning. I found the entrance on the north side singular, being a very steep-paved ascent up to a semi-circular bridge raised on two rows of arches, one tier above the other, over a very deep trench, that is, an ordinary depth of perhaps fifteen feet on the outside became about twenty-five on the Castle side, and thence, through a very narrow stone-faced gateway, into a strong tower whence an abrupt turn leads into the principal court-yard. E. said that when he walked through the village in his eccentric costume, although all hands stared at him, no one molested him, and only one man said, in a surly tone, "*Shoo bereed*"—what do you want? From the river the Castle had a most picturesque appearance, and though it *does* destroy the illusion to find dirty miserable Arab huts and the sulky fanatic Moslems within the halls whence the crusader issued, and from which Saladin and his bold peers fought, yet I longed to have sketched the ruin as it stood, had time and health allowed me; but having had two or three very decided attacks

of fever before we reached Elden, and having been in bad health for some days past, I feared all unnecessary exposure to the sun, and seriously discussed the probability of reaching Beyrout in the steamer *Novelty*, of which we should receive all particulars at Aleppo, and thence by the first vessel to Alexandria and Southampton. I knew a land journey down the coast from Antioch would be more fatiguing and involve more exposure in a bad climate than if we persevered to reach Taurus and proceed to Constantinople, as our original plans were. The steam therefore was the better alternative. The country was flat and uninteresting: a few fields of cotton badly set, worse weeded, and growing thin and poor, were in the immediate vicinity of the bridge. Undulating open downs as before. The Turkomans are said to be a turbulent set, and before long we did find some worthies who by abusing and calling us Jews and divers other complimentary titles, endeavoured apparently to get up a row, during which a robbery might have been committed without the direct implication of design. The sick muleteer as usual had loitered far behind, and I, fearing he might be assaulted and robbed, waited to escort him. The horse-faced man, Mohammed—old Haj Ibrahim's step-son—who never lost an opportunity of riding when he could find a vehicle, had mounted the black ass and now tied the wretched beast's head round towards his tail, so that, unable to follow his companions, the wretched animal was constrained to wait his master's arrival. The road in this day's march approached close to the blue hills of the Ansaryah, for which we could not discover a name among these ignorant villains, and of the muleteers only Haj Ibrahim had ever been into the neighbourhood, and he never heard them distinguished by any name except that, for the Ansaryah lived there and were inveterate robbers. We passed a few conical-shaped whitened huts and a few black tents inhabited by Arabs, who, though few in number here, contrive to wander over the plains in company with the Turkoman tribes as far as Aleppo, beyond which the nomades are all of the latter race. At 8½ A. M. we began to ascend a range of hills running northward, and soon came in sight of Kulaat el Mădaik, which we reached at 9-35 A. M., after a journey of about sixteen miles. We were told we could not go down to the Orontes, because, if near the river, the Ansaryah would assuredly attack us, and if in the neighbourhood of the town below, we should be driven away by gnats and fleas, and on our riding down to a stream which ran into a small reservoir below the fort, in the valley of the Orontes, to water the horses, we saw innumerable huge blue-bottle flies, hordes of small wasps, anp

gnats in thousands. We climbed up towards the fort, an immense walled town, within which was an Arab Mussulman village, every man in which appeared never to move out without his arms, while to the north-east of the town, lay the ruins of a Roman city—Apamæa.* We could trace the broad streets with either a raised pavement or the foundations of the walls of a covered bazaar on either side the centre causeway, the streets crossing each other at right angles. Many a temple and many a palace of the opulent Roman, marked by thin rows of dark-blue limestone columns, hard and polished, close-grained as marble, recalled the grandeur of the Imperial city. Some few were standing, some only as high as the coarse grass around, and some thrown down by earthquakes or the Moslem robber; for all these ruins, like Baalbec, have long afforded an inexhaustible quarry for building purposes. We could trace the walls of the town which must have been square, and perceiving the distinct outline of a theatre, of which the portico was still tolerably perfect, we rode towards it, and meeting the mules in their ascent towards the fort, unloaded and pitched a tent under the Roman portico, which perhaps had not been turned to so good an account as on the present morning for centuries past. The architecture was not pure Grecian, or of any order recognised as classical, but must have been built in the days of the Byzantine emperors, for the pilasters which, four in number, flanked the gateway, were a bad imitation of Corinthian, with a coarser, ill-executed leaf, in the lieu of that elegant style. The entrance was about twenty feet broad and about twenty-five feet high, facing what had been a black wall of weighty stones, arranged doubtless to restrain the unruly crowds rushing into the circus, who were thus obliged to divide off to the right and left and enter the seats in more manageable numbers; about seven feet from the ground, blocks of stones had been removed, so that there remains a very commodious seat about four feet broad and ten feet long, which I occupied as a perch during the whole of the day, finding it cooler from the thickness of the walls keeping off the sun, as well as from the height above the rather dusty floor which the mules, while being unloaded, had rendered extra-disagreeable. The old circus was an oval, with the divisions of the seats sufficiently marked upon the hill side which rose up behind it, and was backed by

* Apamæa was the birth-place of the Emperor Heliogabalus, who succeeded, through the intrigues of his mother, a Syrian Princess of Emessa or Homs, to the purple in A. D. 218, so that both these towns were, sixteen centuries past, flourishing cities.

a deep ditch, so that what now appeared a hill covered with ripe barley may have been partly artificial. The owner of the field had a small flat-roofed shed, built of stones rudely laid together within the circus, but which he did not occupy as a residence: having come there at the time of afternoon prayers, which he performed on the roof of his house, and having loitered about till sunset, without speaking a word to us or our attendants, he vanished. Indeed the Moslem pride has saved us from much annoyance, although, as one knows, it is not from politeness or any good feeling they abstain from interruption, but because they regard us as worse than dogs, whom it might be dangerous to provoke, and who being protected by the authorities must be endured. The fort, though not perfect in outline on either south or east side, is a picturesque object. The gateway crowning a very steep ascent of pavement is elaborately carved, and from the ramparts on the north side, there was a very extensive view of the valley of the Orontes, most fertile apparently near its course which lay three or four miles distant close under the blue hills, on which we could not discern one village even with the telescope; and the plain between Mudaik and the river is watered by so many streams and appeared so well cultivated and to such an extent, that it was difficult to believe the whole in the hands of the few men of this town. The lake supposed to be in this vicinity was invisible from the highest turrets, but the plain of Apamæa and its black walls, now levelled with the grass, were easily traced. There was a good house with modern glass-windows and whitewashed walls on the east side of the fort upon the wall, which of course belong to the Mutasellim. Below the fort, on the slope of the hill down to the valley of the Orontes, was a large but very compact village; the mosque had an elegant minaret, and there was said to be a considerable number of Christian families residing without the walls, though only Arabs were tolerated in the fort. The high road from Tripoli to Aleppo lies below the hill, and if it follows the pestiferous valley of the Orontes far from its course, must be a most unhealthy route; close to the reservoir below, whose waters were conducted off in different directions for purposes of irrigation, was a very fine Khan, one of the remaining proofs of the extensive trade through Syria in olden times. E. who rode down to it, said three sides contained long vaulted rooms with chimneys above the several fire-places, and the four sides were sub-divided off into apartments, probably for women and families. Joseph told me there were racks and rings round the area for the horses. The roof is tiled and is sloping slightly. Though, apparently, dur-

ing the day the thick stone walls and massive roof kept off all heat from the sun (the thermometer being 95° at the hottest time of the day with the sun on the tent), yet at night the heat was very oppressive. The mercury stands as high as 80° at 8 P. M., scarcely a breath of air moved to cool one's blood fevered with continual exposure and daily travelling.

29th June.—Thermometer 79° at 1½ A. M. I had awoke, and while debating the propriety of waking all hands at this early hour, (for though there was no moon, yet custom had enabled me to guess the hour of the night by the stars, especially if I had noticed their positions before I went to sleep,) I heard E. say, "this cannot be endured much longer;" so we compared notes and found that though we only had been prevented from sleeping, yet the numerous gnats, flies and mosquitoes had effectually punished both of us, while the heat rendered sleep less refreshing than the march at this hour would have been. Our route for to-day was declared to be about twenty-four miles or eight hours, and proved much more. We dressed and perched upon the broken walls, awaited the loading of the mules, till we finally left the ground at 3-30 A. M. Haj Ibrahim, instead of keeping to the beaten track below the east side of the fort, insisted on taking us off to the eastward through the ruins of Apamæa, so that when the sun rose we had reached an Arab encampment, no very great distance from the fort, and by no means as far on our way as the early hour at which we contrived to get under weigh should have placed us. As we appproached the tents, Joseph rode forward to ask about the road, and E. distinctly saw three horsemen mount and leave the tents unseen by Joseph, for he made no remark on his return to us upon this movement. We were assured we were going on the Sicca Sultani for El Barah: soon after we passed through a dirty Arab village, where the only supply of water was from a diminutive well like those we had seen of late over the country; most of the houses were half under-ground, and the barren neighbourhood and absence of cattle or flocks were marks of the most abject poverty. An old woman, with many mysterious signs, recommended us to take the high road to Aleppo, which turned off to the eastward, and which she volunteered to escort us to. However, we still held on northwards, and after crossing some rising ground—having walked our horses far in advance of the baggage—E. and I alighted to inspect some Troglodytic caves and to search for water. About 6-40 A. M., E., as he sat by his horse's head, fell asleep, and I, after a short space, re-mounted my horse, and speaking to E., who certainly gave me some kind of answer, went down the hill thinking

E. was following. The road turned so abruptly that I was not surprised at not seeing him, but after reaching the valley and seeing the mules on the opposite ridge, I cantered across the flat and mounted the first ridge, as the mules had begun to ascend a second hill, upon which, besides a few huts crouched behind the broken rocks, I soon perceived a number of men with guns and long sticks, half concealed behind the bushes, watching the baggage as it slowly climbed the hill by whose shoulders they were hid from the sight of Joseph and the muleteers. I shouted to E. to ride forward, and pricking the Muskeen into a gallop, came up to the train before they had reached the summit; and telling Usiff el Bedir what I had seen, desired him to ride to the front with me. There was a wall with loop-holes commanding the narrow gateway, and I fully expected to be fired on from it, so I rode straightforward till I could see behind it, and suddenly perceived eight or nine men, of whom only three had guns, watching the baggage so intently that they did not see us. Three of them must have been the Arabs E, had seen leaving the encampment, for their horses were picketted about fifty yards to the rear. As we approached, Joseph whispered, "no galloping, go up steadily to them at once;" so walking our horses over the broken stones, we gave the "Salaam Aleikum" almost before they were aware of our presence, and as they saw we knew their number and force, and they could also see that we were well armed, the baggage was permitted to pass unmolested. Then was tried the old trick of admiring my gun in order to obtain possession of it; one on each side, they made remarks on the locks and the caps and the double barrels. One old lean tall fellow approached my right hand, and in his praises appeared about to take hold of the stock. I dropped my hand on to it and intimated it must not be touched. Joseph said, "look at mine, is not this better?" They scarcely attended to him, and as he afterwards said to me, "I saw they were intent on taking your's, and was ready with the blunderbuss if they had wrested it from you." Just then the Bishop appeared walking leisurely over the nearest hill below our position, and Joseph exclaimed, "Where is Captain E.?" I said, "asleep on the Bishop's neck;" for seeing the cloak tied on to the saddle-bow, I thought E. had fallen asleep on his horse's neck, as I had sometimes seen him sit in that attitude. Presently we were both certain the horse had no rider, and we cantered off to secure him; for assuredly had we moved away with the baggage, he would have been immediately appropriated by the Arabs, and E.

robbed and stripped afterwards; so I galloped off to the place where I had left E., who had only just that moment awoke and was walking down the hill looking for his horse. Soon after he had mounted, we met two of the Arabs, one the old man who coveted my gun, and a younger man well armed, both on sorry nags, returning to their village, as if baulked of their prey. It took us more than an hour to overtake the mules. An old man and some women were drawing water at one of their covered wells, and seeing a trough there, we went up to give the Muskeen water. "Do you wish to drink?" said the man. "No," said I, "but the horse does." "There is water further on," was the reply, and he turned abruptly away. About 8-30 A. M. we came to a tank of bad stagnant water, at which large herds of goats and sheep were drinking close to the village of Joktee, and a few men in the striped Arab abba loitering about: a good looking Syrian, well armed and in the red riding boots worn by the Arabs, had watered his horse, and, coming up to me, asked me if we were going to Aleppo? We explained our proposed route. He had been among the Arabs collecting either money or making arrangements for purchasing horses. Our road lay to the westward, and Barah was declared three hours distant. We marched on before the mules, and sitting down under some olive trees, E. and Joseph felt asleep. I was then not in want of "the balmy," but after about an hour's delay I woke them both and we followed up a steep hill, and to a village where there were great numbers of men engaged in thrashing the corn out by means of horses dragging a kind of harrow, on which either a bed or a chair is fixed and a boy set to drive; the grain is collected in the centre in a lump and the straw remaining to be sold as "tibbin." The chaff usually given to the horses and mules as provender, mixed with the very heating grain barley, seemed to us to contain much nutriment, although, as here described, it was merely chopped straw; yet as our horses were seldom galloped they did not lose their flesh as rapidly as, without our care, would have been effected during so long a journey as that we had pursued almost uninterruptedly since 18th April, and indeed until their arrival in Constantinople about 24th August, when they suffered much during a long and ill-conducted march of one hundred and twenty miles—they did not appear much reduced. After asking the way to Barah, E. said he wanted water, and a Christian woman brought some, very cold, in a tin basin which was handed round. It was now past 10 o'clock, and after passing some ruined houses

built of stones, &c., of the style of the days of the Byzantine empire, we overtook the mules in a large plain, and soon after descended into a deep ravine running down, as I imagined, to the river Orontes; but after traversing the valley for more than an hour, I climbed one of the sides and saw before me wide streets, and houses two storeys high, roofless and in ruins, of dark grey, almost black, stone, rose before me about one mile distant. However E. and Joseph persisted that I was mistaken, and we followed the ravine for half an hour more, when we came up among these very ruins; and I believing they were El Barah, and feeling very overcome with heat and fatigue, and the fever, told E. to give me information when he had found a good place for the tent, and lay down in the shade of a wall on my arms and slept. I was awoke by some cows and a boy passing by; I asked if mules laden had passed—"Oh yes, they are gone over the hill:" so that Guiseppe, Huleel, and all the muleteers must have passed within fifteen yards of me and the grey poney, and seen neither. I rode for at least three miles, passed a ruined fortress and the village of El Barah. Found the mules had again gone on, and overtook them about a mile beyond the village at a mill, near which within a field of vines, with a few mulberry trees for shade, I found E. fast asleep, and the mules having found their way over the stone walls at $1\frac{3}{4}$ P. M., the tents were pitched and we breakfasted about 3 P. M., having fasted more than twenty-one hours and having been ten hours marching—distance about 22 miles—ending a very hot, fatiguing, and uninteresting march. To those whose ideas of cold and heat, as expressed by the degrees of Fahrenheit's scale, have been regulated only by the temperate clime and narrow variations of English weather, it must remain incredible that except while actually crawling upon our jaded beasts under the influence of a Syrian sun at midday or subjected to its influence under the questionable shelter of these miserably thin-clothed tents, we never found the climate oppressive, and actually experienced a delicious freshness whenever the mercury fell down to 70°—invariably so in the mornings. Sleep, sound as ours, never approaches to the dweller in the city, nor can any but those who have indulged in wanderings in the East, appreciate the luxury of existence, whose enjoyment is fashioned from so simple ingredients as the seasons' difference. Thermometer 75° at sunset, 71° at 9. The weather became cloudy, the wind high, and it rained during the night, with much lightning, so distant, that the thunder was scarcely audible.

30*th June.*—65° at 5 A. M. For the purpose of inspecting those ruins which our friend Mr. Thompson described "a second Pompei," we determined to halt till afternoon and then march for six hours. Day broke with thunder and lightning and a very heavy shower of rain. We contrived to find our way over the ruins, which, though very extensive, consisted entirely of private two-storied houses, half buried among the debris which had fallen down. Some must have been very extensive and had been adorned by porticos consisting of numerous polished blue granite pillars broken at half their height. We saw two curious monuments resembling on a small scale that at Hermil, built of sandstone in the first story, with blue limestone slabs in a pyramidal form above. Each had been broken in two, and three large stone sarcophagi within marked their use. There was a Convent with a Christian Church adjoining it, which was said by E., who visited it while I was engaged in conveying the horses over the intervening stone walls, to be perfect all but the roof. The land within these immense ruins was cultivated with wheat and vines, and there was a well of good water, and two very large walnut trees under which a party of English from Aleppo, with a lady, had encamped some few days back, while residing here to explore the ruins. So, doubtless, there will appear in some future publication a better account of El Barah than I can give. I saw stone water-courses below the level of the ground, and there were wells in several places, although the inhabitants do not drink of any but that near which we encamped. The houses had square doorways, window frames, and sloping roofs, as the shape of the gable ends shew. The weather was much cooled by the rain. We left the ground at 11 A. M. The people told us there are fifteen such ruined cities within half an hour of El Barah, like that we had seen; that El Barah is the capital of fifty towns, all of which were situated between that place and Aleppo. There is within a day's journey of El Barah a mountain with thirty ruined cities upon. While following the mules we passed at the next village several tombs like those we had seen at El Barah containing sarcophagi. We now entered an open country, from which the wheat and barley was being reaped in all directions, well set with olive trees, &c., and resembling generally the vicinity of Hebron. We passed an encampment of Arabs from Bagdad. They asked us to take coffee. We of course dismounted; a silk shawl was thrown over a sack of tobacco to form a divan, and E. and I occupied the two ends. We lighted pipes and passed them round. The good Shaik of the party appeared much overwhelmed with

mauvais honte, but talked well upon all the subjects proposed to him. They were forty men armed with muskets, had been out fifty days from Bagdad to Aleppo and five from Aleppo; that they had gone round Dear Bukaar from fear of the Arabs, having fought with the Annesee on a former occasion and killed a great number. They were taking tobacco to Damascus. After thanking them for their politeness—Joseph said to offer money would greatly offend them—we mounted and went our way—halted to feed the horses, and I, stretched in my cloak, slept. Either the ground was wet or the tertian form had been assumed; but on waking I knew the fever was coming on strongly. We soon after had a gallop after a hare which Joseph had knocked over with small shot but lost. We passed Ritta about 3 P. M., a very large well built village with neat houses having two stories, and the whole looking as if newly erected. Reached another large village at 5 P. M., and hearing Edlip was still three hours off, cantered most of the distance—my arms and shoulders giving me acute pain while under the influence of the ague fit; we finally overtook the mules close to the village of Edlip at 5-50 P. M., having travelled during 6½ hours about 15 miles.

1*st July.*—67° at sunrise. I woke refreshed without any fever, but knew well that I had undergone a strong attack. We mounted about 6-15 A. M. E. and I, and Joseph, rode through the town, a well-populated clean village with an extensive bazaar; but, strange to say, no meat was to be procured, though Joseph sought everywhere, and we saw distinctly one sheep being cut up but could not find him afterwards. Mahomed, the horse-faced man, had borrowed Guiseppe's mule, so that he was walking, besides having with his usual easy disposition sat up half the night making coffee "ours" for men who were keeping watch in the neighbouring Sheik yards; good nature made him walk for about three hours. We crossed at first as well cultivated land as during yesterday, vineyards, olives, wheat, and barley; but soon not a tree was visible, the heat terrific and the glare very unpleasant. There were also a few wells below the ground cut out of chalky limestone, from which pigeons flying, showed they came for water, though E. looking in from time to time seldom found any other symptoms. At 8 A. M. we passed a village—Benish—and finally stopped for breakfast about 10 A. M. at Tuff Tenat. An Arab drawing water from a well demanded one piastre for each beast, though Joseph both here and every where was taken for a Turkish Agah and of course served for nothing. Here we spread our carpets in a ruined hut about 8 feet square with a wall about 4½ feet

high on three sides, over which Haj Ibrahim and Co. spread the small tent, under the shade of which we sat till 12-30. Women in the same old coarse blue garments and white head-dress as are common throughout Syria, scarcely less ragged and unwashed than in Palestine; men decidedly better dressed passed and repassed to the village: a little cotton, wheat, and castor oil plant in the fields, but not a tree in sight. We soon followed a broad well beaten road free from stones and smooth; we met a very fair handsome woman riding astride on horseback, an Armenian priest, and an older woman, marching without any protection from the heat: the woman's head-dress might have served as a veil, though she wore her face exposed. We passed the village of Muairup at 1½ P. M., and coming to some Arab tents, made the people give our horses water, although they blustered much at first, and Joseph was ordered to make them a present when they had filled the trough; shortly after we sat down behind a well now dry, which being a large building, about twenty-five feet square and four feet high, with a flat roof and two entrances with steps to fetch water, afforded tolerable shade. Here E. fell asleep till after the mules had passed at 5 P. M., when we mounted and reached Khan Toman at 6½ P. M., a march of at least twenty-six miles; being level and good ground the mules walked more than 2½ per hour, as I should estimate. There was a clear river running round the Khan which is another of those superb charitable edifices made by the men of former days. The first yard had at least twenty chambers round it, very thick wooden gates at the principal entrance, and the inner court had six rooms below and had four or five in an upper story, &c. The river turned a mill close to which we encamped, while an Arab who had cultivated maize and cucumbers in the neighbouring field, brought a vast number for all hands which were eagerly devoured by the muleteers. 78° at 10 P. M. We did not dine till half-past 9 P. M.

2nd July.—67° at 4½. Left the ground at 5-30, reached Aleppo over a very barren succession of stony hills about 8 A. M. We passed numbers of travellers all on horseback, a Turkish officer and his servant mounted on tall European-looking horses, coarse brutes, and several well-dressed Jews, the men evidently of the dandy species, with fine cut beards and well curled and dressed moustachios. We saw the castle of Aleppo on a lofty and spacious mound commanding the whole town when about one mile distant. We then passed off among orchards and fruit trees not well taken care of, neither have I seen one which a Fulham gardener would not be ashamed

of; and suddenly appearing in a broad paved street with substantial stone-built houses on one side, we entered narrower streets and found ourselves in Aleppo. We were directed to the house of Mr. Gibb, our agent, who was good enough to recommend us to the convent, where his servant soon followed us with letters from England, and newspapers, &c. The convent is a large building formed with double doorways, of considerable antiquity, opening into a court yard into which the Catholic Church on one side and a long gallery with about twelve rooms round it opened on the other; there is also a public school to which many little boys daily come. The resident Freres are but four, of whom the principal was a merry-looking Italian with the most joyous laugh ever heard. Mass was performed three times on Sundays, and there was a good organ. None of the monks however spoke French. They were Franciscans as our kind hosts at Jerusalem were. Thermometer 88½° at noon, 85° at night.

3rd July.—85° at sunrise, 88° at noon, 85° at night. Wrote letters to England, to India, and visited the British Consul. Found him extremely polite, and subsequently without any solicitation on our part, his letters to his agents provided for us much valuable assistance. Obtained a fresh boruldi from the Pasha. Had our passports víséd and teshkaris obtained; paid the muleteers, who were well pleased, &c. &c.

4th July.—83° at sunrise. Mules left at 3½ P. M., ourselves at 4½ P. M., as E. wished to purchase pipe-sticks and a Turkish cloak. He also, after we had marched about one hour from the town, sent Joseph back to the native *bosten* to enquire for letters. We rode on accompanied by the new cook, a dapper little Turk, with a merry laugh, who made himself subsequently generally useful and obliging, and whom they entered in the teshkari as Mustapha, was always named by us Bedreddin Hassan, and rejoiced himself in the soubriquet of Ibrahim; he, laden with Joseph's long gun over his shoulder and a quiver full of pipe-sticks at his mule's shoulder, jolted along very merrily before us, the mules' bells jingling, so that we could not hear each other speak. The muleteers had regularly cheated us. The fare at Aleppo is ten piasters per diem. We were promised by Mr. Gibb four men and eight mules at that price, and when they came to us, Joseph having arranged a former bargain with those at fourteen piastres, declared Mr. Gibb's men would indeed go with us at ten piasters per diem, but would take only two men for seven mules, so that we were forced to take eight very bad, under-sized, half-starved creatures at an exorbitant price to please our Dragoman. When

we overtook the mules they were all grazing in the fields, and one man with them was sitting in the shade of a large covered well. We soon put them in motion and contrived to run on till dark, when another muleteer on a horse overtook us, and soon Joseph came up, having already damaged the old horse he had purchased at Aleppo, and which was bleeding from both its fore legs. It was soon discovered there was no grain for the horses. Huleel was dispatched into a village some distance to our right, and the muleteer suddenly disappearing into a hole under ground, produced water thence and we encamped. The water had a villainous smell of sheep and goats. March about seven miles!

5th July.—Left the ground at 5-20 A. M., a third muleteer having joined in the night. We marched till 8-20 A. M., knowing there was no other road; and finding another well of water under ground, we halted under the walls of a round Khan until the mules came up at 9-5 A. M. There was a small village on our south-west. A public bucket supplied the horses with water, and breakfast having been concluded, the mules marched at 11-30, E. declaring he must sleep and would not go on; so we rested in the shade till 3 P. M., when having mounted, we passed about 1½ miles further on to the village of Terminé, and were shewn Darah, a large village perhaps three miles westward over a flat, rich soil, on which we cantered merrily; saw six or seven ruined towns, such as we had seen near El Barah; and again cantering on for about four miles, we entered a ruined town with a paved Roman way through it. Just before this E. set off at a canter across the fields southward to inspect an old column which was about a mile and a half off, and when he reached the tents at dusk said it was not worth the trouble. I proceeded on leisurely followed by Huleel. There was a picturesque gateway through which the paved road led, and we subsequently followed this same road all the way to Tesin. Near the gateway was a house in which were ten ill-shaped Doric pillars, but the ruins generally were neither elegant nor curious remains of the Lower Empire, when taste was declining, but which served to shew how much richer must Syria once have been than now. After following the paved road sometime on the right of us, and sometimes crossing and re-crossing the pavement, our road lay over a high hill, stony and treeless; in the valley close below were the ruins of a convent with a tall belfry, and beyond was the sea of Antioch, the bed of the Orontes, and the blue mountains of Beilan across the vast plain into which the road led. I here passed a Turkish officer and his servant, both dressed in blue cloth, and the red

turboosh alone on their heads, though the sun was then fiery hot. They were neither well mounted; their horses were tall, ill fed and coarse brutes. After descending into a large plain of black soil whence the barley was being removed, we were told by some girls to whom Huleel applied for water that the mules had gone S. W., round a small eminence. So after travelling about three miles further I saw them all winding over the plain towards a village at which, as the sun was nearly set, I wished them to halt. Joseph galloped on to purchase a few fowls, and I overtook the mules as they entered a very poor village surrounding a fine well-made wooden house with low windows and glass panes picturesquely situated, but with only half a dozen huts from which the people had disappeared through fear of the cholera We halted across the river about 6-30, after having marched about twenty-two miles at 'least. We heard that the Pasha who built this house was dead, Government had seized, and the Sheik, a poor old man, occupied the present good quarters. A few geese were before the door, otherwise there were no signs of life, and very few Turkoman huts in the distance, apparently deserted by their owners. 73° at 9 P. M.

6th July.—67° at 5 P. M. We left the ground at 5-20 A. M. We now traversed a rich plain not half cultivated, fine black soil, plenty of water, producing only a little maize, oil plant, wheat and barley, the two former young and green, the two latter reaped or fit to be removed. Met a large tribe of Turkomans migrating; cows, bulls and bullocks all laden, no horses. Women tall and of reddish complexion, men very much taller and fairer than Arabs, but coarser-looking people. None riding, and all of them gaily dressed, without the simplicity of the Arabs. Women wearing yellow jack-boots into which their striped pantaloons are thrust, red jackets and white sleeves belonging to the under-garment. They also wrap a sheet round their heads as a veil. The men wear most gaudy-coloured clothes with the back of the smock frock covered with red and yellow tartan pattern. About 7½ A. M. we passed, about two miles to the left, a high isolated hill surmounted by an extensive ruined castle named Kalaat el Hearim and crossed a stream over a wooden platform, dangerous to mules; after traversing a country from which mules were engaged in carrying off the produce, men and women in loading them, we passed through a waste of coarse dry grass for miles, on either side, the purple thistle flowered in great quantity, and finally came on the Orontes which here shews itself a deep sluggish stream between muddy banks thickly covered with a high green weed of a

nauscous smell, and finally crossed the Jissar el Hadeed, the iron bridge, at 9-30 A. M. We went into a Khan close by the bridge, took pipes and coffee, till the mules came up about 10-30 A. M. and unloaded. An old man who was sitting there asked me if there were many deaths in Aleppo; I told him not that I had heard. He said two men had died here lately, meaning of cholera. We sat in a room with a divan of wood on three sides, the other occupied by the fire place of the coffee shop where a small old man, who came and sat from time to time by each of his guests, and smoked a nargille, occasionally, between the acts of his making coffee, carried on his vocation. Several couriers, hot, damp, and heavily-armed, came in; none appeared to eat, all smoked, and finally slept for an hour or two and departed unquestioned of any. A Turkish gentleman with three or four attendants had alighted at the village and passed the day over the gateway of the bridge. His servants bought a fowl, took it to the river to pluck it and then cooked it for him at a fire made in the road under the archways. Many men occupied the room, but very little speaking ensued; some of the couriers were great blusterers, but no one appeared to heed them. We sent off the mules at 2 A. M., and thankful for so good shelter during the hottest part of the day put a few piastres into the old man's hands, as Joseph had paid for all necessary expences; and mounting our horses, followed the popular example, for all travellers were leaving this temporary resting-house as we rode through the small village. We passed more people on the road to Aleppo than on any other march in Syria. Generally all had an Arab horse or mule laden with goods. We saw several trains of seven or eight asses laden with grain, and mules laden with wood prepared for purposes of building. We passed the fountains known as Sebeel on the road side, and about 4-30 P. M. we entered the old gate of the town, with the wall extending up to the summits of the hills, and thence conducted the whole way round the modern town; within this wall the Orontes, which we had seen from time to time, flows near, and the space is filled with most luxuriant orchards. We passed over a paved road for nearly two miles, and I overtook the mules as they were turning off from the main road through the town, and went with them to the river side about 5-15 P. M., to an open space above the bridge, where I told them to halt till either Joseph or Captain E. came. In the mean time I took my horse into the river to allow him to drink, and when after an absence of not more than three minutes I returned, the mules had vanished. I rode through the principal streets of the town, very old fashioned, narrow, and in

turboosh alone on their heads, though the sun was then fiery hot. They were neither well mounted; their horses were tall, ill fed and coarse brutes. After descending into a large plain of black soil whence the barley was being removed, we were told by some girls to whom Huleel applied for water that the mules had gone S. W., round a small eminence. So after travelling about three miles further I saw them all winding over the plain towards a village at which, as the sun was nearly set, I wished them to halt. Joseph galloped on to purchase a few fowls, and I overtook the mules as they entered a very poor village surrounding a fine well-made wooden house with low windows and glass panes picturesquely situated, but with only half a dozen huts from which the people had disappeared through fear of the cholera We halted across the river about 6-30, after having marched about twenty-two miles at least. We heard that the Pasha who built this house was dead, Government had seized, and the Sheik, a poor old man, occupied the present good quarters. A few geese were before the door, otherwise there were no signs of life, and very few Turkoman huts in the distance, apparently deserted by their owners. 73° at 9 P. M.

6th July.—67° at 5 P. M. We left the ground at 5-20 A. M. We now traversed a rich plain not half cultivated, fine black soil, plenty of water, producing only a little maize, oil plant, wheat and barley, the two former young and green, the two latter reaped or fit to be removed. Met a large tribe of Turkomans migrating; cows, bulls and bullocks all laden, no horses. Women tall and of reddish complexion, men very much taller and fairer than Arabs, but coarser-looking people. None riding, and all of them gaily dressed, without the simplicity of the Arabs. Women wearing yellow jack-boots into which their striped pantaloons are thrust, red jackets and white sleeves belonging to the under-garment. They also wrap a sheet round their heads as a veil. The men wear most gaudy-coloured clothes with the back of the smock frock covered with red and yellow tartan pattern. About 7½ A. M. we passed, about two miles to the left, a high isolated hill surmounted by an extensive ruined castle named Kalaat el Hearim and crossed a stream over a wooden platform, dangerous to mules; after traversing a country from which mules were engaged in carrying off the produce, men and women in loading them, we passed through a waste of coarse dry grass for miles, on either side the purple thistle flowered in great quantity, and finally came on the Orontes which here shews itself a deep sluggish stream between muddy banks thickly covered with a high green weed of a

nauseous smell, and finally crossed the Jissar el Hadeed, the iron bridge, at 9-30 A. M. We went into a Khan close by the bridge, took pipes and coffee, till the mules came up about 10-30 A. M. and unloaded. An old man who was sitting there asked me if there were many deaths in Aleppo; I told him not that I had heard. He said two men had died here lately, meaning of cholera. We sat in a room with a divan of wood on three sides, the other occupied by the fire place of the coffee shop where a small old man, who came and sat from time to time by each of his guests, and smoked a nargille, occasionally, between the acts of his making coffee, carried on his vocation. Several couriers, hot, damp, and heavily-armed, came in; none appeared to eat, all smoked, and finally slept for an hour or two and departed unquestioned of any. A Turkish gentleman with three or four attendants had alighted at the village and passed the day over the gateway of the bridge. His servants bought a fowl, took it to the river to pluck it and then cooked it for him at a fire made in the road under the archways. Many men occupied the room, but very little speaking ensued; some of the couriers were great blusterers, but no one appeared to heed them. We sent off the mules at 2 A. M., and thankful for so good shelter during the hottest part of the day put a few piastres into the old man's hands, as Joseph had paid for all necessary expences; and mounting our horses, followed the popular example, for all travellers were leaving this temporary resting-house as we rode through the small village. We passed more people on the road to Aleppo than on any other march in Syria. Generally all had an Arab horse or mule laden with goods. We saw several trains of seven or eight asses laden with grain, and mules laden with wood prepared for purposes of building. We passed the fountains known as Sebeel on the road side, and about 4-30 P. M. we entered the old gate of the town, with the wall extending up to the summits of the hills, and thence conducted the whole way round the modern town; within this wall the Orontes, which we had seen from time to time, flows near, and the space is filled with most luxuriant orchards. We passed over a paved road for nearly two miles, and I overtook the mules as they were turning off from the main road through the town, and went with them to the river side about 5-15 P. M., to an open space above the bridge, where I told them to halt till either Joseph or Captain E. came. In the mean time I took my horse into the river to allow him to drink, and when after an absence of not more than three minutes I returned, the mules had vanished. I rode through the principal streets of the town, very old fashioned, narrow, and in

many cases arched across like those of Cairo. Most of the roofs were tiled, almost all indeed, and very much pointed. In short, the plain from the town bridge, Jissar el Hadeed, into Antioch, bore marks of much heavier rains than other parts of Syria to the eastward. I then crossed the bridge, an ancient building of many arches with high loop-holed walls on either side; an old piece of cannon lying in the centre of the road beyond the bridge, but pointing to the town. I rode back by the river on the road to Alexandretta. I inspected every likely corner, and I went back again to where I lost them, and finally passing through the whole length of the town again, I found my way out at the south side of the town close to some large flimsy barracks built by Ibrahim Pasha, but now deserted and fast falling to decay; and just as the evening was growing dark, was told by an old man that the tents were under the olive trees above the barracks. I rejoined my companions at 8 P. M. About 10 P. M. we dined. Wind was very high all the afternoon. 78° at 9 A. M., but climate seemed delicious from the sea-breeze blowing through the hills from the Mediterranean.

7th July.—73° at 3 P. M. We contrived to leave the ground at 4-20 A. M. The march to Iscanderoom is said to be twelve hours or thirty-six miles. As we crossed the bridge, I pointed out to E. the ruins as I fancied, of a very ancient Christian church; there was a distillery in the town and a tannery, both of which buildings I had repeatedly passed in my wanderings of the preceding evening. We marched over an uncultivated meadow covered with rich verdure, very green, for about fifteen miles; crossed a tributary to the Orontes, and became aware that Macauley had some slight grounds for his rhapsody, as there were a few oleanders on the banks of the "soft Orontes." We marched till we approached, at 9-45 A. M., the gorge of the mountain, and halted under two river oaks where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," or perhaps the victims of a sudden fray "looked proudly to heaven from their death-bed of fame," for graves were numerous, and E. who permitted himself to sleep on one, declared it contained a recent subject. The mules came up at 10-15. A. M. E. slept wonderfully till breakfast was announced about noon. The horses had to be taken nearly a mile to water, Huleel having been dispatched on one for that useful element for culinary purposes in the commencement of proceedings. The lake before us appeared much larger than the Baher el Cades, white like that and distant about three miles. We got the mules off by 2-15 P. M., though we did not follow them till 2-30 P. M. On entering the gorge we crossed a low range of hills down to the flats

round the lake, when we saw before us the ruined Khan of Karanout, and beyond the village of that name on an isolated hill, commanded by higher but distant mountains; the strong fortress of Bugheirass, dismantled by Ibrahim Pasha, and famous since the days of Darius. Here we commenced our ascent by a hard road in which most of the gradients would have admitted wheel carriages. Very beautiful indeed was this pass of Beilan; every species of tree, the oak and the pine, myrtle and oleander, &c. clothed every point with verdure. We toiled in one perpetual ascent till past 5 P. M., when we overtook the mules, and soon passing by a guard-house some stupid fellow attempted to stop my horse, and though shewn the teshkari and bouruldi, did not release my horse till I threatened to knock him down with the gun, and he then seized a mule from which he was made to retreat, and we passed on. We saw below us soon the town of Beilan beautifully situated in gorge of the hills facing the Mediterranean and piled up on either side the mountains. We passed another Sebeel and saw that the paved road ran along the edge of the hill side through the bazaar, but that the water-course and pavement of the older road went down the descent at once, passing under two successive rows of arches, which may have been the gates of Syria. Having ridden through the town, E. complained of being unwell and we determined to halt about 6-12 P. M. The guard in the town had again stopped the baggage, demanding 6½ piasters for each mule. This was resisted, and our men proceeding, finally encamped by a mile on a flat piece of ground left side of the road below a showy Turkish tomb. The distance must have been about twenty-three miles from Antioch. 73° at 9 P. M.

8th July.—67° at 5 A. M. We have fairly quitted Syria and entered Turkey in Asia. No signs of the Arabs either in the countenances of the people or the dresses. Men and boys wore long flowing dressing gowns of calico pattern and English manufacture. Women are invisible entirely. We left the ground at 6 A. M. Began a descent through a succession of beautiful varying scenery. Rested at 7¼ under some glorious firs as usual in elevated regions growing from the red sand; when E. felt asleep, and I climbed the hill to find the baggage. Having waited till about 8¼, and seeing no one, I rode on and found that E. had risen and gone his way. I met a man with an ass, who told me that he had seen one person on a horse, but no mules; that this was one road to Iscanderoon, but there was another lower down the mountain side; so I pushed on, and saw E. several times before me, losing sight of him and

the footpath at the same time down a hill, the last of the range, and finally coming on to the plain, saw the town of Alexandretta on a flat sandy marsh, where the paved Roman road crossed, having come in from the left of the route we had pursued, and therefore I think passing originally under the gates of Syria. I followed a footpath across the marsh, saw E. at a distance, cantered up to him, and entered among the houses together, about 9-20 A. M. We found Joseph and the mules had arrived a few minutes before us. The distance was about nine miles. We were most hospitably received by Mr. Neale, the Vice-Counsul, put into quarantine to save time under a guard to whom we paid 300 piastres and marched from Iscanderoon at 4½ P. M., reached Báyás after 9 A. M., over the most dense jungle I ever saw, chiefly myrtle and wild vine, which grew in immense impenetrable masses down to the edge of the sea, withered towards the waves, which must occasionally touch them. We crossed round the beach close to the water when we overtook the mules and climbed a steep spur of the mountain over the old paved road, and passing below what was once a wall and a tower, which E. thinks are the "Syrian gates," saw a large ruined fort about two hundred yards to the right of the road. About dusk we passed a large Turkoman encampment with large herds of buffaloes and cows. E. proposed that we should encamp for the night. Joseph told him they were the worst robbers in the whole country—"they will cut a man's throat to steal his pipe"—so we marched on till we came to the village of Bayas. All Christians down in the plain and the Moslems upon the hill side in a fine situation. We pitched near the khan and passed a very hot unpleasant night, a slight shower of rain falling towards morning. Joseph who had been bathing in the sea at noon at Iscanderoon, complained of headache during this ride, prelude to a violent attack of fever, which nearly finished his exploits.

9th July.—Thermometer 80° at 3 A. M. We left the ground at 4-40 A. M., while yet dark, to avoid the intense heat. Our camp had been joined at Iscanderoon by a Persian pilgrim, and a Mussulman, a most determined looking man, with a red beard, and his son, a delicate youth, who however were first-rate walkers and who were going to Lutikea in Asia Minor, evading the quarantine. A Christian boy and his blind father mounted on a young three-year-old colt, completed the Cafila, besides a useful active Moslem, a friend of the cook, going to Constantinople. We marched over a plain at first and into a jungle as thick as that of yesterday on the banks of the "Issus." We marched by the side of

a marsh and the sea, occasionally crossing streams of fresh water, until 9-45 A. M., when E. declared he could go no further and must breakfast, so the tent was pitched and we halted till 3-10 P. M. Saw thick smoke to the northward which E. declared was a volcano, but the muleteers said was from burning charcoal. No end to the turtle in every stream. We crossed a broad river called Ayas running into the sea, where ducks were in great numbers, but the blind man put them all up by riding towards them to water his horse. Our Cafila now wound the extreme northern front of the bay and began to go westward; leaving the coast which we were never to see again, we ascended a few rocky mounds covered with grass between a few small fields of stunted cotton, unweeded, and sown very closely; we overtook the red-bearded man and his son, and as the boy looked very much fatigued, I ordered Huleel to give him his horse. We now again took up the Roman road which passed over a broken bridge across a deep dry ravine, and entered through a picturesque gateway where the rocks came down close right and left, and the heights on the left looked as if they had been fortified; here there was no cultivation, small hills abruptly sloping to the sea and covered with coarse grass. We saw the village of Koluck or *Gulakh* at 7-40 P. M., having been nine hours marching, certainly not less than twenty-four miles. Joseph went into the village where he found the people averse to tell him any thing, though they were not above trying to cheat the Christian, when he wished to change the Sultan's gold for their tin piastres. Thermometer 78° at 9 P. M.

10*th July*.—78° at 4 A. M. The mules left the ground at 5 A. M. Joseph had been very sick during the night and was vomiting continually. I advised him to sleep for an hour or two and then ride after us, leaving Huleel with him. The town is walled round, but small, and from the great numbers of tombs in the vicinity, must have been much larger once, or is very deserted. I did not see one person, man or woman, except a few travellers, who passed out as we came to our ground, and some whom I heard at day-break. The first five miles was over a dreary waste between two steep hills where was a Sebeel at which the men and animals drink; there rose a dense vapour which rolled through the mountains and covered the plain, the dank smell of the vegetation being very oppressive. We crossed a flat plain of rich black soil uncultivated, except in a few patches of maize. This we continued to traverse till 8-40 A. M., having met once a well-mounted old Turkish gen-

tleman with a large retinue of attendants not so well horsed as himself, one leading a greyhound; and except these men, our route was through a deserted land. We crossed by a three-arched bridge over a dry ravine. E. also complained much of the heat, and was very loath to proceed; though there was but one Betteen tree over a continuation of tombs, and the Sebeel was about 100 yards distant. I rode to the top of the pass in the hills, and saw a broad river; and as I found green trees below, came back and persuaded E. to ride forward, when we soon halted again and came to a final check at 9-20 A. M. We had the tents pitched on the banks of the Jihoon, there about one hundred yards broad, deep, rapid and muddy. The trees had changed into a small jungle of bastard cypress, &c., the men under the walls of the tents and other ingenious appliances contrived to pass the hottest part of the day. Joseph came up about 1 P. M. better, but still sick. We waited till 4 P. M., mounted and marched down to the Jihoon where we again overtook the red man and his son, and I lent his son, the boy, a horse. We descended into the channel of the Jihoon; the stream ran rapidly and the hills were clothed abundantly with low bushes, which I have no doubt contained much game and many a goodly hog, for I saw the foot marks repeatedly, till we finally approached a very large Khan surrounded by tombs, on one of which I recognised the Grecian chisel: here was a guard who said nought to us nor we to them. We crossed the bridge of eleven arches, two of which have been broken down and repaired by a wooden platform, and were admiring a small column with a Greek inscription which we were vainly endeavouring to decypher, when a dark tall Mussulman (there could be no mistake about the bearing of a Sipahi from Delhi,) coming down to the water, I shouted to him—"Toom kone hai!" He replied with great glee in Hindustani, and we all entered into a long conversation. The mules passed at 6-30, and the tents were pitched in a very shady nook by the north side of the river near the bridge, about 150 yards wide I think. 78° at 9-12.

11*th July*.—75° at sunrise. To enable Joseph to recruit his strength, we determined on halting to-day. Near the khan is a solitary date tree, and in the town, which is very dilapidated, a column of blue granite, but no other inscriptions. The thermometer rose to 94° at noon, 85° at sunset. The red-bearded man and his son passed on: the Persian and the Christians staying with us. We shall long remember with pleasure the delight of the poor Perdasee at hearing his native language spoken to him; in his present hard and precarious state, far from India, he had lived for fourteen years!

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE INDIAN TURF.

I REMARKED at the conclusion of my last paper on "The Indian Turf," that I intended saying nothing further with reference to the Calcutta Races. The Prospectus for the first meeting of the next season having since then been published, the perusal of it has suggested some further observations, which I now beg to submit.

In an admirable review of the racing season for 1846-47, under the signature of TURFITE, the writer in noticing Maynooth having walked over for the Great Welter Stakes, says:—"It is satisfactory to see by the Prospectus for next year's races, that this once popular, but now obselete, exhibition of gentleman jockeyship, has been swept away with the rest of the rubbish of mediæval racing." The author of this remark is a gentleman, who, for thirty years, was well known in India as a first-rate sportsman, and equally well known for his judgment in all matters connected with the Turf. I merely state this because it is probable *my* remarks may be considered of little or no importance; but some weight must be attached to the opinion of one who was an acknowledged authority on any racing point. This gentleman, whose words I have quoted, though he has left India for good, is still a subscriber to the *India Sporting Review*, and I have no doubt takes as much interest in the welfare of the Indian Turf, as he would were he present to participate in its glories.

What will TURFITE say when reading the Prospectus for 1850-51, and recalls to his mind what he wrote in 1846-47, that it was satisfactory to see that the only remaining specimen of mediæval racing had been swept away with the rest of the rubbish of those times, and finds that four years later we sweep back a great deal of worse rubbish in the shape of *Races of Heats* and *Give-and-Take Plates*. Although speaking of the Calcutta Races has called forth these remarks, the observations I am now going to make on the subject of *Races of Heats* and *Give-and-Take Plates* are alike applicable to all race-meetings in India. To any one who is in the habit of reading the reports of the different meetings in England, it must have been remarked a hundred times that the opinions expressed by the Turf reporters are always condemnatory of this species of racing. Thus CRAVEN, in speaking of some provincial meeting, says:—"There were too many of those vile racing *vol au vents*, yclept heats, for one of the right Olympic palate."

Again in reporting the Reading Races, the same writer says:—"To be sure a race of four heats loses its flavour towards the dregs, but rural appetites don't stand in need of much pampering." The only argument I ever heard in support of races of heats is that they increase sport. It used to be supposed that races of heats proved the *bottom* of horses; this is now well known by all good judges, professional trainers and jockeys, to be a very great mistake; a race of two miles will try the bottom of the stoutest horse that ever was foaled. The other argument, "that they increase sport," is so absurd as hardly to merit notice. No real sportsman takes any pleasure or interest in witnessing the same horses running over and over again for the same thing. Who would go half a mile to see The Flying Dutchman even run a race of heats? but there are hundreds who would go any distance to see him take an exercise gallop. No, it is just one trial, the cream of the thing, that makes a race so exciting; for as CRAVEN justly observes, a race of heats loses its flavour towards the dregs. Whoever may differ from me in opinion regarding this question, I can only observe that the Father of the Indian Turf himself once offered me his assistance in endeavouring to abolish races of heats, and I presume few will question his opinion, whatever they may think of mine. There are other objections, and this is one—in a race of heats, it is quite impossible to tell what horses are running for the heat, and there certainly can be no pleasure in looking at a race when you don't know how many horses are not trying to win.

With reference to *Give-and-Take Plates* few words will suffice; the great object has always been in India to encourage dealers and others to import a *large* stamp of horses. Twenty-five years ago an Arab race-horse, standing 14-2, was considered a large horse; but as patronage bestowed on the Turf became more liberal, and in consequence a greater demand for horses for racing purposes created, the dealers soon found out that the larger the horse, the larger the price they obtained; and the result is, that at the present day an Arab standing upwards of 15 hands, excites probably no other remark beyond that of his being a "fine horse;" and for this people are indebted to the Turf! Supposing *Give-and-Take Plates* again become fashionable, we shall have people looking out for small horses instead of large ones, and of course the dealers will import whatever they find the readiest market for; and one great argument for the encouragement of racing, viz. the improvement of the breed of horses, will be done away with! I am aware that in

this instance, the prize given to be run for is so trifling, that without any one happened to have a horse in his possession, qualified to run for it, there is not inducement sufficient to tempt him to purchase a horse expressly for the purpose; but why encourage what TURFITE calls the rubbish of mediæval racing, which has long since gone out of vogue, and the revival of which can do no good, and is directly opposed to the interests of the Turf?

Another grand mistake is not having one race, *the* race of the meeting; there always ought to be one race made the principal event, and of such a value as to ensure the greatest competition for it. In my last paper I proposed a Plate of 200 G. M. should be given for a race to be called the *Calcutta Great Handicap.* I am quite convinced a race of this description would be found to excite the greatest interest, and would be equally certain to be a good betting race. If at the present time there should be a scarcity of funds, I think it would be a most admirable plan to have a rule to the following effect passed:—That winners of lotteries held at the Turf Club Ordinaries should have deducted from the lotteries the sum of 2 per cent. to form a Plate to be called the *Calcutta Great Handicap*, to be run for in the first meeting of the following season. The amount thus collected would form a much larger purse than I have proposed, but the larger the better; if something really valuable were given to be run for, people who never thought of such a thing before, would be induced to try their luck; the weights ought to be published as early as possible in the season, to ensure its being a good business race. The sum I have proposed to have deducted is so very small, that no on ecould possibly be affected by the difference it would make in the amount of his winnings. I am aware that a sum of 2 per cent. is deducted from all lotteries for some purpose or other, but I propose it should be set aside for the purpose I have mentioned, as it would not be reasonable to make two deductions of 2 per cent. on different accounts.

Since Mr. Hume resigned the Secretaryship, two gentlemen have held that office, and neither of them permanent residents of Calcutta. I am afraid it will not be very easy to find a Secretary, who so thoroughly understood his business as Mr. Hume undoubtedly did, whose exertions for the success of the Calcutta meetings were so indefatigable and ceaseless for more than four years.

If there is a Secretary at all, on no account whatever should any gentleman be elected unless he be a resident of Calcutta, and there ought always to be some office or other place fixed

upon where the Secretary may be addressed, and where the nominations should be sent to. I have just seen the 1st June entrances for the next year's Derby, and there is actually no Secretary's name given at all! How on earth is any one in the country to know whom he is to address for any information he may desire concerning the Calcutta Races? It may be said, people who are concerned in the races know perfectly well how they are to do this, and how they are to do that. Who? Some half-dozen people at the Bengal Club! If racing is to be confined to a *clique*, they may rest assured that the present system will enable them to keep it all to themselves, and I wish them joy of it. Racing is a *public* sport, and every means should be used to enable all parties to obtain any information they require with as little inconvenience as possible; the public should be invited as much as possible to patronise the Turf, instead of having obstacles thrown in the way; by the public, I do not mean all the tag-rag and bob-tail, but parties who may be entirely strangers in Calcutta and who may not like putting themselves forward.

A professional Clerk of the Course, one who thoroughly understands his business, would do more in six months for the Presidency meetings than the Turf Club has ever done, or appears likely to do. It may be said that racing in India is merely patronised as an amusement, and nothing more; very likely, but that's no reason why the business of a meeting should be conducted in a slovenly manner by persons most generally very ignorant of what they imagine is very easily performed! I am now talking of the Presidency meetings. In Calcutta the horses are trained and ridden by professional men at a very great expense; very large sums of money are annually depending on the different events decided on the Course, and the most important appointment connected with a race meeting, that of Clerk of the Course, ought also to be filled by a professional man, unless a gentleman a resident of Calcutta can be found, who not only knows his work, but is willing to do it. The duties of a Clerk of the Course, or Secretary, do not consist in smoking cheroots at the Stand, and sending a list of nominations to the newspapers. I do not mean one word of reproach to either of the gentlemen who have acted as Secretary since the retirement of Mr. Hume; but neither have been residents of Calcutta, both military men, and both amateurs. What would you think of seeing an amateur of the stage playing to Macready in one of his best characters? You would most likely say what would most likely be perfectly true, viz. that it spoilt every thing. When

a meeting is got up, as at some of the large military stations, where every thing is conducted by amateurs, and consequently nearly always very badly conducted, every thing is in keeping; but it is very different in Calcutta; there, from the very large amount of money anuually expended one way or another connected with the Turf, and the importance that racing has now acquired, it is necessary that all posts belonging strictly to professional men, should be filled by none others; and it is almost impossible to find a gentleman who can be even supposed to know half as much as a man whose profession has always obliged him to study the qualifications necessary to insure his satisfactorily filling the office.

Once in Calcutta one of the Arab merchants promised to give a Plate to be run for, if certain horses, which he picked out of his batch, were disposed of at the prices he put upon them. A gentleman being in Calcutta and who took little or no interest in the races, but who was fond of horses, was thinking of purahasing one of these and running him for the Plate given by the seller, and asked me several questions about the races, and amongst others, "when the prospectus would be published"—and this was about six months after the prospectus had been published, I suppose in every newspaper almost in India! I asked him why he did not go to the Secretary who could give him a great deal more information than I could; he said he was not personally acquainted with the Secretary and did not like doing so. Now, had there been any *office* or any established place for the transaction of business connected with the races, where this man could have obtained the information he desired, he would, in all probability, have purchased one or two horses, and have run them during the meeting, but not being personally acquainted with the Secretary or the one or two parties immediately connected with the meeting, troubled himself no more about it. I have not the least doubt but that there are many persons in Calcutta who have thus been deterred from running a horse or two from the causes I have pointed out, and these are the kind of people that ought to be encouraged: a large number of owners of one or two horses would show more sport by a very long way, and open a much wider field for speculation, than three or four overwhelming stables having every thing between them. Notwithstanding every thing that has been said about the Calcutta Races, has any one ever taken the trouble to look at by what a very frail tenure the Calcutta Races are supported? Suppose any thing were to happen to cause any two of the principal stables to withdraw, what would

become of the races for the ensuing season? The season of 1848-49 was considered an unfavourable one, as far as the interests of the Turf were concerned, so much so, that the Reviewer of the season prefaces his remarks by anticipating the surprise of his readers at there being any races at all that year in Calcutta; and yet a reference to the *India Sporting Review* will show that the stakes and public money run for during the two meetings, amounted to no less a sum than rupees seventy-eight thousand and sixty one! Lotteries, tickets included, amounted to two lacs of rupees; and if we calculate stakes, lotteries and bets to have amounted altogether to four lacs of rupees, we shall be rather under the mark than above it; and here at a meeting on a bad year where such an enormous amount of money is from time to time depending, a system of management is pursued that it would be difficult to parallel at any of the most insignificant meetings in England.

TURFITE, whom I have before quoted, says:—"It is no vain boast to assert that for munificence as regards the support of this noble national amusement, Calcutta will stand a favourable comparison with the most celebrated places of racing resort at home." I have no hesitation in asserting a great deal more than this; for a comparison with *any* of the English race-meetings will show, that racing is far more liberally supported throughout India than it is in England; for remember this, by whom is racing at home supported? by men of high rank and position in society, of great influence, and of great wealth, added to which every real Englishman, from the highest to the lowest, does his best towards making a meeting go off well, and in India, where one man is found who will do his best to encourage racing, you will find an hundred in England.

I think the present system of holding the Ordinaries at the Race-stand open to many objections. There is very little doubt that in a short time we shall see a Turf Club established in London and which will owe its origin to the same causes which brought about the formation of the present Calcutta Turf Club, circumstances which it is not necessary to allude to here. I believe there is some institution called a Turf Club at present existing in London; but one on a very different plan, and having very different objects in view, is not only very necessary, but, if properly carried on, would do more real good for the English Turf than any thing that has ever been done for it. But to return to Calcutta, the Turf Club there has most certainly achieved its object. I would certainly propose that the Ordinaries should in future be held at the Town Hall; the Race-stand is inconvenient in more ways

than one; it is a long distance for every body to go, and when you are there, there is nothing very tempting to induce you to stop, unless a nasty, dirty, cobwebby cold room, with no furniture in it, and only half-lighted, can be called an inducement. The Ordinaries held at the Stand are always miserably attended, and are besides a great deal too exclusive, and racing will never really prosper if the interest attached to it is confined to some half-dozen individuals. I may here remark that I consider no rules, however severe, can be too rigidly enforced in order to exclude all men of doubtful reputation, or those who would not be recognised at any other place of general resort; but when at a place like Calcutta an Ordinary is attended by ten or twelve people, this fact alone must be clearly conclusive, that there is mismanagement somewhere, and the somewhere is in not having some one thoroughly acquainted with all the little *et ceteras*, which, by able management, conduce to the complete success of a race-meeting. I have heard some people say, that the expense of holding the Ordinary at the Town Hall, was one great objection against their being held there; if they were to be held there again, this, I think, might be obviated. It is no argument to say that objectionable persons would obtain admittance to the Town Hall; are not public balls and reunions held there? Then surely it can only arise from bad management, that parties who would not be admitted to a ball, should obtain admittance to a Race Ordinary. Everything would be just as much under the control of the Turf Club as if held at the Stand; numbers would come to the Town Hall who would never think of going down to the Stand; how many persons are there in Calcutta who occasionally trouble themselves by thinking of some way or other of passing the evening?—but the idea of going down to the Sandheads would as soon suggest itself to most people as of going all the way to the Race Stand. Another thing, the Ordinaries being held at the Town Hall would be more generally known, and a great many people would go, if it were only to pass a pleasant evening: in such a truly wretched place as the room at the Stand, any one who could pass a pleasant evening there would rival Mark Tapley himself in being "jolly under creditable circumstances." Were the Ordinaries held at the Town Hall, attended by any number of people who did not bet or take any part in the lotteries, it may be asked what good would the Turf derive from such an arrangement? This—all arrangements connected with the present system tend only to one end, viz., to keep all interests attached to a race-meeting

confined to a very select few, and no part of the system so much conduces to this result as the present custom of holding the Ordinaries at an inconvenient, out-of-the-way place, and confining the right of entrée to Members of the Calcutta Turf Club, consequently confining all the interest of the races almost entirely to the members of that body. If the Ordinaries were held where people might pass a pleasant agreeable evening, even if they took no active part in the business going on, the result would be, that a far greater number of persons being brought together, a greater feeling of interest than now exists regarding the races would thus be diffused throughout the society of Calcutta, and this is just exactly what is wanted. Many people may suppose that it would be just as easy for any one to become a member of the Turf Club at once, and that a man who would not attend an Ordinary at one place, would not do so in another. I am afraid there are very few such in Calcutta; there are *some* I know, who would, at any inconvenience, attend any meeting convened for the transaction of business, having any reference to the subject on which I am writing, but these men are so very, very scarce, that it is certainly desirable that some steps should be taken to induce others to come forward.

Having spoken of one objection that has been made against having the Ordinaries at the Town Hall, it may not be out of place to ask here, to whom does the Town Hall belong? A Town Hall, if it really is what its name would imply, is available to all residents of the town (of course for any lawful purpose,) and is strictly a public building for the use and convenience of the public. The Calcutta Town Hall as at present, is nothing more or less than part of Spence's Hotel; in fact, Mr. Spence himself lives there when he is in Calcutta, and many of the rooms are let out just the same as in the Hotel; the rooms used on public occasions being let at whatever price Mr. Spence chooses to charge, and which is invariably exorbitantly high. The building alluded to, may be Mr. Spence's private property for any thing I know to the contrary, but presuming it is what Town Halls usually are, I have very often heard many people ask this question—how, by what right and authority does Mr. Spence convert a building, the property of the residents of Calcutta, into a dwelling for himself, and into a hotel for his customers? I say, I should like to be informed on this point, as I have never met with any one who seemed to either know or care any thing about it. I think I have shewn that it is desirable that the Ordinaries should be held in the Town Hall, and I have no idea of a body

of gentlemen, such as constitute the Calcutta Turf Club, being deterred from holding public meetings in a place to which they have an undoubted right, and this too, by an individual being allowed to exert a power that he has no right whatever to. I may here remark that it was principally, if not entirely, by allowing Mr. Spence to conduct the Ordinaries when they were held at the Town Hall, that it was found expedient to establish a Turf Club and to confine the right of attending the Ordinaries entirely to members of the Club or gentlemen introduced by a member. I mean, by saying that Mr. Spence *conducted* the Ordinaries, that he provided the dinner and wines, making his own charges, any person being admitted who chose to apply; consequently the dinner at the Ordinaries became more like a very badly-managed table d' hote than any thing else; but now the Turf Club would have every thing entirely under their own control, and could make its own arrangements.

I cannot now say any thing concerning the "Turf in the North-west," and must therefore defer it till the next No. of the *Review*. Some time ago I was promised the assistance of an old and much respected member of the Turf, in carrying out many proposed reforms; if there should be any one who may think no reform necessary, he knows nothing at all about it. I have in my possession, at this moment, the original Prospectus of a race-meeting, with the Secretary's signature attached, and recorded in the Indian Racing Calendar. The Prospectus I have by me will show that entrances and public money are recorded as more than double what was actually run for; I took a great deal of trouble in finding all this out, and was told by the party who wrote the account of the meeting, that "he thought it would look better in the papers." To those acquainted with the laws and usages of the Turf, it is not necessary to mention the serious mistakes likely to arise from such proceedings. I am afraid there is no one now in the North-west who *could* carry out any measure of reform. When Sir W. Gilbert leaves, there is positively no one of any standing on the Turf in the Upper Provinces; that is, no one who, throughout a long series of years, have, by keeping a stud of race-horses, and by all other means, both supported the Turf and established for themselves a reputation and a name. Now-a-days some aspirant to Turf honours comes out one year with a string half a mile long and the next year "declines the Turf:" and no one ever seems to take any interest in the Turf at large; it is just the meeting where *they* are assembled and no further; no permanent measures by which the Turf in after

years may be benefitted ever seem to be contemplated, or any attempt made to raise the character of our racing transactions. When a man commences a Turf career, a feeling of ambition to distinguish himself in all that relates to racing should stimulate him, and as much fame may be earned by the man who introduces real measures of good calculated to improve the general tone of Turf proceedings, as to him who succeeds in bearing off the greatest number of contested prizes. Are there to be no men to take the place of Bacon, Churchill, Stevenson, Arnold, *cum multis aliis*, whose names will readily recur to those who have taken any interest in the fortunes of "The Indian Turf," more especially as relates to the Upper Provinces?

Before concluding this paper, I wish to point out one mistake that has nearly always occurred in the *India Sporting Review*; I mean in calculating the amount of money won by a horse, his own stake is very often included, and there is a direct rule which says, that in calculating the amount of a horse's winnings, it is *not* customary to include his own stake; thus, suppose a horse wins a race of 25 G. M. each—P. P.—three subscribers *besides* himself, he would not be disqualified to run for any race, "for horses that had not won 100 G. M." A racing calendar is far worse than useless unless every syllable in it may be implicitly relied on.

A MEMBER OF THE CALCUTTA TURF CLUB.

P. S.—I have just received the last number of the *Review*, and see that Abel East has misunderstood me, at least, so I infer from his remarks on my proposed plan of exhibiting the number of the winning horse over the judge's chair, so that the winner may be at once made known to any body in the Stand. A. E. says:—"Any thing but simple in our opinion. The writer seems to forget that those attending the races who care about the result, may easily be numbered by tens. We believe that before one board was arranged and understood, the people would be on their way home to breakfast."

I thought it impossible for any one to suppose that the number of *each* horse should be put up; of course only the number of the *winning* horse would be shewn, and I'll undertake to make the result of a race known within 25 seconds after the winning horse passes the post, and this by the way I have proposed. A. E. seems to forget that Racing Telegraphs are in use at most of the principal meetings in England, and the result of a race is made known almost the instant the first horse has

won. If my plan is not adopted, it would be a most desirable improvement to have one out from home: the expense I should think would be very trifling; but I suppose this Telegraph system, simply because it would be an improvement, will be quite sufficient reason for its not being attempted on the Calcutta Course, and at any country meeting it is not required. As for those who care about the result being easily numbered by tens, I cannot say, as I never attempted to count them, but I *know* that there are quite enough to cause a most unseemly confusion in the Stand, by their anxiety to get down and hear what's won. A. E., in noticing what I have said about the election of Stewards, expresses a fear that it would not always ensure precisely the sort of gentlemen wanted. I cannot see this: if a man is *not* a gentleman, of course he would be an unfit person to select for a Steward, but how often is a man chosen because he happens to be a general favourite; and a man whose thorough ignorance of all the duties of a Steward of a race-meeting it is quite delicious to contemplate, is selected to fill a most important situation, just because he happens to be "a good fellow." There is a mistake too in my being made to have said, (in speaking of the Stakes where three horses must start or the public money be withheld) "and each running to win;" it ought to have been "and each *not* running to win."

A MEMBER OF THE C. T. C.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ROWING MATCHES.

IN the *Sporting Review*, No. XXI., appeared an account of the Rowing Match between Oxford and Cambridge, pulled at Christmas. As this account is a most unjust one, and also contains assertions in direct variance with the truth, I am induced to believe that you will not refuse to publish this letter in your next number, for the information of those who may have formed their impressions from the statements made in the said account. I am fully aware that it was copied from an English paper, and that no correspondent or informant of yours is to blame in the matter: still its appearance in your pages makes it part and parcel of the *Review*, by which it was published in this country, and therefore in which ought to appear its refutation.

It is stated "that the exertions of the Cantabs in boat-racing with the Oxonians have been, match after match, crowned with extraordinary success.....Year after year have the Oxonians in spite of their most determined efforts sustained defeat." Now I am not in possession of quite the whole of the records of matches between Oxford and Cambridge for the last eight or ten years, but I can bring forward enough evidence to prove the utter falsehood of this bold assertion. I shall state the number of times since 1842, that an Oxford boat has defeated a Cambridge boat in my own knowledge—they *may have*, and I dare say *have*, gained even more victories since that time than what I am about to enumerate. In 1842 Oxford beat Cambridge in a six-mile race on the London water. In 1844 at the Thames Regatta, Oxford, Cambridge and the far-famed Leander Club —"the Brilliants" as they were called in those days—contended in a race—result Oxford 1, Cambridge 2, Leander 3. In 1847, at Henley, Oxford beat Cambridge in a two-mile race. At the same Regatta, Brazenose College crew, Oxford, beat the First Trinity Cambridge crew, though in the latter were five of the University eight, and Brazenose was not even head of the Oxford river at the time! In 1848 there was no match between the rival Universities. In 1849, Wadham College crew, Oxford, *twice* beat the second Trinity Cambridge, when the latter were head of the Cambridge river, and Wadham only second on the Oxford river. In 1845, 1846, and Easter 1849, Cambridge beat Oxford—all on the London water. I think I have now satisfied every one who may peruse this, that the assertion of the Oxonians, "year after year, having sustained defeat," was not *exactly* founded on facts; but let us now take a glance at the account of the last match, and we shall see how entirely one-sided and unfair it is. The writer, however, goes so far as to admit that "the dead noser" which was blowing was more favorable to the Cambridge style of feathering than to "the more lofty action of the Oxonians"—good. Also that the Cantabs gained enough at starting (Putney) as to enable them to draw their boat clear at Searle's yard—good again. The writer then goes on to state that "the Cantabs began to cross towards the Surrey shore to make for Hammersmith Bridge;" in other words, they took the Oxford water; "but in consequence of the Oxford men overhauling them, and nearing them so much at every stroke, the Cambridge steerer could not possibly cross them without a foul," thus making it appear that the Oxford men were in fault, when in reality the Cantabs were where they never ought to have been, and the Oxonians coming up in their own, and

proper course, as is in fact admitted in the very next line. He then goes on to describe the foul, which the Cantabs not acknowledging at the time, and the Oxonians of course throwing up their oars, the former pulled on and gained four boats' length. He then says that "the pace of the Oxonians was so fierce that they gradually lessened the distance between the boats, and arrived at Mortlake with their nose amid-ships with the Cambridge boat." The Oxonians then of course claimed the foul which was of course allowed, and they were declared the winners; and the writer of the account says:—"What might have been the result, but for the foul we *of course* cannot pretend to determine." Now this is really, "by several degrees, too bad." Every rowing man knows that a foul is a disagreeable thing to happen in a race, as, by that happening, the worst crew often wins, or at any rate it is left doubtful; but in this case, the unpleasantness was greatly mitigated by the Oxford men *proving* themselves to be the better crew, for after having lost four lengths by stopping after the foul (or about eighty-two yards), they actually picked up this distance between the place of the foul and the winning-post. What better proof *could* be given of there being the fastest crew? What more satisfactory in *not* leaving that point a doubt? I have written to you at length, Mr. Editor, on the matter, but you must make allowance for the feeling of an old Oxonian who sees statements made and published abroad in print, which he knows to be utterly unfounded, partial, and untrue.

AN OXONIAN WHO HAS SEEN OXFORD POLISH OFF CAMBRIDGE MORE THAN ONCE.

HINTS ON SHIKAR.

THE following hints were derived from Booden Khan, one of the best Native shikarees in India:—

FIRST DAY.

Well, Booden Khan, this promises to be a cool day, I will go out shooting.

Very well, Sahib; but you are rather late; early in the morning or at about four o'clock in the afternoon, are much the best times for shooting, those being the grazing hours of antelope, &c., and they are then much easier approached; but, Sahib, you had better change that light topy cover.

Shall I put on this green one, or the brown?

The brown is the best at present, as it corresponds with your coat and trowsers, and all parts of a Shikar dress ought to assimilate in colour as much as possible.

Well, here we are now at likely looking ground enough, but I see nothing moving.

Do you not see the horns of an antelope just above that bush about two hundred yards to your left? Ah, there he is up and looking at us! But don't dismount, and ride on slowly until you get behind those trees, or else he will be off, and don't look towards him; now then dismount, and ghorawalla, you lead the horse on; and now, Sahib, I will fill the *tat* with the bows of the Pulaus bush, and we can then approach as near as we like. Now I must have a look to see where he is. Oh, I see him! He is lying down again, and in a capital position too for getting up to him. Now walk as close to me as you can, and stoop your head a little, for you are so much taller than I am, that this *tat* will not conceal you otherwise. Here we are now, within about a hundred and twenty yards, and there are no more bushes, so we must crawl towards him.

I am so tired with this crawling, that I cannot go on any further, but surely we must be near enough.

Well, Sahib, look, he is still eighty yards away, and that is too far.

Oh, how close he is!

Hush, he will hear us talking.

I will now fire at him.

Do not fire at him lying down, Sahib, or else the chances are you will miss him, and as to his hearing us talking, he cannot, as the wind blows.

Well, Booden Khan, but how am I to get him up?

Be a little patient, Sahib, and a rest will steady your nerves; now see, I will let this large dry leaf fly past us. Ah, there he is up and looking towards us! But don't fire with merely his chest to aim at. Now he is looking in another direction and has turned his side well to us; take aim at his heart, and do not put more than an inch or so of the muzzle of your rifle beyond the rest, or else the bullet will rise. Ha!—*thup*—you have hit him; but off he goes—don't stir, he will fall dead or lie down soon; there he has taken a *chu ker*, and there is another, and now down he goes. You may rise, Sahib, he is dead. *Sooban Nullan!* is he not a fine* black buck? And his horns are good twenty-one inches; I have dropped my knife, lend me yours; *Howayeth tho, un uzbahaun, bey hauzil, bauhayem; Bismilla, hey Ulla hoo Ukbur.*

* An Englishman would probably have made a comparison as to his blackness.

Why, Booden Khan, I think he was stone dead before you cut his throat, and I only wonder he did not drop sooner, for I shot him right through the heart.

Nay, nay, Sahib! he is *hullaul;* did you not see his tail shake when I was cutting his throat? And as to your wondering at his running so far, you need not be at all surprised at it; I have seen several animals so hit, run a hundred or two hundred yards before they fell.

In making an animal *hullaul*, do you always repeat such a long prayer?

No, Sahib, *Bismilla hey Ulla hoo Ukbur* is sufficient.

Well now we have got him, how is he to be carried? for I see those rascally coolies, though they have brought the pole, have no rope to tie his legs.

Why, Sahib, it does not signify; have you never seen a jungle rope; see now I will make a cut between the back sinews and bone of the left hind leg of the antelope at the hough, and pass the fore-right leg through it, making a slight cut in it, a little above the fetlock joint, and through which I will pass a small piece of stick. I will do the same with the other two legs, saving that I put the fore leg round the neck, so as to support the head, and then it will be ready to sling upon the pole.

It is a capital substitute for a rope, but you have damaged the skin slightly, and I think you might have got some bark or fibrous plant to tie the legs with.

Yes, I might with a little search, but as I told you before, it is a hasty jungle substitute; and after all it is only the leg part of the skin that is at all injured, and even that you will find will scarcely show.

Is not that a chickara that I see at the foot of the hill?

Yes, and there are lots of bushes to stalk him.

Very good; but I will not use your *tat*, for after all it is an unsportsman-like way of shooting game.

Sahib, I am astonished at your saying so; would you not take advantage of all intermediate bushes to conceal yourself when approaching antelope; and what is the very great difference? You recollect the men we met the other day, who with a bullock and a few nooses pegged into the ground, were catching antelope alive. Now, that is an unworthy way for a sportsman* to destroy game. The *thoreedhar* or *khardhar bundhook* is what ought to be in a Shikaree's hand.

* In Hindu parlance all are sportsmen, who in *any* way pursue game. The word "poacher" is not to be found in their vocabulary.

Yes, I recollect seeing them, and as we are on the subject, explain to me how they catch the antelope.

Why, they do it in this wise; when they observe an antelope, or a herd of antelope, they select a likely spot, and drive a lot of pegs with nooses attached to them into the ground; then a man takes his bullock, and partly concealing himself at its side goes round the antelope, and gradually nearing them, he drives them over the nooses, and if he is fortunate he will catch one or two by the legs. Their bullocks too are so well trained, that as they near game, they pretend to be grazing: but the men more generally use them for catching partridge, quail, &c., and they then substitute a net for the nooses; but here we are not very far from the chickara, how do you intend stalking him?

Oh, I will walk up to those bushes ahead, which are not more than a hundred yards from him.

Do so, Sahib; but recollect that the bushes are not very thick, and that unless you walk *very* slow, he will see you through them.

Why, what has my walking slow to do with his seeing me?

Have you never observed, Sahib, that when an antelope or other animal is moving quickly, it catches your eye immediately, whereas if he is standing still, or walking slowly, you do not observe him without much scrutiny. So in the same way that chickara is grazing, and unless you cause him to look towards you by moving quickly, the chances are you will be able to get within shot without his seeing you.

Bang.

Sahib, you have hit him; but off he goes, and is running very strong too; now he has stopped and is looking this way—do not move in the slightest degree: he has taken a long gaze and is now satisfied, and is walking off slowly. There he lies down behind that bush, and now, Sahib, load.

Bang, bang.

Sahib, why did you fire at him lying down? The bullet went over him, and the second shot was equally useless, for he was much too far when he got clear of the bushes; but fortunately he appears severely wounded, and is now walking very slowly. Load quick.

In loading in such a hurry, I have broken my ramrod, and the bullet is only half way down. What am I to do?

Why take the broken piece, and churn it up and down in the barrel, and drive the bullet down.

I fear it has not gone down the whole way, and I may burst or bulge my rifle, and the other barrel is unloaded, and the bullets are too tight to go down even without a patch.

You can easily remedy that by beating the bullet between two stones, and making it a little smaller, and loaded so, it will do very well for a near shot. Now we are close to the chickara, and I see that he is wounded in the stomach. Bang. Down he goes, and shot through the neck and a very good place to hit; a bullet there or through the head or loins drops an animal at once; and now as we have got two *janwars* and it is a sin to kill more than you can consume, I think we had best return to the tent.

Very good, the broken ramrod decides the point—so home we go.

I see five antelope right, or very nearly, in our road home; we will go by them, and when we come within 200 yards, dismount and see the result.

Why, Booden Khan, I find that what you told me this morning is quite true, for I had scarcely taken my feet out of the stirrup before they were off.

Sahib, it only requires a little *hikmut*, and antelope-stalking is not by any means difficult. When the wind blows strongly, antelope are quite blind, and on such a day I can get as near as I like with my *tat*.

I would like to know your opinion, Booden Khan, as to whether you consider a detonating gun at half-cock, or with the cock let down upon the pillars, the safest mode of carrying it when loaded?

Why, Sahib, it is only lately that you gave me a detonating carbine, and as it is the first I ever used, it would be presumptuous my attempting to offer an opinion.

Well, Booden Khan, then take my word for it, carrying your gun at half-cock when loaded, is much the safest way, as I could deduce from the number of accidents that have occurred with the cocks resting upon the cap; however I will tell you, as an instance, what happened when I was on the voyage out to this country in 183—. One day when the ship was rolling a good deal, several of the passengers, and I amongst the rest, were shooting at large sea-birds (Albatros) and I, from having had two or three years' experience in shooting under the eye of ——, an excellent old sportsman, kept my gun at half-cock, much to the horror of most of the passengers, and none more so than a brother countryman, now commanding the ———; however, the sequel will shew who was right, for shortly after the ship gave a heavy roll, thereby causing ——— to lose his footing, and falling upon the deck, with the back of the cock downwards, his gun went off, the

contents of which went through the keel of one boat, and the instep of the skipper's other foot, and would you believe it, Booden Khan, the fellow had the impudence to sing out, "that he could not expect better luck, when he had the misfortune to have Irishmen (men of my own country) on board his ship."

Sahib, the affront was great, but the old adage—"*Kootha upnee gullee may sheyr hai*"—is very applicable to a *Nakhoodha*.

F. Y.

P. S.—To make the dialogue more distinct, I have made Booden Khan *Sahib* me very often, but in the jungle he was rarely guilty of such bad manners, and for the time all distinction was set aside on both parts. When an animal was rolled over, the jump and cheer he gave fully equalled mine, and would have gladdened the heart of any Irishman to see.

F. Y.

EASTWARD HO!

AFTER a lapse of nearly fifteen years, I find myself once more fairly launched upon these waters and cruising about amongst the islands to the Eastward, though I fear with but little chance, owing to the season of the year and the state of the weather of doing much, if any thing, to add to the record of sporting "res gestæ" of former times. Great changes have of course occurred in that period, and what with the increase of cultivation, the alteration in the channels, the formation of new lands, and the breakage away by the rivers of old ones, the country is literally a new one to me. Nor perhaps am I less changed than all that I see around me, for a residence in Bengal during that number of years, tacked on to some few that had preceded them, is little likely to have been without its effects alike on the inward as on the outward man. "Friends depart" sings the poet, and when I sum up mentally all that have departed, most of them to "that bourne whence no traveller returns," during the time to which I am alluding,

I find myself involuntarily quoting from another of the beautiful ballads of the same author:—

"When I remember all,
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather.
I feel like one, who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!"

Regrets, however, are unavailing, so to leave the memories of the past for a time and treat of the present, I may commence by noticing a most villainous compound of smells by which my olfactories were assailed some mornings ago, and which, upon investigation, I found exhaled from a boat (Native of course) moored in my immediate vicinity. This was in the Sunderbuns. The boat was laden with dead deer in nearly every conceivable state of decomposition, stowed higgledy piggledy, one on the top of the other, as a well-known distinguished "militaire" said of his corps after trying to put them through some rather complicated evolutions. The carrion in question was destined for the Calcutta market, and on my expressing curiosity, mingled with wonder, as to what class of Ditch gourmands revelled in such offensive and poisonous luxury, I was informed it was much appreciated by the wealthy Calcutta Baboos, who rather preferred *green food*, or in other words, venison when in a state of decomposition. No wonder that cholera and other diseases stalk abroad unchecked by medical skill and municipal improvement. Here was a whole cargo of putrid meat *en route* for Calcutta consumption (even supposing the story as to the Baboos to be apocryphal), and this abomination (sufficient in itself to breed a pestilence in the "quartier" for which it was designed) would be landed, distributed and disposed of without let or hindrance on the part of the authorities. It is superfluous to ejaculate—"Can such things be?" Suffice it, that they *are* and that they would not be permitted in any other capital, laying claim for itself to even a state of demi-civilization. Perhaps the *Sporting Review* is scarcely the place in which to treat of such a subject, but it is apropos of game, and is as likely to attract public attention in the pages of this journal, as it would be if published elsewhere.

On the afternoon of the same day, my Sirdar brought to my notice that several alligators were disporting themselves round

about my bhauleah as we rowed leisurely along with a fair tide. Humph! said I, when I got on deck and saw no less than three, all within gun-shot—truly

> " Strange things come up to look at us,
> The monsters of the deep !"

So I got a rifle loaded, and directing my attention to one scaly brute, who just then showed evident intention of retiring under the bushes that fringed the bank, for the purpose of taking his afternoon's siesta on the mud beneath, I let him ensconce himself comfortably, and then fired point blank at his head. A series of tremendous plunges followed, developing his entire length, which must have measured full twenty feet, and then he floundered into the water and sank. Had I taken a double-barrel gun instead of a single rifle, he had assuredly been mine at once, for another bullet well put in at the distance, would have disabled him from any more tempting the perils of the deep. As it was, I loaded again, and drifting slowly along, kept a good look out, and not without success, for presently he rose again and tried to make the opposite bank, which he no sooner reached than I bowled away at his head a second time and down he went, lashing the water into foam with his tail. I thought he was done for, but as we could not feel him with the poles, I continued to drift along as before: my tactics were perfectly successful, for very shortly he rose to the surface for the third time, scudding along at a great rate, as if aware that I was in full chase after him. This, however, could not last long, and again he was about to try the mud and the friendly cover of the rank jungle it generates, when I sent a third rifle-ball straight to its destination, and with one mighty effort he toppled over and fell back head first and belly uppermost into the deep water. We had no difficulty in feeling him with the pole now and stirring him up with the same, but as he could not, or would not move, I was fain to leave him alone to breathe out his brief remainder of existence undisturbed; for though one of my boatmen, more excited than discreet, volunteered to dive with a slip noose to fasten round him, I of course would not risk it, for though this, my own particular alligator, might be dead as the salt-fish, with which history says Queen Cleopatra baited Mark Anthony's hook, there was no knowing how many of his tribe including the two before seen, might chance to be in the immediate vicinity, therefore I negatived the proposal and wended on my way rejoicing, leaving the " spolia opima " as a probable trophy for the next comer at low water.

With the exception of an occasional alligator, the sportsman passing through the Upper Sunderbuns, in the direct track between Calcutta and Culneah, will find little or no exercise for his gun, though at a couple of tides distance from the latter place, large game of all sorts is said to be plenty. A gentleman whom I met there told me, that, while out after deer a short time before, his party was followed by a rather small tigress, whose propinquity he detected by the regular foot fall (pit-pat) as they passed through the jungle: he being well aware that no other animal could be following their trail in that stealthy manner, turned suddenly upon the pursuer, and slew her out-right by the first discharge of a gun of large calibre, heavily charged with large slugs. A fortunate result of his daring, which saved either his own life or that of one of the natives with him. Rhinoceros are by no means scarce, and as, in one way and other, the fortunate killer of one of these brutes realises from twenty-five to thirty-five rupees by his deed of "derring-do," the native shikarries display more than usual courage and recklessness in the chase. A remarkably fine young man, as described to me, had recently been killed by one that he had fired at and wounded; the rhinoceros charged and the shikarries took to the nearest trees; but the unlucky marksman was too late, or his "arbor" of refuge was too low for safety, for with one rip which laid the thigh bare to the bone from the knee to the groin, the rhinoceros brought him to the ground and then grouted (if I may be allowed the expression, and I know no other that so well conveys my meaning) his chest open, killing him on the spot and leaving him a fearful spectacle for men and gods. Each rhinoceros hide yields three valuable shields, and this, added to the presents bestowed by the grantees as well as the wealthy natives, by whom the flesh is much esteemed as an article of luxury and who pay well for the same, makes the value of the quarry, when obtained, amount to what I have put it down at.

Tigers, buffaloes and spotted deer are plentiful on the Burrisaul churs, as well as pigs, chikore and other small game; but elephants are not in vogue in that district, so the game is not often disturbed by the European sportsman, though a gentleman in whom I believe I recognise the LEATHER-STOCKINGS of this *Review*, occasionally takes the field, and with success, against the common enemy. Tigers and leopards too are by no means scarce about the villages on the main land, and one of the latter, by no means a bad specimen of the spotted pard, was shot by the gentleman in question a few weeks back. He may possibly communicate details himself, as well as of the

death of a stray rhinoceros which he recently shot on foot. The latter must have wandered up from the Sunderbuns and was brought to his notice, when he was out in the district, by the Armenian Superintendant of a Zemindary. In the course of the skrimmage that ensued, the latter gent was charged by the rhinoceros (wounded), knocked down and *nosed* by him, but whether it was that the unwieldy brute approved not the smell or was too busy with his own affairs to bestow more than a slight rub of recognition "*en passant*," the legend sayeth not; certain it is that he left him a good deal more frightened than hurt, and receiving a couple more bullets from Mr. R., laid himself down to die in an adjacent patch of jungles, while the Superintendant lives to rejoice over his narrow escape and to tell how, like the renowned Sibthorpius, he kept the bridge (pass) "in the brave days of old," and he may do so with more justice than many stringers together of sentences who profess to edify their hearers with tales of greater pretension; for according to all accounts he stood the charge most manfully, fired at the rhinoceros in his rush, and, failing to stop it, was knocked fairly and forcibly over, falling with his back to the earth and his feet to the foe, stunned and insensible, waking afterwards to the agreeable conviction of safety and of succour, and it is the lot of few men to pass unscathed through such an ordeal.

I am constrained to admit, that the weather just at present (the last week in June) is any thing but pleasant, and that travelling by boat in these localities at this season, conveys any thing but an easy and agreeable sensation. It has been blowing the better part of a gale of wind, with a proportionate sea on, and as the rain has been almost incessant and the tides exceedingly high, I presume that the look out has been rather a more distressing one to the Indigo Planters of Dacca, Furreedpore and Mymensing, than it has been even to the writer, who, after being detained a day and night in a small creek at Kakra chur, took advantage of a lull and succeeded in reaching his haven and is now safely moored, "'midst heavy rain and thunder" in a particularly swampy part of the country. Thus does the true peripatetic philosopher console himself for the evils he suffers with the reflection, that by comparison with the state of many of his friends and contemporaries, he has really very little to complain of. How I am to get back again is another matter, any such retrogade motion being entirely out of the question, till we are blessed with a change of weather, as I fear is also the arrival of any dawk letters or newspapers, but "sufficient unto the day, &c., &c.," and in the mean time I have the *Sporting Review* to write for, *Marshman's Guide to*

the Civil Law for light reading, a little practice as an amateur physician, and a wide expanse of water (somewhat muddy be it remarked) on which to look out; therefore, possessed of these advantages, including the additional and inestimable one of being entirely free from the possibility of receiving any palatial communications, whether of an agreeable or troublesome nature, am I determined not being *a sage*, "to be happy the best way I can" as Tom Moore advises, and very good advice it is too for those whom circumstances and a happy facility of natural temperament will permit to follow it.

I mentioned having been delayed a day at Kakra chur. The place is now almost entirely under cultivation, but it was in what was then (in the cold weather) little better than a nullah, dividing that chur from Kishenpoora, that my boat's crew were kept awake and obliged to burn fire-pots nearly all night on account of the tigers, in days of yore. At Kakra too it was that I had that severe mélée, single-handed, with a solitary male buffalo (and on foot), of which the tale has remained untold till the present time. The facts were as follows. I went on shore in the morning rather early, carrying a light deer-stalking rifle, and accompanied by the Sarang of my schooner and my Sicklighur. Our purpose was to make our way to the sheds, where the tame buffaloes bivouacked at night, and to satisfy ourselves on sundry points, but especially as to the probability of getting a little shooting without incurring serious danger, for the tiger serenade of the previous night had, I hesitate not to admit, materially cooled my ardour for the pursuit of sport under difficulties. The tame buffaloes were scattered at various distances round about the sheds, and through them did we essay to pass. As well might we have sought an entrée to the select circles of Calcutta without proper introductions; as well might a certain River Steam Navigation Company seek gratuitous admission for it's half-yearly reports in the columns of *some* Ditch diurnals; as well might honest merit look for Government employ, backed by no other interest than qualification for office carries with it—as we to reach the longed-for goal. A bull—the bull—stood in our way, and for such as we, passage there was none. Dodge and double as we would, he met us at every turn, and sometimes in such unpleasant propinquity, that I believe we were indebted mainly to the cows, which we took care to keep between him and us, for our safety. This sort of thing could not last long—to be barred one's way upon one's own land, as I had been taught to consider it, and to be thus bullied by a bull, was almost too much for flesh and blood to bear; still I could not hope to make

much impression upon such an opponent with a single rifle (bore 18 to the pound), and that he would allow me a chance of re-loading appeared exceedingly problematical—when up came one of the herdsmen, seated on a tame cow, and urgently begged us to be gone out of that, for that the bull before us was a fiend incarnate who had already killed and wounded several people and would assuredly do as much by us. This not exactly suiting my views, matters were compromised, I agreeing to retire to my boat and prepare my full battery and the Gwallas promising to drive the herd, bull and all, down to the bank of the nullah, where I might avail myself of vantage ground: but here a fresh difficulty arose. The tame cows took to the water readily enough, at least the majority of them, but not so the wild male, who, with several recusant females, retired a short distance from the bank in evident distrust, and would by no means be persuaded or driven in the direction of the schooner. Finding this no go, I landed again with my full battery, ammunition and, this time, some half-dozen followers, and poking my head over the top of the bank and resting my left elbow thereon, I blazed away steadily a couple of barrels from a bone-breaker, that has since stood me in good stead on more than one occasion of danger. Both shots told with effect, and separating himself from the cows before mentioned, mine enemy commenced slowly retiring in the direction of the heavy null jungle at the back of the sheds. The intermediate plain was studded here and there by hillocks, the vestiges and results of salt manufacture, and over this did I and my followers take, as soon as we had scrambled up the bank, at racing (foot) pace, I occasionally pausing to get a shot. At last he neared the friendly covert, and almost in despair, I stopped by one of the hillocks aforesaid, and aiming steadily at the shoulder, brought him up sharp. By this time a number of natives, even some women and children, had joined the chace, and a cluster of these latter had taken up a position on a hillock a little in advance and some fifty yards to the right of where I was; the buffalo, as he turned to my last shot, catching sight of them, bore straight down on the motley assemblage. We shouted and we roared, but to no purpose; the majority appeared perfectly paralysed by their danger, and the bull held his way straight on to them. I almost despaired and the *almost* was changed to literal certainty, when my next shot was an undeniable, an unmistakeable miss. The bullet fell short—still, undismayed by the report as by our shouting, the buffalo held on his headlong way; he had almost made good his charge, when throwing the gun rapidly to my shoulder, I, at the

same instant, pulled the trigger and had the satisfaction of beholding the huge brute pause suddenly, stagger and topple over on his side,

"Then burst the cry of women shrill;"

as released from fear and the temporary paralysis it had occasioned, they took to their heels, dragging their nearest responsibilities after them and shouting to the more distant to follow, nor without cause, for my guns were all empty by this time, and while I was yet loading, the buffalo, after an effort, regained his feet and stood for a time looking irresolutely about him. I think he could not but have seen me and my party, but, be that as it may, he sought not to molest us, and presently set off at a very slow pace (which however quickened as he went) for the null jungle. Having re-loaded, I followed at my leisure, expecting to see him fall every moment, which hope proving delusive, I refreshed his memory as to who was in his wake with another shot, which had the effect of causing him to stop as he gained the jungle edge. A second shot sent him crashing headlong into it, and left me nothing for it but to call in the aid of the tame buffaloes once more, which being rendered available, after considerable delay we succeeded in finding him in a dying state, and presently, as the lawyers say, "reduced him into possession." He was a very large animal, with horns in proportion, and very full of fight, but my two first shots, one in the shoulder and the other in the stomach, must have sickened him. So much for my first buffalo on foot, which I had nearly forgotten all about till finding myself at the "locus in quo," the adventure was forcibly recalled to my mind.

I have got my dawk at last, and the very first paragraph that met my eye on opening one of the many papers, was the following:*—

DELHI.—Maharajah Baboo Hindoo Rao Bahadoor has returned to Delhi, from his hunting excursion, after killing and shooting 8,824 animals and birds, of different kinds, and has brought one tiger living.

The following is a detail of the quadrupeds and birds shot by him:—Tigers, 40; bears, 7; hog-deer, 804; deer, 11; black partridge, 615; grey partridge, 352; boa-constrictor, 2; alligators, 8; hare, 725; quails, 1,525; cheetul, 325; jungly fowl, 715; wild cats, 14; wild boar, 413; wolf, 7; koolung, 63; nullung, 25, and many others.—*Delhi Gazette, June* 15.

Truly a goodly list and enough to make the mouths of the

* This subject was alluded to slightly in "The Editor's Note Book," in the last number, but as the above was written weeks before I had an opportunity of seeing No. 22 of the *Review*, I have not considered it necessary to cancel my remarks.

sporting inhabitants of the plains water as they peruse it; but though specific in some matters, it is sadly deficient in detail as to others of at least equal importance, if it is to be considered in the light of any thing better than an advertisement of wonderful destruction of animals and birds by the agency of the sporting Maharajah in question, fit to rank with the miraculous cures effected through the medium of Morrison's Pills, Holloway's Ointment and other quacks and quackeries, and with nothing better. Cannot the Maharajah persuade OUTSIDER to favor us with a description of how it was all managed? "What drugs, what charms, what conjuration, and what mighty magic" were employed, even if the arrangements were after the approved snobbish grand "battue" fashion, in which the eminent individual, under whose auspices and patronage the abomination is got up and takes place, has probably less to do with the slaughter than any body else of the party. The statement says the quadrupeds and birds were shot by *him* (the Maharajah Baboo), but *that* I take to be a penny-a-liner's "façon de parlêr" and about as veritable as a certain German Princesses feats in a similar line (recorded in *Egan's Book of Sports*), who shooting eight hours per diem, must have killed an animal or bird per minute during the entire time (with a considerable fraction over) to make up the score. I confess to a curiosity as to how long Hindoo Rao Bahadoor was out on his hunting excursion, the extent of his field force, what amount of game was snared, what shot, under what circumstances, and by whom, &c. &c; and by way of setting a good example, I will detail my own success as a fisherman, in the form of a newspaper paragraph:—

"We understand that 'Asmodeus' has been eminently successful in his fishing excursion so far as he has yet had an opportunity of indulging in that, *his favorite pursuit!* Our informant writes us, that, up to the date of his letter, the well-known sportsman in question had succeeded in taking no less than eleven rhooes, varying in weight from 12 to 25 lbs., three cutla and a meergha, besides smaller fry. On one afternoon, he was lucky enough to succeed in landing three rhooes, a cutla weighing 31 lbs., and *the* meergha. We understand he has also got several live deer, &c. &c.!"

Now I protest that this is a perfectly true report, though my esteemed friend BEPPO *may* curve his eye-brows in derision on perusing it; for though I have had every one of the fish enumerated taken, *in nets*, from tanks, and the deer have been given me, I have not included certain very excellent bekhtee, &c. &c., which I have purchased and paid for, as

an honest man should do, in the course of my travels, nor the salt-water mullet, which I yet live in hope of seeing smoking upon my board. Would I could add the prefix of hospitable to the last word, but unfortunately there is no one to entertain in these waters, and if there were, one lacks the means and appliances of doing it, as the thing should be done, in the true and O'Gorman Birch style. Let us then hope that "le bon temps viendra," and in the meanwhile as we journey through life, be content to live by the way, as we best can.

Noacolly or Bulloah is very little known as a sporting district, though the churs and even the main land abound with game. Tigers, buffaloes, deer and hogs are plentiful as are, in the proper season, nearly the whole tribe of water-fowl. Wild cattle, as they are termed, may be shot on chur Assiddy and afford good sport on foot, the jungle being perfectly practicable and free from tigers. The wild cattle however were, I fear, originally tame ones, though wild and savage enough now. The hogs down here are particularly savage and do more mischief and cause more loss of life than the tigers and buffaloes united. There is good pig-sticking ground on some parts of Shabajpore, and good, really good shooting might be got almost every where in the cold weather, if a man could afford to keep elephants and an establishment of boats to cross them from chur to chur; but the tightness of the revenue screw has rendered that out of the question for any but the revenue officers and such magnates of the land, one of whom some years ago had several fine elephants and got excellent sport. I have heard of his party killing as many as forty hog-deer in one day on one chur, and being on other occasions equally successful with buffaloes and proportionately so with tigers. Leopards may be shot in the vicinity of the station and on the main land, but they are unknown on the churs, even at Shabajpore, and, strange to say, though the spotted deer are numerous in the Burrisaul district and on its churs, they do not extend so far as this, while on the other hand the hog-deer are here in great numbers. Hares, partridges, &c. &c, may be put down as very scarce, if not altogether absent, and snipes, quails, &c. &c. are only to be met with in certain localities and, of course, in the proper season. It were perhaps out of place here to enter into a detail of the advantages offered to the European settler (could he be induced to locate on any of the numerous islands or churs), to the people themselves, and to the Government, for such an arrangement, not suiting the book of the powers that for the present rule the destinies of our Eastern empire, is not likely to meet with any thing short of discouragement; so,

though the ryots, bad as they are represented to be, are easily enough managed when fairly dealt with, and the land is sufficiently facile of cultivation, were the terms on which it is offered to speculators not so oppressive as to act as a literal prohibition to all but greedy court harpies, destitute alike of character and capital, vast tracts are now the feeding ground and refuge of what were erst denominated the denizens of the forest; albeit, forest there is none, though jungle in plenty; so, I say, these lands must be literally a nullity, a thing of non-existence for years to come to Her Gracious Majesty's faithful subjects born and located in East India till the "gay gude time" which is coming, and which *will* come despite all the *Friends of India* that may be issued from the Serampore repository and all the bureaucratic influence that impedes the liberal measures of enlightened men, in order that clique power may rule paramount and unquestioned. This may not be exactly a land of milk and honey, but it might not improperly be termed one of milk and oil, for the name of cocoanut is legion, and as for luxuries the betel rears its tall length, intercepting the view of the horizon from all quarters, while pawn, paddy, and crops of the usual Bengal produce flourish extensively. There is no scarcity of any of the necessities of life—to say nothing of oranges, plantains, pine apples, shaddocks, and so forth. A man might very reasonably and properly live, flourish and die here, with all his family about him (if he were only allowed to do so,) and never trouble his brains about the green fields and babbling brooks of fatherland, which he probably knows better by tradition than from any personal recollection or affection. Absenteeism is the curse of the soil here as elsewhere in Bengal, and also in Ireland. Middlemen, collectors, and the whole tribe of subordinate leeches are fattened on a rotten carcase (system.) "Young Bengal" flourishes in academic groves at a very considerable distance from the hive whence the honey that ministers to his support and classical studies, is periodically remitted, and little indeed does he trouble himself as to how the bees are cared for, though erudite and energetic enough in all matters of theory thereanent, when interloping is threatened; and Government fosters the system to the top of its bent, and Civilian ability; and that too to the detriment of *all* Her Majesty's equally faithful subjects, born in this country and who look not beyond it for fortune or favor, but whose heritage at present threatens to be a deprivation of their natural laws, rights, and privileges, with the wide field of clerkdom and its rich remunerations graciously, but not exclusively, left open to their ambition,—and nothing else!

To return however from the airy clouds of mental speculation to the stern realities of life, it may or may not be generally known that Shabajpore enjoys the advantage of a Deputy Magistrate, (uncovenanted) but exercising the full powers, as it is technically termed, being located upon it. This gentleman himself narrated to me, how a tiger having been discovered asleep in the jungle, contiguous to a village some half a mile distant from the magisterial bungalow, a rude maichaun was hastily erected in a tree and the huzoor invited to mount and slay the intruder; accordingly up got the Deputy, and sure enough there was the tiger fast asleep beneath him, but partially hidden by the brush-wood. My friend took a shot at what he saw, and the immediate but unlooked-for consequence was that the tiger charged the tree and made desperate efforts to reach the maichaun. Holy mother of Moses! Here was a go! To go out hunting and to be treed and blockaded by your proposed game! At this phase of the story, I interrupted the narrator by enquiring why he did not use his second barrel. He replied that he never once thought of it; but said he, "the tiger, soon got tired and went off growling to another jungle a short distance off. I then got down from the maichaun, and collecting some men, re-loaded and went after him, when my sweeper armed with a pistol, clambered up a bamboo and dislodged the brute out of that by a shot, and at us he came; we all ran right and left and I tumbled head over heels in a paddy-field; instinctively I faced about on one knee, with my gun pointed at the tiger, then within a dozen yards of me and standing looking me in the face; this might have lasted half a minute, when he turned and trotted back to the jungle growling." My friend had no doubt a very narrow escape, which he attributes to his coolness in not firing; less modest men might be inclined to think that the narrow escape was on the tiger's part and have felt disposed to say with that hard-riding attorney, Mr. Coates, when he found himself face to face with Dick Turpin and was called upon to pay his bet, "then by —— I'll have a snap at you!" The Deputy however explained that he had doubts as to whether his gun would go off, as the paddy-field he tumbled into was very swampy, and if the tiger had rejoined in Dick Turpin's words done into choice feline lingo—"And I at you," it is doubtful which would have had the best of it.

I had no opportunity of enjoying any sport on account of the unfavorable state of the weather, but on my return, I killed a sixteen and-a-half feet alligator in shallow water on a chur in the Ballissa river, with a single bullet, sixteen to the pound,

from an ordinary double gun. The ball entered the forehead and came out at the eye, and in five minutes after the shot, he was on board my boat, dead as any alligator need be. I got a fair shot too at the head of another, a huge beast, on a mud bank in the Sunderbuns, but he toppled over into deep water and was no more seen.

I am promised full particulars of a Rhinoceros Hunt on foot on the banks of the Goggut, in which Capt. G., single-handed, killed the largest brute of the genus ever seen in Rungpore. Should it reach me in time for this number, I will send it, Mr. East, as a postscript to this letter, which you will probably think requires a little more bread to balance the intolerable quantity of sack I have presented to your readers.

ASMODEUS.



SPORTING GALLERY.—No. XXIII.

ABEL EAST.

It frequently happens that a distinguished actor is announced to appear, and that some unforeseen circumstance happening to prevent it, his place is supplied at the last moment by one who has only aspired to the honour in his dreams.

Abel East is not exactly in the position of the latter gentleman, but his appearance in our Sporting Gallery, at this time, is most unexpected. Circumstances which have the great originality of being more easily described than imagined—but which it is not necessary to describe—have forced him into premature notice. Suffice it that the present portrait, though just taken, was not originally designed for these pages. Abel, however, has nothing to apologize for in being here. He could find innumerable precedents for putting himself in his own Gallery and even in his own Work, but he does not need them. Independently of his claim as the Editor of the most distinguished Sporting Periodical in India, (where there happens to be none other,) he might not unreasonably demand the honour, as the Secretary for several years of the Calcutta Races, an office, the duties of which require, besides a nice discretion, that beautiful temper for which his worst enemies admit he is eminently distinguished.

Whoever glances at the accompanying portrait, will, we apprehend, be candid enough to admit that the original is not calculated to shine among Light Weights, and perhaps they will think it would take a triple dose of the rules of reduction to fit him even for the Welter, if it had not been long obsolete. It may be said he might have been a pig-sticker, and the truth is he has stuck a good many unclean beasts in his time—animals, however, of the town and not the jungle, and with another weapon than the spear. His shooting in this country has been chiefly confined to "folly as it flies," while his hunting for the last six years has been mainly after good contributors for this same *Review*. He occasionally boasts a little of aquatic performances in by-gone years, pedestrianism, and other vulgar accomplishments of the athletic order, but we cannot conscientiously put forward for him any other clear claims to the niche he now appropriates to himself than the one above mentioned,—his Secretaryship and the Newcastle indefeasible right of doing what he likes with his own. He has the grace to take this opportunity, so personal to himself, of recalling the many obligations he has received from others, and to drink in a bumper of champagne enduring prosperity to the Turf, the Chase, the Gun, the Rod, and Spear. A. E.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS PRINGLE AS A POET AND A SPORTSMAN.

My Dear Mr. East,—I need scarcely, I fancy, recall to your recollection how, when, some two years and a half ago, the commercial morality mongers of this great city, incited and led on by the *Calcutta Quarterly* and the *Friend of India*, sought to prove that the failure of the Union Bank and other disasters that visited us about the same time, were traceable to a love of the turf, field sports and other innocent amusements, in which certain amongst us indulged and took delight; you and I, and our right trusty and well-beloved brother in the cause, Master Mathew, and it may be one or two more good men and true, laid lance in rest and went forth to do battle with the enemy. How severely they were *shocked* and how they went down irrecoverably, both men and hobby horses, under the dint of our charge is on record in the earlier pages of this *Review*, and elsewhere. It is not in any vain-glorious spirit that I refer to this, nor for the unsportsman-like practice of triumphing over a fallen foe, but as a fitting introduction to some songs and notes (which I propose bringing to the notice of your readers) by a writer who I suspect is little, if at all, known to the mass of Indian sporting men, and which I think prove clearly and practically, what indeed none but such as are blinded by their own poor prejudices attempt to deny, that a man may be a thorough sportsman, and a poet and littérateur to boot, and yet be imbued with the purest spirit of Christianity and charity to all mankind. The writer I allude to is Thomas Pringle, with whose life and poetical works I became acquainted very recently at an expense of eight annas sterling, through the medium of a street hawker, and I see no reason why my brother sportsman should not participate in the benefit I derived thereby, or why the Ignatius Loyola of Serampore, and those who profess to think with him, should not be enlightened by example.

Pringle, the Secretary to the Anti-Slavery Society, the intimate and esteemed friend of Wilberforce and Clarkson, and many other of the most eminent and best men of his day; the original projector and editor of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, A. D. 1817 (which subsequently passing into the hands of other proprietors, became *Blackwood's Magazine*, or in other words the undying "Regina") was not only a Poet but a practical Sportsman, as witness the following spirit-stirring verses:—

THE LION HUNT.

Mount—mount for the hunting—with musket and spear!
Call our friends to the field—for the Lion is near!

Call Arend and Ekhárd and Groepe to the spoor ;*
Call Muller and Coetzer and Lucas Van Vuur.†

* Arend or Arendz, Ekhard, and Groepe, were three of the principal families of our Mulatto tenants.

† The brothers Diederik and Christian Muller, two of our Dutch-African neighbours, then residing near the Zwart-Kei, were among the most intrepid lion-hunters in South Africa. They had between them killed upwards of thirty lions—not without some hair-breadth escapes. Diederik was deaf in one ear, from the effects of the clutch of a lion, which his brother shot while he was lying under it. Others of their adventures may be seen in the appendix to *Thomson's Travels*, vol. ii., p. 379. Diederik, who was a fine, frank, generous-hearted man, was quite a favourite with us all, and accompanied me on several of my excursions into the wild parts of the country. On my finally leaving Glen-Lynden, in order to testify his regard for me, he went out and shot a lion, and sent me the skin and skull as a parting gift. He closed his earthly career two or three years afterwards, in a mode quite accordant with the habits and ruling passion of his life. He had been for some time confined at home by a pulmonary complaint ; but, tiring of inactivity, he urged so strenuously his brothers and his friend Mr. George Rennie (who had become almost as fond of this perilous pastime as the Mullers) to accompany him on a hunting expedition into Cafferland, that, in spite of their apprehensions for his health, they at length consented, and set out together with a Mr. Gisborne, an Englishman, like themselves an enthusiastic hunter. They had not been above a week or two in the woods, however, before poor Diederik became dangerously ill. His friends endeavored to convey him to his brother's house on the frontier ; but he did not live to reach it. He died where he had most delighted to live—in the wilderness.

The Coetzer mentioned in the text was Arend, one of the sons of our neighbour, old Winzel, of Eland's-drift.

Lucas Van Vuur (or Van Vuuren) was a tall, dark, muscular man, in height about six feet two, with a bushy, coal-black beard, and an eye like an eagle's. He was for some time one of our nearest neighbours at Glen-Lynden, where he occupied the farm of Lyndoch-Cleaugh, the property of Mrs. Colonel Graham. He usually carried a huge elephant gun, as long and unwieldy as himself ; but he had left it at home on the following occasion, when he had most special need of it. Lucas was riding across the open plains near the Little Fish River, one morning about day-break, when, observing a lion at a distance, he endeavored to avoid him by making a circuit. There were thousands of springboks scattered over the extensive flats ; but the lion, from the open nature of the country, had probably been unsuccessful in hunting. Lucas soon perceived at least that he was not disposed to let *him* pass without further parlance, and that he was rapidly approaching to the encounter ; and being without his *roer*, and consequently little inclined to any closer acquaintance, he turned off at right angles, laid the sjambok freely to his horse's flank, and galloped for life. But it was too late. The horse was fagged, and bore a heavy man on his back ; the lion was fresh and furious with hunger, and came down upon him like a thunder-bolt. In a few minutes he overtook Lucas, and, springing up behind, brought horse and man in an instant to the ground. Luckily the boor was unhurt, and the lion was too eager in worrying the horse to pay any immediate attention to the rider. Hardly knowing himself how he escaped, he contrived to scramble out of the fray, and made a clean pair of heels of it till he reached the nearest house. Lucas, when he gave me the details of this adventure, made no observation on it as being any way remarkable, except in the circumstance of the lion's audacity in pursuing a "Christian man" (*Christen mensch*) without provocation, in open day. But what chiefly vexed him in the affair was the loss of the *saddle*. He returned next day with a party of friends to search for it, and take vengeance on his feline foe ; but both the lion and saddle had disappeared, and nothing could be found but the horse's clean-picked bones. Lucas said he could excuse the *schelm* for killing the horse, as he had allowed himself to get away, but the felonious abstraction of the saddle (for which, as he gravely observed, the lion could have no possible use) raised his spleen mightily and called down a shower of curses whenever he told the story of this hair-breadth escape.

Slide up Eildon-Cleugh, and blow loudly the bugle:
Call Slinger and Allie and Dikkop and Dugal;*
And George with the elephant-gun on his shoulder—
In a perilous pinch none is better or bolder.

In the gorge of the glen lie the bones of my steed,
And the hoofs of a heifer of fatherland's breed:
But mount, my brave boys! if our rifles prove true,
We'll soon make the spoiler his ravages rue.

Ho! the Hottentot lads have discovered the track—
To his den in the desert we'll follow him back;
But tighten your girths, and look well to your flints,
For heavy and fresh are the villain's foot-prints.

Through the rough rocky kloof into grey Huntly-Glen,
Past the wild-olive clump where the wolf has his den,
By the black-eagle's rock at the foot of the fell,
We have tracked him at length to the buffalo's well.

Now mark yonder brake where the blood-hounds are howling;
And hark that hoarse sound—like the deep thunder growling;
'Tis his lair—'tis his voice!—from your saddles alight;
He's at bay in the brushwood preparing for fight.

Leave the horses behind—and be still every man:
Let the Mullers and Rennies advance in the van:
Keep fast in your ranks;—by the yell of yon hound,
The savage, I guess, will be out—with a bound.

He comes! the tall jungle before him loud crashing,
His mane bristled fiercely, his fiery eyes flashing;
With a roar of disdain, he leaps forth in his wrath,
To challenge the foe that dare 'leaguer his path.

He couches—ay now we'll see mischief, I dread:
Quick—level your rifles—and aim at his head:
Thrust forward the spears, and unsheath every knife—
St. George! he's upon us!—Now, fire, lads, for life!

He's wounded—but yet he'll draw blood ere he falls—
Ha! under his paw see Bezuidenhout sprawls—
Now Diederik! Christian! right in the brain
Plant each man his bullet—Hurra! he is slain!

Bezuidenhout—up, man!—'tis only a scratch—
(You were always a scamp, and have met with your match!)

* Slinger, Allie, and Dikkop, were Hottentot servants on the location. Dugal was a Bushman lad, placed under my charge by Landdrost Stockenstrom in 1820. He was but partially *tamed*, poor fellow, and used to take himself off to the wilds occasionally, for two or three days at a time; but always returned when he was tired of the *veld-kost* (country food, *i. e.* wild roots). I named him Dugal after Sir Walter Scott's "Son of the Mist" of that name.

What a glorious lion!—what sinews—what claws—
And seven-feet-ten from the rump to the jaws!

His hide, with the paws and the bones of his skull,
With the spoils of the leopard and buffalo bull,
We'll send to Sir Walter—Now, boys, let us dine,
And talk of our deeds o'er a flask of old wine.

Nothing can be more spirited and graphic than the foregoing, and I doubt if we can show any thing to equal it in our own pages. Mr. Lucas Van Vuur's indignation at the improper conduct of the lion in feloniously possessing himself of the saddle (for which, as he truly enough said, "he could have no possible use"), reminds me of a caricature I saw the other day, in which a tiger having been duly padded on a small elephant, and having recovered (awoke to a sense of his situation), turns the tables, and is pourtrayed, much to the surprise and anger of the assembled sportsmen and mahouts, walking off with the elephant on *his* back. This is very absurd doubtless, but I can vouch for the existence of the drawing, if not for the truth of the narrative.

Our author too, like the *Friend of India*, had by no means a bad idea of what was needful in the shape of creature comforts, when entertaining (even in imagination) a friend, Mr. Fairbairn, who has since earned so honourable a fame for himself in the Cape of Good Hope; ex. gra.:—

P.—First, here's our broad-tailed mutton,* small and fine,
The dish on which nine days in ten we dine;
Next, roasted springbok, spiced and larded well;
A haunch of hartèbeest from Hyndhope Fell;
A paauw, which beats your Norfolk turkey hollow;
Korhaan, and Guinea-fowl, and pheasant, follow;†

* The broad-tailed sheep of Southern Africa is long-legged, small in the body, and has little fat except on its tail; but the flesh when young is very well-flavored, not unlike Welsh or Highland mutton. Mr. Barrow has given a description and engraving of the Cape sheep. See his Travels, vol i., p. 67.

† The *Wilde Paauw* (wild peacock) is a large species of *Otis*, about the size of the Norfolk bustard, and is esteemed the richest-flavored of all the African feathered game. The spread of its wings is about seven feet, and the whole length of the bird about three feet and a half. Two smaller species of bustard are known by the name of *Korhaans*.

The Guinea-fowl is plentiful in the valleys at certain seasons of the year.

Partridges also, of several species, are abundant; but the bird called a *Pheasant* at the Cape is a sort of grouse, or rather a species intermediate between the grouse and the partridge.

All these, and other sorts of game, we had *occasionally*; but the reader must not suppose they were always so very plentiful, or so easily procured, that we could on any day of the year have thus feasted a chance visitor. But if I might *conjure* my guest from England, I might also *conjure* my game from the woods and hills.

Kid carbonadjes, à-la-Hottentot,
Broiled on a forked twig; and, peppered hot
With Chili pods, a dish called Caffer-stew;
Smoked ham of porcupine, and tongue of gnu.
This fine white household bread (of M——t's baking)
Comes from an oven too of my own making,
Scooped from an ant-hill. Did I ask before
If you would taste this brawn of forest-boar?

I pass over "the Lion and the Giraffe" and one or two other things, which you, Mr. East, may possibly think worth embodying in the extract department of your next number, and come to the last and, to my humble thinking, the best of Pringle's sporting poems. It is called—

THE FORESTER OF THE NEUTRAL GROUND.

A SOUTH-AFRICAN BORDER-BALLAD.

We met in the midst of the Neutral Ground,
'Mong the hills where the buffalo's haunts are found;
And we joined in the chase of the noble game,
Nor asked each other of nation or name.

The buffalo bull wheeled suddenly round,
When first from my rifle he felt a wound;
And, before I could gain the Umtoka's bank,
His horns were tearing my courser's flank.

That instant a ball whizzed past my ear,
Which smote the beast in his fierce career;
And the turf was drenched with his purple gore,
As he fell at my feet with a bellowing roar.

The Stranger came galloping up to my side,
And greeted me with a bold huntsman's pride:
Full blithely we feasted beneath a tree;—
Then out spoke the Forester, Arend Plessie.

"Stranger! we now are true comrades sworn;
Come pledge me thy hand while we quaff the horn;
Thou 'rt an Englishman good, and thy heart is free,
And 'tis therefore I'll tell my story to thee.

"A Heemraad of Camdebóo* was my Sire;
He had flocks and herds to his heart's desire,

* A Heemraad was a provincial functionary somewhat analogous to a justice of the peace, and was a member of the landdrost's board.

Camdebóo, a Hottentot word signifying *green elevations*, is a term applied to the projecting buttresses which support the Snowy Mountains, and which are mostly covered with verdure; and the adjacent district of country is called by that name.

And bondmen and maidens to run at his call,
And seven stout sons to be heirs of all.

" When we had grown up to man's estate,
Our Father bade each of us choose a mate,
Of Fatherland blood, from the *black* taint free, *
As became a Dutch burgher's proud degree.

" My Brothers they rode to the Bovenland, †
And each came with a fair bride back in his hand ;
But *I* brought the handsomest bride of them all—
Brown Dinah, the bondmaid who sat in our hall.

" My Father's displeasure was stern and still ;
My Brothers' flamed forth like a fire on the hill ;
And they said that my spirit was mean and base,
To lower myself to the servile race.

" I bade them rejoice in their herds and flocks,
And their pale-faced spouses with flaxen locks ;
While I claimed for my share, as the youngest son,
Brown Dinah alone with my horse and gun.

" My Father looked black as a thunder-cloud,
My Brothers reviled me and railed aloud,
And their young wives laughed with disdainful pride,
While Dinah in terror clung close to my side.

" Her ebon eye-lashes were moistened with tears,
As she shrunk abashed from their venomous jeers ;
But I bade her look up like a Burgher's wife—
Next day to be *mine*, if God granted life.

" At dawn brother Roelof came galloping home
From the pastures—his courser all covered with foam ;
' Tis the Bushmen !' he shouted ; ' haste, friends, to the spoor !
Bold Arend ! come help with your long-barrelled roer.' ‡

" Far o'er Bruintjes hoogtè § we followed—in vain :
At length surly Roelof cried, ' Slacken your rein ;

* The prejudice of colour is so strong in the Cape colony, or at least was so a few years ago, that any white man who should *marry* a native or colored female would be considered to have greatly degraded himself, if not to have altogether *lost caste.*

† The term *Bovenland* (Upper-country) is used to signify those parts of the colony nearer to Cape Town, or Cape Town itself.

‡ *Roer* signifies simply *gun ;* but the term is more especially applied to the heavy long-barrelled guns used by the Boors for hunting elephants and other large game.

§ *Bruintjes hoogtè* (the Height of Bruintje) is the appellation of a long ridge or elevation running out from the Boschberg, which bounds abruptly the arid plains of Camdebóo on the east.

We have quite lost the track.'—Hans replied with a smile,
—Then my dark-boding spirit suspected their guile.

" I flew to our Father's. Brown Dinah was sold!
And they laughed at my rage as they counted the gold;
But I leaped on my horse, with my gun in my hand,
And sought my lost love in the far Bovenland.

" I found her; I bore her from Gauritz' * fair glen,
Through lone Zitzikamma, † by forest and fen.
To these mountains at last like wild pigeons we flew,
Far, far from the cold hearts of proud Camdebóo.

" I've reared our rude shieling by Gola's green wood,
Where the chase of the deer yields me pastime and food:
With my Dinah and children I dwell here alone,
Without other comrades—and wishing for none.

" I fear not the Bushman from Winterberg's fell,
Nor dread I the Caffer from Kat-River's dell;
By justice and kindness I've conquered them both,
And the Sons of the Desert have pledged me their troth.

" I fear not the leopard that lurks in the wood,
The lion I dread not, though raging for blood;
My hand it is steady—my aim it is sure—
And the boldest must bend to my long-barrelled roer.

" The elephant's buff-coat my bullet can pierce;
And the giant rhinoceros, headlong and fierce,
Gnu, eland, and buffalo furnish my board,
When I feast my allies like an African lord.

" And thus from my kindred and colour exiled,
I live like old Ismael, Lord of the Wild—
And follow the chase with my hounds and my gun;
Nor ever repent the bold course I have run.

" But sometimes there sinks on my spirit a dread
Of what may befal when the turf's on my head:
I fear for poor Dinah—for brown Rodomond
And dimple-faced Karel, the sons of the *bond*.‡

* The Gauritz river bounds the district of Swellendam on the east and falls into the sea near Mossel bay.

† Zitzikamma is a wild tract of forest country, lying along the coast west of Camtoos river.

‡ By the Cape colonial laws, as by those of most other slaves colonies the children of a free man by a slave woman, became legally the *property* of the *owner* of the female, unless where they could be proved to be that owner's own children. In this latter respect the Dutch colonial law was somewhat better than either the French or the English. But in the fictitious case given in the text, the children, as well as the mother, might be claimed as the property of the legal owner. The *story* of the poem is founded on facts, which occurred some years ago in a different quarter of the colony.

"Then tell me, dear Stranger, from England the free,
What good tidings bring'st thou for Arend Plessie?
Shall the Edict of Mercy be sent forth at last,
To break the harsh fetters of Colour and Caste?"

Who amongst us is there, friends and fellow-sportsmen, who will not echo the sentiments conveyed in the last verse? Were I to say with the Roman,—"I pause for a reply," I fear this paper would not be in time for the next, let alone the current, number of the *India Sporting Review.*

I have thus endeavored to do something like justice to the memory of one, who, I believe, is but too little known in this country (at any rate) as a Poet and a Sportsman. Let me now, ere I conclude, do the same to his memory as a Christian.

"At length," says Mr. Conder, in a memoir too brief for what is so excellent, "at length 'the silver cord was loosed." On the evening of Friday, December 5, 1834, he gently passed out of life; and the friend who held the hand that was stretched out to bid him farewell in the approach of death, felt nothing but the passive throb of the frame from which the spirit had already disengaged itself, to return to it's Father and Redeemer. Thus peacefully and in the faith of Christ died this devoted and unwearied friend of the slave and the oppressed; one who consecrated his talents to the cause of mercy, because he had obtained mercy. His was no mercenary, though an official, advocacy of the rights of the African race. His heart dictated his acceptance of a post, which circumstances rendered a needful provision. No gold could have purchased his labours in a cause which his conscience disapproved. He lived for others and he died poor; yet having contributed to make 'many rich;' having in this world 'nothing, and yet possessing all things.'" After the above, it is needless to give Kennedy's tribute to his memory, engraven on his tombstone in Bunhill fields. His biographer, Leitch Ritchie, however says of him:—

"One of the gentlest yet firmest, one of the humblest yet most high-minded of human beings, the character of Thomas Pringle was made up of qualities, which excite in equal proportion, affection and respect. With him benevolence was not a weakness, but a principle. He did not *indulge* in doing good; but his humanity being under the strict controul of his judgment, he refuted practically the doctrines of that philosophy which refers even our best actions to selfishness. He was warm and steady in his attachment; but though he would

have risked his life for a friend, he would not have sacrificed his probity. He was deeply religious, but not of those devotees who 'crucify their countenances.' Cheerful, buoyant, and even gay, he exemplified his faith only in his actions. Open, generous, manly and sincere, I may address him in the words of Charles Lamb—"

> " ' Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
> I have not found a *whiter* soul than thine!' "

And this man died penniless, leaving a wife and her sister in extreme distress, and who, at the time of the publication of the work, whence I derive my information, had only an annuity of twenty pounds a-year between them, "purchased chiefly by some anti-slavery friends." An advertisement on the fly-page says—"This work is not published in the usual way, but entirely for the benefit of Mr. Pringle's widow." And now, ye scribes and pharisees, living in high places and in the enjoyment of rich revenues, to whom allusion was made in the commencement of this paper, will ye search your own hearts and look upon this picture and on *that!* If you will, I think 'twill be long ere you again indulge in uncharitable strictures of a general nature, at the expense of those, who, if not altogether with you, are at any rate not against you, in your more moderate views.

Perhaps, my dear Mr. East, some of our readers may be disposed to ask, why introduce Pringle more than any other Poet who has adopted sporting subjects, to the notice of the Indian public? My reply is simple; his sporting scenes are all sketched at the Cape of Good Hope, which is within the Indian cycle, therefore we may claim him, in that respect, as one of ourselves. I fear, nay I am certain, that I have done him but scant justice in this hasty notice, but, as Fluellen says, "There is occasions and causes, why and wherefore in all things," and what they have been in the present instance none know better than you do.

SUUM CUIQUE.

P. S.—If it be remarked that I have quoted too freely, perhaps, for the *original* department of this periodical, I have only to say in justification, that I think the quotations worthy of as honorable and prominent a place as can be afforded them.

S. C.

ODDS AND ENDS ANENT THE SONEPORE OF 1850.

DEAR ABEL,—Would that I had wings, not that I might fly out of this world, or away from the many blessings that it gives; but that I might make one or two long flights in your cause, and for the benefit of the community at large.

When the body, however, is firmly bound down to one spot, the mind is apt to become narrowed: it loathes as it were the task of recording that which it fancies must be known. But happily for us, the noble sport of which we treat is one resorted to as an amusement by few, cared for by hardly any around, and hence the inducement to stand forth and to enlighten all anent the Sonepore prospects of 1850.

Since YOUNG TURFITE last addressed you, this Behar of ours has been in a state bordering on perfect repose. There has been nothing done of which we could have written, unless it were of the Mozufferpore race meeting of 1850. But even of this what could we say to please, save and except it be this—that our dark friend Mr. D'Arcy came out as a Mr. Black, and won both Cups with a neat little Arab called Pilgrim. There was, however, no racing, and no sport in any sense of the word. The good old times when balls and parties (not tea-parties, but real good dinner-parties at which Nectar flowed freely); ordinaries and whist meetings; raffles and lotteries, and conviviality, true conviviality existed—have passed away. Why, we can hardly tell; but so it is, and we had in their room, "in loco parentis," some horrible Black Acts, which startle and terrify, distract—might I not add wrack—the brains of the would-be more sapient!

And to add to our misfortune, there is but little we can say of our exploits with gun or spear. We might stop up a gap, here and there, with an account of how we have coursed the wolf, or brought to earth the tiger; but even of such sports there has not been sufficient to satisfy the lusts thereof, much less to gratify those for whose edification we are writing, and of these therefore more anon.

When we wound up our last paper, giving an account of the meeting of 1849, we urged all true sportsmen, who would try their fortune at Sonepore in '50, to summer their horses in Behar. The call has been responded to, and we feel certain that the force of our advice will be acknowledged hereafter. Hitherto a different course has led to losses of horses innumerable, not from deaths, but from other causes; and to instance

only a few cases, where disappointment must have been felt, we might mention the want of success which attended Mr. Green on his first trip into Behar—the loss sustained by Mr. Williams, among his maidens, while Hall was at Mozufferpore. One only source of grief now is, that these good men have seceded, and that there is to be no influx, as of yore, of horses and turfites; still the picture will bear looking at, when there can be thrown out at once in bold relief such characters as Messrs. Holdfast and Charles. And we might couple with these the name of an old sportsman—Mr. Fitzpatrick, who, nothing daunted by past losses and defeats, is among us with a goodly string.

When writing in 1848 we particularised, as we best could, each horse in training; but it is unnecessary we should cling to the old form, merely for form's sake; and our desire for abandoning it arises from an increased dislike to attempt to criticise those horses, which, simply because they are in racing stables, are called racers, as we have never advocated the keeping of large studs, and cannot imagine the principle on which such can be supposed to pay. It suits our purpose better to speak only of those likely horses which have hitherto been named for the leading Stakes. In illustration of our argument, about small stables of horses, what, we would ask, would not have been Mr. Holdfast's winnings last year, if he had had Pretender only? What were Mr. Jones' when he had Elepoo? What would have been the winnings of the Child and Minuet, in their maiden year, if they had fallen into the hands of such a calculator of odds as Mr. Green? Echo answers—a fortune. But we are diverging slightly, and must hark back. For the Derby, the first race on our list, we have four stables, and out of those horses named, Snowdrop has gone to his mother earth. The three left in Mr. Charles' string do not look as if they were fit to meet a good field; but they will most likely be as fit as their neighbours, for among all on the *carte*, there is not one, save it be our old friend Shereef, that has racing pretensions. Altered circumstances, however, will probably keep him in the back ground—the work of a stallion, which we have every reason to believe he has been performing, is not exactly the training we require for a Derby Arab. But in truth, there is no one Arab of the batch that can be called a nag of size and blood, nor can money in these times, apparently, furnish us with another Child. So that for this race, we are well disposed to back the watch at 3.10 (Sonepore Course) against any Desert blood now with us.

Not so, however, with the Colonials. Of them we can say better things. We have not only the published assurance that more horses are likely to come to the post; but we have a better stamp of horses, though the eye has not yet alighted on a Greenmantle, or a Brunswick. If the owners would condescendingly give us a pick, for our own especial use, out of this lot, we would at once appropriate Garryowen, a large and powerful chesnut country-bred, bred by Mr. Fitzpatrick out of his mare, Polyphema, and very much the racer. But we do not say that he is to have first place; Physician, considering his trainer, is more to our fancy; and still more is Vandieman, though he has the head not of a racer, but of a coach-horse. However, as he does not go on his head, sir! we would, under Barnes' management, be glad to take the long odds against him. And there are others that have claims to our consideration; but there seems to be no outward sign of their qualifying themselves for any such severe trial as the race for the Colonials: Glaneywern to wit, is a very racing-looking and blood nag—a little light over the couples; but with a light weight—a flyer: and a huge chesnut has been pointed out to us as the property of the Sheik, that is called a great goer; why therefore has he not been named for this stake? Of Young Lucifer, *et hoc genus omne*, with more body than their legs can carry, we have not much to say, and therefore turn to the next race or the Civilian's Cup.

The first nag on our list is undoubtedly well placed. There is no gainsaying the fact that Pretender is the horse that, barring accidents, must win. He looks as fresh as a two-year-old, and being easily trained, he will without doubt be found fit. Those legs, which we used to fancy treacherous, have improved on the work taken from them, and in all respects he looks a greater horse than he has ever been.

Ladye-love too, in the same stable, shews great blood, and great shape, is a rare walker, a poor canterer, and not a very taking galloper; but (that abominable word always makes us hang fire) they say she can go. Her endearing name would lead us to suppose that, in the stable, she must be thought very perfect. But, for choice, give me that model of a small mare, The Maid of Athens. When well and strong, she is in symmetry perfect, and it would not be inapt in us to say, to all who mock her for her size—*cave!* Of Boomarang we need say little, he has already earned a decent reputation, but he has to contend this year against greater horses; and though looking well, it must be borne in mind,

that he did not come early to hand like the rest in Mr. Charles' stable. Rinaldo is dead; and as the young stock have, more or less, received previous mention, we may proceed to the Cup of the meeting, or the Behar Turf Club Cup.

For this we have no new competitors, and we do not learn that the far-famed 15th of September will bring us many additions. Whalebone, a newly-purchased Cape, the property of Mr. Holdfast, and Tasman, a Vandiemaner that ran his mile at Cawnpore last year with 12 st. up, in 1-56, may appear: but the latter is not now in these parts; and though this short spurt may have given promise of great things, yet we apprehend no danger from such a reputed flyer. Mr. Hope will most probably find that when the weight is taken off, the difference in speed will not be so great as might be expected. Pretender then is again our stand by; and though the young ones are not without promise, we say he will win.

Having thus recorded a few words regarding horses, and probable events, we would wish, before concluding, to offer some remarks anent the Prospectus, hoping that such will be a guide to future stewards. On what principle of sport, might we ask, is a forfeit tacked on to a sweepstakes, such as we see in the last race of each day? Better far that sweepstakes were altogether done away with than this; and why, after the experience we have lately had, should sporting men be afflicted with races for which gentlemen riders only can get up? We have firstly weights declared, at which not six gentlemen riders in the country can be found! (where then are they to come from for Sonepore?) And with all deference to those who love the pig-skin, and fancy themselves perfect in it, we say that, when they are forthcoming, want of condition too frequently leaves them minus of wind, and the owner, in consequence, minus his purse. Let the public, if the public must be gratified, have a Welter only. But let good stakes be given for good purposes, and with a view that the best horse shall win. Again, might not the number of racing days be advantageously curtailed to four? We have heard it rumoured that there has been some difficulty experienced in getting together the amount of the advertised stakes. We believe that even of last year's allotments the value of one Cup remains unpaid. But let us set aside this important part of the entertainment, which is in the hands of a first-rate Secretary, and build our argument on the feelings of the public. It must, or somehow or another it does, follow, that where stables are few, the secrets of each are divulged on the first day, and seldom or ever do we find excitement carried beyond

it. The public become restless and impatient, because they know what must inevitably follow, and as few who go to Sonepore are enthusiasts in racing, they vote the whole thing, from thenceforth, a delusion! Some care has been taken, in the present instance, to cook up a dish here and there, in the shape of a handicap; and if the selection of stewards be well made, there can be no doubt but that sport will be afforded to all parties. The great thing, on all occasions, is to give a fair allowance of what is undeniably good, not to give us a surfeit of what may be good, for the obvious reason that we cannot thoroughly enjoy it; nor to give us, what is infinitely worse, a surfeit of what is bad. We say therefore that races judiciously arranged, and made out, for four days running, with liberal purses, such as we have hitherto had, and interlarded with even one or more handicaps than we now enjoy, would ensure sport.

The prospectus disposed of, we would offer one or two other hints in the way of improvement. In the first place why should a man, who considerately undertakes the office of a steward, be condemned to stand, without shelter, for the convenience of the public, on a piece of unsightly puckah work? Could not a Judge's box, with a chair in it, be erected at no very great expense, and would it not (had it no greater advantage) shew the public at least, from whence that knotty point—the decision of a race—is disposed of! We protest too against the mode of starting horses in this country. It should invariably be brought about with a flag; and at 100 yards beyond the starting point, there should be stationed some one with another flag, who in the event of a false start, could shew the jockeys, at once, by a sign, what is required of them. As matters are constituted, nothing can well be more preposterous or ridiculous. All riders are trying to catch the word "off," as soon as it may escape from the tongue. No sooner is the sound emitted, than some lucky fellow, with a quick ear, is yards a-head; a pull is the consequence, and then the scene. Every choice word that the memory can furnish on a pinch, is now brought into use, and bellowed forth. Stentorian lungs, however, do not often avail: all the familiar expressions of name do not incite our jockey back. Away he goes, bidding all defiance to sound, until cut off by some kind courser. Surely this ought not to be. If the dropping of a flag were the sign for starting, all who have eyes would see it at the same moment, and share alike; and in like manner when the flag a-head fell, there would be the knowledge that that passed—all was safe. These improvements more im[illegible]medi-

ately affect stewards and owners of horses; and with one word for the benefit of jockeys we wind up, which is to give them also a chair, in which they can weigh with some comfort.

YOUNG TURFITE.

THE PACHA OF EGYPT'S CHALLENGE.—A FEW WORDS IN REPLY TO "ASMODEUS."

THE perusal of any article from the pen of ASMODEUS always affords me great pleasure, as being the contribution of a thorough sportsman, and I hope he will excuse the remarks which his observations on the comparative merit of English and Arab race-horses in the last number of the *Review* have led me to make.

I have always noticed in any thing ASMODEUS may have written having reference to the Turf, the reliance he always appears to place upon the *time* a race is run in, as affording a fair criterion by which to judge of the merits of the horses engaged. I may here remark that what little experience I have had, has taught me to look upon the timing of race-horses as the most perfect humbug that ever was brought into fashion; if this were not my opinion, I should consider it very great presumption in any amateur stating an opinion in direct opposition to all the professional men in England; I don't believe there is a trainer or jockey at Newmarket that doesn't laugh at the idea of timing. Of course there is no harm in merely mentioning the time a race is run in, but what I object to is comparing the merits of horses that have never met, by simply looking at the *time* each is stated to have run his race in. If we know that a horse goes over a certain distance of ground in very extraordinary time, we may justly conclude that he is a fast horse, but he may not be worth having in a present as a race horse.

With reference to what I have said about professional opinion, I have no doubt ASMODEUS and many others will say they chose to judge for themselves. Would they give an opinion upon any surgical case in opposition to Sir Benjamin Brodie? then why suppose that they know more of racing matters than a professional racing man? I say again that there cannot be a more unanswerable argument against timing than

the plain fact of its being held in the most sovereign contempt by the professional racing men of England. I do not mean to say that I wouldn't hold a watch to a horse occasionally in his galloping; but I should not care one straw for the result: I would trust my own eyes. Let me ask ASMODEUS one question. Take a known clever trainer, say John Scott, to witness a trial round the Calcutta Course between two horses, and let ASMODEUS have as many stop-watches as he wished for; which would form the most accurate opinion of the merits of the two horses—the amateur with his watch, or the professional without one?

In what I have said I am supposing time to be accurately taken; but I do not believe in one race in twenty the time is correctly taken; for a race not a hundred years ago run over the Calcutta Course, two gentlemen, both of great turf experience, timed it, each having a stop-watch; the watches were set going and stopped as correctly as possible, but on comparing them afterwards, there was found to be a slight difference; neither would admit that he had made a mistake, but when both watches were compared with a chronometer, it was proved that one either lost or gained (I forget which) a second in a minute. A useful agent this would have been to have told an owner what his horse was. The advocates for timing always say a watch can't make a mistake: this is possible; but the man that holds it may. The inside of a watch can get out of order, just as easily as the inside of a horse, and not be found out till the mistake has been made. For one of the Calcutta Derbies two horses (in different stables) ran their last trial (against the watch) as follows: one did his two miles in 3-55, the other in 3-56; the race was won hard held in 3-57; the horse that did his trial in 3-56, not being able to go near the winner. So much for timing. No, no, depend upon it that a man's knowledge of racing is very small, if he cannot judge by what he sees, but has to look at a watch to tell him if a horse is going well or ill.

* ASMODEUS quotes NIMROD: now NIMROD was no authority whatever on racing; he not only had no taste or inclination for it, but he himself says, at the commencement of his well-known *Quarterly Review* article on the Turf, "perhaps no one knows so little or cares less about racing than I do." If this were not conclusive, the passage from one of his works that ASMODEUS has copied, would very effectually show the extent of NIMROD's turf knowledge. This is it:—Harkaway, with 9st. 9lbs. on his back, and the ground soft from rain, ran two miles and three quarters over the Goodwood Course in three minutes and fifty-six seconds, winning his race hard held."

This is meant, in his race for the Goodwood Cup, though not mentioned by ASMODEUS;* and it is quoted in comparison with the timing of Arabs. Did ASMODEUS believe this when he copied it? What! two miles and three quarters in 3-56, with 9st. 9 up? Why, it is not in horse-flesh to do it, and which I'll very soon prove. For the Ascot Cup, 1842, the distance something less than two miles and a half, the race was won by the celebrated mare Beeswing, weight nine stone: the time is given in *Bell's Life* four minutes and thirty-five seconds; and NIMROD and ASMODEUS talk about two miles and three quarters, with *nine pounds more* up, in *thirty-nine* seconds better time. For Beeswing's race the pace is said to have been first rate the whole way, and the finish a very severe struggle, whilst NIMROD says Harkaway won his race hard held. If this is not proof sufficient, here is more.

Bay Middleton is considered one of the best horses the English turf has ever seen. James Edwards, Lord Jersey's trainer, was allowed by his own profession to be by far the best trainer at Newmarket; he trained both Glencoe and Bay Middleton: now Glencoe was a wonderful horse, and Edwards always said "that Bay Middleton was a speedier horse than Glencoe." Bay Middleton was never beaten: 1836 (his year) was memorable for the tremendous race for the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes. It is often said, that in England the race is only just run at the finish: the horses are not very often at their best at the beginning of the race, whilst on our India turf, almost always the race is run the whole way; consequently it is often difficult to know in England what a horse really can do; but to show that there cannot be a fairer specimen of the speed of the English race-horse than the race I have taken, six horses started, and so terrific was the pace, that every horse but Bay Middleton and Elis were out of the race before they had gone three hundred yards. These two ran the most desperate race I suppose ever witnessed on the turf, a dead heat the whole way, both jockeys punishing with whip and spur; Bay Middleton winning in the last stride by a neck after one of the most wonderful displays of jockeyship on the part of James Robinson, Elis second, ridden by old John

* If this refers to Harkaway's winning the Goodwood Cup—it was in 1839. The reporter of the race states the length of the Course to be about two miles and three quarters, and that the race was run in something under *five minutes*. We should read therefore, no doubt, 4.56 instead of the 3.56 mentioned above. This was Nimrod's mistake, as see page 161 of his book called "The Horse and the Hound."

The Goodwood Cup Course is now given in the report of the running 2½ miles.—[redacted] E.

Day. Now mark this, the time was taken at one minute and thirty seconds. CRAVEN says—"a wondrous flight of speed to us degenerates since the days of Eclipse," and I believe the time was not generally credited on account of its extraordinary goodness; but for the sake of argument we will suppose that it was correct. Now there cannot be a fairer specimen than this: here is an extraordinary horse trained by the acknowledged best trainer in England, ridden by the best jockey in England, and he runs one mile (I should have said the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes course was one mile and one yard) over turf like a piece of India rubber, and as level as a billiard-table in one minute and thirty seconds, weight 8st. 7lbs.; this will shew that it was not possible for the horse to have had anything more in his favour, and he ran at the very best of his pace every inch of the way. If it was not thought possible that he could have done a mile in 1-30, no one will suppose even if he really did do it, that flesh and blood could have done another mile at the same rate? but even supposing that also possible in a race of two miles and three quarters, if he *could* have kept up an impossible rate of speed for the first two miles, he would have had to have done a still more absurd impossibility by running his last three-quarters of a mile at the rate of a mile in one minute and sixteen seconds, to have equalled NIMROD, ASMODEUS, and Harkaway; and remember this, Bay Middleton carried 8st. 7lbs., Harkaway 9st. 9—a difference of 1st. 2lbs.; and if a certain rate of going for a short distance be admitted, a continuance of it is an impossibility, to say nothing of the difference of weight.

Again, for the last Great St. Leger, The Flying Dutchman did the distance in 3-20: in a race of two miles and three-quarters supposing that he could do his first mile and three-quarters in three minutes, to equal ASMODEUS he would have to do his last mile in *fifty-six seconds;* this must surely show ASMODEUS his mistake. He also, in quoting NIMROD, says the St. Leger Course is one mile seven furlongs; the St. Leger Course is one mile *six* furlongs, and one hundred and thirty-two yards. So much for NIMROD; and if ASMODEUS takes him as his guide, he will find that as far as racing is concerned, he will be continually led astray.

ASMODEUS talks of Plenipotentiary beating Glencoe for the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes. Plenipo never ran for those stakes; I saw Plenipo run his first race at Newmarket. In speaking of Mr. Osbaldeston's match against time, ASMODEUS says he rode 11st. 3. He rode 10st. 7.

Harkaway's time for the race ASMODEUS talks about, was I believe 4-58, rather different from 3-56.

If another proof was wanted to show the fallacy of timing affording any criterion of the comparative merits of race horses, it is this: no one doubts the superiority (at least I don't) of English horses over Arabs, but if we look simply at timing, there is no very great difference between the two. Take for instance Harkaway's race of two miles and three-quarters, 9st. 9 lbs., in 4-58, and then look at Selim's race of three miles, 9st. 4lbs., in 5-50; I should say the latter performance is quite equal to the former. The fastest St. Leger on record is Sir Tatton Sykes, 3-16, 8st. 7lbs.; but the Arab Crab won the Calcutta Great Welter in 3-34, carrying 11st. 7lbs. Glenmore (Arab) at Madras won the second heat—the second heat mind—of a mile and three quarter race in 3-34, carrying 11st. If we look at pace, weight and distance combined, we shall find that the Arab performances are best according to the time; but we *know* that Arabs are not equal to English horses, *ergo* the fallacy of timing.

In 1849 The Flying Dutchman won the Derby in three minutes, one mile and a half; and so close was the finish, that neither jockey knew which had won until they rode back to scale. This last year Voltigeur's timing is two minutes fifty seconds; but does any body suppose the latter to be a better horse than the former? With reference to The Flying Dutchman, I cannot here help saying that I consider him a very overrated horse; he certainly has won everything he has started for, but what has he beaten? Nothing. If The Flying Dutchman and Canezou meet for the Ascot Cup, I will bet you a gold mohur, Abel East, that the mare wins. Concerning Arabs and English horses, although I have but one opinion as to the undoubted superiority of the latter, I must say I do not think there is such a vast deal of difference as most people suppose; neither do I consider that their comparative merits have ever been fairly tested. Everybody points to the Arab Monarch's performance for the Goodwood Cup; now, in reply to this, I beg to say that it is very doubtful indeed if he was so good as was supposed at Bombay. What did he beat there? Nothing. (I say nothing of timing.) I should say the best horse that Monarch beat was Eous, and we know what *he* was—beaten all to sticks at Sonepore for the maiden race there. I say that Monarch did nothing in India to justify the opinion that was entertained of him. Private opinion and private trials are nothing; public performances are the only proofs of the capabilities of a race-horse. In nearly all the accounts I saw in the English papers, there was an evident disposition to disparage the merits of the Arab, and so far from being beaten a quarter of a mile, he was not even [illegible]*tanced* in his race for the Goodwood Cup; Monarch

took the lead at starting, and it is most probable that he was upset, not beaten. ASMODEUS is evidently prejudiced against the Arab, he has given us a table again from one of NIMROD'S works, showing the performances of the most celebrated Arabs from the year 1807 up to 1825, in which the best time for 3 miles is Barefoot's—the *second heat* of the race, 6 minutes 7 seconds, weight 8st. 4lbs.; the best time for a mile and a half is given at 2-58, 9st. 3. It is waste of time going all through the table, as every body who takes any interest in the question will of course take care to see it. ASMODEUS, in support of his argument, brings forward the best performances of the English horses, and it is only fair and just to show the best the Arabs have done. Every body knows that the time given by ASMODEUS has been surpassed in modern days on provincial courses by Arabs carrying Welter weights. Barefoot's 3 miles, in 6-7, weight 8st. 4, is surely thrown completely into the shade by General Gilbert's Omrao, an Arab, winning the Attock Cup at the last Lahore Spring Meeting, 3 miles in 6-9, weight 10 st., and winning easily by six lengths; yet this is nothing—the name of Omrao ought not to be written in the same page with the performances of the following Arabs, viz., Elepoo, Glaucus, Selim, Child of the Islands, Minuet, Glenmore, Brag, Reserve, Holdfast, Sham Sing, Whalebone, Mintmaster, Honeysuckle, and a whole host of others, whose performances are on record and speak for themselves. Instead of talking about one-and-half miles in 2-58, two miles in four minute s&c. &c., why, does not ASMODEUS remember Honeysuckle after running up at Sonepore, coming down to Calcutta, and after running all through the Meeting, winning the Winner's Handicap, 2 miles, 8st., in 3-48; and the Child of the Islands and Minuet running their mile, mile and a half and two miles in 1-50, 2-48, and 3-50, and doing it easily?

If His Highness the Pacha's challenge is accepted, so far from setting the question at rest as to the relative merits of English and Arab race-horses, I most unhesitatingly assert that it will do no such thing. Now just look here—the English horses will be the pick of all England as most suited for the work before them, they will be horses that will have been in training since the day they were foaled; as far as training and riding go, and every preparatory arrangement is concerned, all that the most consummate knowledge and judgment can effect, will be done; whilst everything that ignorance, blundering, and mismanagement can do, will assuredly be done for the unfortunate Arabs. To be a fair trial, the Arabs ought to be for *two years*

under the care of a good English trainer, then they might be fit to run. With further reference to the Pacha's challenge, I have to express my opinion as follows; I looked upon it from the first with suspicion, and I do so still for the following reason:—had His Highness ever been a man fond of the Turf, the challenge would not have surprised me, but it *did* surprise me as coming from a man who never even ran horses when there were races.

In one of the monthly Magazines at home, some letters have appeared under the head of "Mr. Jolly Green's Ideas of Things in General;" they are very clever, but of course in PUNCH's style, and very satirical. In giving his opinion about the challenge, he says, with reference to Mr. Murray's opinion, that "His Highness is fully to be depended on *quoad* the determination to hold to the match:" here I beg *at once* to differ with Mr. Murray, and to express my opinion, *that no Egyptian is to be depended upon.* There's many a true word said in jest; and although I do not mean to impute unfair motives to any one, still in a question of such importance, if a man considers his opinion worth any thing, it is his duty to speak out.

Mr. Murray says, "one thing is certain, that they are pure Arabs:" if there is one thing more *uncertain* than another, it is the fact of their being Arabs at all, and this more than any thing else ought to be fully ascertained. Be it remembered, the father of the present Pacha imported some very valuable English stallions, selected in England by Mr. Tattersall; this was some years ago, and what have these horses been doing since? their blood must be somewhere, and where else but in the stud of His Highness, whose father imported them for the express purpose of improving his breed!

There is no doubt that there is a very great deal of English blood in the Arabs of the present day.

ASMODEUS deprecates the idea of the right of accepting the challenge being confined to the Newmarket Jockey Club. I think this a most proper restriction; of course any gentleman might take up the match, but there are numbers of men, who, as far as means are concerned, could easily take up the match, and numbers who, by taking advantage of the opportunity to take out horses for sale, or in short, as long as they could fill their own pockets, would care very little for the "honour and credit of the English Turf."

I believe all the gentlemen named by ASMODEUS as fit persons to take up the match are, without one single exception, Members of the Newmarket Jockey Club.

The Newmarket Jockey Club has for its object to watch over

and protect the interests of the Turf; and it has done its duty well, and an undertaking involving, as Mr. Greville says, "the credit of the whole English Turf," would be most fittingly entrusted to a body of noblemen and gentlemen associated for the express purpose of preserving the high character of the English Turf; and if the right of running horses at Newmarket were restricted to the Jockey Club, I, for one, would hail with the most sincere satisfaction the passing of a law having this object in view. Had this always been so, we should never have seen the keeper of a common hell running horses at Newmarket. ASMODEUS talks of "free trade" in racing; what has always been the objections of many people to the Turf? not the actual racing but the being brought into contact with a set of scoundrels. It may not be generally known that Newmarket Heath is the private property of the Duke of Portland, and I have often wondered that the late Lord George Bentinck never took steps, which he could easily have done, to have made the right of running horses at Newmarket more exclusive than it is; this measure of "protection" would at least have been more successful than his attempted measure in the House against Free Trade—the Heath being the property of his father, who could have opposed him. Perhaps this little hit at the Jockey Club may have been induced by reading some of CRAVEN'S articles on the Turf; if so, I beg to relate a little anecdote that will satisfactorily account for any thing CRAVEN may have said concerning the Newmarket Jockey Club. When CRAVEN first commenced writing the accounts of different race-meetings, he assumed a style which he was told was not very palatable to some of his readers (he says so himself.) In giving an account of one of the Newmarket Meetings about thirteen years ago, CRAVEN thought fit to assail the character of no less a person than Mr. Greville; that gentleman, no doubt to the astonishment of CRAVEN, promptly took the matter up; the whole affair was thoroughly investigated by the Jockey Club, (CRAVEN being allowed every facility for making his defence), the result being that the Jockey Club offered CRAVEN the following alternative—"either to make a public apology to Mr. Greville, retract what he had said, and acknowledge that there was no foundation for what he had reported, *or* "be warned off the Newmarket Race-course." CRAVEN adopted the former alternative, and although this taught him for the future not to make free with other people's names, he, to this day, never loses an opportunity of saying any thing disagreeably offensive against the Jockey Club; so now, when reading any of CRAVEN'S lucubrations, the proper weight may be attached to them. I find I

have left one point unnoticed concerning the Pacha's challenge. Mr. Murray says he is particularly careful not to let any European see his best horses: how then does Mr. Murray know that it is *certain* they are pure Arabs, and if they are, why does His Highness object to let any European see them?

A MEMBER OF THE CALCUTTA TURF CLUB.

SEQUEL TO SPORT IN THE WORST STATION IN BENGAL.

"MY DEAR TOM HARKAWAY,—I return you your journal with many thanks for the perusal. You see I have not extracted much from it. There is good matter in it, enlarge it and send it to the *Review* and call it Sequel to Sport in the Worst Station in Bengal."

SUCH, or nearly so, were the words written to me by one well known in your columns under several titles, but by none so well as that of MASTER MATHEW. This then is my apology for sending these few lines to you, and I hope they may prove amusing to your readers, if acceptable and eligible for admission into the *Review*. Worst station in Bengal, said I, on reading it; what meaneth he?—worst station for what, I want to know? For health, coolness, or sport, or for—for—for, confound it, for what? We have been generally healthy here and cool, and sport and amusements have been multifarious and innumerable; what with balls and parties, and a theatre not yet sufficiently well known to induce the inhabitants of the City of Palaces to run up and visit our Thespians; yet even they have heard whispers of it, and some of them have even witnessed the representations. Well then, taking the year round, we have had balls and parties, pic-nics, plays, quoits, racquets, cricket, snipe-shooting, billiards, pig-sticking, and tiger-shooting, and races: these we have all had, and I only wonder why pigeon-shooting and boat-racing were not added, as we have every requisite at hand except boats. Fishing is carried on chiefly by the natives in the tanks, and some very fine fish have been taken: but I have only noticed two gentlemen at the sport, one who baited for weeks and weeks, and up to this date has caught nothing; and the other, a new arrival, who has however already caught some few. Snipes are now in and will now engage the attention of those partial to the sport. As soon as the

water which now covers the country subsides a little, pig ing will be renewed. The rivers are now sinking. But what has all this to do with what I am going to write, except that you beat the bush to find your hare? Last March saw a numerous and jovial party assembled at Ramchunderpore to enjoy the sport of pig-sticking and the princely hospitalities of the Berhampore-wallah, and the man Tarun, who lives in the desert, eating dates, hairy: the sport was unequalled for years past, as far as numbers both of trophies and men and horses were concerned; sociality and good fellowship prevailed during the whole meet, which was only once clouded by a report which proved but too true, that a person knowingly and willingly had gone before us and beaten over covers, which had been preserved for our use for some two seasons or more. At the conclusion of the party, which terminated at Ackreegunge, the spoils exhibited the large score of ninety-five boars. As you have already had an account in full of the proceedings from an abler pen than mine, I shall not attempt a twice-told tale; many little amusements and jollities might be related which you have not heard of, but which I do not feel myself at liberty to mention. Suffice it to say, we all parted with feelings of regret at the sport being over, and the best feelings for the health, prosperity and long life of the giver of this memorable party—"the man Tarun;" a party that will be engraven on the minds of all present for years and years to come. It was out here I first became acquainted with three gentlemen, the Count De L'Orge and his friend Monsieur Neveu, two French gentlemen making the tour of the world, and P. Saltmarshe, Esq., an English gentleman of property, who had come here to participate in Indian sports and "see if all heard were true." On our return then from Ackreegunge after a few days' rest or rather riot in cantonments—for it was a series of balls, parties, and plays—all things being perfectly settled and the hatthies sent on to Bergachie, the only thing to arrange was the date of starting, and eventually the 7th April was fixed. On the morning of the 6th, while eating the matutinal meal at the Doctor's, a gentleman, a stranger to us all, made his appearance, calling for Mr. Saltmarshe, who being out in the district, he was asked to remain at the Doctor's, and I here became acquainted with one of the nicest fellows I have met for a long time, and a good sportsman to boot, Captain F——r of H. M.'s 70th Regiment, then, and now in Fort William. As he was to join us, he was made welcome, and accompanied us that evening to the hospitable residence of MASTER MATHEW, who had kindly asked us and a party of friends, preparatory to our starting

for the jungles. How late or at what hour we took our separation therefrom, it becometh me not to say; but ere day-break on the 7th, myself and three friends were on our way to the trysting place, which, by relays of horses, we reached about eleven, after spending an hour with Mr. C——ke of Bogwangolah, where we were kindly received and entertained, and where our saddle nags were in waiting for us. On reaching the bungalow at Bergachie, shouts of welcome greeted us and the two French gentlemen were dancing with delight, having arrived there with Capt. F. early in the morning. Breakfast immediately on the table, to which we fell to and did ample justice; and here I must give the meed due to the Doctor for the way in which he took care everything should be with us, in the culinary department, of the best description. Breakfast being finished, away we went to view all the preparations to ensure sport; there we saw the elephants, thirty in number, and five double-poled tents, with all requisite carriage and several horses; servants too busily engaged in cleaning their masters' batteries for the morning, as already had news been brought of a tiger on an island opposite the dâk bungalow; thus was this day idled away, all our party not yet having assembled. The Commander-in-Chief had not as yet made his appearance, but about sunset the rattle of hoofs announced his arrival, accompanied by Messieurs D—v—ll and D—v—ere, and shortly afterwards Mr. S—— he made his appearance. Dinner was discussed, and reports having been heard, it was decided to beat the main land and leave the island altogether, as the trouble and difficulty of crossing the elephants was so great, and the grass on the island being partially burnt, it was supposed that the tiger had re-crossed, as he had not been seen or heard of for some days. On the 8th therefore, we commenced operations by beating for deer, but did not succeed in getting any, as there were but few seen. Five and a half brace black partridges and one hare were all the day's sport. On the 9th we had some fine practice at the deer, which however were by no means numerous. A fine spotted buck, rarely seen so low down as here, three hog-deer, one with very fine horns, and three and a half brace of blacks comprised our bag. Several of us stayed at home this day, and in the evening D—v—ere and D—v—ll returned to their homes. Accordingly next morning, the 10th April, we marched to Obiah, where we breakfasted; and now as only the party is with us, I must tell you who they were: the French gentlemen, viz. the Count De L'Orge and Monsieur Neveu, P. Saltmarshe, Esq., Capt. F——r, H. M. 70th Regiment, the Doctor, the Covey, James, Fred and myself, and a

merry party we were. During the day khubber was brought of a tiger in some jungle a mile off. In the afternoon, with ten hatthies we tried for him, but he was not to be found; a rustle and rush through some thick reeds and grass was seen and James fired and killed a sow, for which he came in for the animadversion of all. I must do him the justice however to say that he did not know it was a pig, and from the noise made by the elephants, he was justified in firing: he afterwards made on our return home, a very pretty shot, knocking over a peacock with ball at eighty yards. On our return it came on a heavy storm of thunder, lightning and rain, which wetted us completely. Some had taken the precaution of bringing out blankets and these now came well into use. It was most amusing, yourself being under cover, witnessing the others who looked like drowned rats; at last at home and in the factory at Obiah, now deserted, a change of clothes, and a medicinal mixture by the Great Physician soon set us right again. Dined early and had some delicious ducks killed on the march—nine of them—and early to bed, the rain coming down pretty freely the greater part of the night. 11th.—Up and off early to Chappahie, where we had khubber of six tigers; en route were stopped after having passed the spot a mile at least, by a report of a tiger being in a small patch of grass, but we did not go after him, intending to leave him for another day. The swine came in for it to-day; at all events two boars were found and run and killed: both fought well, the last one cut a horse, ridden by the Captain, severely; and the unclean beast was eventually put *hors de combat* whilst in the act of mauling a man on the ground, who I conclude was not hurt, as we never heard of him after. Three and a half brace of blacks, two hares, one duck and a peacock, was the day's bag. Good news for to-morrow. 12th.—Early at work, as we had khubber of six tigers; after beating the nullah for a short distance, we came on a murree, and the uneasiness of the hatthies shewed we were near our feline opponents, and shortly after we had a fine view of a tigress who broke cover 300 yards a-head of us, and making a circuit, keeping out of range on an open maidan, doubled back on our rear: long shots were fired, but none touched her, and the increased trumpetting of the hatthies showed that others were on foot; suddenly a fine striped head protruded itself from the bank close to the edge of the water, evidently intending to save his skin by a bolt; he was seen and retreated: directly afterwards three tigers crossed the nullah and were seen bobbing about, tails up, in front of the hatthies; we somehow allowed two to get past the line, which they effected, owing to the unsteadi-

ness of the elephant in the nullah ; we therefore turned back, and after a shot or two, one betook himself to the steep banks which were covered with high grass, where, after some difficulty, he was padded; we now returned after the second, who had re-crossed the nullah, and after beating fifty yards, put her up; she sprang across the nullah, but falling short in the water, she received two balls ere being able to scramble out; she then made a clean bolt of it, and an exciting stern chase followed, shot after shot being fired, and each man racing to be first up; at last evidently hard hit, it took shelter in a patch of thick grass, where being almost surrounded by elephants, was quickly laid defunct. We now refreshed the inner man, while the mahouts were padding the tigress, for such it was. Great was the excitement among the griffs, even our literary friend for once deigned to stand up in the howdah and scan the prostrate foe. I've a private idea however that the wind wafted a whiff of some peculiarly good Old Tom towards him, which had just been opened by the abdar in charge of a box on an elephant standing near—it was astonishing with what respect that man (the abdar) was treated; some one was continually going up to him, I imagined, to enquire for his health, for he carried a large supply of medicine of all sorts, and he must feel particularly grateful for all our kind and flattering attentions. This literary man was amusing in his way; he was learned in all the mysteries of Boxiana or the "Oracle of the Ring," which he constantly studied, and should any questions be put to you on these matters which you cannot answer yourself, he is the man to apply to. I can only bring to my recollection one shot that he made during the whole month we were out, not that he did not point his gun and pull the trigger, but it never would go off, except on this one occasion, and you should have seen the look of surprize and gratification expressed in his little twinkling beaming eyes at the feat: the gun was an old flint Joe Manton and the only one he had. The grimacing and attitudinizing of the French Gents was striking, if not elegant. "I am satisfy, I have seen one live tigre" exclaimed Monsieur. We now received the order from our worthy C.-in-C. "form line and advance and beat back," intending to bag the two that had gone back. Ere advancing many 100 yards, those on the left of the nullah saw him; he showed himself on the top of the bank which was there denuded of grass, about 120 yards in front of the line on the right. Several leaden messengers were despatched after him and he was evidently wounded; he stopped, turned, snarled and was decidedly making up his mind for a charge, but being again hit, he altered his mind and

took to the high grass and the banks, which being here very steep, occasioned us much difficulty; not a motion did he now make, and it was only by shots being fired here and there, that at last we saw a move made by the high grass waving; we kept firing away at that spot till he moved to another; at last, thinking him dead, the Doctor managed to get down with difficulty on a small pad elephant; he found the brute rather more lively than he expected, though not able to do much mischief; he slew him and he was padded with no end of noise and jabbering, and a hearty 'Tally-ho, my boys!' made the jungles ring again. 'Beat up to the end of this nullah, and then we will have breakfast; we may pick up the first that went away.' A rush was seen, but the elephants gave no sign; some said it was a pig, others a deer, and we reached the end of the jungle without finding her. Now for breakfast, and several apathetic-looking natives dressed in white, who, in my ignorance, I had thought were amateurs looking at the sport, now proved their utility, bustling about, one with bread and eggs, a second with cold fowls, a third with cold beef, a fourth with a bottle of beer, and the old abdar had no sinecure; down to the uttermost depths of his box dived he, re-appearing with a bottle, up with a knife, off with the top of the cork, in with the corkscrew, draws out the cork, gives it to one of the apathetic coves, and again and again ditto repeated, to be well shaken before taken; lots of buck and jaw and great champing of jaws, terrible scrambling for best pick of the eggs and lots of laughing: so we spent a jolly half hour, and then one of the mahouts having said that he had actually seen the tiger away, we went and found he was right; we really had beaten over it, and we found her within 60 yards of where we had breakfasted: she was laying in the high grass at the edge of the water, at the bottom of the nullah. As she went up the bank, we on the opposite side peppered her: she then crossed the nullah, but was driven back to her own side again: while again attempting to spring across, she was toppled over into the water and there she was easily disposed of; she was a beautifully marked tigress, and was evidently the mother of the other three we had killed, as though they had attained their full growth, they were clearly of the same litter, and the circumstance of finding them altogether elucidates this. We then went home, the game in front, sportsmen in rear of it, and the pads bringing up the rear: and en route we bagged one hog-deer, one brace of blacks and one duck. We got home by ten o'clock, and immediately ordered tiffin. Our arrival at camp was greeted by crowds of natives and owners of the cattle which had fed these brutes for some months; the skins were awarded to the strangers, the Count get-

ting the largest, Neveu, Saltmarshe and Captain F. the others, the latter person getting the best of the small skins. Men were set to work to strip off the skins, but Monsieur himself performed that operation for the Count, and he took the greatest care of it; he was so constantly at it and his own during the whole month, that it was difficult to tell which was the tiger and which was the man; one fancied the words of the old song—"One could very well tell by the nasty smell," &c. &c. 13th.—To-day we went to another nullah, intending to beat round to our yesterday's beat; but after a long and tedious day's work, we were unsuccessful, although we had information of one being there, and the father of yesterday's family must have been about: en route home, turned our attention to other game, and bagged three hog-deer, two peacocks, one with ball, four brace blacks, three brace chickore (francolin), one duck. A curious scene was enacted here; one gent who had not stinted himself in the medicine line during the day, complained of his bowels being wrong. Our Doctor advised him to take some port wine, which he did, drinking it in tumblers; it made him well so quickly, that he determined to go peacocking: he was discovered alseep under a tree in a very tigerish jungle by James, who, on waking him, found from a weakness in his legs, his utter inability to walk, and these two were seen entering camp together, J. carrying the other on his neck, his legs hanging down in front of J., who was likewise ill I presume, as they both went to bed and were not seen till the 14th, when we marched to Rotonpore. James and t'other very quiet, thinking deeply, and the former doing "Newfoundland dog" with a glove or a handkerchief in his mouth. Bagged two ducks; en route we had news of a tiger a little way off the road, but did not find him. 15th—Rotonpore.—Lots of khubber, but found none: bagged eight hog-deer. 16th.—Lots of buffalo tracks near some hidgel jungle and presently found a solitary one, who trotted out and off, not without being pretty well riddled, it is astonishing what a quantity of lead they will carry off; bagged two hog-deer, two brace blacks. 17th.—Lots of khubber; changed our beat by crossing the nullah; we were beating a small tree jungle bordering the edges of a small jheel, when up jumped a tigress, endeavoring to make its escape into high grass, was rolled over like a rabbit by Monsieur N.; the gun was a very small bore, the ball entered just behind the ear; how delighted he was, to see him gesticulating was as good as a play. He related it to each in succession and has long ere this found its way to France. Bagged two hog-deer. 18th.—From the same place and same spot put

up another; she was wounded and made off for the grass. We had a fine hand over hand race, and lots of long rangers fired; she took shelter in a small patch of grass and drove back the elephant several times, till well seen, she was killed and padded; one hog-deer was added to the list going home. 19th.—A blank day. 20th.—Came across a herd of buffaloes; the whole line were firing: several of the party dismounted, and going into the maidân, waited on foot for them; they succeeded in getting one near them and bagged him: another being seriously wounded by those on the hatthies, we once more beat back; he doubled through us, standing a precious pounding; the grass being so high we could not see him, though he walked about in the deer-paths with ease; again he doubled back and again discovered, and this time he was compelled to yield his life and horns. In the meanwhile the herd had bolted, luckily leaving one of its number behind, which, while crossing an open spot, was tumbled over; we then had tiffin or rather breakfast, and then tried another patch of jungle. "Look out to the left, there he goes;" he got to the open, when Monsieur and the literary cove, whose gun on this memorable occasion actually went off, finished him in three shots. Tally-ho for four, James and the Covey went to-day after small game and they bagged two hog-deer, five brace chickore and two suckling pigs; the latter killed by the Covey, erst well known at Jumalpore as a pig-sticker. Shame for killing suckers. This evening however he took his departure for Berhampore. 21st.—Marched to Riah. 22nd.—Khubber, but beat blank. 23rd.—Marched through Maldah and reached Nawabgunge; a fine sight was seen here: the day was intensely hot: some considerable time was taken in crossing the river. On the wall of a native house of worship were observed six gentlemen, whose only business seemed to be making as much noise as possible, swinging their legs and drinking medicine. Strange scenes were enacted this evening. 24th.—Agreeably disappointed by finding a disturbance among the elephants while beating a tree jungle for buffaloes; some of us had dismounted and were waiting at the end of the jungle, when the cries of "sher," "sher," caused them to come back and get into their howdahs. After a little manœuvring, a fine tigress broke, and was honored with a royal salute and wounded; she pulled up for a minute or two a little a-head in some grass jungle, but finding it becoming too hot to hold her, went off again across a maidan towards some grass, keeping about 200 yards a-head of the hatthies; here she actually stopped and laid down, but was quickly roused by a little hint and was forced to "move on," as the policemen say; she reached the grass cover, and while we were forming line to

drive her out, she was discovered and killed right under the hatthies, none of whom gave any sign of her being so close. Six deer and a florican were added to the bag. 25th.—Three hog deer, one peacock, one brace chickore, one black, one duck. 26th.—Visited the ruins of the old city of Purrwoah; Captain F. left us to-day, so as to arrive in Calcutta by muster, carrying with him the good wishes of all and regret at his not being able to remain with us. Mr. G. of Maldah has been with us for the last three days and remained till the end of the meet. 27th.—Marched to Ullall; bagged en route one peacock and one hare; the tents were in sight, when intelligence was brought that there was a tiger in a jungle through which we had to pass: we formed line but did not find him; suddenly a herd of buffaloes was seen, which divided, one lot going to the right, and one to the left; polite attentions were bestowed on both, but they would not stop for farther familiarity; they both got well peppered: one of the left lot seeming lame and wounded, halted just outside some high grass; Count, Monsieur, Doctor and S——he dismounted and crept up to him on foot; we from the hatthies could see how cautiously they made their approaches; they, near him, halted and fired together; in the act of repeating the dose, (he was laying down at the time,) he rose, and the musical sounds of a tinkling bell proclaimed him a "tame 'un." Then arose a discussion, one saying he had not fired, another saying he had only shot in his barrel; although it was tied together by the feet, wishing to put him out of his misery, he was pursued but escaped; we enquired at the village close to which we remained for three days, but it did not belong to any one there, though we expressed readiness to pay for it: how they did get chaffed! 28th.—Went out but found no tigers; one peacock, one chickore were bagged. 29th.—Beat over the same jungle as on the 27th, which, from the number of murrees, we judged must hold a tiger; one was viewed and tally-hoed away, and traced by his punjahs some way down a nullah, but we lost sight of them; made a cast over the maidan, he was found and pursued. The Doctor crying out to halt and load, and let the left of the line come up; they however had got a buffalo which they were pursuing and did not hear us: as soon as all were reloaded, we moved on; the Doctor making a rush close by the tiger who was crouching, it sprang on to his elephant's back and brought it down. The hatthie struggled up, when the brute again fixed itself on the hatthie's side, the two fore-paws on the elephant's shoulder, the hind ones on its thighs, and with his mouth biting away at its side, the hatthie was pulled down and rolled over and over from side to side several times, trying to shake

off the tiger, in which at lengh it was successful, not however before the Doctor was thrown flying out of the howdah; he luckily managed to get up on a pad elephant and it was surprising the agility he showed, considering his size and weight; he was a good deal shaken and his shoulder was slightly hurt. The tiger had been well rolled on, had nearly all his breath out of him, but his pluck was still good; he again seized the hattlfe by a hind-leg and her tail in his mouth, his body being prostrate. In this situation, a ball in his back knocked him off, the hatthie got away, and he was quickly dispatched. This was a good plucky fighting tiger, and the Doctor had a narrow escape as he fell close to the brute. He measured 12 feet 6½ inches, and was a very powerfully-made animal. A buffalo had been wounded by the left of the line and we commenced beating for him; he was found lying in the high grass, from whence we had put up the tiger: the Count came on him and wounded him in the neck; it charged well home in the stern of the elephant, which he wounded severely and brought down: it got up and bolted, not however before the little Count turned in his howdah and planted two balls very prettily in the skull; his man in the kawas made a precipitate retreat from sheer funk and bolted, which the hatthie also did, and went carcering over the plain in fine style for a mile before it could be stopped, over ditches and ravines, to the utter disgust of the Count who had to hold on tight to prevent his being shaken out. One deer, one brace chickore finished the day's sport. 30th.—During last night we had a tremendous storm, which was, I believe, generally felt all over the surrounding country. We had only brought with us here one immense double-poled tent to save the trouble of carrying the whole camp equipage, consequently we were eight in one tent; it commenced about dinner-time, but did not get very violent till midnight, when it certainly was terrific; it poured in torrents, the wind howled, the lightning vividly glaring in one tremendous sheet, and the thunder roaring, roll after roll, peal after peal; the tent was flapping about, and we, every minute, expected it on us; what fun it would have been if it had! Fancy eight great he-fellows in pyjamas groping about on their bellies on the wet suttringee attempting to get out, which, had they succeeded in doing, they must have stood in the rain—for other shelter there was none. Three in the tent had before experienced that pleasure, and one of them, the literary cove, was walking about the tent. I woke up and discovered an apparition before me in white, and in that awful hour I thought it was a ghost; he flitted about here and there, taking good care never to keep far away from the doorways; luckily for him it did not

come down, but he was ready prepared for a bolt. About thirty men were holding on by the ropes, and the classies kept continually driving in the pegs. After all was again made snug, I went to sleep again as well as I could while the thunder lasted. It still drizzled in the morning and it was some time before we could conveniently make start for shooting: but about 11 o'clock we were under weigh and beating; up got a saumber, the first we had seen since we had been out; he was speedily bagged and as soon padded, and advancing a little further, another was found and bagged; a third and a fourth were also bagged, all out of one patch of grass. We now saw nothing till after tiffin, when after beating for some time, the Doctor, G——y, and myself were talking together, while those on the right began blazing away and bagged a saumber fawn, each man laying claim to having shot it. We went on again, and a couple of hundred yards or less on were a lot of people who had crossed the bit of grass in front of us, though we could not see them for the jungle; one poor woman was evidently ill and was being helped along; they making signs to us, we went to them, and discovered that the woman had received a bullet in the calf of her leg. She was prescribed for and some rupee-plaster put on; but now came the fun, each man accusing the other of having shot her, and saying that he had not fired in that direction the whole day. I must say I have no idea of the culprit, but it certainly was not the man with the gun vot voudn't go off. 1st May.—Khubber of five cows having been killed last night, we crossed the Mahanuddee, but could neither find the tigers or the murrees. Saw a buffalo, but could not get him there. Certain twinges of the stomach announced the time for breakfast, which we had, and then beat some likely-looking tree jungle but found it blank. While returning, another buffalo was observed crossing a jheel; several of us dismounted, and meeting it as it came out of the water, killed it after an abortive attempt at a charge. We also again found the one we saw in the morning and drove him into a wide jheel; while there all the batteries were brought into play, and he sank slowly down to rise no more. Cut off his head, the horns of which were the finest yet obtained. 2nd.—Returned to Nawabgunge and on the way fell in with a herd of twelve or fourteen buffaloes; those who attacked them on foot after some masterly evolutions by the commander of the squad, managed to get within range and two were severely wounded; they would not allow them again to approach; one however stopped in some grass in front, and here we discovered him laying down, so he was slain; the remainder of the herd stopped in some jungle a little further on,

reaching which another was added to the score, and one black partridge. 3rd.—Marched through Maldah and arrived at Joarmutty, where under the roof of this pretty house situated near the site of the walls of the ancient city of Gour and the residence of G——y, Esq., we spent two very pleasant days. We slept with the safe assurance of sport on the morrow, as a tiger was known to be within quarter of a mile of us. 4th.—Out in high spirits (I mean we were out of liquor) and beat a heavy hidgel jungle. Found a fresh murree and disturbed the gent at his breakfast; he was viewed crossing an open space, so placing two howdahs there to prevent his doubling back, we went on and headed him, fearing we should lose him if he got up the bank into thick jungle. We just stopped him in time, formed line, and as we went in amongst the trees, he twice drove us out; at last G——y hit him and he made a bolt to his old jungle actually between the two howdahs without being fired at: hearing of a good kill of that morning, we left him till our return. On reaching these fresh murrees we found three tattoos, all with only their blood sucked and each within 100 yards of each other. We searched in vain; so returned to our old friend, who, after dodging us several times, at last was brought to meet us; he drove back the hatthies which were all jammed up, once, twice and thrice, when he broke through the line; we turned to pursue him, when the Doctor who had been behind all this time, came up, and came on him, crouching for a charge at us. He broke his back and we padded him. He was in miserable condition, as he had marks of old bullet-wounds on him, and I believe one was taken out; but he was the longest tiger ever killed in this part of the world. When skinned, he measured the tremendous length of 13 feet 7 inches and in breadth 8 feet 6 inches; this was our last, and a famous wind-up it was. 5th.—Tried to-day for our yesterday's friend, but were unsuccessful. One black and one peacock were bagged. The day was fearfully hot, and towards evening a splendid hail-storm cooled the atmosphere and afforded an opportunity of a "horn of cold with." The Doctor, G——y, and the Count went into Maldah, so we took our leave of them. Monsieur, James, Fred and myself remained, and after dinner Monsieur greatly affected at being so soon to part, made us a long speech, saying, "I lof you all as my broder," invited us to France, and finally embraced us all with tears in his eyes. 6th.—Left, the party being broken up; said good-bye to Monsieur, who, like the Count, proved a regular trump, and arrived at the "Worst Station in Bengal" next afternoon, having been away just one month. Mr. S—— not content with our sport, proceeded to Rajmahal, where in

company with a friend he essayed to find a tiger, need I say unsuccessfully. The mahouts say he would not beat through a jungle entirely, he himself never going in, but always keeping on the edge of the jungle, and that had he done as they told him, he would have bagged four or five tigers: as it was, he did not I believe bag a single deer even. Now as a griff in the sport of this country, which requires some apprenticeship to woodcraft, he certainly should have gone by the advice of these men, who have been at it all their lives. I must do him the credit to say he set about it in good style, as he only intended remaining here for one season, and went to a large expense in purchasing elephants, horses and tents, &c. I must now draw this to a close, as I am afraid I have been getting prosy; I only hope we may have another next year, when if you wish it I will send you a better account. Nine tigers, nine buffaloes, and forty-five deers made the total of the month's sport.

TOM HARKAWAY.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

A RACING FRIEND, evidently writing with a strong conviction of the importance of the principle "there is nothing like leather," says:—"The enlightenment of the native mind is clearly progressing much more rapidly in the Mysore country than in any other part of India. The Rajah gave to the last races no less than Rs. 11,100! In my opinion he ought to be made Governor-General of India!" We are not quite prepared to go to this extent, but it is certain that His Highness deserves honour for his public spirit. If any competent artist will send us his portrait, we will give it a place in our GALLERY, which is the only acknowledgment beyond the present one we can offer of our high esteem.

A SUBSCRIBER AND CORRESPONDENT AT PESHAWUR WRITES:—"The friends and followers of sport have but few opportunities of indulgence here. The hills hold the Mark-hor and Samber, but where they are, the Afreedie, with his knife and matchlock, is not far off."

"I should be happy to contribute any notes or information likely to be useful to you, but sporting deeds near the Khyber are generally confined to human blood." All that we can re-

commend to our friends in this unfortunate state of affairs is to adopt the Mysore example of civilization. If they could persuade a score or two of the several tribes of Afreedies, Wuzeerees, Kuttucks and Meah Khaile, to come into a sporting *Séance* on a grand scale and show them how the Feringhee measures the turf on horse-back, how he bridges a twenty-foot chasm, and how he handles the rifle, they would begin to respect them. If our correspondent gets a chance of any sporting without being potted, he should look for the noble wild sheep, the Sha, with copious beard down the front of the neck, and also for the Skeen or Sakeen, a knotted-horned Ibex. We shall expect to hear from him and thank him for his favours.

WE ARE NOT able to answer the query—"Can an adjutant bolt a Newfoundland dog?" We should think not, unless the dog were like the maid-servant's "slip,"—a very little one! But a friend informs us he has seen one of these capacious scavengers dispose of a cat with as little difficulty as Dando was wont to make over a barrel of oysters, and in an Encyclopædia before us, we find it said—"It is sufficiently high to appear, when walking, like a naked Indian. (It certainly looks very much like an old gentleman with his hands under his coat tail.) As a proof of its amazing voracity, it has been mentioned "that in the craw of one was found a land-tortoise ten inches long, and a large male black cat entire, in the stomach!—(*Lath. Hist.*, IX. 39.)"

STRANGE THINGS occasionally find their way into strange places. In the third Number of the *Sporting Magazine*, published in December 1792, is the following biographical incident:—

"Some time ago, while a large proprietor of collieries in the East of Scotland was instructing his daughter, a child of seven years old, in the doctrine of rewards and punishments, she was very inquisitive as to the nature of hell. Upon its being explained to be a gulph of fire, of prodigious extent, where all the wicked were to suffer for their transgressions, after musing a little, she exclaimed, 'Dear Papa, could not you get the devil to take his coals from you?'"

This is quite sufficient precedent for our embalming the following much better story in our pages. It is taken from Dickens' *Household Words*:—

"The following curious inscription appears in the churchyard, Pewsey, Dorsetshire:—Here lies the body—of—Lady O'Looney,—great niece of Burke,—commonly called the sublime.—She was—bland, passionate, and deeply religious;—also, she painted—in water-colours,—and sent several pictures—to the exhibition.—She was

first cousin—to Lady Jones;—and of such—is the Kingdom of Heaven."

SOME ONE has written a letter to the Calcutta Papers on the subject of the *East India United Service Club*. He says that having been on the Committee ever since the first Meeting appointed one, and one of the working members of the Sub-Committee since the Club first opened, people may depend on the accuracy of his statements. We have no reason to doubt them, but we cannot help being struck with the uncertainty of his information on one point considering the opportunities he has enjoyed.—For instance, "Breakfast with tea, muffins, preserves, is, I think, 9*d.* or 1*s.*" Think! Why surely a committee-man and a sub-committee-man should *know*. Is three-pence nothing in a shilling! But we cannot respect him the less if his ignorance arises from never having breakfasted on tea, muffins and preserves! He proceeds at once to luncheon without vouchsafing a word as to the cost of the day's first meal, as good men and true are prone to take it. We shall be very much obliged to him if he will let us know the damage for a fried sole and rice, with three or four hard eggs, a rump steak, a moderate-sized loaf of bread and a flaggon of stout. No one ought to take improper liberties with his stomach, and therefore, for a town life tiffin may be let go. Come we to the dinner. That is to be had—"a bit of fish, and a plain joint or soup and a cutlet, and a half pint of sherry" for 3*s.* 6*d.* Surely this is not considered moderate for a Club! If a man is "content with the joint alone, he can dine like a 'beef eater' for 1*s.* 9*d.*" According to this the charge for the bit of fish or soup and the big thimble full of sherry is 1*s.* 9*d.* Certainly nothing to be boasted of in the way of economy. There is one rule in the Club which is to the last degree objectionable, since it destroys the Club character altogether. "Strangers are admitted to the billiard and smoking-rooms, in which much sociability and good fellowship prevails, and there is generally a strongish muster of those 'poolishly' inclined up to the commencement of the small hours." Add to this "a stranger's receiving room and dining-room, and each member is at liberty to ask two friends to dinner, or any other meal"—and one may well ask what are the exclusive privileges of the Club? The throwing the billiard-rooms open to strangers, in a place like London, is just making it a gambling shop. Any one who knows what Clubs are, is aware that there are a set of old fogies and young rips who pass a deal of their time over the green cloth, and who are not very scrupulous as to their company, provided

every one is ready to "take a ball." There are men living at Clubs, or daily frequenting them, who eat their dinners and drink their wine out of their earnings with the cue, and who very probably don't dine at all, at their own expense, on their unlucky days. It is the business of their lives to make their two or three-half crowns a day, and they do it more methodically than they ever did any thing in their lives before. They just maintain a position of respectability, but are men to be avoided rather than otherwise. Now when a Club confines its players to its members, this class of them is driven out to look for their prey in the public billiard-rooms of the metropolis, and you see them dropping in at their given hour with the regularity of clock-work, ready to take their chance with the other *habitues* or any advantage that offers of plucking a pidgeon in a moderate way. Three or four such persons as we have in our mind's eye would make any Club billiard-room, to which they might introduce strangers, any thing but a desirable place to men not wanting to play for their "bit of fish and a cutlet," and with a gentlemanly respect for themselves in the company they mixed with. The *East India United Service Club* had better alter its rules in this respect, or it must inevitably become disunited before long.

THE MADRAS ATHENÆUM of July 26th supplies the following bit of sporting information :—

"SEHORE, MALWA.—*(From a private Correspondent.)*—'I shot a tiger between Mhow and this :—he made a spring on one of the bullocks of the cart I was riding in. Luckily, I had a good double-barrelled gun that I had bought at Mhow, in the cart with me, loaded with ball ;—so I gave him the contents of both barrels into his left side. I was not three yards from him when I fired :—one ball went through his heart, the other into his shoulder :—he measured 10 ft. 7 in. I have the skin, and am getting it properly dressed. The country round here is infested with tigers. An officer of the name of Travers was out lately, and sent in 13 skins in 11 days. One was shot yesterday scarcely a quarter of a mile from my bungalow. Three Bengal Serjeants on the Staff, and one Madras Overseer Dept. Public Works, besides commissioned officers, are all the Europeans in the place. All have sentries round their houses during the night.'"

If this *Review* should chance to fall into the hands of Mr. Travers, or any other sportsman located at Sehore, Abel East presents his compliments to him and requests the favour of his company in these pages. When we know that there is hardly a station throughout the whole of India which cannot boast its followers of field and jungle sports, it is surprising that so few

care to record their exploits. As for the handlers of the rod they most determinedly preserve the character of their pastime as "a silent sport." It is about four years, we think, since we have received a syllable on the subject, though doubtless many *lines* might have supplied many chapters. If the sportsmen of India did their duty by the *Review*, instead of an hundred or an hundred and fifty pages of original matter, we should have the work original from beginning to end. The Selection Department has always been received with favour, but it occupies a larger space than we originally contemplated, and we shall only be too happy to have it in our power to reduce it. For a long time there was a valid excuse for our military friends: their field work was any thing but sport, being in fact matter for grave history. But the blast of war no longer blows in their ears, and if they persist in silence, we will just hint they may subject themselves to a Court of Enquiry. Unless there should be a change for the better before the Railway to Delhi is completed, we shall probably then appoint travelling Commissioners to take evidence and report.

THE SUNDAY TIMES of June 23rd supplies us with the following item:—

"The *Journal de Constantine* states, that 'Lions have spread terror among the Ouledben-Mounis, near Ain-Beidah, and have made sad havoc among the flocks. The Sieur Melan, wishing to tread in the footsteps of his compatriot, M. Gerard, went forth, and awaited in ambush for the appearance of those animals. Eight days passed, none appeared, and Melan, growing weary, had determined to quit his hiding-place. For eight days a party of Arabs, some thirty in number, had been chasing a lioness, had fired some eighty shots, with no other result than the wounding of one of their number by the fierce beast. They came up just as the Frenchman was leaving his lurking-place, and claimed his aid. As they did so, the lioness sprang past him. M. Melan took aim, and fired effectually. Five more shots, and the beast lay dead. The lioness was brought to Constantine, and on being opened two young cubs, who, had not their parent met an untimely death, would have in a few days been added to the lion population of the country, were found in her womb. This fact is attested by the Arab chiefs—Cheik-Assa and Zarari. M. Melan has returned to his hunting quarters, and will, no doubt, soon find fresh work for his gun and his courage.'"

The above is headed "Lion Hunting Extraordinary." The only thing extraordinary that we see in it is the excessively bad shooting of the thirty Arabs! Then it took a Frenchman five shots to finish his game! He must have looked upon it with an "evil eye." An English eye and English nerve would have

done the job in a crack—the single crack of a rifle. We hope the editor's anticipation has been realized, and that M. Melan found plenty of "fresh work for his gun and his courage." It's very clear he wanted practice.

A MEMBER OF THE CALCUTTA TURF CLUB has favored us with another paper on the INDIAN TURF. In the main we agree with his remarks on races of heats and give-and-take plates, but with regard to what he says of a distance of two miles being quite sufficient to try the bottom of a horse, we must dissent. He writes:—"The only argument I ever heard in support of Races of Heats is that they increase sport. It used to be supposed that Races of Heats proved the *bottom* of horses; this is now well known by all good judges, professional trainers and jockeys, to be a very great mistake; a race of two miles will try the bottom of the stoutest horse that ever was foaled."

It is surely a mistake to suppose that a two mile will try the bottom of a horse as well as four or five! It is quite true that a two-mile race may try a horse more severely than three heats of a mile and a half each, but certainly not if both races are run in the same way. Judges, jockeys and trainers may know that heat-racing does not necessarily test bottom, but if every horse ran to win each heat, they would know that such races were a test. Our correspondent cannot therefore carry his case further than this, that two miles run from post to post, the horses doing their best all the way, will try a horse as severely as a race of heats as it is possible to run it, that is waiting and winning, and again waiting and winning, or taking a heat to begin with and then letting the field race for the next and it may be the next. But here even bottom is tested, though not perhaps in the one view of that quality taken by the MEMBER &c. In years long by gone, three and four-mile heats were in great favour and men bred for stoutness as well as speed. We had speed then that has never been equalled and bottom that we think has not been seen on the Turf since. But we must not forget that, as the rule, bottom is not tried now at all; cannot be, because we begin severe racing at two years old and at four the great bulk of horses are out of commission. We cannot get any opportunity of fairly judging of the bottom of race-horses of the present day, because they cease to race almost before (and frequently long before) they are horses! When A MEMBER &c. speaks of two miles trying the bottom of the stoutest horse that ever was foaled, he must, we think, have a somewhat contracted view of that quality and would put a limit on the test by which it should be tried that others will say can yield nothing but comparative results. In a two-mile race, even if run from post to post,

the horse that does the distance in the best time is not necessarily the horse of the best bottom, nor the fastest horse, *except for that particular distance.* Let him run on another half mile and he may be last! One or two miles are not the limit of racing distances; it would be too much to say even of a horse that could always win such a race that he was the stoutest horse ever foaled! Two miles will undoubtedly try bottom, but only as a two-mile horse; and A MEMBER &c. relies on this as disposing of the principal object with which races of heats were established. The real objection to them he has put well—"It is quite impossible to tell what horses are running for the heat, and there certainly can be no pleasure in looking at a race when you don't know how many horses are not trying to win." Or as is often the case, when they are trying not to win. But we should be an advocate for heats, never exceeding one mile and a half—if we could ensure right honest running in the whole lot. How often in a closely-contested race, men say at its finish—"Well I should like to see that over again, I think the grey would have won." Now this is just what heats might constantly give us, a second excitement greater than the first! The only way, however, to secure this would be each owner to put his jockey upon a rival horse and the last to win. A little of it would do, for to the man who has not got more at stake than he can well afford to lose, the cream of the enjoyment is the skill, and judgment, and patience, and firmness exhibited by the contending artists. To lose this would be to reduce racing, as a sport, nearly to a level with the quadruped contests of a Neapolitan carnival which are one remove downward from Astley's amphitheatre.

A writer in the *Sporting Magazine* for June, who signs himself HARRY HIEOVER, has some remarks very pertinent to the subject before us, in an article with the somewhat fanciful title of "Horses of the Sun and Horses of the Sod," in which he takes for his text the much-talked-of challenge from the Pasha of Egypt. The paper will be found elsewhere and will well repay perusal. We will here extract a passage bearing on what we have already written:—

"Thus endurance is of widely different sorts, and in testing the lasting qualities of a number of horses of different breeds and countries we are not to make the distance of that precise length known to suit the qualities of either; for if we should do so, it would of course only prove the superiority of the one over the other at that particular distance. If the work of horses was confined to doing (say) eight miles over a particular kind of ground in the shortest possible time, no doubt if we collected the best of horses of all nations, and tried them together, those who beat the others would be the best horses for that work; but it would not prove them the best for other purposes. The British Yeoman is an extraordinary horse

no doubt and over the Metropolitan race-course, or a similar one is more extraordinary still; yet this does not make him at all extraordinary over the Liverpool; there is, therefore, no judging of the *general* lasting qualities of horses by a trial over any peculiar ground or peculiar distance."

Therefore say we, "a race of two miles" will not necessarily "try the bottom of the stoutest horse that ever was foaled."

Before returning to our immediate theme, the article of A MEMBER &c., we desire to say a few words on another portion of HARRY HIEOVER'S article. It is necessary to his subject that he should say something about the performances of Arabs on the Turf, and we think it a little strange he should not have been more accurately informed. Supposing him never to see this very valuable Work—which is quite possible, we should have thought a little trouble might have introduced him at to least half a dozen men who could have supplied him with more accurate *data* for his calculations. He writes:—

"I should say the only accounts we can trust to as regards the performance of eastern horses are those which reach us from Calcutta. So far as I can with a hope of authenticity collect, eastern running has come off as follows:—

"At Derby weight the quickest time has been 2 miles in 4 minutes 6 seconds."

"Carrying a trifle over 7 stone, 2 miles in 4 minutes—more than half the time the Beacon course has been gone over at Derby weights."

"At about Derby weight the quickest time for a mile and a half has been 2 minutes and 53 or 54 seconds."

"At something under Derby weight 3 miles in 6 minutes 7 seconds. Very good running we will allow this to be, and I should say the longest distance by far the best. It must, however, be recollected that in very few instances are races run in England in the shortest time the horses could do the distance: in other countries it generally is so. We will look to the horse who did the three miles: had he gone over the Beacon course at the same rate he did the three miles, it would have taken him eight minutes and about eleven seconds to go that length; we will only say it is probable he would have fallen off three seconds as to time in the fourth mile, this would bring him to eight minutes fourteen seconds the Beacon course. Where would he have been by the side of Hambletonian, Diamond, Brainworm and Violante?"

We answer that if he had been by the side of them it would have been a very pretty race, but the true reply is that he would have been a very long way behind. It would be the height of absurdity to pretend that an Arab could go on equal terms any distance from a yard to fifty miles with an English thorough-

bred, and not for any distance could any allowance, within racing weights, bring them together. That granted let us see that the Arab has justice done to him. Without going very deep into the Calendar we will just mention a few of the performances at the given distances, which will show HARRY HIEOVER, should he ever chance to light on these pages, (and we intend to do ourselves the pleasure of sending him a copy of this No.), that he will have to carry something to the credit of the "eastern horse" in his next account.

It is a long time since we have had a three-mile race on our course, but we can point to one which fortunately affords a good criterion of Arab capability. In the season 1845-46 Crab and Selim met in a 50 G. M. Sweepstakes, Calcutta weight for age, and it reminds us of the awful dread entertained of the then unconquered Elepoo, that by the terms of the race he was to carry 1st. extra (a most unsportsmanlike provision), while a proper respect for English horses was evinced by making them carry 2 stone extra. Crab was a grey Arab, offered by the Shaik to Lord Ellenborough as a saddle horse, and by his Lordship pronounced to be *kharab*, which anglicized became *Crab;* instead however of being bad he turned out a right good one, and in 1844-45 won the Derby (2 miles), with 8st. 9lbs. up, in 3m. 58s., doing the last half mile in 56 seconds, and winning, as many thought, easy. Be that as it may, it was not his best performance as we shall presently show. Selim was a horse that had been entered for two Derbies and never seen: he then became a pigsticker and lost his maiden for the *Spear Stakes* in the second meeting of the season in 1845-46. We will give our English co-labourer the benefit of the report of the above mentioned sweepstakes, as we wrote it at the time:—

"Great expectations were entertained from this race, and they were fulfilled. Crab was the favourite, but Selim had pretty confident friends. The grey started with a lead of a couple of lengths, and the two went along in this way at an extraordinary pace, for the distance, for two half miles. Here Copeland went up and almost immediately dropped again; this he did a second time, making it pretty evident he was taking a pull after measuring his opponent to a nicety. Well in the straight running he boldly challenged; Crab ran with him a few strides and the struggle was over: Selim came in four lengths in advance, but the grey was eased when the case was found hopeless. The time was the quickest for 3 miles ever known on the course."

The weight, we have said, was 9st. 5lbs., and time was 5m. 54s. or 13 seconds under the supposed best time at Derby weight.

We will now note down half a score of two-mile races with weights and time:—

Elepoo	9st.	7lbs.	3m.	55s.
„	8 „	10 „	3 „	51s.
Glendower	9 „	5 „	3 „	55s.
Glaucus	9 „	3 „	3 „	54s.
Selim	9 „	3 „	3 „	53s.
Child of the Islands	8 „	13 „	3 „	50s.
Minuet	8 „	11 „	3 „	51s.
Boy Jones	7 „	12 „	3 „	50s.
Honeysuckle	8 „	0 „	3 „	48s.
„	8 „	11 „	3 „	50s. by

some asserted to have been 3m. 48s.

The following are three of our mile-and-a-half performances, but we are not quite sure that they are the best:—

Elepoo	8st.	7lbs.	2 51 } heats 2 56 }
Glendower	8 „	5 „	2 53
Flibbertigibbet	8 „	12 „	2 55
	9 „	5 „	2 59

To this we may add that Minuet ran his 2¼ miles in 4m. 19s., with 8st. 7lbs. up, and that his mile-and-a-half out was done in 2m. 51s. Elepoo and Minuet were by the last advices at Croydon, and if HARRY HIEOVER will call and see them we think he will thank us for the hint.

There is one other race we desire to mention as showing more of the lasting qualities of the Arab at racing pace than any we have seen. It was during the season 1844-45, for the Bengal Club Cup, added to a sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each for Maiden Arabs. Heats 2 miles, 8st. 7lbs. each. Only two horses came to the post,—Crab (the horse already mentioned,) and Oranmore. Oranmore won the first heat; the second was a dead heat. Crab won the third heat; the fourth was a dead heat; the fifth was won by Crab. Three of these heats were run slowly at the beginning, but this was compensated for by the rattling pace at which they carried on after the first mile, doing the second in 1m. 52s., 1m. 51½s., 1m. 54s., and the last half mile of the fourth heat, completing eight miles in 54½ sec. In the fifth heat Crab came in an easy winner. The entire time was not obtained, but round the course (1¾ mile and 15 yards) was done in 3m. 28s. The quickest two miles was the third heat,—3m. 56s.

These particulars are thrown together for the information of HARRY HIEOVER, to whom on all occasions we shall be happy to give every information in our power, on this or any other subject connected with Indian sport. We must now return to

our own correspondent with an apology for the diversion into which we have been led.

A MEMBER &c. thinks it a grand mistake that we have not "one race, *the* race of the meeting," and notes that he proposed in his last paper that a plate of 200 G. M. should be given for a race to be called the Calcutta Great Handicap. He is convinced that "a race of this description would be found to excite the greatest interest, and would be equally certain to be a good betting race." It is proposed that the means should be raised by levying a sum of 2 per cent. from the lotteries, and that the race should come off in the first meeting of the following season. The writer says:—"I am aware that a sum of 2 per cent. is deducted from all lotteries for some purpose or other, but I suppose it should be set aside for the purpose I have mentioned, as it would not be reasonable to make two deductions of 2 per cent. on different accounts." There is a slight mistake here; 1 per cent. only has hitherto been deducted. The plan originated with the late Secretary, who took a great deal more trouble on himself than had been customary with his predecessors in the matter of lotteries. Five or six years ago men were not content to wait for the opening of the campaign but began with the break-up of the rains and even sooner. The consequence was that it became of importance to collect the lotteries as soon as drawn, and this the Secretary undertook to do on condition of his being allowed to deduct 1 per cent. for the benefit of the Race Fund. The year the Union Bank stopped, and a very brief period before that event, there were about Rs. 10,000 or Rs. 11,000 in that establishment, but happily it was all withdrawn in time. The 1 per cent. was in consideration of the early collection of the money and those who know the frequent loss on collection by the winner, after the event has come off, will agree it was money exceedingly well laid out. When the great commercial crash came and so many of the leading Turf men were floored, these early lotteries were discontinued, or very nearly so; yet the Secretary continued to deduct the 1 per cent., as not too heavy a charge for the service rendered in taking charge of all lottery papers and the I. O. U.'s connected with them. Thus arose a fund which enabled him to pay off about Rs. 1,300 of debt, keep the Race Stand in repair, re-rail the course from the half mile in to the quarter mile out, supply the needful for manuring and sanding the course and keeping it in order, and on resigning his office to hand over in cash and silver plates at least Rs. 6,000. We think it would not be wise to divert the fund thus obtained from its original objects; but if two per cent. were deducted,

there is no reason why one-half should not be devoted to the purpose proposed, if it be thought a desirable one. We are not, however, at all sure that the experiment would be very successful. We do not think, with our correspondent, that "people who never thought of such a thing before, would be induced to try their luck." It is, on the contrary, rather improbable that a man would buy a horse and keep him a year on the remote chance of his winning a race, and this with half a dozen large stables among his opponents. We presume it is intended that the Handicap should be for all horses. But at the end of a season there are but few horses that have shown themselves that would be entered, because it would be well known that no racing weights could bring the whole of them together, and with reference to new horses, many without even pedigrees and many that could not be ever brought forward "on inspection," it could be but a hap-hazard handicap at best. If there were not any difficulties in the way, we do not see the advantage of having one race "the observed of all observers." The Derby and Champaigne in the first meeting and the Merchants and Trades' Plates in the second, stand out with sufficient pre-eminence, while the two first are rarely among the best races for sport. We rather think that to fix attention on any race, making it *the* great event of any Indian meeting would be calculated to injure rather promote sport. It might be "a good betting race" as is suggested, perhaps the best, but we are not at all desirous to see more betting than there is at present, and we have no sympathy with those who look only to how much they can make out of a race meeting. Racing is essentially an English sport, but there has been grafted on it, at home, a discreditable trade, or to use the most modified language, a system of trade and job-work, in the shape of betting on commission, which directly helps a large mob of fellows who care no more about racing, as a national sport, than they care about the astronomical observations made at Greenwich. We only hope that these creeping excrescences may not ultimately kill the goodly tree out of which they spring and round which they grow and flourish, but it seems not unlikely that a season may come when they will be found to have done mischief that it may take a century to repair. There is hardly a possibility of the same evil taking root in India, but we repudiate everything that may tend in the remotest degree to encourage it, and it is impossible to say it is not encouraged by any and every measure that promotes a purely gambling interest in horse-racing. A MEMBER &c. asks "has any one ever taken the trouble to look at by what a very frail tenure the Calcutta Races are supported?" He goes on to say

they will probably be done for if any two of the principal stables were to withdraw. We don't think so, but we are quite sure they would not stand long if any more extensive risks were incurred than now exist. Very heavy losses can hardly result otherwise than in the withdrawal of stables, and therefore it is that we do not wish to see the probability of losses extended. We say, as we have said on former occasions, that we care only for racing as it affords sport and encourages the breed of good horses; and if the latter is incompatible with racing on a moderate scale, we are prepared to drop it and stand on sport alone, and then we say there is not only as much but better chance of sport in ten small stables than in three or four large ones.

Our correspondent goes on to object to "the present system of holding the Ordinaries at the Race Stand." He is in error: the practice does not prevail. The year before last they were held there, but they certainly had not been for very many years before and have not been since. We see no force in the objections, and think the Stand the proper place for such meetings. It is really not "a long distance for every body to go," for it is quite as near as the Town Hall for the denizens of Chowringhee, and much nearer for those of Alipore and Garden Reach. If the hall of meeting be "a nasty, dirty, cobwebby, cold room, with no furniture in it, and only half-lighted," it must be so only to a gentleman down on his luck and suffering under a bilious attack. We missed, we think, but one dinner there, and we always found a table tolerably well filled—sometimes to its very corners—and as much upon it as it could well bear without groaning, chairs for every body, and light inferior to the Bude, not sufficient for microscopic examinations, but quite enough for all ordinary purposes. If gentlemen require Cleopatra couches, conversation and easy chairs, lustres, mirrors, soft carpets and marble tables, they should follow the example of the two bachelors who not long ago modestly requested the loan of Government House for the purpose of a ball to one of the ladies of our Society. Certainly these luxuries are not to be obtained at Spence's Hotel which A MEMBER &c. so much prefers, though we think he makes a very unmerited attack on Mr. Spence for converting, as he says, "a building, the property of the residents of Calcutta, into a dwelling for himself, and into a hotel for his customers." The question he puts about the Town Hall is easily answered. It does not absolutely belong to the residents of Calcutta. It was intended originally that it should be built by public subscription, but the amount fell short of the cost and the Government supplied the deficiency and has always leased out the building,

at a small rent on sufficiently stringent conditions. We have never yet heard of any abuse the public have had to complain of, but the instances are innumerable in which Mr. Spence has generously enabled parties to use the hall for concerts and other purposes, who otherwise must have been precluded from doing so, owing to the great expense of lighting it up, &c. It is suggested that by having the Ordinaries at the Town Hall people can attend who "occasionally trouble themselves by thinking of some way or other of passing the evening." Our opinion is that such people, and all people who are not tolerably well acquainted with racing matters, are much better absent than present. It is not very easy to comprehend at a moment the system of double lotteries: if the uninitiated enter into them they are pretty safe to burn their fingers, and if they do understand them, the casual visitor has no chance with the regular attendant, the man who knows something of the relative value of the horses put up in the respective races, and something of stable arrangements as to starting, jockeys who are to ride, &c. &c.

To go back to the Race Stand,—which we are afraid the Ordinaries will not. One great recommendation of that place of meeting is, in our opinion, that mere town idlers and people not interested will not attend. During the season that it was tried, there never was a person present who was not known to some body who was known: there was not, nor is it probable there ever would be, a gross fraud in lotteries, such as was discovered four or five years ago, when a fellow who contrived to pass as a respectable character took tickets and bought horses far in excess of his means, and endeavored to meet his difficulties by doctoring the lottery papers that were handed over to him as the winner, by altering names and getting paid twice and thrice over for the same tickets, and altering the figures of his I. O. U.'s, and receiving largely in excess of their real amount: there is no doubt whatever that this was done to the extent of very many thousand rupees. It is quite true that rigid rules as to admission might be enforced at the Town Hall, but they never have been and we do not believe ever will be. But then at the Race Stand there is no kitchen! (except the one the late Secretary built over the way, and a very good one too,) and there is no one to take the trouble of the dinners! That we admit to be an objection of some moment, and we apprehend it is the real reason why men have gone back to Mr. Spence. But whatever the reason, the move is a bad one. The Race Stand is the orthodox place for meeting, and if it were a little out of the way, which we don't admit, it would ill become sporting-men to make a mountain out of such a mole-hill.

A MEMBER &c. laments—as well he may—the expected departure of Sir W. Gilbert from the N. W. P. The loss to the Turf there will be our gain here. The sporting spirit that has survived for half a century will not go out but with life itself, and right welcome will the gallant soldier be amongst us. May we have the sincerely-desired honor of placing him in our Gallery ere long and recording the sporting career of THE FATHER OF THE TURF IN INDIA!

A MEMBER &c. speaks of "a mistake that has nearly always occurred in the *India Sporting Review*," and says—"in calculating the amount of money won by a horse, his own stake is very often included, and there is a direct rule which says, &c." It is quite clear that a horse's stake is not to be calculated in his winnings, but we have not professed to give *the winnings of each horse* in the Synopsis of the meetings, but *the amount of the stakes* as shown by the Secretary's accounts. They certainly include *every thing*, and as the rule is thoroughly well known, and the entrances are always given, it is a very simple matter to make the deduction.

Our correspondent thinks he has been misunderstood by us about his board to proclaim the winner. We did read the article on the Indian Turf in No. XXI. very hurriedly, and the remark we made justified his conclusion; but the real point is whether any information is required in the Stand or not, as to the running horse, and we think it is not; that in nineteen cases out of twenty, it is known before a single board could be "drawn up to the top of the slider over the chair." But if the plan were needed, it would not be very easy to carry it out, since "the numbers must invariably be arranged the day before, so that they may appear in the printed lists of the day." Now it is very well known that the horses to start are frequently not known up to the morning of the running, and the printed prospectus of the day is constantly wrong, though sent to press only late the previous night. We are told that "Racing Telegraphs are in use at most of the principal meetings in England, and the result of a race is made known almost the instant the first horse has run." Very likely:—the question is not whether they are useful for this purpose, but whether they are wanted on our Course, where, as we said before, those who take any interest in the winner, may be counted by tens in half as many minutes, and where all are located at the winning-post! It is a mistake to imagine that the "most unseemly confusion in the Stand," arises from "anxiety to get down and hear what's won:"—it will be so once in a season, perhaps, but the general rush to the weighing compound is for

another purpose,—to see the horses as they come in and the condition they show. We have, however, no objection whatever to the proposed mode of advertising the winner, and we see by a report just received of the Batavia races that it is in vogue there.

We have now fairly got to the end of our correspondent's paper, and we owe him our acknowledgments for the spirit with which he has joined our ranks. If we have differed freely from his views on the points considered, it is not to say that we are right, but to offer our views in common with his own. We only wish half a score more good contributors would give us the opportunity of introducing them to our NOTE BOOK.

AN OXONIAN complains of an account which appeared in No. XXI. of a rowing match between Oxford and Cambridge. He says that the account is a most unjust one and that many of its assertions are in direct variance with the truth. It was copied from the *Morning Herald.* AN OXONIAN gives three instances in which his *University* has been successful since 1842, and three in which an Oxford College has beaten a Cambridge one. We have not continued the record we once preserved of the triumphs in this exciting sport, nor have we the means at hand of tracing the achievements of the Cambridge men. We will not speak with certainty of the last ten years, but previous to that time we recollect that, on the whole, the Cambridge men had the best of it. When we find AN OXONIAN jealous of the honour of his University our heart warms towards him, for he was doubtless a lover of that amusement in which we were an enthusiast, and which was our chief delight from boyhood to manhood and a good deal beyond. We go back in memory to those days when the Funny Club—the great original—was in full force, when the Arrow was the wonder of the river, and when we envied the man who took an oar in her more than the king on his throne—that unequalled Club (for a four), of which we have written on a previous occasion, when touching lightly on our aquatic reminiscences.* From this Club we come to the Leander, which we soon after joined and belonged to for years, and whose recollections are all delightful—that Leander of which AN OXONIAN makes such honorable mention—that Leander in which we had our oar during the predecessors of those matches to which our correspondent expressly alludes. Would that he could persuade himself to take his pen in hand and give us his chapter, or chapters of Aquatic Reminiscences; they would read pleasant-

* Vide No. XVI. p. 259.

ly and refreshingly amid tiger, and bear, and buffaloe slaying. If we were to more than touch on the theme, our subject would run away with us and we should be more like a young and unconscientious contributor than a staid old Editor.

PUBLIC CURIOSITY has been a little roused by an advertisement of a Tapir for sale at the Stables of Messrs. Hunter and Co., and though a good specimen has been long in the Asiatic Society, the living animal drew crowds: in England they would have made it a paid exhibition and no doubt cleared something handsome by it. The following account of the Tapir is given in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, and we may observe that the one now, or lately, here, and which was brought we believe from Malacca, corresponds in every particular. It was put up for sale and bought (whether *in* or not we don't know,) for Rs. 500.

"The American Tapir, when full grown, is six feet in total length, and three and a half in weight. In general form it resembles the hog; but the legs are rather longer in proportion, and the nose is prolonged into a small movable proboscis. The fore-feet have four toes, and the hind ones three only. The eyes are small and lateral, and the ears long and pointed; the skin thick, and covered with scattered, short, silky hairs; the tail short, and slightly hairy. The teeth resemble those of the horse. It is the largest animal of South America, and is found in all parts of that continent, though most abundant in Guiana, Brazil, and Paraguay. It shuns the habitations of men, and leads a solitary life in the interior of the forests, in moist situations, but selects for its abode a place somewhat elevated and dry. By travelling always the same rounds it forms beaten paths, which are very conspicuous. It comes out only in the night, or during rainy weather, and resorts to the marshes. Its ordinary pace is a sort of trot, but it sometimes gallops, though awkwardly, and with the head down, and, besides, swims with facility. In the wild state, it lives on fruits and young branches of trees, but when domesticated, eats every kind of food. Though possessed of great strength, it makes use of it only for defence; and its disposition is mild and timid. The flesh is dry and disagreeably tasted; but the skin is very tough, and might be applied to useful purposes. The Indian Tapir has only been discovered within a few years. It inhabits Sumatra, Malacca, and some of the surrounding countries. The colours are remarkable. The head, neck, feet and tail are black; the rest of the body and top of the ears white."

The papers mention that among other additions recently received by the Zoological Society of London was a male Tapir from South America.

Johnson, in his life of Waller, quotes from Fairfax's transla-

tion of *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, with the view, as he says, of showing the state in which Waller found our poetry, that the reader may judge how much he improved it, Waller professing that he learned the art of versification from Fairfax. In the passage selected are the following lines :—

"Like as the wearie hounds at last retire,
Windlesse, displeased, from the fruitlesse chace,
When the slie beast *Tapisht* in bush and brire,
No art nor pains can rouse out of his place:
The Christian Knights so full of shame and ire,
Returned backe, with faint and wearie pace!
Yet still the fearful dame fled, swift as winde,
Nor ever staid, nor ever lookt behinde!"

We presume this "slie beast" is the Tapir of which we have been speaking.

A CORRESPONDENT writing to us from Berhampore, says :—

"Have you ever heard of a bird that was seen a few years ago by a party consisting of Colonel Peach Brown, Captain Park and some others of the 29th N. I. when shooting in some of the immense lakes of Bundelkund? A late officer of that corps, now here, says he has heard them speak of it frequently. It was swimming near some immense islands of rushes and seemed from the distance they were off—eighty or hundred yards—to be of the amazing height of eighteen feet from the surface of the water to the top of its head. As so many gentlemen of veracity saw it, could you not ascertain more about it? It must be the Roc of Sinbad."

We have made most diligent enquiry and can obtain no information whatever on the subject, except the assurance of a distinguished Naturalist that the bird was more likely to have been one of the "immense islands" referred to than the Roc of Sinbad, and that if not so, it was probably one of the family of the *Vafer Gammoniensis*. If the party had been at all "fly" to the importance of their discovery, they would have taken a rise out of it, to have given a guess at its measure from wing to wing: we should imagine it must have been at least as long as to-day and to-morrow. According to the *Prins. comp. anat.* of Squabs and the ingenious *De dimensione Animantium* of Shufflebottom, the bird in question must have stood 26 feet 7¾ inches, which we confess we can't stand. A friend who was present when we consulted the Naturalist had his tale of wonder to tell, which seemed to us to take the shine entirely out of the big bird. Our friend is a very modest man and a very veracious man—but he is a prudent man, and not ambitious to be before the

world as a manufacturer of yarns. He therefore mentioned (with an intimation that as no one could be expected to believe his story he very rarely told it,) that at sea he once fell in with a monster which the vessel only just escaped, and that the pupil of its eye was fully as large as an ordinary buggy wheel. We referred to the *De dimensione*, &c., when we got home, but it left us at fault. A very excellent little Book called *The Poor Artist* is written to illustrate this position,—that not the eye sees but *something behind it;* that something is the mind: let us say imagination, and then we can believe in the Bundelcund and Ocean giants.

THE FOLLOWING is from the *Delhi Gazette* of the 21st instant:—

"A young Officer of H. M. 60th Rifles at Kussowlie, has backed himself to perform Captain Barclay's famous feat of walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 successive hours. The precise time for the commencement of the match has not yet been fixed, but it is intended to come off during the next three months, the time occupied in the performance will be six weeks. Heavy odds are laid against this sporting match, and we hear that they are taken up in all sides by the gallant pedestrian, who has not yet commenced his training."

We rather suspect that this match will not come off: if it does we predict failure. We hope some of our friends will be there to see.

SELECTIONS

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

	Page.
Sedentary Amusements.—Chess	1
English Setter	7
Springing Spaniel	13
Sporting Scenes and Country Characters	25
The Philosophical Sportsman	34
The Bombay Yacht Club	61
Breeding and Training for the Turf	62
North Devon	75
The Racing in May	95
Horses of the Sun and Horses of the Sod	111
Recreations of Christopher North	124
Chloroform in Veterinary Practice	136
Saddles	137
Stirrups	141
Horse-shoes	149
The late Jubbulpoor Grand Steeple Chase	161
A Scrape for the "Scratchers."	164
Discourse on Driving	166
Steeple Chase at Jubbulpore	618
Death of the Hippopotamus	169
Yachting	170
Presentation of Medals by the Bombay Yacht Club	*ib.*
A Safety Yacht	171
The Practice and Principle of the Turf	172
The Racing in June	180
A Lion Hunt	188
Cumming's five years of a Hunter's Life in South Africa	189
Mysore Race Meeting—1850	202
List of Winning Horses	204
Belgaum Cricket Match	205
Cricket	206
Prospectuses of Races to come:—	
Calcutta Races,—1850-51	208
Sonepore Races,—1850	*ib.*
Lucknow Races,—1851	212
Ferozepore Races	213
Umballah Derby	215
The Gilbert Cup—Lahore Races,—1850	*ib.*
Hyderabad (Deccan) Race Meeting,—1851	219
Calcutta Races,—1850-51	220
Revised Prospectus—Ferozepore Races,—1850	222
Amended Prospectus of the Rajpootana Races,—1850	225
Bombay Races	226

SELECTIONS

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SEDENTARY AMUSEMENTS.—CHESS.

" Dicite, Seriades Nymphæ, certamina tanta
Carminibus prorsus vatum illibata priorum :
Vos hujus ludi in primis meminisse necesse est :
Vos primæ studia hæc Italis monstrastis in oris
Scacchidis egregiæ!' HIERONYMUS VIDA.

If we are to believe our motto, and the learned Vida, whose Latin poem, entitled " Scacchiæ Ludus," obtained from him the patronage of Leo X., and the bishopric of Alba, the game which he celebrates was invented by the Serian nymphs in memory of their sister Scacchis, from whom it took the Latin name of Scacchiæ Ludus, whence is derived the French word Echecs, and our English term Chess. It was a happy choice, says Dr. Warton, to write a poem on chess; nor is the execution less happy. The various stratagems and manifold intricacies of this ingenious game, so difficult to be described in Latin, are here expressed with the greatest perspicuity and elegance; so that perhaps the game might be learned from this description. Our English poet, Pope, not only speaks of this author as

Immortal Veda, on whose honour'd brow
The poets' lays and critics' ivy grow,

but probably took from his Game of Chess the first idea of the Rape of the Lock, substituting the sylphs for the Olympian deities employed by the Bishop of Alba. Veda, who seems to have been a better poet and Latinist than antiquary, has not found any one to support him in his fanciful derivation of the game from the nymph Scacchis. Its real origin still remains a *questio vexata* among the learned. Sarasin has an express treatise on the different opinions respecting the derivation of the Latin Scacchi; and Menage is also very full on the same head. By some this noble, or, as it is frequently called, royal pastime, is said to have originated, together with dice-playing, at the siege of Troy : others derive it from the Hebrews; and Fabricius says that the game of chess was discovered by a celebrated Persian astronomer, one Schatrenscha, who gave it

his own name, which it still bears in that country; in confirmation of which opinion Bochart adds, that *soach* is originally Persian; and that in that language Scachmat (whence our check-mate) signifies the king is dead.

Mr. Irwin, who made researches into this subject during his residence in India, maintains it to be a Chinese invention, to which effect he found a tradition current among the Brahmins; and infers, as the result of his inquiries and researches, that the confined situation and powers of the king, resembling those of a monarch in the earlier stages of the world, countenance this supposition; and that as the invention travelled westward, and descended to later times, the sovereign prerogative extended itself, until it became unlimited, as in our present state of the game: that the agency of the princes, in lieu of the queen, who does not exist in the oriental chess-board, bespeaks forcibly the nature of the Chinese customs, which exclude females from all influence or power whatever: these princes, in the passage of the game through Persia, were changed into a single vizier or minister of state, with the enlarged portion of delegated authority that exists there; and for this vizier, the Europeans, with the same gallantry that had prompted the French to add a queen to the pack of cards, substituted a queen on the chess-board, a coincidence which confirms the oriental origin of both games. Mr. Irwin further suggests, that the painted river which divides the two parties on the Chinese chess-boards, is expressive of the general face of the country, where a battle could hardly be fought without some such intervention, which the soldier is here taught to overcome: but that on the introduction of the game into Persia, the board, in accordance with the dry nature of that region, was made to represent *terra firma*. And lastly, that the game was designed in the spirit of war to quiet the murmurs, by employing the vacant hours of a discontented soldiery, while it cherished in them a taste for tactics, and the spirit of conquest. The Chinese annals date the invention of chess 379 years after the time of Confucius, or about two thousand years ago.

Sir William Jones, however, claims this invention for the Hindoos, on the authority of the Persians, who unanimously agree, that it was imported into their country from the west of India in the sixth century of our era; and he traces the successive corruptions of the original Sanscrit term, through the Persians and Arabs, into *scacchi*, echecs, chess; which, by a whimsical concurrence of circumstances, has given birth to the English word *check*, and even a name to the Exchequer of Great Britain. Sir William recites the various ordinances of the Indian game, as embodied in a set of rules, which in the original Sanscrit is written in verse, and, in point of date, claims considerable precedence of Veda's Latin poem upon the same subject. It is well worth the attention of any chess-lover to compare the two, which our narrow limits prevent us from attempting.

John de Vigney wrote a book which he calls the Moralization of

Chess, wherein he assures us that it was invented by a philosopher named Xerxes, in the reign of Evil Merodach, King of Babylon, in order that it might engage the attention and correct the manners of that dissolute monarch. The Arabians and the Saracens, who are said to be great chess-players, have new-modelled this story, and adapted it to their own country, changing the name of the philosopher from Xerxes to Sisa.

When it was first brought into Europe it is impossible to determine, but we have good reason for supposing it to have been a favourite and fascinating pastime with persons of rank, at least a century anterior to the Norman conquest. William the Conqueror, when a young man, being one day engaged at chess with the King of France's eldest son, and exasperated at something uttered by his antagonist, struck him with the chess-board, and was obliged to make a precipitate retreat, to avoid the consequences of his rashness. Leland records a nearly similar circumstance to have happened to the youngest son of our Henry II., when playing with Fulco Guarine, a nobleman of Shropshire. We are told by Dr. Robertson, in his History of Charles V., that John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by Charles, was condemned to death; a decree which was intimated to him while at chess with Ernest of Brunswick, his fellow-prisoner. After a short pause, and making some reflections on the irregularity and injustice of the emperor's proceedings, he challenged his antagonist to finish the game, played with his usual ingenuity and attention; and, having won, expressed all the satisfaction usually felt on gaining such victories.

Dr. Hyde, quoting from an Arabic history of the Saracens, tells us, that the Calif of Bagdad was engaged at chess with his freedman Kuthar, when a soldier rushed in to inform him that the city, which was then vigorously besieged, was on the point of being carried by assault. "Let me alone," said the Calif, "for I see checkmate against Kuthar!"

In the chronicle of the Moorish kings of Grenada, we find it related that in 1396, Mehemed Balba seized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother Juzaf, whom he ordered to be put to death, that he might secure the succession of his own son. The alcaid despatched for that purpose found the prince playing at chess with a priest. Juzaf begged hard for two hours' respite, which was denied him; at last, though with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to play out his game; but, before it was finished, a messenger arrived with news of the sudden death of Mehemed, and the unanimous election of Juzaf to the crown.

We record the following anecdote as a warning to such of our male and married readers as may be in the perilous habit of playing chess with a wife. Ferrand, Count of Flanders, having constantly defeated the countess at chess, she conceived a hatred against him, which came to such a height, that when the count was taken prisoner at the battle of Bovines, she suffered him to remain a long time in prison, though she could easily have procured his release.

Our Charles I. was thus occupied when informed that the Scots had finally resolved to sell him to the parliament; but he was so intent upon the game, that he finished it with great composure. Innumerable are the similar instances that might be adduced to prove the deep fascination which this bewitching game exercises over the minds of those who lend themselves to its seductions.

The chess-board, the number of the pieces, and the manner in which they are played, do not appear to have undergone much, if any, variation for several centuries, though the forms and names have suffered material change. The rock or fortress we have corrupted into a rook; the bishop was with us formerly an archer, while the French denominated it Alfin, and Fol, which were perversions of the original oriental term for the elephant. The ancient Persian game of chess consisted of the following pieces, which were thus named when they reached Europe:

1. *Schach*, The King.
2. *Pherz*, The Vizier, or General.
3. *Phil*, The Elephant.
4. *Aspen Suax*, The Horseman.
5. *Ruch*, The Dromedary.
6 *Beydal*, Foot soldier.

Upon the introduction of the game into France the pieces were no doubt called by the Persian names, but in process of time these were partly changed by translation, and partly modified by French terminations. *Schach* was converted by translation into *Roy*, the king. Pherz, the vizier, became *Fercie*, *Fiercè*, *Fierge*, *Vierge*, and was of course at last converted into a lady, *Dame*. The elephant, *Phil*, was easily altered into *Fol*, or the modern *Fou*. Of the horseman, *Aspen Suar*, they made the cavalier, or knight. The dromedary, *Ruch*, was changed into a castle *tour*, or tower: probably from being confounded with the elephant, which is usually represented carrying a castle. The foot-soldiers, *Beydal*, were retained by the name of *Pietons* or *Pions*, whence our pawns.

Pleasure was afforded to the early chess-player, not only from the nice and abstruse nature of the game itself, but from its being considered a perpetual allegory, or emblem of state policy, a character of which it is not altogether undeserving, since we have seen that in its westward progress it was adapted to the institutions of the countries that fostered it. Our poet Denham recognises its sage and instructive nature.

This game the Persian magi did invent,
The force of Eastern wisdom to express;
From thence to busy Europeans sent,
And styled by modern Lombards pensive chess.

But the political and moral purposes of the game are more curiously set forth in a short poem by Mr. Craig, prefixed to an old translation of Veda, which is now lying before us. Of these verses we shall extract a few, not for their intrinsic merit, which is moderate enough, but to exemplify the writer's notions of the high mysteries contained

in the game, as well as to relieve for a moment the prosaic dulness of our own labours.

A monarch strongly guarded here we view,
By his own consort and his clergy too.
Next those, two knights their royal sire attend,
And two steep rocks are planted at each end.—
To clear the way before this courtly throng,
Eight pawns as private soldiers march along;
Enfans Perdus! like heroes stout and brave,
Risque their own lives the sovereign to save—
All in their progress forming a complete
And perfect emblem of the game of state.

The bishop's nearness to the royal pair
Points that it still should be a prince's care.
To trust and cherish priests of God, because
It is presumed they best explain his laws
To his vicegerent; and in oblique ways,
Traverse and mystick to the vulgar eyes,
Perfect their measures, &c.

Though from the king the knights more distant be,
Yet by their crooked leap we often see,
The sovereign forced to fly his royal seat,
And in some secret corner seek retreat;
Whereas, had any other been so bold,
Th' insulting check he could have soon control'd,
And placed another member in the gap,
Till he should meditate his own escape.
So there's no danger in a government
A prince should be more cautious to prevent,
Than the revolt of nobles and the great,
For their example oft affects the state.—

Each lofty rock with its exalted towers
Like frontier garrisons the state secures,
And sometimes as a safe asylum prove
To their own monarch, when he's forced to move.—
The king himself but one short pace must go,
Tho' all the rest may rally to and fro;
Hence kings should never heedlessly expose
Their sacred persons to th' assaults of foes;
The kingdom's welfare on their life depends,
And in their death the nation's safety ends.—

The first deviser thought it fit the queen
Should in this warlike pastime predomine.
In Ecclesiastick paths she freely moves,
And thro' the rocky way unbounded roves;
Yet must she not th' indecent footsteps trace
Of leap-skip knights, nor imitate their pace.—
Although the king's prerogative is such,
That none his person or his life can touch,
Others, by their bad conduct when misled,
May be swept off the field of war as dead.
Nor does the monarch still the battle lose,
In number tho' inferior to his foes,

But by the hazard of one pawn may gain,
And prudent conduct victory obtain.

Nor must we here omit the pawns' reward,
Who, when courageous, justly are preferr'd,
If they the limits of the board can reach,
Like those who first assault a dangerous breach.—

This to our view doth fully represent
Virtue's reward, and vice's punishment;—
So active minds themselves to glory raise,
Whilst slothful cowards their own souls debase.

The game thus ended, kings with pawns are jumbled,
Queens, knights, rooks, bishops, all confus'dly tumbled,
Into the box, pell-mell, are headlong toss'd,
And all their grandeur in oblivion lost.—
Thus monarchs with their meanest subjects must
Be one day levell'd in their native dust,
So short-liv'd, fading, vain, and transitory,
That shadow of a phantom—human glory!

It would be hardly fair towards the historian and poet laureate of the game of chess to dismiss the subject without a short specimen of Marcus Hieronymus Veda, whom Mr. Roscoe lauds for his admirable talent of uniting a considerable portion of classical elegance and often dignity, with the utmost facility and clearness. Whether his style deserve the praise of being a just mixture of Virgil and Lucretius, we leave the reader to determine; so far as a judgment may be formed from so short a citation. Jupiter, enthroned in all his state, thus issues his commands to the deities, as to the parts they are to act in a pending game of chess between an Albian and an Ethiopian prince.

"Hos Pater adversis solos decernere jussit
Inter se studiis, et ludicra bella fovere,
Ac partes tutari ambas, quas vellet uterque;
Nec non proposuit victori præmia digna.—
Dii magni sedêre: Deum stat turba minorum
Circumfusa; caveat sed lege, et fœdere pacto,
Ne quisquam, voce aut nutu, ludentibus ausit
Prævisos monstrare ictus.—Quem denique primum
Sors inferre aciem vocet, atque invadere Martem
Quæ situm: primumque locum certaminis Albo
Ductori tulit, ut quem vellet primus in hostem
Mitteret: Id sanè magni referre putabant.—
Tum tacitus secum versat, quem ducere contrà
Conveniat; peditemque jubet procedere campum
In medium, qui Reginam dirimebat ab hoste."

Smith's Festivals, Games, and Amusements.]

ENGLISH SETTER.

The dog passing under this denomination is a species of Pointer originally produced by a commixture between the Spanish Pointer and the larger breed of the English Spaniel; which, by careful cultivation, has attained a considerable degree of estimation and celebrity, as well for its figure as its qualifications. The Setting-dog is, undoubtedly, in respect to natural formation and effect, equally beautiful and attracting with any of the canine species; there is an elegant uniformity of figure, shape, make, and speed; a pleasing variegation in colour (as yellow or brown pied); an inexpressible diffidence and solicitation of notice, accompanied by an aspect of affability, humility, and an anticipation of gratitude far beyond the power of the pen to depict, or the pencil to delineate.

The sporting department of the Setter in the field, precisely corresponds with the pursuits and propensities of the Pointer, but with this single variation; that, admitting their olfactory sensations to be equally exquisite, and that one can discover, and as expeditiously receive and enjoy the particles of scent (or in other word the effluvia of the game) as readily, and at an equal distance with the other; the difference of the sports in which they are individually employed, renders it necessary that one should effect upon his legs, what the other does by prostration upon the ground, in the very position from which the present appellation of "Setting-dog" is derived. And these are neither more or less than the pure effect of sporting education; for, as in shooting with the Pointer, the game is constantly expected to rise, so in the use of a Setting-dog and net, the game is required to lie.

It is not unworthy of remark, that naturalists have assumed a greater degree of latitude in respect to the canine species, than in any other parts of the creation, where they have been less at a loss. The most eminent teachers of music strongly impress one forcible precept upon the minds of their pupils, which is, "when they accidentally deviate from the musical text in execution *never to stop*, because it will then inevitably appear they are inadequate to the task they have undertaken; when by *keeping on*, not one in fifty may know an error or mis-movement has taken place." Just so it seems to have been with speculative delineators of the canine race; where the origin, or pedigree of any distinct class, or peculiar kind could not be authentically ascertained, it appears to have been conveniently or accidentally forgotten. As with the Pointer, so it is with the Setter, the origin of either does not appear to be any where described, or by any writer attempted; but by the most respected authority (from whence information, instruction, and entertainment can be derived) we are told, "the Hound, the Setting-dog and the Terrier, are only one and the same race of dogs; for it has been remarked, that the

same birth has produced Setting-dogs, Terriers, and Hounds, though the Hound-bitch had only access to one of the three dogs." This, it must be admitted, is a very bold assertion, and in most opinions will not be entitled (as a fact) to a general acceptation.

The most candid and probable state of the case seems precisely this, that although nature, in her outlines, has furnished the canine race with powerful instinctive properties, by which their propensities, their pleasures, their dislikes and attachments may be disclosed, and notwithstanding their olfactory sensations are extended very far beyond the same power in the human species, yet it is well known, much depends upon the means, mode, and manner of education; a suggestion fully confirmed a few years since with a quadruped of a different description, by the game-keeper of a certain Baronet in the neighbourhood of Odiham, in Hampshire; who absolutely brought a full-grown pig to hunt the stubbles, quarter his ground, and point the birds in so high a style of excellence, as to obtain a considerable emolument by repeated displays of his ingenuity, patience, and perseverance.

Although the Setting-dog is in general used merely for the purpose of taking partridges with the draw-net, yet they are sometimes brought into occasional use with the gun, and are equally applicable to that appropriation; except in turnips, French wheat, standing clover, ling, furze, or other covert where their sudden drop and point may not be so readily observed. They may be brought into the field about the same age as the Pointer, and broke by the same means (which see); but as there may be some not perfectly satisfied with so concise a description, it may not be thought inapplicable to introduce, from a new edition of an old sporting work, the following more explicit instructions, without the most trifling animadversion upon their contents.

The writer (or compiler) has defined a Setter to be "a dog trained up to the setting of partridges, &c., from a whelp, till he comes to perfection. That one must be pitched upon that has a perfect and good scent, and is naturally addicted to the hunting of fowl, and this dog may be either a land-Spaniel, Water-Spaniel, or a Mongrel, between both, or indeed shallow-flewed Hound, Tumbler, Lurcher, or small Bastard-Mastiff, but none is better than the Land-Spaniel; he should be of a good nimble size, rather small than thick, and of a courageous mettle, which though not to be discerned, being very young, yet it may be very well known in a right breed, strong, lusty, and nimble rangers, of active feet, wanton tails, and busy nostrils."

"The choice of such a dog having been made, his instructions should begin at five months old, or six at the farthest. The first thing to be done is to make him attentive and familiar, and, the better to effect this, he should as much as can be, receive his food only from the hand of the person who is to hunt him; and, when it is necessary he should be corrected, it is better to be done by words than blows. When so far trained as to follow his master only, to

know his frowns from his smiles, and smooth words from those of an opposite description, he should then be taught to couch and lie down close to the ground, first by laying him gently on the ground upon his belly, then crying "lie close," and rewarding, or chastising him as he deserves. In the next place encourage him to advance in that position, but without raising either his body or head; which if he attempts to do, it must be patiently pressed down again till he submits, accompanying the action with an emphatic injunction, till, by a repetition, he becomes perfect in those lessons, and stands in need of no farther instructions in this part of the initiation.

"This done, he must be taught to lead in a string or line by the side, without being impatient and refractory, or straining his collar; after he is accustomed to which, he may be taken into the field, and have permission to range, but from the first moment must be kept in a strict obedience to command; that which may be the better and more lastingly inculcated a fault must never be committed, but correction must follow. Whenever he is observed to come upon the scent, or haunt of partridge (which may be known by his greater eagerness, the feathering of his stern and a whimpering tendency to open) he should then be mildly cautioned with "take heed"—"have a care," in such low vibrative tones as are the least likely to disturb the game; but if he, from impatient impetuosity, should either rush in, open to a bark, or spring the birds so that they escape, then he ought to undergo severe correction, to prevent the less likelihood of frequent repetition. When again thrown off it should be where there is a great probability of falling in with a covey, if he then recollects his former error and remains staunch, so that the birds are caught, he must be made conscious of his improvement by proportional encouragement."

In a publication of more recent date are the following remarks upon the same subject, where the writer judiciously observes—"That the Setting-dog has more continual and intimate relations with man, than almost any other of the species; he hunts within his view, and almost under his hand; his master affords him pleasure, for the pleasure is mutual when the game is in the net; which being shewn to the dog, he is caressed if he has done right, corrected if he has done wrong; his joy in the first instance, or his remorse in the latter, are equally apparent, and in this mutual gratification is formed the very basis of reciprocal affection. When the Setting-dog is yet young, but rendered docile by the application of the whip, he attends only to the voice of his master, and implicitly follows his injunctions conveyed by signs and signals; but as he is guided in the business he is pursuing, by a more acute and certain sensation than man can be, when age has given him sufficient experience, he does not always observe the same obedience, notwithstanding the habit he has acquired from inculcation. For example, if a partridge is wounded or winged, and continues to run, an old experienced dog coming upon the scent, becomes instantly disposed to pursue it; nor will some-

times, the vociferous threats of his master produce any effect; thus then it should seem, he is conscious of rendering ultimate service even in the very act of disobedience, and the caresses which follow his success, serve to convince him he is right in occasionally deviating from the strict line of implicit subjection; by which it appears a prudent practice with intelligent sportsmen to attend most minutely to the initiation and regular breaking of young dogs, but to leave, in general, the persevering efforts of dogs to themselves.'

It has been already observed, that the Setter is in possession of a constitutional timidity, which induces him to dread the severity of correction, and of course to avoid the means of disgrace; fraught with this irritability, their treatment in the field becomes matter of judicious discrimination. Dogs of this description, perpetually alive to the fear of giving offence and incurring bodily punishment, lay claim to every little tender attention as well at home, as in the field; warm, hasty, impetuous sportsmen contribute not unfrequently to their own mortification and disappointment, for many dogs of this disposition corrected in passion, or beat with severity, are so completely overwhelmed with distress, or annihilated by fear, that they almost insensibly sink at the feet, and can be prevailed on to hunt no more, or what is sometimes the case, slink away home without the least chance whatever of being again induced to render farther assistance in the sport of the day. This is a circumstance so frequently occurring, that it evidently displays the absolute necessity for paying proper attention to the temper and disposition of the dog, that the mode of correction may be regulated accordingly.

There are very few young and eager dogs but what will, at times, accidentally break in upon birds, particularly when hunting down the wind; when such slight deviations occur, verbal reproof is preferable to bodily correction, unless he chases the birds when sprung, if which is the case, he should upon his return be moderately chastised with the whip, to prevent, if possible, a repetition of the fault in future. The Setter, once accustomed to partridges, will also drop not only at every species of feathered game, but like the Pointer at hares also, and as may be supposed, it is at first exceedingly difficult to prevent their pursuit of hares, more particularly if they happen to jump up unexpectedly before them, and at some distance from the company, who may then vociferate in vain for their return. This is a fault, from the growing prevalence of which, many are never without great severity broken; and it of course remains a rational doubt, whether it may not be better to take them occasionally to districts where hares are so plenty, that by incessantly seeing them, they may become weary of eternally pursuing them.

Upon a subject so universally known, and now, indeed, so generally followed as the sports of the field, it is rather remarkable, that the appellation of the same race of dogs should be different in various parts of the kingdom; more particularly as it is natural to conclude it one of the last points upon which there could be a diversity of opini-

one. Sporting is carried on by the same rules, and regulated nearly in the same manner, from one extremity of the enlightened world to the other; and, as it is an art (in all its various branches) which has rapidly arrived at a certain degree of perfection, so it has been pursued by amateurs and devotees with greater avidity and enthusiasm, than those arts which display their improvements slowly, and derive their sources from more remote and fortuitous circumstances. It creates no surprise with the observant traveller to hear in Ireland, the Pointer almost invariably called an English Spaniel, as this, with a sportsman of that country, might be considered only a slight deviation from the custom of this; but in the northern counties of England, where the shooting is so good, and the breed of dogs so excellent, it is not without considerable astonishment we hear Pointers distinguished by the name of smooth Spaniels, and Setters by the denomination of rough Spaniels. The real Springing-Spaniel is with them termed a Cocker, as the woodcock is there the only bird for which they are brought into use, consequently, but rarely to be seen in those districts; as for instance, in some of the northern country towns, where from thirty to forty brace of Setters and Pointers are kept in good state and proper condition, not one brace of well-bred and well-broke Springing-Spaniels are to be found.

It is somewhat difficult to account for this particular and local misnomer in so general a subject as dogs in sporting use. The English Springing-Spaniel is of the most ancient notoriety; whereas the Pointer (as before observed) seems to have no ascertainable origin whatever, but to have been brought into this country from Spain or Russia, and the breed very materially improved by repeated crosses of in-and-in with the Fox-Hound. The true well-bred Spaniel is described in various books of natural history, which, with the Mastiff, and Bull-dog, are considered the undoubted natives of this country; from whence then has the before-mentioned misapplied term arisen, when the very dog to which the term belongs, at present exists in the highest state of sporting cultivation?

The writer in his excursions had opportunity to observe, there are but very few Spaniels in Ireland, when placed in comparison with the numbers in this country; the reason is obvious, there is but a very slender proportion of covert when compared with our own, nor are there any pheasants to be found in a state of nature, although many experiments of expense and trouble have been made to promote their propagation and preservation; which has, however, never been attended with the desired success, for there is no part of that country where they are found in a natural state as with us. Woodcocks they have in abundance, and these in the early part of the season are found by Setters in the moors; in the more advanced and severe season they take to bushes, sedges, and hedge-rows, which are sometimes beat by boys and peasants provided for the occasion; in addition to which, it may be observed that Setters are by no means bad dogs in covert of this kind, so that there is the less absolute need of Spaniels.

Though the people of Ireland (speaking of the aggregate, the superior classes being every where nearly the same) do not directly accord with us in the denomination of their dogs; yet they have high and well-bred ones of both kinds, and are, in general, fair sportsmen and good shots. Most of their best dogs are broke in to snipes, in common with other birds of the game kind, nor does it ever make them less steady, or more disposed to rake or puzzle as is generally and erroneously supposed. The quails, with which Ireland so plentifully abounds, are much more likely to make them unsteady, as they will seldom rise till closely pressed upon. These little birds afford excellent diversion, and are in such plenty, that they, in a great measure, compensate for the scarcity of partridges so well known to exist in the pastured parts of that country. Quails are very strong on the wing, and so exceedingly rapid in motion, that it requires a very quick sight and steady shot to bring them to the ground. They live in the same manner as partridges, are easily tamed, are frequently caught in nets, and kept in cages for sale; they breed late, and are not fit to kill till late in September, or the beginning of October. Formerly they were known to have been much more common in England than at present, being now but rarely to be seen; in Ireland they are observed to abound most in corn-fields and stubbles, in which is plenty of a particular weed; whether that weed is not natural to this country, or that by the nicer cultivation of our lands it is annually destroyed, is not material, but certain it is these birds are more numerous there than with us.

The sporting gentlemen of Ireland are more partial to Setters than Pointers; and, probably, they are better adapted to that country. Setters, it is presumed, cover more ground than Pointers; are not so liable to be foot-sore, and can bear the changes of weather much better than the latter, which they term the smooth Spaniel. The fields in many parts of Ireland are large, very rugged, and stony: the rains sudden, sharp, severe, and driving, Setters therefore particularly suit the country they go over; to this may be added the grouse-shooting, which is excellent, and it is a universally received opinion there, that this species of dogs only are equal to the fatigues of it. There is an erroneous opinion in circulation, that it is a disadvantage to Setters, they cannot continue to hunt long without water; though it is perfectly well known to the most experienced sportsmen, they can endure heat, thirst, and fatigue as well, if not better than Pointers; they are certainly more difficult to break, and when broke, are most apt to run wild and unsteady if not frequently hunted.

In most parts of the north of England, there appears to a stranger upon an average, ten Setters to one Pointer, though, in most other parts, the Pointer has decidedly a similar preference. There is, undoubtedly, a strong and judiciously improved breed of Pointers, that the thickest heath does not tire, nor the wettest day weaken; but the prevalent opinion being in favour of Setters for grouse-shooting, and wherever hardiness of foot and constitution is required, it is but

reasonable to conclude, they are in some countries justly entitled to the preference. Of the intrinsic and attracting propensity of the setter, Somervile has not been unmindful, who in his "Field Sports", thus beautifully depicts his ability and execution:—

"When autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues,
My Setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
His nose in air erect; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untry'd. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale; quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, aw'd by discipline
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps,
Low-cowering, step by step, at last attains
His proper distance; there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborne
The floating-net unfolded flies; then drops,
And the poor fluttering captives rise in vain.

The Sportsman's Cabinet.]

SPRINGING SPANIEL.

The race of dogs passing under the denomination of Spaniels are of two kinds, one of which is considerably larger than the other, and are known by the appellation of the Springing-Spaniel, as applicable to every kind of game in any country; the smaller is called the Cocker, or Cocking-Spaniel, as being more adapted to covert and woodcock-shooting, to which they are more particularly appropriated, and by nature seem designed. The true English-bred Springing-Spaniel differs but little in figure from the Setter last described, except in size; varying only in a small degree, if any, from a red, yellow, or liver-colour and white, which seems to be the invariable external standard of this breed. They are nearly two-fifths less in height and strength than the Setter; delicately formed, ears long, soft, and pliable, coat waving and silky, eyes and nose red or black, the tail somewhat bushy and pendulous, always in motion when actively employed.

From this description the Cocker differs, having a shorter, more compact form, a rounder head, shorter nose, ears long (and the long-

er the more admired), the limbs short and strong, the coat more inclined to curl than the Springers, is longer, particularly on the tail, which is generally truncated; colour, liver and white, red, red and white, black and white, all liver colour, and not unfrequently black, with tanned legs and muzzle. From the great similitude between some of these Cockers and the small Water-dog, both in figure and disposition, there is little doubt but they may have been originally produced by a cross between the Springing-Spaniel and the latter. Some of the largest and strongest of this description are very common in most parts of Sussex, and are called Sussex Spaniels. The smallest Spaniels passing under the denomination of Cockers, is that peculiar breed in the possession and preservation of the Duke of Marlborough and his friends, these are invariably red and white, with very long ears, short noses, and black eyes; they are excellent and indefatigable, being in great estimation with those sportsmen who can become possessed of the breed. It is upon record how much that unfortunate monarch Charles the First was attached to Spaniels, of which he had always favourites about him; and although they were supposed to be of the small, black, curly sort, which bear his name, they were much more likely to have been of the distinct breed of Cockers, if judgment may be consistently formed from the pictures of Vandyke, in which they are introduced.

The large Springing-Spaniel, and diminutive Cocker, although they vary in size, differ but little in their qualifications, except that the former does not equal the latter in the rapidity of action; nor do they either seem to catch the scent so suddenly, or to enjoy it with the same ecstatic enthusiasm when found. The smaller Spaniel has also the advantage of getting through the low bushy covert with much less difficulty than the larger Spaniel, and in that particular department may probably not tire so soon, whatever may be the length and labour of the day. Spaniels of both descriptions are used as finders in coursing with Greyhounds, and are eagerly indefatigable in their exertions to find and pursue a hare, as they are in search of winged game with the gun. From the time they are thrown off in the field, as a proof of the pleasure they feel in being employed, the tail is in perpetual motion (which is termed feathering), upon the increasing vibration of which, the experienced sportsman well knows when he is getting nearer to the object of attraction. The nearer approaches the game he is in pursuit of, the more energetic he becomes in his endeavours to succeed; tremulative whimpers escape him as a matter of doubt; but the moment that doubt is dispelled, and the game found, his clamorous raptures break forth in full confirmation of the gratification he receives; and this proclamation may be so firmly relied on (though in the midst of the thickest covert), that the happy owner may exultingly boast, he is in possession of at least one faithful domestic who never tells a lie.

It being thus the impulsive principle of this sagacious and industrious animal, to give the most outrageous proof of ecstatic sensation

upon finding, or even coming upon the scent, foot, or haunt of game; so it is his determined disposition never to relax in his perseverance till he has brought it to view. Hence the absolute necessity is inferred, for all young and inexperienced sportsmen who take the field with Spaniels, not to be too tardy in their motions, but to let their agility keep pace with the incessant activity of their canine companions; without which they may expect to cover many a weary mile of ground in want of a successful shot. As it is the unchangeable nature of these dogs to spring, flush, or start all the game before them, and they pursue, without preference, hare, pheasant, partridge, woodcock, snipe, and quail, it becomes the more necessary to hunt them within gun-shot out of covert, and with bells or gingles on their collars within, if it be close or extensive, that they may be prevented from beating too wide, and out of call of the whistle of the dog-whip provided for their correction.

However Spaniels may be occasionally engaged in other sports, they are, in general, considered much more applicable to shooting in covert, than to those pursuits in which the Pointer or Setter are more properly engaged; of which Somervile has furnished us with an emphatic remark in the following lines:—

"But if the shady woods my cares employ,
In quest of feather'd game, my Spaniels beat,
Puzzling th' entangled copse; and from the brake
Push forth the whirring pheasant; high in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing. Soon, from th' uplifted tube,
The mimic thunder bursts, the leaden death
O'ertakes him; and. with many a giddy whirl,
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires."

Pheasant, and cock-shooting, being the sports to which the Spaniel is more particularly appropriate, it becomes directly applicable to introduce the necessary description of both. The former, in its general acceptation, may be considered the most laborious, and the least entertaining, of field-sports, unless, in the plentiful preserves of Norfolk, Suffolk, and some few districts in other counties, where the large tracts of lofty woodlands and corresponding underwood contribute so materially to their annual increase and preservation. This sport is principally pursued with a brace or two of Springing-Spaniels, whose eager tongues, upon the slightest sense of scent, give instant note of earnest preparation. Pointers of high spirit and great strength, hunted with a bell round their necks, are frequently instrumental to good sport and great success; but they must be fast-goers, and once knowing the nature of the business, not too readily disposed to stop; if so, the bird by constant running, will frequently rise in the thickest and highest part of the covert, or at such a distance,

that an open shot will be but seldom obtained, particularly in any country thin of game. Those, however, who wish to preserve well-bred and well-broke Pointers in a state of unsullied excellence, will never accustom them to covert-hunting, but invariably make use of their Spaniels in one of the sports for which they were so evidently intended.

Cock (or woodcock) shooting is of a different and most entertaining description, particularly in these countries where, during the season, a plenty for the sport can be found. The woodcock is a well-known bird of passage, and usually found in a greater or less degree about the third or last week of October in every year. Their autumnal arrival in this country is more or less protracted by the uncertainty of the wind and weather at that particular season; the east and north-east winds (with a foggy heavy atmosphere) bring them over in the greatest plenty. Upon their first arrival, they have the appearance of being nearly exhausted, and drop under the nearest offered protection to the sea-shore; high trees, hedge-rows, small copses, heath, tufts of bushes and brambles, are equally acceptable.

After rest, and such refreshment as the situations where they fall afford, they separate into smaller and smaller flights, till almost singly they explore their way into the countries more inland, and fall in such woods, coverts, copses, or shaws, as are most applicably attracting, or convenient to the distance of their preceding flight; regulating their future proceedings by the accommodation they find, or the nature of the country they are in. No one part of the coast is found to be more remarkable for their arrival in immense flights than another. Wales, Sussex, Norfolk, and to the extreme points of the north of Scotland, are, at different periods, supplied with equal plenty; in all, or either of which, eight or ten brace (immediately after a flight arrives) may sometimes be killed out of one covert in a morning by a single gun.

The smaller breed of Spaniels already mentioned under the denomination of Cockers, are the sort more particularly appropriated to this kind of shooting; although both Pointers and Setters are occasionally brought into use, who make their point upon winding the bird, though, probably, not quite so staunch as to the more confirmed species, of which, in a certain degree, the woodcock (as well as the snipe) seems to partake. The woodcock, when flushed, rises heavily from the ground, and in an open glade of covert is so easily brought down, that even a moderate shot must be ashamed to miss; but when sprung in a lofty oaken, or beechen wood, he is obliged to tower almost perpendicularly above their tops before he can attain sufficient height to take his flight in a horizontal direction: and this kind of vermicular flight he makes with such rapidity (turning and twisting to avoid the trees), that it is almost impossible to seize a moment for even taking aim, with a tolerable probability of success. As partridge-shooting requires an almost systematic silence, so cock-shooting admits of the

reverse; for the greater the noise, the greater the likelihood of success. Well-bred Spaniels immediately quest so soon as they come upon hunt, as well as the moment a cock unexpectedly springs; this is the predominant and distinguishing trait of their utility, as it gives timely notice to every individual of the party, and affords sufficient opportunity for each to be prepared for a shot.

Sportsmen who enter into the true spirit of covert-shooting, and where cocks are plentifully to be found, seldom set out upon an adventure, without being previously provided with a marker excellently qualified for the purpose in which he is engaged. And an assistant of this description becomes the more necessary, as a cock will frequently suffer himself to be found, and shot at, four or five times in the same covert; and when absolutely obliged to leave it, will seem to sink beyond the outer fence, and gliding along a short distance almost close to the ground, will drop in some adjoining, or neighbouring ditch. Woodcocks are seen in this country till about the first, and sometimes the second, week in March; this, however, depends entirely upon the openness or severity of the season; if the winter has been accompanied with long and sharp frosts, they suddenly disappear within a few hours (as by a kind of magical mystery), and none to be found, with sometimes a rare exception of a single disconsolate individual at or near some warm or sheltered spring which has not been frozen. They are fullest in flesh, and most in connection, during the months of December and January to the middle of February, from which time, as the spring-sun gets warmer, they decline in weight and size, to the time of their departure.

Spaniels of both descriptions are brought into a kind of general use and domestic estimation. Their neat and uniform shape, their beautiful coats, their cleanly habits, their insinuating attention, incessant attendance, and faithful obedience, insure them universal favour: but the sportsman feeling a double and superlative interest in their attachment and affection, loves them for their intrinsic merit, bestows the greatest pains and assiduity in training them for the field, and when properly broke, and completely educated, he considers himself amply gratified by their ready services and indefatigable exertions in surmounting every difficulty that occurs in beating the various copses, breaks, covers, ditches, swamps, &c., in the pursuit of game. In addition to which accumulation of perfection, they seem to possess a degree of sagacity, sincerity, patience, fidelity, and gratitude beyond any other of the species. What has constituted much surprise amongst sporting naturalists is the singularity of a well-bred Spaniel's refusing the bones from the table, of any game, he has been during its life so inexpressibly eager in the pursuit of; and equally so it is, if true what has been asserted, "that no sporting dog will flush woodcocks till inured to the scent and trained to the sport, which they then pursue with vehemence and transport, though they hunt pheasants and partridges by instinct." Now, that the dogs should not be fond of the bones of such birds as they are not by

nature disposed to hunt, can excite no admiration; but why they should reject, and not care to eat any part of what is, apparently, their natural game, is not so easily accounted for, particularly since the sense and end of hunting seems to imply, that the chase pursued is to be eaten. Some dogs will not accept the bones, or devour the flesh of the coarse and more rancid water-fowls, and others will not touch the bones of any wild fowls whatever; it should therefore seem, that the Spaniel may be said to possess the disinterested soul of the chase; that he madly pursues the object which cannot be reached by his limited powers, exultingly triumphs at seeing it brought from its aerial height by the instantaneous explosion of the thundering tube, revels while the vibrative motion of departing animation is perceptible, but leaves it untouched to him who may add to his sport the gratification of appetite.

The different races of the canine species are seemingly endowed with appertaining characteristics, and those of this country are generally admitted superior to the production of every other; as in swiftness, the Greyhound; in speed and perseverance, the Fox-Hound; in steadiness and patient exertion, all other Hounds and Beagles; in defensive fortitude, the Terrier; in sagacity, the Setter; in activity, the Spaniel; and in an invincible and vindictive ardour, the Bull-Dog, whose spirit death only can subdue; as has been inhumanly proved (however savage the wretch who could make the trial) to decide a trifling wager at a bull-baiting in the north of England, where an enthusiastic devotee, more merciless than the brute he tormented, cut off the four feet of his dog, having betted his money that the poor, maimed, and suffering animal should, between every additional amputation, attack the bull. The experiment, cruel and horrid beyond description, turned out as predicted, the dog continued to seize the bull with the same ferocity as before he was mutilated. A palpable instance of human depravity, in which man appears little better than a fiend, inflicting the most cruel and unmerited misery upon a faithful dependant, whose innate courage the intenseness of pain could neither soften nor subdue. The superior and inherent qualities above described are certainly not to be equalled in other nations, and it is equally remarkable, as well as notoriously confirmed, that almost every kind of dog produced in Britain degenerates when transported to a different climate, in opposition to every art and endeavour that has, or can be adopted to prevent it.

Of all the different kinds of dogs, there are none possessing a greater proportion of universality, than those which inherit the original blood of the Spaniel, least contaminated by other chance, or injudicious crosses; of which there are now such an infinity, that however they may pass under the general denomination of Spaniels, there are but very few of the pure and unmixed breed to be obtained. Dogs of this kind are, in their domestic services, not to be exceeded; in their attachments they are inviolable; in their attention unwearied; in their supplicating assiduities incessant; and, in their more

anxious, emulative, and exulting office of nocturnal protector of person or property, their zeal and energy has been equally above suspicion, or prostitution. Of their sagacity, fidelity, gratitude, and the wonderful extent of retentive faculties, innumerable instances might be adduced, but such few will suffice as may produce conviction to those who have never had opportunity to witness occurrences seemingly calculated to justify the most obstinate incredulity.

The patient province of conductor to the blind, and the faithful care with which his steps are guided (midst the accumulating vicissitudes of indigence and wretchedness) by a poor, emaciated, and depressed, but contented dependent, through the most remote and obscure lanes, alleys, and passages of the metropolis, daily and hourly meets the eyes of the least inquisitive observer. Few there are who have not seen various objects in this unfortunate predicament, led by their dogs through the most populous streets, as well as the winding passages of different cities and towns, to the spot where such have been individually accustomed to solicit charity from the benevolently disposed; and when at the approach of night, the fate of the day has been decided, the dog as faithfully conducts him to his dreary habitation, and gratefully receives as the reward of his diurnal service, the scanty pittance which wretchedness has to bestow.

The almost incredible avidity, penetration, and expedition with which dogs are known to return to their former homes, from places to which they have been sent, or carried in such a recluse way as not to retain a trace of the road, will ever continue to excite the greatest admiration. That Fox and Stag-Hounds should possess this faculty is readily accounted for by the great scope of country they cover in the course of the chase; as well as the journies they travel from one kennel to another situate in different counties, although they belong to the same pack; but, that dogs of a more domestic description, who have seldom been far from home, should return from distant parts of the kingdom where they have never been before, to the place of their previous residence, is a circumstance not so easily reconciled even to the most ruminative comprehension.

A dog having been given, by a gentleman of Wivenhoe, to the Captain of a collier, he took the dog on board his vessel, and landed with him at Sunderland; but soon after his arrival there the dog was missing, but in a very few days arrived at the residence of his old master in Essex. A still more extraordinary circumstance is upon record, of the late Colonel Hardy, who being sent for express to Bath, was accompanied by a favourite Spaniel-bitch in his chaise, which he never quitted till his arrival there; after remaining there four days, he accidently left his Spaniel behind, and returned to his residence at Springfield, in Essex, with equal expedition; where, in three days after, his faithful and steady adherent arrived also, notwithstanding the distance between that place and Bath is 140 miles, and she had to explore her way through London, to which she had never been

but in her passage to Bath, and then within the confines of a close carriage.

Dr. Beattie, in one of his elegant essays, relates a transaction within his own knowledge, of a gentleman's life being saved (who fell beneath the ice) by his dog going in search of assistance, and almost forcibly dragging a farmer to the scene of anxiety and expectation. Mr. Valliant feelingly describes the loss of a bitch during his travels in Africa; when after repeatedly firing his gun, and every fruitless search for her, he dispatched one of his attendants to return by the way they had proceeded, when she was found at about two leagues distance, seated by the side of a chair and basket, which had dropped unperceived from the waggon; an instance of attentive fidelity, which must have proved fatal to the animal, either from hunger, or beasts of prey, had she not been luckily discovered.

In October, 1800, a young man going into a place of public entertainment at Paris was told, that his dog could not be permitted to enter, and he was accordingly left with the guard at the door. The young man had scarcely entered into the lobby, when his watch was stolen. He returned to the guard, and prayed that his dog might be admitted, as through his means he might be enabled to discover the thief; the dog was permitted to accompany his master, who, by signal, intimated to the animal what he had lost: the dog immediately set out in quest of the *strayed* article, and soon fastened on the thief, whose guilt, upon searching him, soon became apparent. The fellow proved an old offender, six watches were found in his pockets, which being laid before the dog, he most sagaciously selected his master's, took it in his mouth by the string, and bore it in safety to his master.

The well-known docility of the Spaniel is such, that he may be taught to practice, with considerable dexterity, a variety of actions in imitation of his human preceptor; as to open a door fastened by a latch, or to ring a bell when desirous of admission. Faber mentions one belonging to a nobleman of the Medici family, who always attended at his master's table, took from him his plates, and brought him others; carried wine to him in a glass upon a salver, which it held in its mouth without spilling; the same dog would also hold the stirrup in his teeth, while its master was mounting his horse. Mr. Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," mentions his having formerly had a Spaniel, which he gave to the Honourable Mr. Greville, that, beyond the common tricks which dogs trained to fetch and carry exhibit, would bring the bottles of wine from the corner of the room to the table by the neck, with such care as never to break one, and was, in fact, the *boots* of the mess-room. The dancing-dogs, which were originally displayed at Sadler's-Wells, and afterwards in various parts of the kingdom, were most curiously instructed; for, after storming a fort amidst the firing of guns, and the suffocating fumes of gunpowder, a deserter was introduced, who was shot for the offence and carried off as dead by his companions. Another feigned severe

lameness, and shewed symptoms of extreme pain ; when after a variety of well-affected distortions, he gradually recovered, and sported about amidst his canine companions with every possible demonstration of joy.

In 1792 a gentleman, who lived in Vere Street, Clare Market, went with his family to the pit of Drury Lane theatre, at about half-past five in the evening, leaving a small Spaniel of King Charles's breed locked up in the dining-room, to prevent the chance of the dog's being lost in his absence. At eight o'clock the son opened the door, and the dog unperceived waiting his opportunity to pass out at the street-door, immediately made his way to the play-house, and found out his master, though the pit was unusually thronged, and his master seated near the centre. Dogs which are constitutionally active by day, and vigilant by night, if indulged with a life of indolence, and over-fed, become so habitually heavy, and so incessantly slothful, that they seem insensible to every pleasure or pursuit except eating and sleeping ; their sleep, which is little more than a languid mode of existence, is almost perpetual, and accompanied with starts and whimpering barks, indicative of dreams of either pleasure or disquietude.

The whole species are naturally inclined to voracity, but are capable of enduring very long abstinence, of which there are innumerable well-authenticated instances upon record ; in the "Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences," is the recital of a bitch, who having been forgotten in a country-house, lived *forty days* with no other nourishment than the wool of an old mattrass which she had torn to pieces. The following is, perhaps, the most extraordinary fact of this description, that has ever issued from the press :—"In 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's for the reception of His Majesty, a favourite Spaniel-bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome, when of a sudden it was missing, and both calling and whistling proved of no effect. Nine weeks after this (wanting only two days), some glaziers were at work in the cathedral, and distinctly heard some faint sounds amongst the timbers by which the dome was supported ; thinking it might be some unfortunate human being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near to the place from whence the noise came. At the bottom he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was drawn up immediately.

Wretchedly emaciated, and scarce able to stand, the workmen placed it in the church to live or die, as the book of fate might have predicted. This was about ten o'clock in the morning ; some time after the dog was seen endeavouring to cross the street at the top of Ludgate Hill, but its weakness was so great, that, unsupported by a wall, she could not accomplish it. The miserable appearance of the poor, weak, emaciated animal excited the compassion of a lad, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses she was enabled to reach

Fleet Market, and over the two or three narrow crossings its way to Holborn Bridge, and about eight o'clock in the evening she reached her master's house in Red Lion Street, Holborn, and laid herself down upon the steps at the door, having been *ten hours* in her journey from St. Paul's to that place. The condition of the exhausted animal was distressing beyond description, the eyes being so sunk in the head as to be scarce discernible, that the master could scarcely summon spirits to sooth and encourage his old faithful companion, who, when lost, was supposed to weigh *twenty pounds* and now only weighed three pounds fourteen ounces; the first indication it gave of knowing its master, was by wagging her tail when he mentioned her name of Phillis; for a long time it was unable to take food spontaneously, and was kept alive solely by the sustenance received from its mistress, who used to feed it regularly with a tea-spoon.

The first suggestion naturally presenting itself, is the seeming impossibility of the subject's existence for so long a space as nine weeks without food. This was not the case; when lost she was with young, and near the time of bringing forth, this circumstance of parturition certainly took place in the dome of St. Paul's; for, as no vestige of offspring was to be seen at the time of her deliverance, no doubt can be entertained of her having consumed them as food for her own preservation. The skeleton mentioned to have been seen near her at the time of her discovery, was supposed to have been the remains of a less fortunate adventurer, who had been killed (or starved) by a similar misfortune; and what renders the fate of Phillis the more extraordinary is, that what famine and a thousand accidents or vicissitudes could not do, was effected a short time after by the wheels of a coach, which unfortunately went over her body and instantaneously deprived her of existence. This brings to the memory of the writer a similar instance of fatality to one of the most beautiful, well-broke, and best qualified yellow-pied Springing-Spaniels in the kingdom; who being in his possession in the autumn of the year 1780, he then having temporary apartments next door but one to the Westminster lying-in hospital, in Bridge Street, for the convenience of professionally attending the hospital; a fire broke out at the intervening house about eleven at night, which raged so violently as to prevent the chance of more than personal safety; but when he had reached the street with faithful Ranger, his old and often proved sporting friend by his side, and saw the crowd collecting, he, in the then distracted state of his mind, thought the dog would be inevitably lost, and presuming upon the probability of the fire's being extinguished without the destruction of the house, returned with the dog and locked him into the dining-room for safety (encountering, on his return, the flames and broken windows upon the landing-place) having, in a quarter of an hour after, the miserable mortification to see him dashing against the front windows, amidst the flames with which he was surrounded, and from whence he had no mode of extrication.

The following well-authenticated instance of a dog's sagacity, fidelity, and persevering patience is literally extracted from a recent publication of much celebrity:—"In crossing the mountain St. Gothard, near Ariola, the Chevalier Gaspard de Brandenburg and his servant were buried by an Avalanche (his dog, who escaped the heap of snow, did not quit the place where he had lost his master, which was fortunately not far from the convent) the animal howled almost incessantly, ran to the convent frequently, and alternately returned; astonished at his repeated visits, the people of the house on the following morning obeyed his interceding indications and accompanied him to the spot, where, by scratching the snow with his utmost strength and persevering zeal, they were induced to conjecture the cause, and, by speedily removing the snow, the Chevalier and his servant were recovered unhurt, after thirty-six hours' confinement beneath the snow, during which they could distinctly hear the howling of the dog and the conversation of their deliverers. Sensible that to the fondness and sagacity of this creature he owed his life, the gentleman ordered, by his will, that he should be represented on his tomb with his dog; and at Zug, in the church of St. Oswald (where he was buried in 1728), they still shew the monument, and the effigy of this gentleman, with the dog lying at his feet."

That human credulity may be the more largely gratified, it becomes directly in point to introduce some particulars of a dog who would call, in an intelligible manner, for tea, coffee, chocolate, and other articles; and this account was communicated to the Royal Academy of France, by a man of no less importance than the celebrated Leibnitz, who attested that he himself heard him speak; and the French academicians add, that, unless they had received the testimony of so great a man as Leibnitz, they should scarcely have dared to repeat the circumstance. The dog was rather above the middle size, bore the appearance of a cross-bred large Spaniel, and was the property of a Saxon peasant, whose child, a little boy, imagined that he perceived in the dog's voice an indistinct resemblance to certain words, and therefore absolutely undertook the voluntary task of teaching him to speak. To expedite this project, he spared neither time nor pains with his pupil, who was about three years old when this abstruse education commenced; and, at length, he made such a rapid progress in language, as to be able to articulate *thirty* words. It appeared, however, that the scholar was something of a truant, and did not very willingly exert his talents, being rather pressed into service of literature, and it was, of course, necessary that the words should be repeatedly pronounced to him during each lesson, which he, by persevering endeavours, echoed from his preceptor. The fact is admitted to stand as thus stated, and the dog was brought forth near Zeitz, in Saxony.

It is not unworthy of remark, that histories, as well as miscellaneous productions, are more replete with proofs of fidelity in dogs, than of liberality or generosity amongst friends; many of these, however,

may not have been authentic, but merely the effect of a fertile imagination, the effusions of fancy, or a too predominant predilection for the press. Divested, however, of allusions to doubts, it is for the honour of the species certain, that the two most ancient and estimable books now extant (the Scripture and Homer) have given proof of a particular regard and favourable attention to these animals. That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there seemed no palpable reason for taking notice of the dog, excepting the great humanity of the author. Homer's account of Ulysses's dog, Argus, is the most beautiful and pathetic that can be conceived, and an excellent proof of the old bard's benevolent and friendly disposition. Ulysses had left his dog at Ithaca when he embarked for Troy, and found him at his return, after twenty years' absence (which, by the way, is not very unnatural, as instances are not unfrequent of dogs exceeding that age), which is thus described in a versified translation from Homer by Mr. Pope :—

" When wise Ulysses from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his queen unknown ;
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own palace doom'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed,
Forgot of all his own domestic crew ;
The faithful dog alone his rightful master knew !
Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay ;
Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lay :
Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful man,
And longing to behold his ancient lord again,
Him, when he saw—he rose, and crawl'd to meet,
('Twas all he could), and fawned, and kiss'd his feet,
Seiz'd with dumb joy—then falling by his side,
Own'd his returning Lord—look'd up—and died."

Plutarch, in relating how the Athenians were obliged to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, deviates a little from the line of his history to describe the lamentable cries and howlings of the poor distressed dogs they left behind ; and particularly mentions one, that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, where he died, and was honoured with a tomb by the Athenians, who gave the name of the *Dog's Grave* to that part of the island where he was buried. This respectful attention to the merits of the species, sufficiently demonstrates in what estimation they were held by the most polite and polished people in the world. A more modern instance of

respect or gratitude to a dog has occurred in the neighbouring kingdom of Denmark, where the chief order (now called the order of the elephant) was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog (called Wild-brat) to one of their kings who had been deserted by his subjects; and who afterwards gave to the order this motto, or to this effect (which still remains,) "Wild-brat was faithful."

To enumerate the aggregate of perfections appertaining to the Spaniel, would be to go into a diffusive and superfluous field of repetition; it must, therefore, suffice to observe, that the general merits of the whole species seem to have formed an accumulation of excellence in this particular race, and that they are, by their domestic admirers, and sporting devotees, considered almost immaculate in possessing every possible virtue, without the contamination of a single vice. In a retrospective demonstration of which, might be adduced from various pens (and of some celebrity), diversified eulogiums upon faithful favourites of every description; from whence is selected the following

EPITAPH

ON A FAVOURITE SPANIEL,

BY THE LATE W. COWPER, ESQ.

"Though once a puppy, and though *Fop* by name,
Here moulders one whose bones some honour claim;
No sycophant, although of Spaniel race;
And though no Hound, a martyr to the chase.
Ye pheasants, rabbits, leverets rejoice,
Your haunts no longer echo to his voice,
This record of his fate, exulting view—
He died worn out with vain pursuit of you.
'Yes,' the indignant shade of *Fop* replies,
'And worn with *vain pursuits*, man also dies.'"

The Sportsman's Cabinet.]

SPORTING SCENES AND COUNTRY CHARACTERS.

THE FOX-HOUND KENNEL.

The judicious management of the kennel is an important matter, connected, as it intimately is, with the successful pursuit of the fox. No pack of hounds, however well bred, can afford that superior diversion in which the thorough-paced follower of the hounds delights,

unless the internal arrangements of the kennel are properly made, and constant care and attention judiciously and skilfully applied. To this department of his business the huntsman should pay especial attention; for, in order to establish permanently his own reputation at all points, it requires no small portion of skill to bring out the pack in the best running condition. Many essential qualities are requisite on the part of the trainer in the racing stables. Many are also needful in the fox-hound kennel. It is, indeed, not an easy affair to be what is termed a good kennel huntsman.

The kennel must be built on an elevated and a perfectly dry situation; and should, if possible, have a clear stream of water running completely through it, so that the hounds can, at all times, be furnished with a good supply of that essential article. This is a very important consideration. The kennel is generally divided into three yards. To each of these a lodging-house is attached. This arrangement is for the purpose of separating the hounds, as occasion requires, in cases of lameness, disease, &c. There is besides, a feeding-house, where, under the eye of the huntsman, the hounds are supplied with food. It is particularly necessary that the lodging-house occupied by the running pack should be rendered perfectly warm, by carrying flues round it, in order that the hounds, after a severe run perhaps through a heavy and wet country, may rest with perfect comfort; otherwise their physical powers will be so injured, by exposure to the inclemencies of the weather, as to render them anything but a complete and effective pack. Cleanliness, too, is an important object; and in this respect no exertion should be spared with the view of preserving them in health, condition, and vigour, to endure the severe struggle of a long run after an old and courageous fox.

When, under the guidance of the huntsman, the hounds have left the kennel on a hunting morning, the dog-feeder's labours are called into active exercise. Previous to the return of the pack, he should render every part of the kennel as clean, warm, and comfortable as possible. That part of the lodging-house where the hounds sleep, elevated about half yard above the floor, he must spread with clean wheat straw. The dog-feeder, too, whilst the pack is out, has, in addition to his other labours, to prepare their food. For this purpose, one part of the kennel is provided with the necessary apparatus. Large pans are furnished in which horse-flesh is boiled until it separates from the bones. This supply is obtained by the purchase of lame and worn-out horses, which are offered for sale for that purpose—a circumstance which has given rise to the current expression, that such a one "has gone to the dogs." The liquor obtained by this process, after being properly cooled, is mixed warm with oat-meal and portions of the boiled flesh. This, on the return of the pack, is poured into long troughs to be eaten by the hounds. The huntsman should then be in attendance. After the food has been thus prepared, he enters the kennel, whip in hand; and he should possess so perfect a command over all the hounds, that

not one of the pack should dare to move unless at his bidding. By strict attention to this part of his business, he becomes more thoroughly acquainted with the hounds, and they with him, and possesses over them, on all occasions, more control; for it invariably happens that all dumb animals are more obedient, and become more attached to those persons who supply them with food. Well, then; there they are upon the platform, with ears and eyes all attention, eager for the repast, but fearful of moving until called upon. How necessary it is that the huntsman should have full command over the whole lot, will be apparent,—for if it were not so, many of the hounds would have no chance of feeding. The huntsman, therefore, on the first onset, calls the weak and thin hounds, and the bad feeders, in order that they may first get a supply of food. After the hounds of this description have been thus drawn, and have obtained what is needful, they are ordered back; and the remainder of the pack are summoned down. They immediately fly to the troughs, which are soon emptied of their contents. They are then shut up for the night. If the weather be warm, a slide formed in the door is opened, which will admit each hound to enter the yard, and, if needful, to get a supply of water: besides, by adopting this plan the lodging-house is not kept too hot. An excellent kennel huntsman—one extremely well known some years ago in the neighbourhood of Doncaster—was the late Dick Lambert, who hunted the hounds of the Duke of Leeds. He was, besides, an excellent manager of the pack when out; a most courageous horseman, fearing nothing; resolute, untiring; and persevering to the last. He possessed, indeed, many of those extraordinary qualities in the chace, which distinguished the celebrated Tom Moody, to whom he bore, in other respects, a remarkably strong resemblance.

Every arrangement should be made, and every attention bestowed to promote the condition of the pack, that they may be enabled to thread the intricacies of the closest covers, to overcome all obstacles, and to endure the burst of a long run. The huntsman who is perfect master of the business of the kennel, and adds to the due performance of those duties the most perfect command over all the pack, as well as skill and perseverance in the cover, and in getting across the country, is the chief contributor to the noble diversion of fox-hunting.

A well bred fox-hound, under proper care and judicious management, is a perfect specimen of spirit, endurance, and untiring resolution. He is beautiful in form, strong and supple in his limbs, and determined in spirit. Nothing daunts him; and he is as *game* an animal as can possibly be imagined. But he requires much attention to make him what he ought to be; for if once the leading hounds of the pack get the upper hand of the huntsman, the diversion will be spoilt, and bitter disappointment will inevitably ensue to the whole field. Of the patient endurance of the fox-hound—not to speak of his spirit and resolution in the

field—an extraordinary instance occurred some years ago at Cawthorne, near Cannon Hall, in the neighbourhood of Barnsley. The name of the hound was Rover. He became much afflicted with the mange, and was hanged at the kennels at Tevydale, near Cawthorne. He was then thrown down an old coal-pit of considerable depth, which appears to have been a common receptacle for dead animals and carrion; but at the end of twelve weeks, he was discovered to be alive, contrary to the expectations of all. Rover was immediately extricated from his perilous situation; and it was found that he had been only half hanged, and had likewise recovered from his disease; and it is a fact, that this very dog hunted with the pack for two years afterwards, and proved himself equal to his competitors in the chace! A portrait of the hound, commemorative of this extraordinary circumstance, is now to be seen at Cannon Hall, the residence of J. Spencer Stanhope, Esq.

In those establishments which contain about sixty couples of hounds, two packs are formed, one consisting of dogs, and the other of bitches. It is generally found that the latter are the more efficient, especially in a close country. They are in all their movements quicker than the dogs; and, from their smaller size, they are enabled to get through the smeuses more readily than the dogs, as well as through the most dense covers. They hunt as truly, and may be considered as fully equal to the dogs in the swiftness and endurance of a long and bursting run. If the manager of the pack adds to his other essential qualities in the field the character of a good kennel huntsman, he has attained the summit of perfection.

CUB HUNTING.

The pleasures of hunting would be wholly destroyed, unless the hounds, in addition to perfection of nose, were rendered masters of their work in every respect, perfectly under command, unerring, swift, resolute, and persevering to the last. In order, therefore, to arrive at that state of perfection which is calculated to give the highest gratification to all the followers in the chace, the practice of cub hunting is a preparatory and needful step. It is, indeed, strictly necessary for the purpose of breaking in young hounds to the pursuit of the fox *alone*, to have recourse, in the first instance, to what is termed *blooding* them,—or, in other words, to let them taste the blood of the cubs.

The young hounds are located within the precincts of the kennels, and as soon as the hunting season has come to a termination, their ears are properly rounded with an instrument made for the purpose to prevent them from being cut or torn with briars and other obstacles in hedge or cover. They are afterwards very frequently taken out by the huntsman, accompanied by the whippers-in, and taught to go steadily in couples. When that has been accomplished in a satisfactory manner, they are permitted to run

without that restraint, in company with the old hounds; but if one of them is unruly, he is instantly coupled to an old and steady hound that drags him forward, and keeps him in subjection. During the summer months, the young hounds should, for the space of several hours at a time, be conducted into a park of deer. This is done for a very particular purpose. Probably a fawn jumps up before their very noses. They are instantly all alert, and desirous of following in pursuit. But if one of the hounds attempts to do this, the huntsman, or one of the whips, rides towards him immediately, and rates him sharply for this fault. This is done for the purpose of breaking them from following either deer or fawn. The necessity of paying strict attention to this is apparent; for instances have frequently occurred when a pack of hounds, losing their fox on the borders of a park, have aroused an outlying deer; and, in spite of all the efforts of huntsman and whips, have killed the unfortunate animal. When a pack is once guilty of this error, it is a long time before they can be wholly restrained from the recurrence of a similar fault. Hence the necessity of preventing the young hounds from even looking at a deer, by adopting the plan here pointed out.

The period of cub hunting commences sooner in the southern than in the northern parts of the country, particularly if the covers join each other and extend to a considerable distance. August is the time very commonly selected for the purpose. In the north, the period is later—generally after the corn crops have been cut,—though in some instances before the harvest has been completed. The hounds are cast into cover very early in the morning, generally at three or four o'clock. The earths are stopped, as during the regular hunting season. No one is acquainted that the pack is coming on a certain appointed day but the earthstopper and the keeper; and the latter is very often deceived as to the precise hour. This rule, however, is not strictly adhered to in all instances, especially when some particular friend or acquaintance—some regular old stager perhaps, whose age precludes him from joining in the regular chace, but who is still partial to the diversion—is invited to witness the efforts of the hounds, and the skill of the huntsman. This early hour, indeed, is selected to prevent the attendance of a number of persons; for, on such occasions, a crowd would be the means of frustrating the necessary tuition of the huntsman.

Cub hunting, however, is not destitute of attractions. It is delightful to see the hounds cast off at that early hour of the morning, when all is freshness and joy around; when the choristers of the woods are in full harmony, and the flowers, shrubs, and trees appear with renovated perfume and beauty. The whips are placed on the outside of the cover to watch the proceedings, and prevent the hound breaking away and injuring the corn, provided it has not been cut. The scent, too, lies better at that early hour,—a circumstance which is all in favour of the young hounds. The cubs are very reluctant to leave the cover, and, when that is the case, they will general-

ly make a double, if pursued, and return to the same spot. But if an old fox be severely pressed, he will not hesitate to break away at once. In other instances—such is the affection which the parents have for their young progeny—the mother, in case of great danger, will seize a young cub in her mouth, and rush away at full speed, in order to seek for a place of safety.

Both the huntsman and the whip, who are all attention and activity, particularly the former, if an old hound challenges, whose tone is well known to them, will ride instantly towards the spot, whilst another whip rushes in the proper direction for the purpose of heading the fox, and driving him back within the wood. But whilst the whips generally are on the alert on the outside of the cover, the huntsman is always busily employed within. He dashes along the beautiful green ridings from point to point, marking every movement of the hounds, particularly the younger ones, encouraging those which are acting correctly, in imitation probably of the old hounds and correcting others which are doing wrong. If a hare springs up before the nose of a young hound, he will dart at her and pursue her. When the huntsman perceives this, he rates him soundly; and the stroke of his heavy and long whip resounds from side to side; or it is as necessary to break a young hound from the pursuit of hare or rabbit, as it is from that of deer or fawn, encouraging them solely to the scent of the fox. Cub hunting, being chiefly confined to the woods, is truly delightful, even to a person on foot, to see the young hounds, assisted by those which outmatch them in age and experience, lay themselves well on after a cub. At one moment they are in full cry here; at another, they rush headlong in another direction—threading, crossing, and re-crossing; while many an echo, awakened by their joyous and exhilarating cry, mingled with the animating voice of the huntsman, makes the blood tingle again in the veins of the hearty old fox-hunter.

The chief object of cub hunting is to train the young hounds for the due performance of their after-duties in a long chace, and nothing contributes so much to the attainment of this object as to let the young hounds taste the blood of the fox; and the unwillingness of the cubs to leave home contributes much to the accomplishment of this Nor, under some circumstances, do the huntsman and whippers-in hesitate, if occasion requires it, to turn the victim into the very mouths of the hounds. Generally, however, with the superior nose and training of the old hounds, the cubs are killed without resorting to any other means than fair play.

As soon as a cub is killed, it is seized by the huntsman, who immediately shouts the "Wo-hoop," which, resounding through the woods, is heard by the whips at a distance, who hasten to afford their assistance. It generally happens, however, that the young hounds are at first much divided, the attention of some having been diverted in one way, and some in another. When this is the case, the dead cub is hung up in a tree, to be out of the reach of the old hounds.

The stragglers are then collected together, an open space of ground is selected, and the cub is cast to the hounds by the huntsman, who contrives, if possible, to let the young hounds have a good share of the spoil, particularly those which are shy and timid; for if hounds, however well bred and perfect at all other points, taste not this essential requisite, they will run riot, and be totally unfit for a day's effectual run in the pursuit of a resolute old fox.

There is often some difficulty in getting young hounds out of a thick cover, after they have been cast into its intricate recesses; for as much difference is found in the temper and intelligence of young hounds as in different individuals of the human species. Some will act with much cunning in pursuing, killing, and feeding upon hares when unnoticed. Others, after having been severely rated for this fault, will, through timidity or sulkiness, secrete themselves among the underwood, and refuse to leave unless by force. Some will hunt well immediately, whilst others will take a much longer time; and it often happens, that those which are the more precocious, turn out, in the end, very inferior hounds; whilst those which do not hunt freely at the first will frequently prove the leaders of the pack.

At the age of six years, hounds begin to lose their speed. They become less agile in all their movements; and, however superior may be their nose in cover, they are defeated by their younger competitors in a long and bursting chace, perhaps over a heavy and broken country.

There are other advantages connected with the practice of drawing the covers at an early hour in the morning; for although the huntsman is previously made aware of every litter of cubs in each cover within the country hunted by his pack, the practice of cub hunting enables him to confirm or contradict the various statements which have been made by the keepers. Thus he can ascertain the number of foxes in store for the sport of the approaching season; where they are most abundant; where they have been destroyed by the keepers; and where, on any particular occasion, which may be fixed upon by the owner or the manager of the pack, there is the greatest chance of a good find and a brilliant run.

THE HUNTSMAN.

To form a complete huntsman, the possession of many good qualities is essential. These qualities can only be acquired by long experience, unwearied attention and perseverance, and by advancing, step by step, through the several duties of third, second, and first whipper-in, to the management of the pack itself. Upon his knowledge and exertions much depends to ensure such sport as will give satisfaction not only to the owner of the hounds, but to the whole field. In giving delight to the master of the pack, he is, at the same time, affording pleasure to his friends: the feeling is reciprocal; and in proportion to the diversion derived from the skill of the huntsman, is the fame of his character spread through the country around.

The huntsman who is perfectly master of his business in every point of view, is an important personage in the pursuit of the fox. He is attired in a red coat, with a black velvet cap. He is booted and spurred, bears a long thonged whip, and carries his horn in a case attached to his saddle-bow, near his knee. He has a good head, and is possessed of good nerve. He has the most perfect knowledge of all important points connected with his vocation. This knowledge, too, must be exercised with judgment. He has the most perfect control over his hounds, and knows each hound as well as each hound knows him. A word—a look is sufficient for them. They are as well acquainted with his voice, as they are with the cry of the leading hound. His horn, whose tone is calculated to reach beyond the power of his lungs, works perfect magic. However thick may be the cover; however strenuous each dog may be whilst hunting, with nose to ground, through fern or bush, brier or thick underwood—each at his own labour, and yet all struggling for the attainment of one object; however they may be cheered onwards by some raw and busy hunter (the hounds at the same time taking no more notice of him than an old hound would do of a squirrel, a weasel, or a rabbit),—when the horn is sounded, they rush in a moment around their well-known master and guide; so closely, indeed, that one would be inclined to think, that the horse upon which he is riding would strike out, and lay some of them prostrate. But not so. All are animated by the same impulse, and work harmoniously together.

Besides the possession of perfect control over the hounds at all times, the huntsman should be civil and obliging to all the sharers in the sport, requesting them mildly to refrain when they are upon the point of doing wrong, and enforcing his purpose in such a manner as will, if possible, meet with the approbation of all. All boisterous passion should be avoided. Nor should he ever assume that high tone and temper, which, however it may suit his own views and feelings, is duly appreciated by those who are calm and cool, and who invariably condemn such proceedings. The huntsman should also be intimately acquainted with the localities, the habits, and the cunning of the fox; the expedients to which he resorts; his stratagems to throw the hounds off the scent; and the course which when hard pressed, he is likely to pursue,—and act accordingly. He should be an excellent rider; and, as he is always well mounted, he must not be stopped by brooks, nor by the highest fences and gates. In order, indeed, to keep well up with the hounds, to cheer them onwards, and to direct the bursting pursuit, he should be enabled to surmount almost every obstacle. The huntsman must know the country, with all the intricacies of each wood; the turns in each cover; the nature of the soil; the situation of large rivers, drains, and bridges; he should have such a knowledge, indeed, as, in addition to his skill in hunting the hounds, will enable him to be always the foremost of the field, taking care, at the same time, that, while

he places full reliance upon the capabilities of the pack, no rash and impetuous rider—whoever he may be—shall interrupt their progress, and thus occasion them to come to a check. A clever huntsman will force a fox out of cover, when a bungler would fail, and mortify every one in the field; but he will also be desirous to give the fox a fair chance, and to see that his hounds have their good qualities brought fairly into play.

The huntsman, whilst drawing the cover, is all attention and alertness. He is awake to each sound: he is vigilant and cautious,—anxious but collected withal; he knows the cry of each hound, and is still, but yet watchful. That is the cry of a young hound;—but if the smallest tone comes from one which he well knows, and which no person else would mark, he flies to the spot. Although he knows each hound in the pack, he acts with extreme caution. If one of the old hounds opens, he is all attention and quickness. He is then certain that a fox is at hand, and the sound of his well-known voice brings the whole pack together.

They then

——"Make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

They are all soon well laid on; and although Reynard may have stolen out some time previously, the whole pack is in full cry in a moment. The huntsman knows full well what hounds will lead; for each pack canine, like each pack political, has its own leaders, whether Peelers or Repealers. Then the whole field, cheered by the view-halloo, presents a scene of the highest animation; then comes the tremendous burst, and the test of nerve, resolution, and courage.

The fox is, unfortunately, sometimes headed by strangers, many of whom, though not participators in the run, will halloo when they see him approach, by which he is immediately turned aside, when, most probably, the hounds are at fault; for instead of turning at the very spot where the fox was diverted from his course, they rush past to a considerable distance, and are thus thrown out. This should be carefully avoided. In the neighbourhood of towns, where pedestrians assemble to see the chace, they should keep together, and make no noise. When the fox is mobbed, it is enough to vex the huntsman, especially if headed whilst attempting to break cover. During the progress of the chace, the increasing exertions of the huntsman are called into full exercise, for much depends upon him in carrying out the run to a successful termination. When a check unavoidably occurs, he is often, from his great experience and skill in the management of the hounds, and his knowledge of the habits of the fox, enabled to lay them on again, and to renew the pursuit with undiminished alacrity and resolution. He becomes more at his own ease as the length of the run increases; for the field then becomes more select; the inferior horses, having had enough, are compelled to stop; and the parties up with the hounds are of the right sort, and require not a word to be said to them in the way of caution and direction.

The huntsman, thus carrying the chace well through at all points—from cover to cover; over every variety of soil and of fence; from one haunt of the fox to another; through wood, plantation, and coppice; over plains and meadows, fallow fields and commons—ends his hardy labours with the "Wo-hoop!" which is answered by the whips, who are generally close at hand, until the air rings again with the death cry, repeated by those who have not been able to reach the spot when the hounds ran in to their fox. The huntsman then cuts off the brush, the pads, and the nose, and sometimes the ears, which are shared as trophies of the day. He returns with the pack, by the nearest route, to the kennel, where, during his absence, everything has been carefully prepared for the reception of the hounds.

The greatest trial of the abilities of the huntsman, is a bad scent. All his exertions are then required, and must be brought into full play. The abilities of a skilful man will be then crowned with success, whilst an indifferent huntsman would totally fail, and disappoint the whole field. If the scent lies well, he has comparatively little to do; for the hounds will then work best by themselves, without being spoken to; and when they find, they will rush away at a tremendous rate. Some gentlemen hunt their own hounds, and do away with the post of the huntsman. It is, however, questionable whether they can hunt the hounds so well as a regular huntsman; for the gentleman who hunts his own hounds cannot be so well known to them as the huntsman, unless he performs *all* the duties which pertain to that office; and for this they seldom have the leisure or inclination.—*Sporting Scenes and Country Characters.*

THE PHILOSOPHICAL SPORTSMAN.*

No. VI.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong.

Essay on Criticism.

WHILE a fashionable young man was endeavouring to amuse me the other day, by playing two or three tender airs on the harpsichord, which he accompanied with his voice, I was more agreeably amusing myself in turning over a fold of loose papers, lying in the box from which he had taken out the music and songs before him. The

* Continued from No. XXII. of the *India Sporting Review*.

bundle of papers consisted of manuscript music and old songs, some with, and others without, notes to them. One of these, called "*A Song for those that love hunting*," attracted my notice more particularly, as it appeared to have been long written, the orthography defective, and the hand-writing indifferent.

My musical companion having finished his song, I made enquiries about the manuscripts. "They are old scraps of my late father's," said he. "I have not looked them over yet, but intend to do it soon, and to clear the place. I do not suppose that there is any thing worthy of notice or preservation among them; for my parent was a slave to the chase, and whatever had a relation to it in the song way, he was sure to get; that is, provided it was couched in coarse language, and stuffed with gross ideas."

"A song," returned I, "may be composed in coarse inelegant language, and filled with gross ideas, and yet contain much matter, and convey a pleasure to the mind by that very strength and grossness of the ideas. Such compositions excite attention, and, I think, have their merit. As to slavery, we are slaves if our minds are wholly absorbed by any one particular object, for he whose mind is entirely absorbed in matters of taste, elegance, and refinement, is as equally a slave as he whose mind and affections are wrapped in hounds, and buried in the chase. Every thing ought to have some portion of our attention, that every thing may have its due; but the man who is devoted solely to one particular concern or object, is criminally unjust to all others. The flower which has elegance of symmetry without perfume, must be praised for its simplicity and agreeableness; that which has a variety of varied colours, and some little sweetness, must be admired for its beauty, and praised for its agreeably mild perfume; but the plant that diffuses around it a strong richness of perfume will ever have the most admirers; and those in particular who admire intrinsic qualities above those which have only extrinsic perfection. There is something in high seasoning that gives an edge to the appetite, and renders ordinary things more palatable than better are without it; as insipidity, even in the best of provision for either body or mind, is relished by a few only, while a due portion of attic salt will force the coarse morsel down." "Very well," said he; "pray have the goodness to read the song in your hand, which you seem to admire so much for its seasoning." To this request I gave a ready compliance.

A SONG FOR THOSE THAT LOVE HUNTING.

May I live to grow old, in a neat country town,
Where drinking and hunting may never go down;
May I ever be happy in Bradly and Brett,
John Deal and John Ford, and a true jovial set.

May I live in good fashion, not too rich nor too poor,
Nor tortur'd with care, nor dunn'd at my door,
But ale and good claret, enough and no more.

On a fine spacious plain, with a plenty of game,
Remote from all gentry, and men of ill fame.
With a galloping horse, and a pacing-pad nag,
To chase the fat deer, the hare, and the stag.
May I live in good fashion, &c.

There was Cupper, and Tomboy, old Ruler, and Flutter,
There Roman, brisk Osbis, stout Toper, and Sutter ;
There Jocky and Juno, brisk Lady and Mary,
Whose tongues are agreeing to Countess and Perry.
May I live in good fashion, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, and stout humming liquor,
With tobacco and pipes for to cheer up the vicar,
With a cleanly young girl to serve up my dinner,
Not twenty years old, yet a brisk tempting sinner.
May I live in good fashion &c.

Let pot-hunters starve, and snarers be flamm'd,
Let poachers be cuckolds, and greyhounds be d—d ;
Let death take their horses, and murrain their hogs,
And all to make pottage and meat for our dogs.
May I live in good fashion, &c.

With courage undaunted may I halloo all day,
And when I am gone may the better sort say,
That he drank with discretion, yet ne'er left a drop,
Till he laid himself down, and then slept like a top.
That he liv'd in good fashion, &c.

"Well, now you have read it," said he, "put it in your pocket; you are welcome to it, and as many more of the kind as you may think worth the carriage. They are of no use to me; I love soft music, and delicate smooth language." "But variety," returned I, "is charming. I grant that nothing can be more agreeable than the plaintive songs and soft sweet notes of the ladies; they are like the fanning breezes of the grove or umbrageous walk; but after having been so tenderly entertained, it is reviving to my heart when a hearty old buck of a sportsman breaks out humorously in a sonorous voice, and gives his companions a song similar to the above, which is like the warm vivid rays of the sun; and it is his rays that invigorate and stamp the manly character, and such, no doubt, was your father. I have heard that he loved staunch october, wine, and brandy." "True," said he, "he did, particularly his october; one pint of what he called his own beer would make my head-ache for a week." "A striking indication," returned I, "that your head is weakly." "That is excellent," said he, much delighted with the play on the word. "Your father, as I have heard, did not give

up all his time to pleasurable exercise and joviality, but managed his business so well that he has left you in it, and in tolerable easy circumstances. He was no churl, he not only drank freely himself, and gave as freely to his companions, but he frequently made glad the hearts, and renewed the spirits and vigour of his labours, with a reviving draught of his brown stout; and the man who manages his business properly, sees that his men do their work, and pays them liberally for it, and withal cherishes their hearts occasionally to encourage them in well doing, shall have success in his affairs, he may take his pleasure, and shall never want the means of doing it."

No. VII.

Give me, by tender sympathy, to know
The secret springs of ev'ry suff'rer's woe;
My heart shall share, my ready wish relieve,
And what I want in pow'r, in pity give.

Anon.

POOR JACK THE HUNTSMAN, A PATHETIC TALE.

It has long and frequently been the theme of moral philosophers, that the life of mankind is filled up with vicissitudes, casualties, and uncertainties; that when their minds are elated with the pleasing prospect of near-approaching felicity, eager in their expectation of pleasure and fortunate occurrences, and ready to satiate their minds with joy and gladness, some unforeseen event intervenes, and disappoints all their hopes of pleasure and gratification. The prospect suddenly lours around them, and gloomy thoughts and corroding sensations fall, with a triple force and poignancy, on minds pre-occupied in the anticipation of approaching prosperity and pleasure. It, perhaps, no less frequently occurs, on the contrary, that when we are, with anxiety and dread, looking toward the approach of calamity and sorrow, magnifying troubles and evils, and harrowing up the soul about expedients, the prospect shall as suddenly brighten, the dreaded evil never arrive, and the apprehended sorrow never lay hold on us; thus we surmount difficulties, and get through evils with ease. The man of pleasure rises in the morning, and says we shall have much sport to-day; the chase lies in a country where game abounds, and is pleasant; esteemed and convivial friends are to join in it; the day promises fair; dogs and horses are in fine order. The day, perhaps, proves stormy; the friends expected are detained; the dogs are unfortunate in starting the game, or, if soon started, the scent lies badly, or it takes such unaccountable turns in its progress, that the dogs are often at fault. At the arrival of evening, he finds that the day has proved barren of amusement,

that he has taken no pleasure; he is jaded and dispirited, not so much because he has had no sport, as from having been disappointed of that degree of it which he had promised to himself. But as the pleasures of the sportsman are liable to frequent contingencies, and depend so much on adventitious circumstances, he is not to be disheartened on account of one day's unamusing fatigue.

"Never, at morn, let him presume to say,
That he shall have no pleasant sport that day."

For when amusement is least expected, the most agreeable and delightful may start up; friends drop into the chase, the object of their pursuit takes the line they wish, the dogs follow in spirit without fault, and the day concludes with unwonted gaiety and conviviality.

Whoever makes any nice reflections on the occurrences of his days, will find that they are attended with similar vicissitudes and uncertainties: the philosophical sportsman meets with them as well as others, though, perhaps, not so frequently as younger men, of more active and enterprising pursuits. Some occurrence happens, or some object starts up and affords food for his contemplative mind, at a time and place when he least thinks of it, as will appear at the commencement of the following tale of poor Jack.

Business called me a few miles from home, in May 1804, or 1805, and I was making my entrance on a pleasant green, prettily spotted with neat cottages and garden grounds. The morning was delightful, the sun resplendent; the larks were commencing their morning career, some nearly invisible, chaunting forth their melodious song, scarce audible, in the skies; others were just mounting, pleasing the ear more audibly and harmoniously; when, a little on my right, the voice of a man singing called off my attention from every other object; they were as sweet notes as I ever heard from a man's voice, full, made without constraint, or any attempts at art or embellishment, which gave them more native sweetness than if decorated with studied art. He seemed to be stationary while he sung the following lines:—

Bid care and sorrow keep away;
The tender heart should still be gay;
Serenely o'er it time should roll,
Where no remorse can wound the soul.

Where wrong don't cause the heart to bleed,
Misfortunes such, should never heed;
For troubles past are troubles dead,
No more to raise their horrid head.

Then banish sorrow far away,
Smile as these cheerful days of May;
Jack now is happy, void of care,
And bids adieu to dark despair.

He can't abide a fixed home,
But, like the bee, abroad must roam;
So, farewell, mother; happy be;
You soon again poor Jack shall see.

The voice ceased, and a man made his entrance on the green in the dress of a huntsman, a scarlet coat, well worn, trimmed with green, with a leathern girdle about his middle, and a hunting cap; he was trotting over the road-way, talking to a fine hound which attended all his steps. Something peculiar and eccentric appeared in his manners, which indicated a mind not under the full force and government of reason; yet his whole countenance was mild, open and simple, without a single trait of ill-nature or viciousness. Making over the way towards a pretty garden, he called to the mistress, who was standing in the door-way, and begged a nosegay of her sweet lilies; "take as many as you please, and where you please, poor Jack," was her answer. Poor Jack tuned his voice again, entered the garden, and, while deliberately selecting such flowers as pleased, and fixing a fine branch of the white kind fancifully in his cap, and of the purple in his bosom, he sung the following song, with great simplicity and native sweetness, whilst the old hound at his side appeared to be no less attentive to the song than myself.

The blackbird and linnet are offering their lays,
And the lark in the skies sounds his rapturous praise;
The ploughman is whistling, the lambs frisk and play,
All nature expands in the sweet month of May!

Sweet Spring! thou delight of the gay feather'd train,
Kind parent of plenty, the joy of each swain,
All nature around thee rejoice in thy day,
But Jack, crack-brain'd Jack, does not wish thee to stay.

Golden Summer, so rich, is now close in thy rear;
Come swiftly, so pass, and let Autumn appear;
Sober Autumn, that bends the weak shoots of the vine
With her dark blushing clusters, the fountain of wine.

Haste Autumn, serene, and then house up thy store,
That long tedious days with poor Jack may be o'er,
For Jack in the chase then contentment shall find,
And fatigue to his body bring peace to his mind.

Come, Autumn, and shower thy leaves on the plain,
Bring thy blue misty mornings, and soft-falling rain;
Bid the south-western wind shake the dew-spangled thorn,
And the huntsman shall rouse up the dogs with his horn:

Then the life-drops of Jack with emotion will spring,
When Ranter shall open, and make the woods ring;

To his voice I'll reply, as my heart bounds with joy,
And cry, " Ranter has nos'd him—that's it, my staunch boy."

Fox and dogs break the cover, they fly like the wind,
And Jack, panting Jack, shall come lagging behind ;
But I'll aim to cross on ye, not sparing my breath,
And sometimes, thro' chance, may be in at the death.

Thus Autumn and Winter alone can impart
Those scenes to poor Jack which so gladden his heart ;
Then with horses and hounds he can exercise find,
And at night sound repose, the relief of his mind.

Having finished this song, he put on his cap, with the branch of flowers nodding fantastically on the left side, thanked the woman, and set off on what is called a dog-trot. It was curiously amusing to observe the looks and motions of old Ranter, who seemed to understand poor Jack's words as well as his motions, for when he mentioned him in the song, he gave tongue, and put himself in motion.

" Poor Jack, as he styles himself," said I. to the woman, " is not an unpleasant fellow ; pray who is he, for you seem to know him ?" " Know him ! aye, master, that I do, to be sartan ; why I know'd him in his cradle.—His old father and mother live only on t'other side the green, just out of sight."—" And pray, mistress, what is he called besides Jack." " Why, Jack Sendaway," said she ; " 'tis strange you don't know him, when every body knows him better than any body else, seeing he's been all over the world running after the hounds. Why he was a fine fellow once, man, and the old folks were so proud of him as nothing can be like it ; and well they might, for the matter of that, for he set them up mainly, or they would have been as poor, and no better off, than their neighbours. But I always said as how the longest day will have a night, let folk set up themselves as high as they will ; and so it is com'd to pass—however, I'm sorry for poor Jack, for he was a fine fellow when he went with the great man's hounds ; but I could not bear to see the old man and woman so proud, and set up about it ; why, mayhaps, said I, he may lose his place, and then he may look long enough for sitch another ; and only see how things are turned about ! but I little thought of his running a sort of crazy, though I always thought him a little windmill-headed, as the saying is." Having thanked my informant, I pursued my way, forgetting poor Jack for the time, my mind being engaged in reflections on the speech just made.

Oh! envy ! thought I, thou jaundice of the eye, corroder of minds, parent of foul detraction, and nurse of scandal, how I hate ye ! How oft from thee does fame plume her wings, and scatter her pestiferous breath throughout the world, sowing discord and misery. Horrid, yet wretched monster ! to thee, this goodly scene of nature is a source of anguish and discontent ; thy heart is gloomy,

and thy days no better than those of the toad, that lives on the damp vapours of a dungeon. Thou grudgest the prosperity of thy friends and neighbours, and thou blasphemously arraignest Providence with kindness and partiality, because the industry and attention of others are crowned with success, whilst thou reapest the fruits of thine own malignity, indolence, and neglect. Not so the liberal, candid mind, that joys in the prosperity of individuals, well knowing that it constitutes that of the public; that plenty makes cheapness; and that the poor man without a spot of land is a gainer by their prosperity, and in some degree becomes a sharer of the blessings annexed to good husbandry, timely industry, and attention. And why should man envy the appendages of riches, when he himself may view the sumptuous building, the gay equipage, the rising plantation, and the beautiful garden, with as great content and admiration, perhaps greater, than he who calls himself the proprietor?

From making farther reflections on the cursed effects of envy, and the wretched condition of the envious, I was interrupted by the neat appearance of a garden and cottage at my side; a respectable-looking woman was standing just without the door, looking thoughtfully melancholy, and as though she was hearkening to catch the sounds of poor Jack, which at times re-echoed across the field. That woman, thought I, must be the mother of poor Jack: I stopped, and asked some questions, which gave her to understand that I had seen him on the green, that I had been amused with his manners and appearance, and interested myself in things relative to such singularities. This observation proving grateful to the feelings of a fond mother—"will you please to walk in, Sir," said she, "and rest you? I am able to tell you most things that have happened to poor Jack from his birth to this day." I accepted her invitation, went in, and seated myself without ceremony; and Mrs. Sendaway, seating herself nearly opposite, began her pathetic tale, as shall appear in my next.

No. VIII.

He will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes,
With virtue's kindest looks, his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.

Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination.

MRS. SENDAWAY'S TALE OF POOR JACK.

"Oh! poor Jack!" said Mrs. Sendaway, "he is my child, my unsettled rambling son, the kindest, the mildest, the sweetest-tem

pered, and the best-disposed man on earth. Poor Jack was the first fruit of his fond father's love, the flower of our flock, the pride of our lives, and the darling of our hearts; the picture of health, all gaiety, and manly spirit; yet discretion, truth, and gentleness, guided all his words and actions: but, oh! Sir, what a change! how have I lived to see my poor Jack fallen!—"

All the tender affections and concern of the mother appeared on the countenance of the venerable orator, in their genuine traits, and put a stop to her utterance. "The beginning of an affecting relation, Mrs. Sendaway," said I, "is like the meeting of an old and long absent friend; the mind, in such situations, rushes at once on a multitude of circumstances, and remembrance arouses a tumult of various sensations; it is therefore nothing strange that we are overcome on such occasions; we should, however, remember, that man must submit to every change of circumstances and fortune, whether adverse or prosperous, and should endeavour to do it becomingly, with calmness and firmness of spirit. But man is born to feel for others, and that we are so, does not, perhaps, deserve to be called a weakness in our nature:—the miserable are entitled to compassion, the wretched to our pity, the necessitous and helpless to our assistance. The paternal feelings and affections of a mother will excite emotion—but poor Jack, your son, appears to be happy; his looks are cheerful, void of care and life-consuming passions, and his words and looks lean toward mirth and pleasantry. But you have seen him in a more desirable situation and disposition of mind; the remembrance of what he has been, and the knowledge of what he is, raise in your breast mingled sensations, a kind of melancholy pleasure and sorrow."

"Very true," said Mrs. Sendaway, "and although that remembrance raises a melancholy pleasure, yet I would not forget it for the wealth of nations; it soothes my mind to think on the sprightly willing dutifulness of my dear boy, his ready wit and quickness of observation, and his readiness at learning any thing—what he was taught he remembered, what he heard and saw accidentally was his own, yet never was boy fonder of play. He worked hard and cheerfully with his father, but his daily task over, his mind was bent on some diversion, and none pleased, or seemed to suit his genius so well, as that of hunting. Poor Jack soon after became clever in the dressing and managing of horses, very fond of and kind to dogs, and he was taken notice of and received into gentlemen's families. When but a young man, he was made whipper-in to a great man, where he behaved so well, that on the huntsman getting old, and meeting some hurt, my poor Jack was promoted to his place, and was allowed to be the best huntsman in the county; so civil and obliging to all the sporting gentlemen, careful of offending or doing injury to any one in the chase, so well acquainted with the country round, so kind to the dogs, and clever in hunting and managing them, that every body praised and admired, and every body loved my

dear Jack. The greatest and richest men in the land, even lords and knights, would ride beside my poor child, ask him questions, and follow his advice, and he was growing rich and great, as well as loved and respected. Still he was dutiful to his fond poor parents, and when he was only a whipper-in gave us many a half-crown, bought his dear father a breeding sow, and me some geese, and we had soon pigs in the stye, and a flock of geese grazing on the green: but when our poor boy was raised to be huntsman, he bought us two cows, which crowned all our wishes; we smiled on each other, then looked on our unexpected property, and we said, now we shall live on the fat of the land. Every thing went well with us, all prospered under our care; the sow farrowed thrice in the year, the goslings covered the green in the summer, and our cows gave the richest milk in abundance, and we had such charming health and spirits to enjoy those blessings as created envy in the breast of some of our neighbours, who said, that it could not only rain, but it must pour, on old Jack and his wife.

"What a holiday we used to have at Whitsuntide!—that was the season in which our dear Jack came yearly thirty miles to see us and to bless our eyes with his presence for two or three days; it was a time of mirth and glee, of joy and gladness, to all around—a day of diversion to the whole neighbourhood, to which every one looked with impatience, though some, I fear, were unable to enjoy it when it arrived, through envy. Then the farmers, their sons, tradesmen, and some lively servants, met on the green to play a game at cricket; our Jack was foreman among them, the best player; how neatly and forcibly he struck the ball, how swiftly and gracefully did he run the innings. The banks were lined with spectators, and every one extolling the play of our poor Jack, which our ears heard with unutterable delight, and we saw him with that pleasure no tongue can describe; all cares were then forgotten; though in years, we felt ourselves young again, and were as happy and blithesome as in the days of our courtship.

"The match ended, we repaired to this our little cottage, and our barrel of ale, which my husband yearly prepared for the occasion, was set a running, and my girls handed round the cake and ale to the happy welcome company. In that corner before me sat the kindest, the best of husbands, and the most indulgent of fathers; at the farther end our children, and on each side sat our rich neighbours, who would on that evening honour our poor dwelling with their company; nay, the good curate of the parish, God bless him, condescended one evening to give us his company, unasked, and he was as merry and easy in our cottage as I ever saw a man any where in my life. The song and witty jest went round, and every face about us was covered with cheerfulness and satisfaction. But when our dear Jack tuned his voice, then we were all silent, attentive to his delightful songs of the chase; some praised his voice, others his manner of singing, which was free and full, without hesi-

tation or constraint. 'I hear Mr. Huntsman with pleasure,' said the good curate; 'but I commend his piety towards his worthy parents here before us—that is a commendable virtue indeed; it manifests a good understanding as well as a good disposition; to remember one's parents is the next degree of virtue to that of remembering one's Creator. Amiable manners and abilities always please wherever seen and found, whilst piety commands our esteem. Our peaceable industrious parishioners here, are peculiarly blessed in their offspring; I liken them with the spreading venerable elms at the end of our green; they are shaded and sheltered by their own branches.' These were hours of happiness in which our hearts delighted; we ever loved a day of social innocent amusement and cheerfulness, which has, as I think, preserved us in health, lightened the cares and labours of bringing up a large family, and carried us pleasantly through them. We delighted in the country dance, taught each of our children to figure in them upon occasion; it promoted their growth, gave something of gracefulness to their motions, diffused a cheerful gaiety and sprightliness of manners to all their words and actions. So, after the song and pleasant discourse had gone round, our friends and children stood up for a dance, made up six couple, and most gaily did they trip it about. Old Jack, my dear master, and I, sat looking on with hearts void of every care. The harmony of their voices all in unison, tuning the lively notes; their graceful motions and nimble steps were a feast to our eyes; we looked at them, we looked at each other, till we forgot our age, and the untractableness of our limbs, long used to hard labour; we sprung from our seats at the conclusion of the dance, and set 'The Flowers of Edinburgh;' how swimmingly I tripped it after my manly partner, and he after me, and the dance became doubly alive; every one was pleased and happy to see their hosts so enjoy themselves, and to join, with one consent, in unexpectedly partaking of their amusements; but poor Jack, our dear boy, was in raptures, at beholding his fond father and mother leading down the dance; he took my hand with the tender fondness of a lover; when I tripped and must have fallen, he caught me with the quickness of lightning, and prevented it. Happy days! now past; I remember them with a melancholy pleasure, though I can never more see their return—our fairest goodliest branch is blighted; the praise of every tongue, the admiration of every eye, now roves about like a feather in the wind; our dear child, who rode the finest horse, and governed the chase, now runs every where after it on foot, consuming his life and strength in severe exercise, and at night sleeping on a lock of straw, covered with a horse cloth, known wherever he is by the name of Shanny-headed Jack. Poor dear child! thou art dearer to this heart than in thy days of sprightly blooming health and prosperity."

The feelings of a mother were again working too forcibly to admit of utterance. In the pause, I took occasion to observe, that

poor Jack might, and probably often did, sleep sounder and sweeter on his lock of straw than many do on beds of down; his exercise, though it wears him out fast, yet it is his pleasure, and constitutes, perhaps, all the enjoyment of his days, and will probably preserve him active and healthy till they are very near their end. Look to the bright side—this house is well furnished for a common cottage, the garden before neat and flourishing; those geese and cows I saw on the green perhaps belong to the owners of these premises; and did I not hear poor Jack singing these lines just now?

"Bid care and sorrow keep away;
The tender heart should still be gay;
Serenely o'er it time shall roll,
When no remorse can wound the soul."

"You might," replied Mrs. Sendaway; "poor Jack sung them at the gate; they are his own composing, and he sings them at parting to cheer up my spirits; for if there is any thing gives serious concern to his unsettled mind, it is to see me sorrowful or low in spirits, I therefore do my endeavours to appear calm and cheerfully contented; but a mother must feel." "Very true," said I; "not to feel for the misfortunes of others, particularly those who are near, and ought to be dear to us, is a sure indication of insensibility or ostentatious arrogance: and not to notice and think of those blessings left for our comfort and enjoyment, as forcibly indicates our want of reflection and gratitude."

"I thank you, for the gentle reproof," returned she, "I still am blessed with the enjoyment of many blessings; my cows are well and prosper, my geese numerous, and my garden flourishing; my health good, my spirit not bad, and to crown every other blessing, my husband lives, the best of men lives, in health, contentment, and manly cheerfulness; he is the support of my life and spirits; at his approach my heart revives within me; cheerfulness returns, and fortitude springs up to animate my breast. If you can have patience to hear the conclusion of my tale, my husband may come in to take his dinner, and then you will see a man wise without learning, healthy without physic, good without zeal, humane and kind without ostentation, and a man would be faithful and honest were there no laws in the world. For his dear sake I would be always cheerful, always in health to wait upon him the last moment; and then,"—"Aye, Mrs. Sendaway," said I, interrupting her, "and then you would say, let me follow him to the peaceful mansions of the dead; but then, perhaps, you would feel the general weakness of human nature, which is so great and prevalent in us, that when the friendly stroke is about to dismiss us after those whom we loved, and whose existence constituted our prime happiness and enjoyment in life, we shrink from it, and petition to live on, though deprived of those friends, and have nearly out-lived those senses and faculties which alone can render life tolerable and a blessing. But that fervent expression of your's, declares

the love and esteem you bear towards your husband, and which must have gained you the esteem of many, as well as it has mine. Long may you live together in health, and peaceably enjoy that prosperity which has hitherto contented you; and may you feel at the same time the approaches of that period which arrives to every man, and meet it together in joyful hope and comfortable expectation."

No. IX.

——————When Love direct's her eyes
To pierce where ev'ry passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise ?
Akenside's Odes.

TALE OF POOR JACK CONTINUED.

"What poor Jack has been," said I, to the venerable matron and tender mother, "you have informed me; what he at present is, that I have just now seen. From his appearance, I was convinced of his having been generous and kind, joyous, active, and sprightly, and that he had possessed much sweetness of temper and goodness of heart, in those days when his reason was undisturbed. The opposite periods of our lives, different situations and circumstances, 'tis true, have great influence over our minds, manners, and appearances, and in time produce something like a change in human nature herself; yet there is not an individual existing but retains the prominent features of what he has been, that is, what he is by nature. The man of a full habit of body, though he be reduced to little more than a shadow by affliction, yet, on his recovery, he again approaches to a degree of fullness of habit, whilst the spare thin man, though not half so much reduced and brought down, is seldom seen to arrive at a ruddy lustiness. Similar effects are observable in the constitution and temperament of the mind and passions. The spirited and cheerful may be brought under melancholy and gloominess through unpleasant events or unfortunate circumstances, yet time soon effects a cure for the evil, though not always such a one as might be wished; yet such men will again arrive at something of cheerfulness in their behaviour, and a spiritedness in their conduct.

"But as there is rarely any material change, either in a man's body or mind, but the cause of it may be assigned, you are, probably, able to assign the cause of your son's peculiar manners and unsettled state, which is a matter I wish to learn."

"It was *Love*, Sir; *Love* was the cause of my poor Jack's misfortune; at least such is the general cry of every one. But my husband says it is no such thing. Love, says he, is the most delightful of all passions known to the human breast; it carries a man through all misfortunes, supports him under every care and trouble

in life; supported by love of you, my girl, and my chidren, said he, I have braved winter's cold and summer's heat, and it has made labour pleasant. Love has made the homely meal comfortable, a dinner of herbs sweet and savoury. With contented cheerfulness I dipped the potatoe in a little salt, was thankful for such food, and ate it with a relish, the remembrance of which does my heart good. In health and cheerfulness I arose from the mean repast, and retired to a bed which many would think hard, but on which I slept as soundly as ever Prince slept in a palace. It was love and an honest heart, dame, that caused all my happiness; it is the root whence happiness springs, the link that connects every thing together, and the prop that supports the whole.

"Such are my husband's notions of love; and as I have seldom known him in an error in his opinions, I believe all he says, without daring to call it in question. I must, therefore, say, it was unexpected crosses in love, and the loss of the beloved object, that wounded the feeling kind heart of my Jack, depressed his airy spirits, dried up his blood, and unthroned his sober reason.

"A modest and beautiful, and I must believe a worthy young woman, came to wait on a lady in the neighbourhood: she soon gained the affections of my child. As she was so fond of his company as he of her's, he thought himself sure of possessing an amiable wife in Lydia Waitwell. But modesty, beauty, and a discreet conduct in a woman, gain her more admirers than one. Several young men were endeavouring to form an acquaintance and connexion with Lydia, though, perhaps, without any serious or honourable views. Among her admirers was a shop-keeper, a decent looking young man, in business for himself, comfortably situated, and likely to do well in the world. He had seen and paid Lydia some civilities before my Jack had set eyes upon her. The shop-keeper, however, no sooner found that Jack was paying his addresses and serious courtship to Lydia, and was well received by the fair maiden, than he watched every opportunity of being in her company. Still it was the firm opinion of every one that Lydia greatly preferred the gay huntsman to the sober, attentive shop-keeper; 'Jack is the man, (said they) who will carry her at last, depend on it.'

"It is easily perceived where affections are engaged. My Jack had not a doubt of his Lydia—the natural complacency and joy of her countenance at his approach, and the pleasure she took in his company, left him no room to fear or think her fickle or wavering; he had confidence in the love which, he was convinced, his Lydia bore towards him, and therefore laughed at the attempts of the draper and grocer, and he either did not think it necessary, or forgot, to engage her hand by any solemn promise.

The hunting season commenced, and Jack was ordered, with horses and dogs, to another seat, there to hunt for six weeks or two months. The business of the chase, amusement, and the pleasures of company, engaged so much of his time, that he wrote to his Lydia

but seldom; that is, but seldom for a warm and passionate lover, whom some will say cannot live without scribbling nonsense to the object of his affections daily. But my poor Jack knew nothing of that outside nonsense of love; his passion was real love and esteem; he spoke and wrote like a sincere lover, and one who despised the formality of a passion which should never be assumed.

"My Jack being absent, the shop-keeper had the field to himself. He asked permission of the lady to visit Lydia, declared honourable intentions, and gained leave to see the girl at any time. All her friends and acquaintance warmly advised her to the match, which they considered as advantageous in point of circumstances, very desirable and promising, and begged that she would see and know on which side her bread was buttered. Even her mistress advised her to strike in with the draper, who, she knew, was a sober, careful man, attentive to business, studious to please and oblige his customers, and every way likely to flourish in the world. Others went so far as to assert, that my poor Jack was engaged, or ought to be so, for that there was a woman then pregnant by him. Poor girl! she was closely beset on all sides. Then she did not want for ambition; the shop-keeper's appearance, his connexions, his house and furniture, dazzled her eyes, and wrought on her imagination, so she consented, and was married on the morning of the day my Jack returned to the mansion-house, warm in the expectation of a joyful meeting with his Lydia. Poor girl! I will not accuse her of having done a wrong deed; or if she were to blame, yet let me confess that I might have acted in the same manner in similar circumstances and situation. I might have been persuaded—I might have been tempted. She knew not the strength of my Jack's passion for her; their acquaintance had been of short duration, nor could she foresee the bad consequences resulting from her obeying the advice of her friends, to follow which advice must appear as treading in the steps of prudence.

"The bells were ringing when he entered the parish, and he, thinking that some joyful event had taken place, or that good news had arrived, pushed on to participate in the general joy. His joy, however, was soon dashed, for meeting two or three of the neighbouring farmers, they hallooed out with eagerness, 'Ah, Jack! you have lost your girl; why did you not come a day sooner? the shop-keeper has her—the bells declare it; you must now look out for another, my lad,'—'That will be an amusement to the huntsman,' said the other, 'he loves to start fresh game, for that makes fresh sport.' Thus they, and thus his fellow-servants, talked laughingly of the matter. No one was apprehensive of any serious consequences towards my dear boy on the occasion. Indeed he made light of it; but his heart was wounded, and his spirits drooped, yet he bore up manfully under it, pursued his business, assumed his usual gaiety and mirthfulness, sung his sprightly songs, talked to the horses and dogs, whilst the arrow of love was preying upon and rankling in his

heart. 'Twas all in vain, for though his words were cheerful and pleasant, yet his heart was sad; his healthful face became as pale as death; and when the hunting season concluded, then a depression of spirits, and fixed melancholy sadness, seized the poor love-stricken victim. Then every body knew the cause, and every one pitied and mourned his condition. His generous kind master sent for me, and called in all the doctors round to prescribe for him. But what could a mother, what could doctors do? No one can cure a wounded heart. Fruitless were all my endeavours to cheer his drooping spirits, unavailing all medicine; so the doctors advised a change of air, and thought his old home, with the care and attention of his friends, the most likely means of soothing a mind so uncommonly affected with a melancholy sadness; and we were sent from the mansion, properly attended, and with the good wishes of all its inhabitants.

How changed was the scene in this poor cottage! Poor Jack, so lately the life and light of it, now the most pitiable being on earth. His father and I did our best to amuse him; our concern and sorrow we endeavoured to conceal, and strove to be cheerful and amuse him with our conversation, and though our hearts were heavy, yet, for his sake, we aimed at wit and humour, but gaiety, humour, or mirth, made no impression on him; he regarded it not in the least, either from us or any one else. There was nothing but our visible concern and sorrow, and our being unable to enjoy the meat of which he himself could not partake, but ever excited his attention. At his father's return in the evening from his daily labour, he would brighten up a little, and when his father seemed to enjoy his supper, he would take the morsel ready cut from his plate, and convey it to his own mouth, and say, 'Why should not this be as savoury to me as it would be to my father?'—'Take pains with it, my boy,' his father would reply, 'and you may conquer it; a weak stomach cannot take down food without exertion any more than a weak man can take up a load.' His eating a bit with us, he perceived, gave us more pleasure and satisfaction than what we ate ourselves, and for that reason, he would be picking a bit, sometimes from his father's trencher, sometimes from mine, while the meat before him stood neglected, or was set aside as offensive to his sight. We were often like men without hope—then we flattered ourselves that he was better, and that time, the ablest of physicians, would again raise the drooping spirits, and restore health and cheerfulness to our poor Jack.

In this manner the summer passed over us. Our hopes and fears were governed by the state of our Jack's health and spirits: when he revived, we did the same; if any moment appeared joyous to him, it was doubly so to us; and whenever any thing seemed to amuse and soothe his mind, or was grateful to his appetite, we had recourse to it the next day, but not always with success. 'What a strange unaccountable being is man!' said he one day; 'the same fire that warmed me yesterday, warms me to-day; my clothing remains each

day a defence against the rude attacks of the elements; whilst those things and objects that used to impart to my senses the highest de light and gratification, are now indifferent and disgusting. Meats give me no pleasurable sensations; they impart neither strength, nor spirit, to my system; company, mirth, and music, which used to mount my spirits, have lost their charms—I cannot bear either.'

"Those remarks, Mrs. Sendaway," said I, "shew that at that time your son made just and deep reflections."

"Indeed, Sir," said she, "he did; his mind and imagination were at that time wonderfully busy: all that he lost in his outward appearance, in health and cheerfulness, seemed to be fully compensated in the powers of his mind, which was hourly at work on deep reflections, on things which appeared too high for him; yet he said but little, but whenever he gave utterance to those sentiments and notions that gave employment to his mind, he appeared to be relieved, and was better after it. Though he spoke but seldom, yet he retired frequently to musing, and to his pen and pencil. All those rude figures of men, horses, and dogs, and the writing beneath them, are his own work. When I first saw my dear boy drawing and composing something to apply to those resemblances, I flattered myself that the amusement would calm and settle his mind, and I should again have the happiness of seeing him as well as ever I had. But when I spoke of the matter to our good Curate, he shook his head, and hinted what he seemed to fear that those flights of fancy might end in. He admired the figures, said they manifested genius, and a fine conception; and the composition below them, he said, was wonderful, all things considered: yet still he shook his head, and looked concerned. I perceived what his fears were, and it pained me to the heart. 'Hope the best, Mrs. Sendaway,' said he, 'you will probably have reason to rejoice should what I apprehend occur. To see a wretched melancholy man become eccentric, wandering about in thoughtless mirth and sportive harmless humour, must surely be an agreeable occurrence, though not such a one as we could wish.' A few weeks more verified his apprehensions, and blasted all my former pleasing hopes.

No. X.

Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

Pope's Eloisa.

TALE OF POOR JACK CONTINUED.

Being informed by my venerable orator, that she knew the order in which poor Jack wrote and arranged his drawings and compositions, I begged her to point out to me that order. "Most readily," said she, "will I do it." They breathe the language of

a sad and melancholy heart, 'tis true, and tend to make every one serious and thoughtful who reads them, yet are they very dear to me, and are highly valued on more accounts than one. They are the work of my dear boy, and were placed where you saw them by his own hand. They are precious to my sight, and I cannot prevail with myself to follow the advice which has strenuously been given me by many, to remove them. I feel that I should be a sufferer rather than a gainer by such an act. They may affect others with a kind of serious sadness, far from being agreeable ; but I am mostly serious, if not sad. My reflecting moments are many ; and in those serious moments, the sight and perusal of my Jack's compositions soothe and becalm my breast : they impart a something to my mind which is like food to the body, and tranquillises its agitation, and cheers its languor, by giving it something whereon to operate.

"This is the first drawing of my Jack's. That figure of a melancholy man without hope, seated on the ground, is himself : the dogs looking mournfully upon him are Gaylass, Bluecap, and Fairmaid. The verses beneath them you are better able to read than I to repeat."

"Ye days of cheerful youth, ye hours of glee,
Ye ruddy cheeks, why have ye flown from me ?
Old age was distant, sickness ne'er befel :
Why am I thus ? ye learned doctors tell.
Alas ! 'tis love !—love aim'd his pointed dart,
He pierc'd my breast, he rankles in my heart :
He threw me headlong, left me on my back,
And ev'ry tongue now sighs, 'Alas ! poor Jack !'
See Gaylass weeps, old Bluecap mourns my fate,
And Fairmaid, joyless, eyes my fallen state.
Joyless, indeed !—no hope to cheer the mind,
Sad and forlorn the prospect looks behind.
The cause is hopeless love—the pleasing dart
That warm'd my breast, now sinks my drooping heart.
He pleas'd, he wounded, left me on the rack :
Each eye that sees me weeps, and mourns poor Jack."

"This is his next performance," said Mrs. Sendaway, turning to another piece. "That noble creature is Highover, a famous horse, on which my Jack hunted the pack. You see he is without a rider, and looks as though he was impatient for one to guide him. Those are three sportsmen, looking mournfully on poor Jack, who is seated on the earth, as in the former picture : he is speaking to the youthful sportsmen, and his eye looks a little animated with the subject, which you will find below."

"Ye fearless youths who love the jovial chase,
Ye daring sons of joy, know ye this face ?

That face which lately banish'd ev'ry care,
Now woe-begone, and lock'd in dark despair?
Look not on me—your sports again renew—
Arouse the midnight thief, his steps pursue.
Highover stands, impatient of delay,
Pants for the chase, to lead ye on the way.
Haste, mount the gen'rous fellow, grace his back,
So late the pride and glory of poor Jack.
Turn out the pack—sound, sound the sprightly horn,
Surround the wood, ye youths, at early morn:
Let animating transports yet abound—
Hark! Gaylass opes—the artful game is found.
Staunch Sanguine's voice sonorously ye hear,
And faithful Truman says the fox is near.
There breaks the thief—he flies before the pack:
Good sport attend ye—never mind poor Jack."

"That aged man and woman are designed for my husband and me. I fancy that appears to be a good likeness of my husband in the man"—"and of you," said I, "in the woman. Your son's imagination, I find, was fertile, and much warmed in his days of melancholy. But what says the language of his heart? for it is that which attracts my attention more than any beauty or justness in the delineation of men or beasts."

"Why pine with anxious care for my relief?
Dear honour'd parents, banish all your grief.
That mute concern, the sorrow ye sustain,
Add to my woe, and make your Jack complain.
No keen remorse can prey upon your mind,
Since ye were ever tender, ever kind:
With care ye guided all my days of youth,
My wants sustain'd, and taught me sacred truth.
The sweet remembrance shall your bosoms heal;
But still the parent for the child must feel,
Sigh when it sighs, and as its looks revive,
The parent smiles, and feels his heart alive;
Gay hope comes smiling, transports fill his breast,
And springing joys employ his hours of rest.
Then banish, parents, ev'ry anxious care;
Your mute concern is more than I can bear.
No words, no grief, the wounded heart can cure,
Yet patiently I'll all the smart endure.
Be cheerful then—why should ye sigh for me,
Who wish to be alone in misery?

"This, Sir, is the last of my Jack's pictures, as my neighbours call them. There you behold the cause of all his misfortunes, and our

sorrow and concern. That damsel is drawn to represent his Lydia, whom he has never been heard to accuse of inconstancy, but always attributed what she did to the mildness of her disposition, the goodness of her natural temper, to that pride and vanity common to woman, and to the artful persuasions and base insinuations of those who called themselves her friends and good advisers."

" What pleasing scenes imagination drew,
What airy hopes were dancing in my view,
When, Lydia, your endearments warm'd this breast,
And artless smiles sunk ev'ry doubt to rest.
Becalm'd and tranquillised my sanguine heart,
And bade each fear of Lydia's love depart.
Sure as I breath'd the vital air of life,
So sure I thought thee, Lydia, as my wife.
I saw my lady, affable and mild,
Call in to see my Lydia and her child;
Fondle the urchin with peculiar grace,
And trace poor Jack upon its cherub face;
Then with a gracious condescension sat
Her down by Lydia in familiar chat.
When active sprightly youth poor Jack had fled,
And Father Time had silver'd o'er this head,
I saw myself fix'd in a calm retreat,
A snug small farm supplied us bread and meat;
With thee, dear Lydia, bosom friend and wife,
To soothe the pangs, and ease the cares of life.
I saw young Jack supply his father's place,
The guide of hounds, and leader of the chase.
I climb'd the hill on an old courser's back,
To view the sportsmen and the tattling pack,
Wish'd them good sport, and homeward bent my way,
To pass with thee another happy day.
Such wild vagaries did each hour employ,
Each coming hour then seem'd to teem with joy.
Then, as the lap of nature I survey'd,
In gay delights each object was array'd;
The tow'ring lark, upon its trembling wing,
In notes more sweet and melting seem'd to sing;
Young Sylvia's treble, and old Ranter's bass,
Gave joys unusual to the sportive chase;
Highover seem'd on fairy feet to move,
And fly upon the mighty winds above;
The sun with three-fold lustre seem'd to shine,
And shed a warmth unusually benign;
And ev'ry object pleasant to my view,
When I, poor Jack, believ'd thee, Lydia, true,

Ah ! dearest girl, why did you act your part
With such a kindness as enslav'd my heart ;
Yet gave your hand—Alas ! I must not think !
My soul with horror at the thought must shrink.
But know, dear girl, I freely thee forgive,
And beg thy happiness each day I live.
Too mild thy gentle bosom, to deny
Those arguments pretended friends apply,
A gilded bait, a painted scene they drew,
And spread the tempting colours in thy view.
Gazing thereon, you paus'd, with wav'ring mind,
When pride, that foe of man, your will inclin'd ;
With subtle art the serpent ply'd his wiles,
His specious tales, and damn'd deceitful smiles ;
Allur'd thee on, the Gordian knot to tie,
And robb'd thy breast of true felicity.
So Eve, the mother of the human race,
By art cajol'd, was banish'd from the place
Where joys abounded, and was forced to go
To realms of labour, sickness, pain, and woe.
So thousands weep and mourn when 'tis too late,
And then, impious, lay their ills to fate ;
Look back with horror, sadness, and despair,
And tell the passing winds how happy once they were :
Muse on those things, by gracious Heaven meant
To fill their days with bliss and sweet content."

Having perused and copied the above compositions of poor Jack, I said to his mother, "I have seen instances of an unhappy individual's gaining great strength of mind and imagination while he was labouring under mental distress ; his thoughts and conceptions would sometimes rise far beyond himself, and were just, forcible, and sometimes sublime. What he lost in his corporeal system was gained in the powers of his mind ; which appears to have been the case with your poor Jack. Had your son been gloomy and melancholy in his natural temperament, the first effects of disappointed love would probably have been flightings and disordered reason, and afterwards apathy, incurable melancholy, and wretchedness. But Jack is by nature a jovialist, of much sweetness of temper and goodness of heart, of a sanguine excellent temperament and constitution. Disappointed love, and a wounded heart, sunk his gay spirits, and he became melancholy and wretched in the extreme, yet his constitution carried him through it. Health returned, and with it eccentricity, gaiety, mirth humour, and cheerfulness. Both cases are similar, though opposite in respect to time : the wounds of love arouse the saturnine at first, but leave them wretched ; they depress, when deep, the jovialist, but if he survives them, they leave him apparently more jovial, though, perhaps, less rational."

"What you have said," replied Mrs. Sendaway, "is true, when applied to my son." Poor Jack's health returned gradually in autumn, and as it gained upon him, he became witty, and so smart and quick in his replies, that they sometimes made us to laugh, and then he would relapse again to sighing and seriousness. He frequently sung a love-song with that plaintive sweetness and tenderness of tones, as melted as it were the hearer's soul. His tones seem to give that force and beauty to the song, which no thing but the manner of singing and sweet sounds could give to it. Such relapses he had several times in the course of each day.

"I was delighted at beholding those intervals of happiness, and conceived hope; what the good Curate had said would arise sometimes to chill that hope, but I banished those chilling fears by saying, how oft do fears and surmises end in nothing, or in something directly contrary? I was unwilling to believe that which I apprehended. Poor dear child! he mended in his health; his musical intervals became more frequent; yet he confined himself to the house and garden, till the latter end of October, when the hounds were trailing yonder wood. He was breakfasting with me; he heard the dogs, sprung from his seat, and ran to the hedge; the pack began a full cry, and approached nearer; he saw the fox make over the corner of the green, he gave a halloo, leaped the fence like a greyhound, and I saw my poor Jack no more for ten days, when he came for clean linen; his health appeared firmly established, but his reason unsettled.

"From that day he has followed hounds wherever they go, and will put on no other clothing than the cast suits given him by the huntsman and whipper-in, whose drudgery he delights to assist in. Poor child! he is happy, and I ought to be thankful and content. He is musical as the lark, perhaps as harmless and innocent. He neither laughs himself, nor sets others at it, at the expence of any modest or awkward man. His mirthful pleasantry pleases every one, and he is esteemed by all. If lameness or indisposition prevent his attending the chase, there is more enquiry to know what is become of poor Jack than of any other sportsman. He generally comes once a week for clean and repaired linen: his appearance is pleasant to my sight; it gladdens my heart; his innocent mirth and sweet notes throw a delightful serenity over my mind. Poor Jack is happy; he is respected; he will be provided for; I am thankful, and will not despair."

No. XI.

TALE OF POOR JACK CONCLUDED.

The gate clapped too—a man, breathing health and vigour, made his appearance; his limbs strong and sturdy, a little stiff from age and labour, and his face bronzed over with a manly hue, the effect

of labour, and constantly breathing an open air. "It is my husband," said Mrs. Sendaway. Her countenance declared that she had said the literal truth in asserting, that he was the support of her life and spirits, and that at his approach her heart was wont to revive, for she no sooner saw him coming than her whole countenance became animated, and a placid cheerfulness suffused her every feature.

She met him without the door, and said, "Our dear Jack has been to see you this morning, but could not stop, as there was an operation to be performed on a lame horse; 'and I must haste back,' said he, 'to see that the poor fellow is treated properly.' There is a stranger within, who saw our Jack on the green, and he was so taken with his appearance, and pleased with his music, that he stopped at the gate to make enquiries about him. I have been telling him of all his misfortunes, and he has been reading and writing out all poor Jack's verses, and says we have no cause to be ashamed, either of the verses or of our Jack." "Ashamed of our Jack!" exclaimed honest John—"No! if we were ashamed of Jack, we should have cause to be ashamed of ourselves. God bless and preserve our boy wherever he rambles; and God bless you, Sir," said he, as he came in at the door, "for taking notice of poor Jack, and thinking him worth your enquiry: few young heads are so sound, but they may be disordered by some disappointments in love. No wonder, Sir, that my boy's reason has been shaken by it, since he has one of the most feeling and best hearts ever given to man."

"I understand no fine talk, nor complimenting," continued old Jack. "I am a plain man—will you please to eat a crust with us? I make tolerably good ale, and my dame, here, makes as good bread."

The reader will probably here exclaim, can there be any thing interesting, or worth notice, in the manners or character of a poor old man? or is the soundness of the old fellow's head to make good the cracks and flaws in that of the young one?

Yes—to a mind rightly formed, there is something interesting in an industrious, peaceable, honest old man. He who has contentedly laboured in the cultivation of our general parent; lent his willing hand to keep her goodly face clean, beautiful, and prolific, for fifty years; a man who, in his laborious years, contemplating rationally upon the nature of things, has discovered the moral use and necessity of due subordination, honesty, fidelity, labour and economy, and who has learned unsophisticated common sense; who has brought up a family to respect his just notions and sound moral principles, and to gain an independent subsistence by the exertion of their corporeal faculties and abilities—such a man is worthy of our notice and particular respect. Such there are; yet it must be confessed, that such worthy individuals are thinly sown. I wanted no pressing to take a bit with old John and his dame, who gave me no faint idea of Darby and Joan: they seemed to possess but one mind; his will was her's, her inclination was his. The table was instantly covered with a small clean cloth; bread, cheese, a piece of bacon,

roll of butter, jug of ale, with plates and knives, were arranged in decent order in less than five minutes. How soon is a poor man's board furnished with necessary and wholesome provisions, whilst the table of a great man gives employment to several hands for hours, before it is sufficiently decorated with ornaments and provisions!

The bread was excellent, the bacon well cured, and had been as well dressed, and the butter was equal in sweetness to any ever made on Epping Forest. Having eaten heartily of the solids, I took a draught of the ale. "Master Sendaway," said I—"Old Jack," said he, interrupting me, "if you please."—"I was," said I, "going to observe, that your ale has the three essential qualities of good malt liquor—body, spirit, and smoothness; a draught of this comforts your heart after the labours of the day."

"It does," returned old Jack, "and it not only comforts my heart, but it likewise strengthens me, and keeps me in health and vigour. They say, bread is the staff of life, and I, for myself, say, that good sound ale is the wings of the spirit, the strength and soul of old England. But you may understand that better than I do; what say you to it?"

"I think you are right in your notions of good ale," answered I.

"I thank you," returned old Jack, "for your good opinion of ale. Come, Sir; here is a good peace, and speedily: when that happens, I trust some burthens will be removed from our shoulders; the first, I hope, will be twelve shillings taken off a sack of malt. People will then fill their casks, which of late have sounded as dismally as a passing bell—I do not like the sound of an empty cask, nor, indeed, any sound of hollowness in any thing. 'Tis true, I can and do keep a keg of brown stout, and therefore make no complaint for myself; but it grieves my heart to see, as I sometimes do, my comrades, poor fellows, flat and worn out before the day is: hard labour, and hot weather, require something better than water. But when the twelve shillings I was speaking of shall be taken off a sack of malt, then I shall expect to see the master come into his field with the bottle, and raise the spirits of his drooping labourers, and then, if he has a job pending, and wishes to have it finished that evening, they will freely join to do it; that is, if they are good for any thing, and have either spirit or gratitude in them; but if they possess neither, then are they unworthy of a horn of good ale to moisten their throats."

"I imagine, old Jack," said I, "that you are a good brewer of ale, which is a material concern in malt liquor." "Certainly it is," returned he, "yet it requires but little knowledge or learning to do it well. Pains and attention must be taken to make the best of the malt, to hop and boil it properly. But the most material concern towards the having sound good ale, I think, depends principally upon the management of it after it is brewed; good vessels, and a suitable standing. My buttery lies on the north side, and is a lean-to building. Though the sun goes to it on the longest days, it

never shines in, owing to my little low house and trees; these not only screen off the beams of the sun, but they break the current of air. No winds approach it, to raise any commotion, nor does any great light enter. To this cool and still situation, I think it is owing that my ale keeps so well. My dame will tell you, that her milk keeps as well in it as my ale. That her butter is sweeter than some which is made in large dairies, with long lattice windows, is known to many. On the truth of experience I must aver, that wherever there is a commotion of air in a room, with abundance of light, neither beer, milk, nor bread, will ever keep well, yet some people think that plenty of light and air have a tendency to preserve either of the three; experience, would they have recourse to it, would convince them of their error. Good malt, and a proper situation, however, are not sufficient to ensure good beer; care and attention must be paid. A master though he be exempted from the necessity of hard labour and drudgery, yet is he by no means exempted from thought and care; if he would have a good servant, one that he can trust, he must serve himself in the order and management of things in his affairs, or he will be often vexed and disappointed, if not completely ruined.

"What I have been saying," continued old Jack, "brings to my remembrance an affair which happened twenty years ago. My third boy was weakly, and of slender frame—how it came about I don't know. I wanted a light place for the boy, and should have bound him to a tailor, had my pocket allowed, but that being then too low, I offered him to a private gentleman. 'Is your boy honest,' said he? 'I have endeavoured to make him so,' answered I; 'and should you, Sir, please to take him, I hope you will endeavour to keep him so, by not trusting him too far, which would expose him to temptation. When a servant is much trusted, and has an opportunity of regaling his fellows, if he does it not, then is he hated; if he does it, then it is a misdemeanour, and one misdemeanour naturally leads to more and greater, for when sober reason is disturbed by pilfered liquors, the criminal goes much farther than he might at first have intended. Honest principles will in general preserve a man, but the aged, wise, and prudent, are not always proof against the assaults of temptation, or an inviting opportunity. We are taught to petition daily against such assaults, which I think every master ought to remember, and to remove every temptation from servants and children as much as possible, and, at the same time, to keep a watchful eye over them, and see whether they are faithful and honest in those things wherein they must be trusted."

"The gentleman looked deadly hard at me, when I talked at that rate; he said, however, that he approved of my notions. So he took the boy, and kept him near three years, and then recommended him, by a good character, to a place more suitable to his increased age and strength."

"Very well, old Jack," said I, "you spoke like a sound moralist,

and like what I think you, a man of good understanding; and it would give me pleasure to hear more of your private notions and management of affairs; but I have a little business to transact on the green, and several miles to walk after, and must now take my leave." "I will not detain you," said old Jack; "I love business to lie forward myself, and not have to run after it, as many do, the whole afternoon, and let night overtake them, before they are able to overtake their concerns. However, Sir, pray see the jug empty before you start."

"That I will readily do—Come, here is to poor Jack; may he live to give his worthy father and mother as great satisfaction and pleasure as he ever has done." "My dame will join us in that toast," returned old Jack; "but you must first give her leave to fill it up—Jack has been a dear and good boy to us; he merits a full pot to his name. And now I will tell you of a little frolic I had with my dear boy last winter.

"I much wished to see how he conducted and behaved himself in public, and how he was looked upon and treated by the sportsmen he accompanied; so I borrowed a great coat, one too big by almost half, rubbed my face with some chalk and dirt to disguise my countenance, flapped my hat over, and set off after dark to where the hounds were then lying, with my bags, filled with apples and pears, on my shoulder. At my arrival at the inn, the business of the stable was over. The huntsman, whipper-in, and several foot-sportsmen, were seated jovially round the fire. I sputtered out to the tapster, a pot of beer and a pipe, and sat myself down in the farther corner of the room. No notice was taken; every body took me for a hawker. Poor Jack was all glee, and yet conducted himself with modesty and respect. He frequently rose from his seat, capered and turned about, said something comical, and sat down again for a while.

"I had not been seated long, before a waiter came in, and said, 'Jack, the gentlemen want a song.' My Jack was up and gone in a moment; no hesitation, no fearfulness, no sheepishness. I could hear his sweet pipe at times, and it comforted the heart of old Jack. Nor was it less pleasing to observe in my boy's behaviour the same innocence when with his companions as at my house. No sneering, no biting, ill-natured remarks, came from him, but every thing he said and did was pleasantness, humour, and mildness. It also gave me great satisfaction to find, that he was treated kindly by his companions: no one attempted to rally or put the jest upon him. The greater part of the company, 'tis true, knew my boy's worth and excellent disposition; but that knowledge is not always sufficient to deter men, from putting the jest on one whom they know to be worthy of their esteem. My boy is an amusing companion; his pleasantry banishes serious thoughts, and beguiles the hours imperceptibly. When he sings, every one is silent, attentive, and delighted—tis to this my boy owes his kind treatment.

"Jack returned from the parlour in high spirits; a glass of rich wine, some applause, and the thoughts of his own consequence, in having been requested to entertain those whom he admired as the greatest men on earth, all conspired to set his spirits afloat.

"'Come Jack,' said the company, 'it is our right and privilege to have what comes from our master's table; you must now give us those songs you have been singing for their amusement.' 'That is good doctrine,' answered my boy. 'I have preached the same myself; that is, servants look on it as their right to have what the masters have left, not what they have taken. I have fifty songs left at your service.'—'Well, sing us what you please, Jack,' said they; 'but oblige us with one.'

My boy wanted no more intreating; he sung them several good songs on the chase and other subjects. At last he sung a song, which he learned of me when he was a mere child, and which the company seemed to admire; yet the tune is nothing; but they appeared all attention, as though desirous to collect the sense of it, for my Jack sings a song in such fashion that man may hear every word of the composition, which I take to be the chief excellence of singing.

"When the song was finished, the huntsman turned his eye towards me, and said, 'What say you to that, old gentleman?' I was so taken up with my boy and his singing, that I forgot myself, and answered in my own natural voice.—Jack jumped from his seat and hallooed out, 'That's old dad—I'll swear to his tongue. Lord, father,' said he, 'how glad I am to see you here. But how came you to make yourself strange, and sit behind so long without speaking? you did not use to be shamefaced and sheepish. But you wanted to see how poor Jack is stalled, that's it. Pray come in among us; you find me alive and merry, dear dad;' then he sung

'There's none upon earth are so happy as we.'

He then called the maid, and said I should have a good bed—'You know, my boy,' said I,'that I am no chicken; 'tis my wish to sleep to-night where you do, and as you do.'—'Do as you please for that, dear dad,' said he; 'I can find no fault with my bed maker—

'Poor Jack he sleeps aloft.'

It is soon kicked up, and I sleep as sound as a roach upon it.

"This loft I found was over the horses. Some litter, two or three horse-cloths and a great coat or two, made no contemptible bed. I never slept better in my life. I was up in the morning, at breakfast with my dame by eight o'clock, and at my work by nine, well pleased with the frolic. I had then been an eye-witness to our Jack's manners and behaviour in company, and seen how he was looked upon and treated, and I was well satisfied with both."

Having thanked old Jack for the relation of his frolic, and taken a respectful leave of him and his most excellent partner, I proceeded towards home, making these moral reflections on the way.—Those

who are industrious, with prudent good management, seldom, if ever, want the necessaries of life; in general they are partakers of its convenient enjoyments. Those who labour or exercise, and are temperate, according to the full meaning of the word, that is, temperate in meat and drink, in rest and action, and who govern their passions and appetites with due temperance, never want that health and vigour which are natural to their frame and constitution. Those who are civil and cheerful, humane and gentle, seldom want friends and kind patrons, even when plunged in misfortunes; and though any great calamity or distressing circumstance should bow down the heart of such, yet the gloomy scene soon disperses, the prospect brightens around them, they emerge again, become cheerful and contented, and look forward to their great journey's end with a manly composure and confidence.

Eng. Sport. Mag., for 1808-9.] M.

THE BOMBAY YACHT CLUB.

The Members of the "Bombay Yacht Club" gave their annual Dinner at the Indian Navy Club on Saturday evening last, the Members of the latter having placed their rooms at the disposal of the former for that purpose. Many guests were invited and the dinner was presided over by Mr. Howard in the absence of Captain Lushington, the Commodore of the Yacht Club, who was prevented by other engagements from attending.

The following guests and Members of the Yacht Club composed the party which sat down to dinner—viz.:—Captain Hawkins, I. N., S. Compton, Esq.; W. Howard, Esq.; J. G. Lumsden, Esq., C. S.; Captain Kempthorne, I. N.; Colonel Wylie, C. B.; F. Sims, Esq. C. S.; John Macleod, Esq.; Capt. Hewett, I. N.; R. H. Burn, Esq.; N. W. Oliver, Esq.; A. B. Leech, Esq.; W. Leech, Esq.; G. Rennie, Esq.; Captain Gillett; Dr. Rimington; Captain Rennie, I. N.; J. A. McKenzie, Esq.; T. Edmond, Esq.; J. G. Browne, Esq.,; Captain Kingcombe; F. Cole, Esq.; Captain Ash; P. Jones, Esq., I. N.; J. Stockham, Esq., I. N.; Captain Jenkins, I. N.; W. Crawford, Esq.; Captain Daniell, I. N.; J. A. Keys, Esq., I. N.; Lieutenant Foulerton, I. N.; F. G. Bone, Esq., I. N.; W. B. Tristram, Esq.; Captain Forman; Captain Douglas, 78th Highlanders; W. Strannack, Esq.; and Capt. G. Richardson.

After the cloth was removed, the following Toasts were proposed by the *Chairman*.

The *Queen*.—the *Bombay Yacht Club*, and the *Indian Navy Club*.

In wishing all prosperity and happiness to the Members of the "Indian Navy Club," the Chairman took occasion to notice the

kindness shewn by that body towards the Members of the Yacht Club, to whom they had permitted the use of their rooms on all occasions when accommodation was required for their Meetings, to arrange the Regattas and other matters connected with the Club.

Captain Hawkins returned thanks for the Members of the Indian Navy Club, and proposed the health of the *Commodore of the Yacht Club.*

Mr. Compton gave—*The Indian Navy who so ably supported our Regattas.*

Captain Hawkins responded to Mr Compton's toast and gave—*The Vice Commodore and Stewards of the Bombay Yacht Club.*

Mr. Compton returned thanks for himself and the Steward of the B. Y. C.

The Chairman then gave—*Our Visitors*, and Mr Crawford returned thanks in one of his usual happy speeches.

The Chairman again requested the guests to fill their glasses, and proposed—*The Secretary to the Bombay Yacht Club.*—Mr. Keys returned thanks.

We understand that some excellent speeches were made by the gentlemen who proposed these toasts, each of which was followed by a Song from one of the guests.

Before separating, the health of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, who is one of the warmest supporters of the Yacht Club, was drunk with all the honors.

The party broke up shortly after 11 o'clock, every one having been delighted with the arrangements made for his entertainment. The Club Rooms were splendidly lighted up, and the walls decorated with the flags of all Nations, which had a very pleasing and beautiful effect.—*Bombay Gazette, July 2.*

BREEDING AND TRAINING FOR THE TURF.

BREEDING AND REARING OF RACING-STOCK—TRAINING AND MANAGEMENT OF RACE-HORSES—TRAINING-STABLES—FOOD—WATER, &c.

So much has been written on the breeding and management of racing-stock, that even a bare reference to the systems recommended by the different writers, would almost carry us beyond our limits, without affording any interest to the reader; a few general remarks, therefore, is all we propose to offer.

Although the observation is perfectly just, that in every matter connected with the turf, no foresight or care can prevent its events from being, for the most part, decided by chance, nevertheless, the great prizes annually turned up in this lottery, tempt speculators

to spare neither cost nor trouble to deserve success. These speculators may be classed under the following heads, viz. breeders of racing-stock who do not run horses, and those who do; those who, not being breeders themselves, run horses which they have purchased as yearlings or in training; and lastly, the "motley crew," who having no horses of their own, busy themselves in observing and betting upon the performances of those belonging to others.

At present, we confine ourselves to the breeders, and before proceeding with our subject, venture to express an opinion that the owners of large studs actively engaged on the turf, would find it more to their advantage to breed, than to purchase their horses. It may, we are aware, be retorted on us, that the purchaser is certain of some return for his money, as he gets his colt or filly; while the breeder, after incurring a great expense on the mare, must sometimes be disappointed, by receiving no produce. Against this, we must bear in mind, how frequently the purchaser pays "too dear for his fiddle," and, indeed, as it often turns out, would have been a gainer by losing the purchase money, and sometimes considerably more, by the death of the animal on the first day of its coming into his possession.

It is true, that the same contingency may arise with the breeder who runs his own horses, but by no means to the same extent; for expenses incurred by a breeder in obtaining his racing-stock, cannot for one moment be compared with those of the purchaser, who has to begin with the price of a promising yearling, say from two to five hundred guineas; * or, should he prefer a two-year-old, of fashionable blood, and the winner or second in any of the great Spring two-year-old stakes, he will find himself out of pocket to the extent of from five to fifteen hundred guineas. In fact, nothing but the immense amount of stakes, as we have previously shown, for colts and fillies, can justify such a speculation.

The requisites necessary to render breeding profitable as a "business," are, judgment in selecting, and plenty of money at command to secure mares and stallions of the best blood; paddocks and necessary buildings on a suitable soil; and intelligent and trustworthy grooms to look after the establishment. With all these essentials in proper order, breeding, distinct from racing, cannot fail to pay, on the average, whether the foals are sold off at weaning time, or as yearlings.

The present race of stud-grooms and trainers, form a very different class of men from their predecessors, whom they far excel in point of respectability and intelligence, the result of education and the general diffusion of useful knowledge. Books written by those who have taken practical experience and nature for their guides, have been published for the service of breeders and trainers, who have both read and reflected on their contents. The breeder, taught

* The yearly sales of the late royal stud, of the studs of Mr. Nowell of Underly Hall, Westmoreland, the Earl of Durham, and others of the principal breeders of racing-stock, will be found fully to bear out the above quotations.

by practical knowledge the bad effects of a humid atmosphere, and rank and succulent food, now provides warm sheds, small paddocks on a dry upland soil, and, as we shall presently show, plenty of corn for his young racing stock.

Having fixed on a dry, healthy situation, such as, for instance, the neighbourhood of Downs, and provided every convenience and accommodation for the mares and young stock, together with loose boxes, and a small exercise ground, well secured with a high and impervious fence for the stallions, the breeder's next care is to purchase brood mares and entire horses, particularly the latter, as experience has long confirmed the truth of the supposition, that in breeding a racer in his highest form and excellence, the stallion is of more importance than the mare. On consulting the racing calendar for the last fifty years, it will be seen that the produce of the highest bred and most successful mares by inferior stallions, has turned out comparatively worthless, while all our most celebrated winners have been got by the best entire horses. The breeder must therefore, readily see from this, that it is the worst possible economy to purchase cheap stallions; and he should never grudge paying the difference between the price of a first-rate sire and an inferior one. Above all things, it is essential that both mares and stallions should be free from "constitutional infirmity;" by which term, is understood a tendency to defects in the wind, and of their legs and feet to give way in training.

The most eminent authorities on the sciences of human pathology, have agreed as to hereditableness of certain diseases and defects, such as scrofula, gout, insanity, &c., and guided by their discoveries, able veterinarians, both foreign and British, have maintained that the horse is subject to the same law of nature, and they quote numerous cases in support of this theory. A modern writer on this important subject observes, with equal force and truth, that the Arabians, after having brought their breed of horses to the highest pitch of improvement of which they considered them capable, have preserved their chief perfections, namely, great endurance of fatigue with highly organised matter, and natural soundness of limb, by restricting the use of stallions until approved of by a public inspector of them. Similar precautions are also taken in several European states.

Inattention to this important law of nature, has occasioned many an owner of race-horses large sacrifices of money, by breeding from favourite stallions and mares a progeny incapable of standing the severity of training or which "goes amiss," before making the slightest return. On the other hand, the knowledge of this defect has frequently prevented breeders sending mares to stallions of otherwise good repute; instances of which it would be invidious to quote.

To the defects above mentioned, we mustadd badness of temper, which is a great drawback to a full and safe exercise of the powers of the racer, and which is often found to be hereditary.

In the choice of the brood mare, after the soundness of her constitution, and freedom from the above disqualification have been ascertained, the breeder should direct his attention to shape and substance, selecting an animal with a good roomy frame; what is termed a "fashionable" pedigree is also a requisite, in case her produce is to be brought to market previous to performing in public.

The racing capabilities of both mare and stallion, form an important consideration with the breeder in matching them; his object being to combine the good qualities of both sire and dam in the produce; as for example, should the forte of the mare lay in speed, then a stallion should be selected, remarkable for the stoutness of his running.

The system of breeding in-and-in with race-horses, has occasioned much difference of opinion, and given rise to much discussion among those most interested, and best capable of forming a judgment on the subject. The advocates in its favour, certainly appear to have the best of the argument, as they adduce many instances of its success, against the mere theory of its opponents. Among these instances are Flying Childers, and many of our best racers from his time up to the present day; the case also of George IV.'s favourite mare, Maria, being particularly dwelt on, her produce by Rubens and Soothsayer being worthless, while that by Waterloo and Rainbow, both closely allied to her, proved winners.

We think the following opinion of Mr. Hankey Smith, on this subject, particularly to the point. This intelligent writer, who resided a considerable period among the Arabs, and neglected no opportunity of obtaining information, remarks in his work called "Observations on Breeding for the Turf," that "colts bred in-and-in, show more blood in their heads, are of better form, are fit to start with fewer sweats than others; but when the breed is continued incestuous for three or four crosses, the animal degenerates."

It must be understood, however, that by breeding in-and-in, this writer does not mean breeding from brother and sister, or from a mare with her own sire, but "after the first cross, to return to original blood."

Contrary to the practice pursued with other sorts, blood mares are put to the horse very early in the year, the object being that their produce may be dropped as soon as possible in the commencement of a new year; as according to the modern system of racing, they are obliged to be put "into work" before they are two years old.

It being our intention to avoid any such detail and explanations in this work as might have the effect of rendering it unfit for general perusal, we shall not dwell upon certain points, which may be found in a variety of cheap and useful publications; a selection of which should always be kept for reference in every breeding establishment.

The careful stud-groom will make it a point to pay the utmost personal attention to the comfort and safety of the sires and dams un-

der his charge, leaving no important duty to the mercy of underlings.

According to the necessity enacted by the conditions of most important racing-stakes now annually the subject of competition, thorough-bred stock must be considered in training from the moment they first see the light. Too much care cannot be taken in sheltering the foals from the rain and weather, in warm sheds, constructed with rollers on the sides of the entrances, so as to prevent injury to the timid little animals as they rush in and out by the sides of their dams. These entrances, as well as the walls or hedges of the paddocks, should be free from any projection against which they might hurt themselves in their quick and giddy movements.

As they are required to display at the "starting-post" at two years old, in a form, and with powers, as nearly as possible approaching to maturity, their constitutions must be forced with the most generous nourishment: consequently we find that corn, in large quantities, is given to the young animal, in addition to the milk of the highly fed dam; and as the occasion may require, physic is administered by the careful stud-groom.

Young blood stock cannot be handled too soon, too carefully, or too gently; as their tempers, good or bad, in after life are almost invariably the result of their treatment at this period. We are, however, happy in being able to state, that the present system of breaking colts is conducted with less severity, and therefore, with less danger to the animal, than formerly.

The less green food or carrots are given the better; indeed, the old outcry about "natural food," is now quite at an end, it being generally conceded, that the present racer is an "artificial animal, and best reared and brought to perfection by artificial means."

In describing what we consider should be the situation and the plan of building best suited for training stables, we are fully aware that these matters are but seldom placed at the discretion of trainers. Nevertheless, while such information, founded on the soundest authorities, may in some instances prove available to the fullest extent, it will also serve as a guide for such improvements in any existing establishments as may require them, and that the nature of the building will allow.

The principal points to be attended to in the choice of situation, are vicinity to the training ground, a dry and level foundation, and a southerly frontage; the latter being exceedingly exhilarating and healthy for horses. The building itself should be a centre with wings; the centre to consist of two stories, and to be furnished with a clock on its exterior. Care should be taken that the walls are of a sufficient substance to keep out the heat in summer and the cold in winter.

In the centre are to be placed the apartments for the trainer, or should *he* be so important a personage as to require a separate establishment of his own—of the head training groom. A large

kitchen or common hall should also be provided for the boys; and rooms prepared with cupboards and presses, both furnished with good locks, to contain saddles, bridles, trial jackets and caps, spare clothes, sweaters, trusses, medicines, instruments, &c., besides "the library" of the establishment, which we may define to consist of the trial book, the stud-books, racing calendars, and works on training and the veterinary art.

In addition to these, and in order that it may not be said that these establishments form an exception to the progress of the times in this respect, we would recommend the purchase of many of those cheap and useful works so common at the present day, as a source of improvement and amusement to the stable lads in their idle hours.

In one of these apartments, the weighing machine may be placed; and it is highly necessary, that the strictest method and regularity should be observed in the arrangement of every thing, so that the minutest article may be forthcoming at a moment's notice.

The lower apartments should be amply provided with fire-places of large dimensions, as well for the common purposes of the establishment, as for drying the sweaters, when this cannot be done in the open air, and heating large boilers, so that a constant and plentiful supply of hot water be always at hand for use in the stable.

The sleeping apartments of the boys should be over the wings, so that they may be enabled to hear what is passing underneath, and to summon or afford assistance in the stable, should this, as sometimes happens, be required in the night time.

The interior of the wings should be divided into compartments, each containing four stalls at most (more being attended with inconvenience,) and should be about twelve feet in height, and provided with small openings in the front wall, as close to the ceiling as possible, in order to retain a proper temperature and ventilation at all times. In each compartment there should be two windows, with shutters or blinds outside; and as the exercise boys are in the habit of mounting the horses in the stable, care must be taken that the door-ways are of sufficient size to prevent accidents.

Each stall should be ten feet in length and six in breadth, and the divisions between every two ought to be nearly six feet high; in addition to which, the walls should be surrounded by a wainscoting, extending from the ground to about four feet from its surface.

Care must be taken that the rack and manger are so constructed and placed, and that the fastenings to the latter are of such a length and description, that they may secure the horse beyond the power of injuring himself.

In every stable containing three or four stalls, there should be a bin to contain corn and beans, a hay crib, and racks and pegs for the light exercise saddles, bridle, &c. &c.

The stable floors should be paved with wood, which we are inclined to prefer to either flat paving stones, or bricks, notwithstanding the two latter have always been, and are now in general use. The

"wooden pavement," quite a recent invention, and first laid down in Oxford Street by Mr. David Stead, is in sexagon-shaped pieces, about four inches in depth, with the grain uppermost, and is so fluted as to prevent the horse slipping; while the least possible declivity in each stall and loose box serves to carry off the water.

One or two bails made of ash, which are far safer than chains, should be put up after every stable hour, and at night, so as to shut each horse into his stall.

Most of these remarks apply to the construction of loose boxes; only it should be borne in mind that as the horse is nearly always loose in the latter, greater precaution is rendered necessary, to prevent his getting into mischief, and, therefore, the greatest care should be taken to secure the door, and not to leave any projection which might injure a horse while playing.

If possible, the stables, granary, &c., should be shut in by a high wall, within which, besides a yard for common purposes, a ring of sufficient diameter (150 to 200 feet would be ample,) with a smooth level surface, should be formed, for exercising the horses when necessary, instead of going on the usual training ground. Near this ring should be placed, in a good situation for sun and air, water troughs with covers, provided with locks; live fish also should be constantly kept in the troughs, in order to detect the presence of poison.

It was a saying of the late celebrated Dr. Babbington, that a knowledge of cookery should form no small portion of the acquirements of the physician, for the benefit of the sick; a remark which, to a great extent, applies also to the feeding of horses.

Too much attention cannot be paid by the careful trainer, to the feeding of his horses, both as regards the quality and quantity of the food, and its effect on the condition of the animal.

Few race-horses, when in training, require more than seven pounds of hay during the twenty-four hours; and this should be the hard upland quality, and care should be taken to see that it possesses that fresh and agreeable smell, the sure criterion of its being well made and got in. Hay that is new, or has been heated in the rick, produces looseness, thirst, and other bad effects, and should, therefore, be carefully avoided. Clover hay of good quality is sometimes of benefit to light delicate horses, whose appetites require coaxing.

Oats being the principal food of horses in training, the trainer should pay particular attention to their quality, which should be the very best; he should carefully reject all such as appear light and not sweet, and such as have been subjected to the process of kiln-drying.

Beans, being of a heating and astringent nature, require to be given with caution, and never in too large a quantity. Horses that are good feeders seldom require them except on a journey, when perhaps the corn and hay are of inferior quality; a contingency which

now seldom arises, with a horse travelling to run for any great stake, as sufficient corn is sent in the caravan which conveys him.

Horses of delicate constitutions and of an irritable temperament, are frequently too light of body, their bowels being easily relaxed, especially when alarmed. While the good feeder, or as Mr. Darvill calls him, the "craving" horse, will readily consume his twelve to fifteen quarts of oats during the day, the more weakly animal will only eat about ten, and will be found to derive benefit from beans judiciously administered. These, being chosen of the best quality, should he hulled and split, and about a double handful may be mixed in each feed of corn.

White peas, and even wheat, are sometimes mixed with the corn, to tempt the appetite of bad feeders with variety; but this practice is not by any means approved of by the best authorities we have consulted.

Chaff, cut only from the best hay, may be mixed with the oats of those horses who, feeding too voraciously, do not sufficiently grind their corn. Mr. Darvill recommends this to be done with race-horses only when laying by* in the winter; but as the habit of "bolting" their food must be productive of much injury at all times, we see no objection to its general practice, care being taken to regulate the quantity of hay accordingly.

Bran mashes are generally used in preparing horses for physic; they are also found very beneficial and cooling to horses of a costive and phlethoric habit of body during the winter, and may be given several times a week, mixed with the corn.

All strange messes and drinks formerly so commonly in use in the training stables, and for particulars of which we refer our readers to the works of veterinarians published in the last century and a few in the early part of this, are now entirely exploded, being universally admitted to be as injurious to the horse as they are unnatural.

We now come to green food, which, as the practice of turning out race-horses has been generally discontinued, is now given in the stable. In 1828 we find Mr. Darvill deprecating the practice of turning out either race-horses or hunters*—a doctrine now generally admitted and followed.

* The following is the passage we have alluded to above:—"When race-horses are once taken into training, they should be kept in the stables both summer and winter until they have completed their running. If turned out for three or four months, as hunters usually are, (but which, by the bye, is very injudicious, as I have often known those with large carcasses come up with very bad, and sometimes incurable coughs,) they would doubtless get rid of the staleness arising from the work they have done. Their constitutions would no doubt be much refreshed by the beneficial effects of the pure air and the green food, provided the season were dry, and the paddocks not too large. Their legs and feet would be also much benefited: the former from the gentle exercise they would give themselves in this natural state, and the latter from the soft surface of the ground. Yet these advantages are more than counter-balanced by the mischief which at times results," &c.

The descriptions of green food given to "stale" horses that require "soiling," are vetches, clover grass, tares and lucerne. These should be cut when beginning to blossom, being at that period tender and full of juice; and they should be brought from the field to the stable, perfectly fresh.

The green food may be mixed with hay or not, at the discretion of the trainer, with whom rests also the responsibility of regulating its use, according to the constitution, and the state of body, as arising from work of the horse; particularly watching its effect, and when occasion for physic may arise. In winter, delicate feeders, laying by, may have a few carrots with their corn; but we would not recommend their common use in the stable, as we are aware is sometimes the practice.

The best water for horses, is soft, fresh, and pure rain, river, or pond water, and it is absolutely necessary, to preserve health in the stable, that a constant and ample supply should be on the premises. In order to effect this, when well or spring water is the only water to be obtained, it should be put into troughs, having some clay and chalk at the bottom, and softened before use, by exposure to the sun and air.

Such is the effect a change of water has been known to produce in a horse, that in some instances, even the loss of a great race has been with much show of reason ascribed to this cause alone; and careful trainers have even gone so far as to carry with a horse, on the eve of an important engagement, a supply of the water he has been accustomed to.

After walking exercise in the winter, unless the weather be very mild, the horses should have their water with the chill off.

TRAINING AND MANAGEMENT OF THE RACE-HORSE CONTINUED—CLOTHING —PHYSIC—WALKING EXERCISE—GALLOPING AND SWEATING.

Clothing forms an important article in the economy of the training stable, and is of the greatest utility to the trainer, as by its use in sweating his horses, he is enabled to reduce them to the necessary lightness of body, without running the risk of injuring their legs by very strong gallops, or their constitutions by physic; these latter being the only other means of effecting his object.

The clothing in general use in the racing stable is made of a sort of kersey check, of much finer and lighter quality than that which is used for hunters or other horses. It may be of whatever colour the owner may fancy; and the initials of his name are commonly embroidered on it.

The clothing may be divided into the following parts, viz.:—the sheet, breast-cloth, quarter-cloth, pad-cloth and hood; the latter piece being now, we believe, generally used to throw over the horse's loins after he has been dressed, instead of what was formerly called the fillet cloth.

These different pieces are secured with proper rollers and strings; but as these and other details are now perfectly understood by all first-rate saddlers, it is not necessary to proceed with further details; a few general explanations and remarks is, therefore, all we propose to offer.

The clothes commonly called the sweaters are made of swan's skin, a sort of woollen stuff. They consist of nearly the same pieces as those above-mentioned, and care should be taken that the sheet is of sufficient size to cover the whole body, shoulders and quarters of the horse, and to lap well over beneath his belly; for which purpose Mr. Darvill observes, that the centre part of it should be nearly two yards and a half long. According to the same authority, the breast-cloth or sweater should be made full three yards in length, and three quarters of a yard in breadth.

Judging from the prints of horses sweating, dated the middle of the last century, the hood was not then in use; nor are we aware when this most essential article of clothing was first introduced. Of those used in sweating, when only one hood is required, it should have ears to it; but in the case of more than one being required, the last only should have them, to enable the groom to put them on with greater facility. When the trainer deems it necessary to put additional clothing over the above, he should use old cloths for the purpose, having, of course, first seen that they are in proper repair, and that any necessary alterations have been made.

In the hottest part of summer, lighter clothing, made of serge, linen or calico, may be used both in the stable and at exercise.

A proper supply of rollers, straps, boots, kneecaps, fetters, &c., should always be kept in the stable, in such order and place as to be serviceable at a moment's notice. A list of these, and of all the other articles of saddlery used in the racing stable, can be at all times obtained at the principal saddlers at Newmarket, York, Doncaster and Epsom; and the trainer should make it his business to inquire, from time to time, at these places, as to any inventions and improvements in these matters which may have sprung out of the present advanced state of practical science, so as to avail himself of them if really serviceable.

It is not our purpose, in offering these details and remarks to the reader, to have it for a moment supposed that we are laying down a complete system of training race-horses; as we are perfectly aware that it would require the whole space of one of these volumes to do this fully and efficiently. Feeling that a work of this nature might be considered incomplete were we to pass this subject entirely over, we flatter ourselves that, to the general reader, at least, these chapters may not be found altogether barren of interest as yielding him some little insight into the training and management of the horse in his noblest form—that of the British, and as Dibdin aptly termed him, the "high-mettled racer." Should fuller information be desirable, we would recommend the works of Messrs.

Nicholas Hankey Smith and Darvill, as perhaps the best; both these gentlemen having written, after much practical acquaintance with their subject.

The next point to which we would direct the attention of our reader, is the use of physic in the training stable, not as administered to horses labouring under serious diseases, and which require the services of the veterinary surgeon, but in those cases which come directly into the province of the trainer.

The occasions we refer to, are when at the end of the autumn, and in the spring, the animal has to undergo a regular course of physic, or when in training, the state of his legs or any minor ailment, may require the use of medicine. On the conclusion of the racing season, after being kept for some months on dry and highly nourishing and stimulating food, and constantly in work on the hard soils of the different race-courses and exercising grounds, three or four doses of physic, administered with an interval of about ten days or a fortnight between each dose, will be found necessary to get rid of that worn and feverish state commonly known under the name of staleness, and will at the same time bring the horse's legs, which will almost always then be found swollen and inflamed, to their proper size.

In the spring, too, before the animal is again put in training, a repetition of the same treatment is desirable, in order to carry off the grossness and humours he contracts when soiled. At these periods, it is not necessary that the physic should be of the same strength as that given in training; the preparation for it, however, is the same, that is to say, mashes of bran and oats for two or three days. The precautions and general treatment in use with horses of other descriptions when in physic should be of course adopted with the racer, and are too well known to require more particular mention.

Horses in training are very liable to suffer from injuries in the legs, from blows while exercising, and other causes, and these cases require the utmost attention and skill on the part of the trainer. He must necessarily stop the horse from his work, as rest is indispensable to his cure. But this remedy is sometimes productive of, if possible, worse evils: for should the accident occur not long before the horse has to race, he may put up more flesh while idle than can be trained off again in sufficient time to bring him in proper condition to the post. It is now that the trainer calls in the aid of physic, and by its judicious use, keeps his horse from getting fat in his inside until his leg shall be sufficiently recovered to stand work. This, of course, should be gradual; in fact, too much caution cannot be exercised in this respect, and to prevent any risk from the thoughtlessness or trickiness of boys, the trainer should himself watch his first gallops and sweats, taking care to put one of his best and most steady riders on the horse.

Every training stable should be provided with a medicine-chest,

in which the following drugs, &c., should be kept; and to prevent accidents, as some of them are deadly poisons, the key should never be out of the possession of the trainer.

Aloes, Barbadoes,
Alum,
Arrow root,
Basilicon, yellow,
Camphor,
Castile soap,
Ginger, in powder,
Goulard's extract,
Honey,
Hogs' lard,
Laudanum,
Linseed meal,
Nitre,
Oil of carraway,
Oil, castor,
Oil of cloves,
Oil of olives,
Oil of origanun,
Prepared ammonia,
Resin,
Sal ammoniac,
Spanish flies (also called Cantharides),
Sweet spirits of nitre,
Spirit of turpentine,
Spirit of wine,
Salt, common,
Soft soap,
Tar, Barbadoes,
Tartar, emetic,
Tincture of myrrh,
Treacle,
Venice turpentine,
Vinegar,
Vitriol, blue,
Vitriol, white,
Verdigris,
Wax,
White lead.

Also Apothecary's weights, a measure for fluids, an apparatus for compounding medicines, &c. In addition to these, the following instruments and articles should be kept, viz.:—fleam and blood stick; tooth-rasp, with a guard; seaton and curved needles; abscess lancet; docking machine; firing, searing, and budding irons, casting hobbles, improved ball iron; drencing horn, flannel for fomentations and poultices, woollen and linen bandages, tow, &c.

The exercise necessary to get a horse into proper wind and condition to race, may be thus classified, viz.: walking exercise, galloping exercise, and sweating. The trainer having carefully prepared his horse, by physic, for the work necessary to get him into racing order, commences in the spring (regulating the period according to his engagements) with walking exercise.

But before we proceed to enter further upon this subject, we must observe that no precise rules for exercising the different descriptions of horses can be laid down; and in no one thing is the talent and experience of the trainer made more apparent than in his regulating the work according to the constitution, age, &c., of his horse, and any circumstances that may arise to occasion a departure from the usual practice, with regard to a particular horse.

We have before observed, that the training stables cannot be too close to the downs on which the horses are exercised, as they incur much risk in having to traverse any considerable distance on common roads, to reach the training ground. We would further recommend, as an additional precaution, that before going into the open country, they should be walked round the stable-yard, until their skittishness shall have evaporated, and they shall have become a little steady.

After getting his horse into a little better form, by walking exercise every morning and evening, for from half an hour to two hours, as may appear requisite, the training-groom commences giving them short gallops, increasing their length gradually, as his horse's condition and wind improve; taking care, however, to observe from day to day the manner in which they stand the work, and relaxing or adding to it accordingly. These gallops not only have the effect of preventing a horse from getting on too much flesh, and of improving his wind, but at the same time they teach him to stride, and to be active on his legs.

At exercise, the horses are divided into classes, the arranging of which depends principally on their age, but sometimes on their qualities,—such as stoutness or speed; each class having a horse to lead the gallops or sweats. When the pace is slow, a common hack is good enough for this sort of work; but should it be severe, or should the trainer wish to form some idea of the rate of going of any of his untried horses, then a horse of superior powers, and of known public running, is generally selected.

The length of gallops for different horses, vary from half a mile to a mile and a half; but the distances of three quarters of a mile and a mile and a quarter, are, we believe, most frequent.

The horses being, at length, in a proper state to undergo sweating, this severe exercise is to be given them from time to time. While some horses are so extremely delicate, and have to run such short lengths, that they may be brought to the post without sweating, others require this severe sort of exercise as often as three times a fortnight.

In addition to the important task of regulating the quantity of work according to age, constitution, &c., the trainer must observe the length of ground necessary to make them sweat well, and bear in mind that in the commencement of training, his principal object is to get the flesh off them. But as they are getting forward in their work, and approach the day of public trial on the race-course, it will become necessary to increase the rate of going sufficiently to bring them to stout pace.

The trainer, or in his absence a groom he can trust, having mounted a hack, accompanies the horses about to be sweated, and who are clothed in their sweaters, to the downs, giving on the way such directions and advice to the boys who have to ride, as they may require, more especially to the head lad who has to lead the gallop and regulate the pace. While the horses are taking the gallop, the trainer is occupied in watching their action and rate of going, making lads increase or diminish the latter, as may be necessary, and taking care to be where the horses are pulled up, so as to perceive the effect of the sweat on each horse.

The ground selected for this purpose should be at least two miles, and, if possible, considerably more, in circumference; and a place having on it in some parts one or more gradual ascents and

descents, is preferable to a perfect level. According to Mr. Darvill, the proper length for a yearling to go a sweat is two miles; for a two-year-old, two miles and a half; a three-year-old, three miles or three miles and a half; a four-year-old, four miles or four and a half; while a five or six-year-old, may, at times, sweat five miles. But, as we have before observed, these lengths are frequently altered from circumstances, as the trainer may deem requisite.

After the horses are pulled up, they should be allowed to stand for a minute or two, to recover their wind a little, and, as it is called, blow their noses. They should then be ridden gently to the rubbing-house, or should there not be one on the training-ground, to the stable, where the lads having turned them about in their stalls, dismount, and proceed to loosen their horses' girths, and unbuckle their boots. The next proceeding is to heap on the horses a quantity of additional clothing, which has the effect of immediately and considerably increasing their respiration, and causing them to break out into a violent sweat. This operation occupies from five minutes to a quarter of an hour, during which time, the horses may be refreshed by having their heads wiped and their legs rubbed.

When they are considered to have perspired sufficiently, the cloths are removed, and the boys proceed immediately to scrape the sweat off them, with a wooden scraper, and well rub them down; after which they should be refreshed with a few mouthfuls of lukewarm water, be warmly and drily clothed, and then again walked out until sufficiently cool to be dressed. During their absence from the stable, the stable-doors and windows may be thrown open, the beds set fair, &c.—*History of the British Turf.*

NORTH DEVON.*

CHAP. I.—NORTH DEVON AS IT IS NOT.

It has long seemed to us most marvellous, that the beauties of this remote district have as yet called out the talents of no good artist or poet. Strange that fifty miles of coast, from Minehead, to Tintagel, combining every variety of beauty, from the softest to the most savage—the fauna and flora of which, both by land and sea, are two of the richest in curious and nearly extirpated species which any part of England possesses; inhabited by a race of people peculiarly remarkable, both in physical and intellectual development; rich in legends, romances, and superstitions of every kind, still recent and living in the belief of the inhabitants,—most strange is it that

* Exmoor; or, the Footsteps of St. Hubert in the West. By H. Byng Hall, Esq. London. 1849. Newby.

such a country should still remain dumb, illustrated by nothing better, as far as we have seen, than a few paltry, incorrect lithographs, and sung in no worthier strains than those of Mr. Bamfield's *Ilfracombe Guide*, a very faithful and well-stuffed half-crown's worth no doubt, but of the "hod-carrying" and not the "architectural" kind.

It was, therefore, with hope and pleasure that we saw announced in the publisher's list a book called *Exmoor, or the Footsteps of St. Hubert in the West.* "Now," thought we, "the old country has found a voice at last." Our half-enlightened cockney public, who follow each other, summer after summer, artists and tourists, reading parties and idling parties, like sheep after the belwether, through the accredited gaps, along the accredited trackways, sheltering themselves at night only under the accredited furze-bushes, though there may be hundreds of taller and warmer ones around them, will hear, for once in their lives, of this western garden of the Hesperides, as yet visited by hardly any townsfolk, except the good people of Bristol, who seem to keep it all a secret, as the Phœnicians did their tin islands, for their own private belfoof.

Full of faith, therefore, in the subject, and full of hope for the author, we opened and tried to read, and found, not a mere sporting-book, but, according to our humble judgment, more — a very stupid and vulgar sporting-book.

Now, we do not object to sporting-books in general, least of all to one on Exmoor. No place in England more worthy of one. No place whose beauties and peculiarities are more likely to be thrown into strong relief by being looked at with a sportsman's eye. It is so with all forests and moor-lands. The spirit of Robin Hood and Johnny of Breadislee is theirs. They are remnants of the home of man's fierce youth, still consecrated to the genius of animal excitement and savage freedom; after all, not the least noble qualities of human nature. Besides, there is no more better method of giving a living picture of a whole county than by taking some one feature of it as a guide, and bringing all other observations into harmony with that original key. Even in merely scientific books this is very possible. Look for instance, at Hugh Miller's *Old Red Sandstone, The Voyage of the Beagle*, and Professor Forbes's work (we had almost said epic poem) on Glaciers. Even an agricultural writer, if he have a real insight in him—if he have any thing of that secret of the *più nel' uno*, "the power of discovering the infinite in the finite;" of seeing, like a poet, trivial phenomena in their true relation to the whole of the great universe, into which they are so cunningly fitted; if he has learned to look at all things and men, down to the meanest, as living lessons, written with the finger of God; if, in short, he has any true dramatic power, he may impart to that apparently muddiest of sciences a poetic or a humorous tone, and give the lie to Mephistopheles when he dissuades Faust from farming as an occupation too mean and filthy for a man of genius. The poe-

try of agriculture remains as yet, no doubt, unwritten, and the comedy of it also; though its farce-tragedy is being now, alas! very extensively enacted in practice—unconsciously to the players. As for the old "pastoral" school, it only flourished before agriculture really existed; that is, before sound science, hard labour, and economy, were necessary, and has been for the last two hundred years simply a lie. Nevertheless, as signs of what may be done even now by a genial man with so stubborn a subject as "turnips, barley, clover, wheat," it is worth while to look at old Arthur Young's books, both travels and treatises, and also at certain very spirited "Chronicles of a Clay Farm," by Talpa, lately publishing in the *Agricultural Gazette*, which teem with humour and wisdom, and will hereafter, we hope, be given to us in the form of a separate book.

In sporting literature (a tenth muse, exclusively indigenous to England), the same observation holds good tenfold. Some of our most perfect topographical sketches have been the work of sportsmen. Old Izaac Walton, and his friend Cotton, of Dovedale, whose names will last as long as their rivers, have been followed by a long train of worthy pupils. White's *History of Selborne;* Sir Humphry Davy's *Salmonia. The Wild Sports of the West;* Mr. St. John's charming little works on Highland Shooting; and above all, Christopher North's *Recreations*—delicious book! to be read and re-read, and laughed over, and cried over, the tenth time even as the first—an inexhaustible fairy well, springing out of the granite rock of the sturdy Scotch heart, through the tender green turf of a genial boyish old age. We might mention, too, certain *Letters from an Angler in Norway* in the same style, which appeared, much to our pleasure and instruction, in this magazine last year. But it really is invidious to Mr. H. Byng Hall to quote any more books, merely to depreciate his work all the lower by the contrast. "Why, then," a reader may ask, "take notice of a book which you have already all but called not worth noticing?" Because, in the first place, gentle reader, people must be scared from meddling with fine subjects only to spoil them; and, in the next place, sporting-books form an integral and significant, and, in our eyes, a very honourable and useful part, of the English literature of this day; and therefore, all shallowness, vulgarity, stupidity, or book-making in that class, must be as severely attacked as in novels and poems. We English owe too much to our field sports to allow people to talk nonsense about them.

Half the book is not about sporting at all, but consists merely of bills of fare of the various eatables, drinkables, and smokables, of which the author partook at various houses, gentle and other, in the course of his trip. The accounts of the various gentlemen's *ménages* being of that minute and personal kind, which earned for the American Mr. Rush and our own Capt. Basil Hall a somewhat unenviable notoriety, and which, we should say, will not promote Mr. Byng Hall's chance of being asked a second time to

visit the hospitable squires whom he has thus unceremoniously put into print.

His one or two descriptions of scenery are the baldest commonplace, not fit for a country newspaper. His single good story, about a Quaker who, having been tempted out hunting, became a Nimrod for life, he has spoiled in the telling. Has the good gentleman, by the bye, as he seems to consider this a singular instance, been in Leicestershire during the last few years? There was a certain hard-riding Quaker there whom he ought hardly to have failed of meeting. And there are those who can recollect another Quaker keeping as good a stud of horses, and riding as hard, either in forest or enclosure, as most men south of Leicestershire. Mr. Byng Hall knows so little about the country, that he has never said a word, as far as we can find, about the splendid Exmoor fishing, the best in Devonshire, on the Barle, the Exe, and a dozen other tributaries, though he stayed at Dulverton, the finest fishing-station in the west of England; and he must needs carry us off to Axminster, a very good fishing-place in its way, but of which he seems to know nothing beyond the *comestibles*, and which has as much to do with Exmoor as it has with Salisbury Plain or Cheapside. As for his stories and statistics of stag and other hunting, few as they are, we used to see a dozen in every number of *Bell's Life* or the *Sporting Magazine*, in our own mad days, written with ten times the spirit and understanding, vigour, and picturesqueness, either venatic or literary. We suppose, though we have not been able to find any clear account of the fact, that Mr. Hall has ridden with the Exmoor stag-hounds himself, once at least in his life, for he prefaces his book by a frontispiece of a "stag at bay in Watersmeet—taken from nature;" by memory, we apprehend, as sketch-books are not commonly carried out hunting. But, O favoured mortal! has he actually seen a real stag at bay there? We will forgive the badness of the drawing, for never stag or hounds "took soil"* so coolly, and the utter unlikeness of the scenery to that magnificent gorge. But had he nothing to tell us about that run or any other? Does he fancy that it is an account of a run to tell us that "Found at * * * * cover, held away at a slapping pace for * * * * Barn, then turned down the * * * * water for a mile, and *crossed the Forest* (what a saying to him who has eyes and ears!) made for * * * * Hill, but being headed, went by * * * * woods to D * * * * where he was run into after a gallant race of * * * * hours and * * * * miles?" it is nearly as bad as a history-book!

Surely, like the old Greek, Diana struck him blind that day for intruding unworthily on her sacred privacy. He has ridden with the Exmoor stag-hounds, and these are all the thoughts that he has

* Mr. Byng Hall does not, we have since remarked, know how to draw a stag's antlers with even tolerable correctness. And yet he "drew from nature." How often, in the name of all book-makers?

brought away! Could not that sudden return from railroads and civilisation to the wild joys of our old Norse forefathers awaken one new thought in him above commonplace clap trap, and the names of covers, hounds, and eatables? We never rode with those stag-hounds, and yet we could tell him something about that run, wherever the stag was roused—how the panting cavalcade rose and fell on the huge mile-long waves of that vast heather sea; how one long brown hill after another sunk down, greyer and greyer, behind them, and one long grey hill after another swelled up browner and browner before them; and how the sandstone rattled and flew beneath their feet, as the great horses, like Homer's of old, "devoured up the plain;" and how they struggled down the hill-side, through bushes and rocks, and broad, slipping, rattling sheets of screes, and saw beneath them stag and pack galloping down the shallow, glittering river-bed, throwing up the shingle, striking out the water in long glistening sheets; and how they too swept after them, down the flat valley, rounding crag and headland, which opened one after another in interminable vista, along the narrow strip of sand and rushes, speckled with stunted, moss-bearded, heather-bedded hawthorns, between the great, grim, lifeless mountain walls. Did he feel even no delicious creeping of the flesh that day at the sound of his own horse-hoofs in the heath? The author of *Yeast* distinguishes between the "dull thunder of the clayey turf," and the "flame-like crackle of the dry stubbles;" but he forgot a sound more delicate than them both, when the hoofs sweep through the long line with a sound as soft as the brushing of a woman's tresses, and then ring down on the spungy, black, reverberating soil, chipping the honey-laden fragrant heather blossoms, and tossing them out in a rosy shower. Or, if that were too slight a thing for the observation of a fine gentleman, surely he must recollect the dying away of the hounds' voices, as the woodland passes engulf them, whether it were at Brendon or at Badgerworthy, or any other name; how they brushed through the narrow forest paths, where the ashes were already golden, and the oaks still kept their sombre green, and the red leaves and berries of the mountain-ash shewed bright beneath the dark forest aisles; and how all of a sudden the wild outcry before them seemed to stop and concentrate, thrown back, louder and louder as they rode, off the same echoing crag, till at a sudden turn of the road there stood the stag beneath them in the stream, his back against the black rock with its green cushions of dripping velvet, knee deep in the clear amber water, the hounds around him, some struggling and swimming in the deep pool, some rolling and tossing, and splashing in a mad, half-terrified ring, as he reared into the air on his great haunches, with the sparkling beads running off his red mane, and dropping on his knees, plunged his antlers down among them, with blows which would have each brought certain death with it, if the yielding water had not broken the shock. Does he not remember the death? The huge carcass dragged out of the stream, followed by dripping, panting dogs, the

blowing of the mort, and the last wild halloo, when the horn note and the voices rang through the autumn woods, and rolled up the smooth, flat, mountain-sides; and Brendon answered Countisbury; and Countisbury sent it on to Lymouth hills, till it swept out of the gorge and died away upon the Severn sea. And then, does he not remember the pause, and the revulsion, and the feeling of sadness and littleness, almost of shame, as he looked up for the first time—we can pardon his not having done so before,—and saw where he was, and the stupendous beauty of the hill-sides, with the lazy autumn clouds crawling about their tops, and the great sheets of screes, glaciers of stone, covering acres and acres of the smooth hill side, eating far into the woods below, bowing down the oak scrubs with their weight, and the vast, circular sweeps of down above him, flecked with innumerable dark spots of gorse, each of them guarded, where they open into the river chasm, by two mighty fortresses of "giant-snouted crags,"—delicate pink and grey sandstone, from which blocks and crumbling boulders have been toppling, slowly down for ages, beneath the frost and the whirlwind, and now lie in long downward streams upon the slope, as if the mountain had been weeping tears of stone? And then, as the last notes of the mort had died away, did not there come over him an awe at the deathless silence of the woods, not broken, but deepened, by the solemn unvarying monotone of the roaring stream beneath, which flashed and glittered, half-hidden in the dark leafy chasm, in clear, brown pools, reflecting every leaf and twig, in boiling pits and walls of foam, ever changing, and yet for ever the same, fleeting on past the poor, dead, reeking stag, and the silent hounds lying about on the moss-embroidered stones, their lolling tongues shewing like bright crimson sparkles in the deep rich Venetian air of the green sombre shades; while the startled water-ousel, with his white breast, flitted a few yards and stopped to stare from a rock's point at the strange intruders; and a single stockdove, out of the bosom of the wood, began calling, sadly and softly, with a dreamy peaceful moan? Did he not see and hear all this, for surely it was there to see and hear?

Not he. The eye only sees that which it brings within the power of seeing; and all we can say of him is, that a certain apparition in white leathers was at one period of its appearance dimly conscious of equestrian motion towards a certain brown, two-horned phenomenon, and other spotted phenomena, at which he had been taught by habit to make the articulate noises "stag" and "hounds," among certain grey, and green, and brown appearances, at which the same habit and the example of his fellows had taught him to say, "Rock, and wood, and mountain," and perhaps the further noises of "Lovely, splendid, majestic."

Come, we will leave Mr. Byng Hall to his names and his dates and his legs of pork, and his bottles of claret, and you shall wander, if you choose, for a day or two, with an old North Devon man, and he will show you what the land is like.

CHAP. II.—A DAY ON EXMOOR.

Such was the substance of the monologue with which the other evening we put to sleep our old friend Claude Mellot, artist and Londoner, whom we found at the Lyndale Hotel, in a state of infuriation at his own incapacity to put on canvass the manifold beauty with which he was surrounded. We need not say that we fraternised with him on the spot. Claude was full of declamations about the "new scientific school of painting" which he expected daily to arise; he was "ravi" with *Politics for the People*; he considered *Punch* becoming weekly, more and more, the most extraordinary specimen of blameless humour and high satiric morality which Europe had ever seen; possessing "every excellence of poor, dear, naughty old Rabelais, without one of his faults;" and above all, he was as ready as ever to push forward, cheerfully and trustfully, into the chances of this strange new time, with a courage very refreshing to us in these maudlin, cowardly days, when in too many lands, alas!—

> "Has come that last drear mood
> Of sated lust, and dull decrepitude—
> No faith, no art, no priest, no king, no God;
> While round their crumbling fanes in peevish ring,
> Crouched on the bare-worn sod,
> Babbling about the unreturning spring,
> And whining for dead forms, that will not save,
> The toothless sects sink snarling to their grave."

The conversation re-commenced the next morning, as we rode out together over the hills upon a couple of ragged ponies—he with his sketch-book, we with our fishing rod and creel—up into the heart of Exmoor, towards a certain stream——But, gentle reader, in these days, when every one is an angler, we are not the school-boy who, as Shakspeare says, tells his companions of the birds' nest that he may go and steal it; so we will not mention where the said stream was. After all one stream is very like another, especially to the multitude who fish and can catch nothing.

"Well, Claude," we said, "you confess yourself baffled with this magnificence?"

"Yes! to paint it worthily one would require to be a Turner, a Copley Fielding, and a Creswick, all in one."

"Well, you shall try your pencil to-day on simpler and severer subjects. I can promise you nothing rich, nothing grand, nothing which will even come under the denomination of that vile word "picturesque." But I will shew you one scrap of England, left just as it was before either Celt, Cymry, Saxon, or Norseman trod its shores; and that surely is a sight which may give some new notions to a Londoner. And before we reach it, why should we not pray to the Maker of it and us to "open our eyes, that we may understand the wondrous things of His law,"—written there all around in the great

green book, whose two covers are the star vault and the fire kingdoms; whose leaves are the mountain ridges; whose letters are the oak boughs, and the heather bells, and gnats above the stream; and the light whereby we read it, the simple, loving heart which is content to go wondering and awe-struck all its days and find in that mood peace, and strength, and wisdom ?"

"Amen!" he answered. "'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.' And surely there was never a fitter place wherein to offer up such a prayer than in this most glorious of the rook-aisles of God's island temple of England. For here, too, is 'a sanctuary not made with hands;' here, too, if you will but listen, the earth spirits are praising God night and day, with voices like the sound of many waters.'"

"A somewhat narrow and materialist adaptation of Scripture, Claude," we rejoined.

"Heaven forbid! What is earth but the image of heaven? Does not Solomon tell us, how the things which are seen are the doubles of the things which are not seen?"

"Did you ever remark," we asked, after a pause, "how such unutterable scenes as this gorge of the 'Waters-meet' stir up a feeling of shame, almost of peevishness, before the sense of a mysterious meaning which we ought to understand and cannot?"

He smiled.

"Our torments do by length of time become our elements; and painful as that sensation is to the earnest artist, he will feel it, I fancy, at last sublime itself into an habitually, gentle, reverent, almost melancholy tone of mind, as of a man bearing the burden of an infinite, wonderful message, which his own frivolity and laziness hinder him from speaking out; and it should beget in him to" (with a glance at us), "something of merciful indulgence towards the stupidity of those who see, after all, only a very little shallower than he does into the unfathomable depths of nature."

"You mean," we said, "that we were too hard last night upon the poor gentleman who took upon himself to write about Exmoor?"

"I do indeed. How has he harmed you, or any one but himself? He has gained a few more days' pleasure in his way. Let us thank God that he has even so far enjoyed himself, and call that fact, as it is, fairly *lucro apponendum* in the gross sum of human happiness."

"Friend Claude, we are the last to complain of any man's innocent pleasure, down to the joys of pork and claret. We only complain of his putting it into print. Surely the gentlemen of England must help, at least, to save her, if she is to be saved, from what is happening to every continental nation. And this it is, Claude, which makes us so indignant when we see a gentleman writing a foolish or a vulgar book. Here is a man whose education, for, aught we know, has cost a thousand pounds or so, at home or abroad Does not such a man, by the very expense of him, promise more than this? And do not our English field sports, which, with the exception of that silly

and brutal Irish method of gambling called steeple-chasing, we reverence and enjoy,—do not they, by the expense of them, promise something more than this?"

"Well, as I told you last night, sporting-books and sportsmen seem to me, by their very object, not to be worth troubling our heads about. Out of nothing comes nothing. See, my hands are as soft as any lady's in Belgravia. I could not, to save my life, lift a hundred weight a foot off the ground; while you have been a wild man of the woods, a leaper of ditches, and a rower of races, and a wanton destroyer of all animal life, and yet——"

"You would hint politely that you are as open as ourselves to all noble, and chivalrous, and truly manly emotions?"

"What think you?"

"That you are far worthier in such matters than we, friend. But do not forget that it may be your intellect, and your profession—in one word G[illegible]d's mercy, which have steered you clear of shoals upon which you will find the mass of our class founder. Woe to the class or the nation which has no manly physical training! Look at the manners, the morals, the faces of the young men of the shop-keeping classes, if you wish to see the effects of utterly neglecting the physical development of man, of fancying that all the muscular activity he requires under the sun is to be able to stand behind a counter, or sit on a desk-stool without tumbling off. Be sure, be sure, that ever since the days of the Persians of old, effeminacy, if not twin-sister of cowardice and dishonesty, has always gone hand in hand with them. To that utter neglect of any exercise which call out fortitude, patience, self-dependence, and daring, we attribute a great deal of the low sensuality, the conceited vulgarity, the utter want of a high sense of honour, which prevails just now among the middle classes; and from which the navigator, the engineer, the miner, and the sailor, are comparatively free."

"And perhaps, too, that similar want of any high sense of honour, which seems, from the religious periodicals, to pervade a large proportion of a certain more venerable profession?"

"Seriously, Claude, we believe you are not far wrong. But we are getting on delicate ground there: but we have always found, that of whatever profession he may be—to travestie Shakspeare's words,—

> The man that hath not *sporting* in his soul,
> Is fit for treason's direst stratagems——

and so on."

"Civil to me!"

"Oh, you have a sporting soul in you, like hundreds of other Englishmen who never handled rod or gun, or you would not be steering for Exmoor to-day. But such I have almost invariably found to have been men of the very highest intellect. If your boy be a genius, you may trust him to find some original means for developing his manly energies, whether in art, agriculture, civil engineering, or tra-

vels, discovery, and commerce. But if he be not, as there are a thousand chances to one he will not be, whatever you teach him, let the two first things be, as they were with the old Persians, 'To speak the truth, and to draw the bow.'"

By this time we had reached the stream, just clearing from the last night's showers. A long, transparent, amber shallow, dimpled with fleeting silver rings by rising trout; a low cascade of green-veined snow; a deep, dark pool of swirling orange-brown, walled in with heathery rocks, and paved with sandstone slabs and boulders, distorted by the changing refractions of the eddies,—sight delicious to the angler.

We commenced our sport at once, while Claude wandered up the glen to sketch a knoll of crags, on which a half wild moorland pony, the only living thing in sight, stood staring and snuffing at the intruder, his long mane and tail streaming out wildly against the sky.

We had fished on for some hour or two; Claude h[illegible] long since disappeared among the hills; we fancied ourselves miles from any human being, when a voice at our elbow startled us:—

"A bleak place for fishing this, sir!"

We turned; it was an old grey-whiskered labouring man with pick and spade on shoulder, who had crept on us unawares beneath the wall of the neighbouring deer-cover. Keen, honest eyes, gleamed out from his brown, scarred, weather-beaten face; and as he settled himself against a rock, with the deliberate intention of a chat, we commenced by asking after Mr. Knight, "The Lord of Stags," well known and honoured both by sportsman and by farmer.

"He was gone to Malta—a warmer place that than Exmoor."

"What! have you been in Malta?"

"Yes, he had been in Malta, and in stranger places yet. He had been a sailor; he had seen the landing in Egypt, and heard the French cannon thundering vainly from the sandhills on the English boats. He had himself helped to lift Abercrombie up the ship's side to the death-bed of the brave. He had seen Caraccioli hanging at his own yard-arm, and heard Lady Hamilton order out the barge herself, and row round the frigate of the murdered man, to glut her eyes with her revenge. He had seen, too, the ghastly corpse floating upright, when Nelson and the enchantress met their victim, returned from the sea-depths to stare at them, as Banquo's ghost upon Macbeth. But she was 'a mortal fine woman' was Lady Hamilton, though she was a queer one, and 'cruel kind to the sailors;' and many a man she saved from flogging; and one from hanging, too; that was a marine that got a-stealing; for Nelson, though he was kind enough, yet it was a word and a blow with him; and quite right he, sir; for there be such rascals on board-ship, that if you ar'n't as sharp with them as with wild beastesses, no man's life, nor the ship's neither, would be worth a day's purchase."

"So he, with his simple straightforward notions of right and wrong, worth much maudlin *un*merciful indulgence which we hear in

these days,—and yet not going to the bottom of the matter either, as we shall see in the next war. But, rambling on, he told me how he had come home, war-worn and crippled, to marry a wife and get tall sons, and lay his bones in his native village; till which time" (for death to the aged poor man is a Sabbath, of which he talks freely, calmly, even joyously) "he just got his bread, by Mr. Knight's kindness, patching and mending at the stone deer-fences."

We gave him something to buy tobacco, and watched him as he crawled away, with a sort of stunned surprise. And he had actually seen Nelson sit by Lady Hamilton! It was so strange, to have that gay Italian bay, with all its memories,—the orgies of Baiæ, and the unburied wrecks of ancient towns, with the smoking crater far above; and the world-famous Nile-mouths, and those great old wars, big with the destinies of the world; and those great old heroes, with their awful deeds for good and evil, all brought so suddenly and livingly before us, up there in the desolate moorland, where the deer, and birds, and heath, and rushes, were even as they had been from the beginning. Like Wordsworth with his *Leech-Gatherer* (a poem which we, in spite of laughter, will rank among his very highest)—

> While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
> The old man's shape, and speech—all troubled me:
> In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
> About the weary moors continually,
> Wandering about alone and silently.

Just then we heard a rustle, and turning, saw Claude toiling down to us over the hill-side. He joined us, footsore and weary, but in great excitement; for the first minute or two he could not speak and at last,—

"Oh, I have seen such a sight!—but I will tell you how it all was. After I left you I met a keeper. He spoke civilly to me—you know my antipathy to game and those who live thereby, but there was a wild, bold, self-helping look about him and his gun alone there in the waste.—And after all he was a man and a brother. Well, we fell into talk, and fraternised; and at last he offered to take me to a neighbouring hill and shew me 'sixty head of red-deer all together;' and as he spoke he looked quite proud of his words. 'I was lucky,' he said, 'to come just then, for in another week the stags would all have lost their heads.' At which speech I wondered; but was silent, and followed him, I, Claude the Cockney, such a walk as I shall never take again. Behold these trousers—behold these hands! scratched to pieces by crawling on all-fours through the heather. But I saw them."

"A sight worth many pairs of plaid trousers?"

"Worth Saint Chrysostom's seven years' nakedness on all-fours! And so I told the fellow, who by some cunning calculations about wind, and sun, and so forth, which he imparted to my uncompre-

hending ears, brought me suddenly to the top of a little crag, below which, some sixty yards off, the whole herd stood, stags, hinds—but I can't describe them. I have not brought away a scrap of sketch, though we watched them full ten minutes undiscovered; and then the stare, and the toss of those antlers, and the rush! That broke the spell with me; for I had been staring stupidly at them, trying in vain to take in the wonder, with the strangest new excitement heaving and boiling up in my throat, and at the sound of their hoofs on the turf, I woke, and found the keeper staring, not at them, but at me, down whose cheeks the tears were running in streams."

" ' Ar'n't you well, sir?' said he. ' You needn't be afeared; it's only at the fall of the year the stags is wicked." '

" I don't know what I answered at first; but the fellow understood me when I shook his hand frantically and told him that I should thank him to the last day of my life, and that I would not have missed it for a thousand pounds. In part-proof whereof I gave him a sovereign on the spot, which seemed to clear my character in his eyes, as much as the crying at the sight of a herd of deer had mystified it."

" Claude, well-beloved," said we, " will you ever speak contemptuously of sportsmen any more?"

" *Do manus*, I have been vilifying them, as one does most things in the world, only for want of understanding them. I will go back to town, and take service with Edwin Landseer, as colour-grinder, footboy, anything."

" You will then be very near to a very great poet," quoth we, " and one whose works will become, as centuries roll on, more and more valuable to art, to science, and, as we think also, to civilization, and to Religion."

" I begin now to guess your meaning," answered Claude.

And thereon commenced a discussion, which it is not expedient at this time to report in *Fraser*, as it was rather a wild-goose chase for truths, in a vast, new field of thought, than any satisfactory carrying home and cooking of the same.

" So we lounged, and dreamt, and fished, in heathery Highland," as the author of *The Bothie* would say, while the summer snipes flitted whistling up the shallow before us, and the soft, south-eastern clouds slid lazily across the sun, and the little trout snapped and dimpled at a tiny partridge hackle, with a twist of orange silk, whose elegance of shape and colour reconciled Claude's heart somewhat to our everlasting whipping of the water. When at last:—

" You seem to have given up catching anything. You have not stirred a fish in these last two pools, except that little saucy yellow shrimp, who jumped over your fly, and gave a spiteful slap at it with his tail."

Too true; and what could be the cause? Had that impudent sand-piper frightened all the fish on his way up? Had an otter paralyzed them with terror for the morning? Or had a stag been

down to drink? We saw the fresh slot of his broad claws, by the bye, in the mud a few yards back.

"We must have seen the stag himself, if he had been here lately," said Claude.

"Mr. Landseer knows too well by this time that that is a *non sequitur*."

"I'm no more a *non sequitur* than you are," answered the Cornish magistrate to the barrister.

"Fish and deer, friend, see us purblind sons of men, somewhat more quickly than we see them, fear sharpening the senses. Perhaps, after all, the fault is in your staring white straw-hat, a garment which has spoilt many a good day's fishing. Ah, no! there is the cause; the hat of a mightier than you—the thunder-spirit himself. Thor is bringing home his bride; while the breeze, awe-stricken, falls dead calm before his march. Behold, climbing above that eastern ridge, his huge powdered cauliflower wig, barred with a grey horizontal handkerchief of mist."

"Oh, profane and uncomely simile! But what is the mystery of his bride?"

"Know you not, O Symbolist, that the law of sex, which holds good throughout all nature, is seen in the thunderstorm? Look at that vast grey ragged fan of mist which spreads up higher every moment, round the hard masses of the positively electric thunder-pillar. Those are the torn and streaming robes of that poor maiden, the negatively electric or female cloud, whom Thor is bearing off, till some fit bridal-bed of hills shall attract him on Brendon or Oare-Oak, whereon he may fill her with his fiery might, and celebrate his nuptials in jubilant roars of thunder."

"And then, O Bombastes, we may expect to feel the icy tears of the cold, coy maiden, pattering down in the form of a storm of hail!"

"Which is here already. Flee, oh, flee to yonder pile of crags, and thank your stars that there is one at hand! For these mountain tornados are at once tropic in their ferocity and Siberian in their cutting cold."

Down it came. The brown hills vanished in white sheets of hail, first falling perpendicular, then slanting and driving furiously before the cold blast which issued from the storm. The rock above us rang with the thunder-peals, and the lightning, which might have fallen miles away, seemed to our dazzled eyes to dive into the glittering river at our feet. We sat silent some half-hour, listening to the voice of One more mighty than ourselves; and it was long after the uproar had rolled away among the hills, and a steady, sighing sheet of warmer rains, from banks of low grey fog, had succeeded the rattling of the hail upon the crisp heather, that we turned to Claude.

"And now, since your heart is softened toward these wild, stag-hunting, trout-fishing, jovial west-countrymen, we will give you a

ballad which sprung up in us once, when fishing among these very hills. It expresses feelings not yet extinct in the minds of a large portion of the lower orders, as you would know had you lived, like ourselves, all your life in poaching counties, and on the edges of one forest after another,—feelings which *must* be satisfied, even in the highest development of the civilization of the future, for they are innate in every thoughtful and energetic race,—feelings which though they have often led to crime, have far oftener delivered from hoggish sensuality; the feelings which drove into the merry greenwood, 'Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;' 'Adam Bell, and Clym of the Cleugh, and William of Cloudeslee;' feelings which prompted one-half of his inspiration to the nameless immortal who wrote the *Nut-brown Maid*,—feelings which could not then and cannot now be satisfied by the drudgery of a barbaric agriculture, which, without science, economy, or enterprise, offers no food for the higher instincts of the human mind, its yearnings after nature and freedom, and the noble excitement of self-dependent energy. We threw it into the Scotch dialect, because it is, indeed, the classic one for such subjects, as the Doric was for certain among the Greeks; for deeply as we Southrons have felt upon these matters we are a dumb people, and our Norse brethren of the border have had to speak for us and for themselves, and monopolize the whole of our ballad literature; and though we will not go as far as Sir Walter Scott in asserting that there never was a genuine ballad written south of Tweed, there is little doubt that few ever rose above doggerel which were written south of Trent,—that is, beyond the line which bounds the impregnation of the Saxon by the more intellectual and fiery Norse race. Will you hear it?"—

Oh, I wadna be a yeoman, mither, to follow my father's trade,
To bow my back in miry fallows over plough, and hoe, and spade.
Stinting wife, and bairns, and kye, to fat some courtier lord,—
Let them die o' rent wha like, mither, and I'll die by sword.

Nor I wadna be a clerk, mither, to bide aye ben,
Scrabbling aye on sheets o' parchment with a weary, weary pen,
Looking through the lang stane windows at a narrow strip o' sky,
Like a laverock in a withy cage, until I pine away and die.

Nor I wadna be the merchant, mither, in his langfurred gown,
Trailing strings o' footsore horses through the noisy, dusty town;
Louting low to knights and ladies, fumbling o'er his wares,
Telling lies, and scraping siller, heaping cares on cares.

Nor I wadna be a soldier, mither, to dice wi' ruffian bands,
Pining weary months in castles, looking over wasted lands,
Smoking byres, and shrieking women, and the grewsome sights o' war,—
There's blood on my hand eneugh, mither—it's ill to make it mair.

If I had married a wife, mither, I might ha' been douce and still,
And sat at hame by the ingle-side to crack and laugh my fill,
Sat at hame wi' the woman I looed, and bairnies at my knee,—
But death is bauld, and age is cauld, and luve's no for me.

For when first I stirred in your side, mither, you ken full well
How you lay all night up among the deer on the open fell;
And so it was that I got the heart to wander far and near,
Caring neither for land nor lassie, but the bonny dun deer.

Yet I am not a lozel and idle, mither, nor a thief that steals;
I do but hunt God's cattle, upon God's ain hills:
For no man buys and sells the deer, and the fells are free
To a knight that carries hawk and spurs, and a hind like me.

So I'm aff and away to the muirs, mither, to hunt the deer,
Ranging far fra frowning faces, and the douce folk here;
Crawling up through burn and bracken, louping madly down the scree,
Speering out fra craig and headland, drinking up the simmer breeze.

Oh, the wafts o' heather honey, and the music o' the brae,
As I watch the great harts feeding, nearer nearer a' the day!
Oh, to hark the eagle screaming, sweeping, ringing round the sky!—
That's a bonnier life than stumbling owre the muck to hog and kye!

And when I am ta'en and hangit, mither, a brittling o' my deer,
Ye'll no leave your bairn to the corbie craws to dangle in the air?
But ye'll send up my twa douce brethren, and ye'll steal me fra the tree,
And bury me up on the brown, brown muirs, where I aye loved to be.

Ye'll bury me 'twixt the brae and the burn, in a glen far away,
Where I may hear the heathcock craw and the great harts bray;
And if my ghaist can walk, mither, I'll sit glowering at the sky,
The live-long night on the black hill-sides where the dun deer lie.

The ballad ended, but the rain did not; and we were at last fain to leave our shelter, and let ourselves be blown by the gale (the difficulty being not to progress forward, but to keep our feet) back to the shed where our ponies were tied, and canter home to Lynmouth, with the rain cutting our faces like showers of pebbles, and our little mountain ponies staggering before the wind, with their long tails about our ears, and more than once, if Londoners will believe us, blown sheer up against the bank by some mad gust, which rushed perpendicularly, not down, but up, the vast chasms of the glens below.

CHAP. III.—THE COAST LINE.

It is four o'clock on a May morning, and Claude and ourselves are just embarking on board a Clovelly trawling-skiff, which, having disposed of her fish at various ports along the Channel, is about to run leisurely homewards with an ebb tide, and a soft north-easterly breeze; and we expect, gentle reader, the pleasure of your most polished and intellectual society. If you should prove a bad sailor, which Heaven forefend, you may still lie on deck, and listen—half-sleepy, half-envious—to our rhapsodies, and to the ruthless clatter of our knives and forks: but we will forestall no sorrows,—we will speak no words but of good omen.

So farewell, fair Lynmouth; and ye mountain storm-spirits, send us a propitious day, and dismiss those fantastic clouds which are coquetting with your thrones, crawling down one mountain face, and whirling and leaping up another, in wreaths of snow, and dun, and amber, pierced every minute by some long, glittering, upward arrow from the level sun, which gilds grey crags and downs a thousand feet above us, while underneath the mountain gorges still sleep black and cold in shade.

There, they have heard us! the cap rises off that "summer-house hill," that eight hundred feet of upright wall, which seems ready to topple down into the nest of be-myrtled cottages at its foot; and as we sweep out into the deeper water, the last mist-flake streams up from the Foreland and vanishes in white threads into the stainless blue.

"Look at the colours of that Foreland!" cried Claude, in ecstasy. "The vast, simple monotone of pearly green, broken only at intervals by blood-red stains, where the turf has slipped and left the fresh rock bare, and all glimmering softly through a delicate blue haze, like the bloom on a half-ripened plum!"

"And look, too, how the grey pebble beach is already dancing and quivering in the mirage which steams up, like the hot breath of a limekiln, from the drying stones! Talk of 'glazings and scumblings,' ye artists! and bungle at them as you will, what are they to Nature's own glazings, deepening every instant there behind us?"

"Mock me not. I have walked up and down here with a humbled and a broken spirit, and had nearly forsworn the audacity of painting anything beyond a beech stem, or a frond of fern."

"The little infinite in them would have baffled you just as much as the only somewhat bigger infinite of the hills on which they grow."

"Confest: and so farewell to unpaintable Lynmouth! Farewell to the charming contrast of civilized English landscape-gardening, with its villas, and its exotics, and its evergeens, thus strangely and yet harmoniously confronted with the mad chaos of the rocks and mountain-streams. Those grounds of Sir William Harris' are a double paradise, the wild Eden of the Past side by side with the cul-

tivated Eden of the Future. How its alternations of Art and Savagery at once startle and relieve the sense, as you pass suddenly out of wildernesses of piled boulders, and torrent-shattered trees, and the roar of a hundred fern-fringed waterfalls, into 'trim walks, and fragrant alleys green,' and the door of a summer-house transports you at a step from Richmond to the Alps. Happy he who 'possesses,' as the world calls it, and happier still he whose taste could organize, that fairy-bower."

So he, magniloquently, as was his wont; and yet his declamations always flowed with such a graceful ease,—a simple, smiling, earnestness,—an unpractised melody of voice, that what would have been rant from other lips, from his shewed only as the healthy enthusiasm of the passionate, all-seeing, all-loving artist.

But our companion the reader, has been some time gazing up at that huge boulder strewn hill-side above us, and wondering whether the fable of the giants be not true after all,—and that "Vale of Rocks," hanging five hundred feet in air, with all its crag-castles, and tottering battlements, and colossal crumbling idols, and great blocks, which hang sloping, caught in act to fall, be not some enormous Cyclopean temple left half-disinterred,

"A fragment of old Chaos," said Claude, "left unorganized,—or, perhaps, the waste heap of the world, where, after the rest of England had been made, some angel put up a notice for his fellows, 'Dry rubbish shot here.'"

"Not so unscientific! It is the grandfather of hills,—a fossil bone of some old continent, which stood here ages before England was. And the great earth-angel, who grinds up mountains into paint, as you do bits of ochre, for his 'Continental Sketches,' found in it the materials for a whole dark ground-tone of coal-measures, and a few hundred miles of warm high-lights, which we call New Red Sandstone."

And what a sea-wall they are, these Exmoor hills! Sheer upward from the sea a thousand feet rises the mountain range; and as we slide and stagger lazily along before the dying breeze, through the deep water which never leaves the cliff, the eye ranges, almost dizzy, up some five hundred feet of rock, dappled with every hue, from the intense black of the tide-line, through the warm green and brown shadows, out of which the horizontal cracks of the strata, and the loom black, and the breeding gulls, shew like lingering snow-flakes up to the middle cliff, where delicate greys fade into pink, pink into red, red into glowing purple, and the purple is streaked with glossy ivy wreaths, and black-green yews; and all the choir of colours stop abruptly on the mid-hill, to give place to one yellowish-grey sheet of upward down, sweeping smooth and unbroken, except by lonely stone or knot of clambering sheep, to end in one great rounded waving line, sharp-cut against the brilliant blue. The sheep hang like white daisies upon the steep hill-side, and a solitary falcon rides a speck in air, yet far below the crest of that tall hill. Now he sinks to the

cliff edge, and hangs quivering, supported like a kite, by the pressure of his breast and long-carved wings, against the breeze.

There he hangs, the peregrine,—a true "falcon gentle," "sharp-notched, long-taloned, crooked-winged," whose uncles and cousins, ages ago, have struck at roe and crane, and sat upon the wrists of kings. And now he is full proud of any mouse or cliff-lark; like an old Chingach-gook, last of the Mohicans, he lingers round "the hunting-field of his fathers." So all things end.

> The old order changeth, giving place to the new;
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

"Ay, and the day shall come," said Claude, "when the brows of that huge High-Vere shall be crowned with golden wheat, and every rock-ledge on Trentishoe, like those of Petra and the Rhine, support its garden-bed of artificial soil."

"And when," we answered, "the shingly sides of that great chasm of Headon's Mouth shall be clothed with the white mulberry, and the summer limestone-skiffs shall go back freighted with fabrics which vie with the finest woof of Italy and Lyons."

"You believe, then, in Mrs. Whitby of Lymington?"

"Seeing is believing, Claude: through laughter, and failures, and the stupidity of half-barbarous clods, she has persevered in her silk-growing, and succeeded; and we should like to *afficher* her book to the doors of every west-country squire."

"Better require them to pass an examination in it, and several other better-known things, before they take possession of their estates. In the meantime, what is that noble conical hill, which has increased my wonder at the infinite variety of beauty which The Spirit can produce by combinations so simple as a few grey stones and a sheet of turf?"

"The Hangman."

"An ominous name. What is its history?"

"Some sheep-stealer, they say, clambering over a wall with his booty slung round his neck, was literally *hung* by the poor brute's struggles, and found days after on the mountain-side, a blackened corpse suspended on one side of the wall, with the sheep hanging on the other, and the ravens —— You may fill up the picture for yourself."

But, see, as we round the Hangman, what a change of scene! The huge square-blocked sandstone cliffs dip suddenly under dark slate-beds, fantastically bent and broken by primeval earthquakes. Wooded combes, and broken ridges of rich pasture-land, wander and slope towards a labyrinth of bush-fringed coves, black isolated tide-rocks, and land-locked harbours. There shines among the woods the Castle of Watermouth, on its lovely little salt-water loch, the safest harbour on the coast; and there is Combe-Martin, mile-long man-stye, which seven centuries of fruitless silver-mining, and of

the right (now deservodly lost) of "sending a talker to the national palaver," have neither cleansed nor civilized. Turn, turn thy head away, dear reader, lest even at this distance some foul odour taint the summer airs, and complete the misfortune already presaged by that pale, sad face, sickening in the burning calm! For this great sun-roasted fire-brick of the Exmoor range is fairly "burning up the breeze," and we have nothing but the tide to drift us slowly down to Ilfracombe.

Now we open Rillage, and now Hillsborough, two of the most picturesque of headlands; see how their huge round foreheads of glistening grey shale sink down into two dark, jagged moles, running far out to seaward, and tapering off, each into a long, black horizontal line, vanishing at last beneath its lace-fringe of restless hissing foam. How grand the contrast of the delicate severe lightness of those sea-lines, with the vast solid mass which rests upon them! Look, too, at the glaring lights and the Tartarean shadows of those gloomy chasms and caves, which the tide never leaves, or the foot of man explores; and hark, at every rush of the long ground-swell, mysterious mutterings, solemn sighs, sudden thunders, as of a pent-up earthquake, boom out of them across the glassy swell. Look at those blasts of delicate vapour that shoot up from hidden rifts, and hang a moment, and vanish; and those green columns of wave which rush mast high up the perpendicular walls, and then fall back and outwards in a waterfall of foam, lacing the black rocks with a thousand snowy streams. There they fall, and leap, and fall again. And so they did yesterday, and the day before—and so they did centuries ago, when the Danes swept past them, for the loss of the magic raven flag, battleworn, and sad of heart, from the fight at Appledore, to sit down and starve on "the island of Bradanrelice, which men call Flat Holms!" Ay, and even so they leapt and fell, before a sail gleamed on the Severn sea, when the shark and the ichthyosaur paddled beneath the shade of tropic forests—now scanty turf and golden gorse. And so they will leap and fall on, on, through the centuries and the ages, Oh dim abyss of Time, into which we peer shuddering, what will be the end of thee, and of this ceaseless coil and moan of waters? Is it true, that when thou shalt be no more, then, too, "there shall be no more sea;" and this ocean bed, this great grave of fertility, into which all earth's wasted riches stream, day and night, from hill and town, shall rise, and become fruitful soil, corn-field and meadow-land; and earth shall teem as thick with living men, as bean-fields with the summer bees? What a consummation! At least there is One greater than sea, or time; and the Judge of all the earth will do *right*.

But there is Ilfracombe, with its rock-walled harbour, its little wood of masts within its white terraces, rambling up the hills, and its capstone sea-walk, the finest "marine parade," as flunkeydom terms it, in all England, except that splendid Hoe at Plymouth, "Lam Goemagot," Gog-magog's leap, as the old Britons called it, where Cori-

neus——but no, gentle Editor, we will wander no more. And there is the little isolated rock-chapel, where, seven hundred years ago, our west-country fore-fathers used to go to pray St. Nicholas for deliverance from shipwreck,—a method lovingly regretted by Mr. Titmarsh's friend, the Rev. L. Oriel, of St. Waltheof's as a "pious idea of the Ages of faith." Claude, however, prefers the present method of light-houses and the worthy Trinity Board, as more godly, and faithful, as well as more useful; and, we suspect, so do the sailors themselves.

But our reader is by this time nearly sick of the roasting calm, and the rolling ground-swell, and the smell of fish, and is somewhat sleepy also, between early rising and incoherent sermons; wherefore, dear reader, we advise you to stay and recruit yourself at Ilfracombe, before you proceed further with your self-elected cicerone on the grand tour of North Devon. Believe us, you will not stir from the place for a month at least. For be sure if you are sea-sick, or heart-sick, or pocket-sick either, there is no pleasanter or cheaper place of cure (to indulge in a puff, of a species now well-nigh obsolete, the puff honest and true) than this same Ilfracombe, with its quiet nature and its quiet luxury, its rock fairy land and its sea-walks, its downs and combes, its kind people, and, if possible, still kinder climate, which combines the soft warmth of South Devon with the bracing freshness of the Welsh mountains; where the winter has slipped out of the list of the seasons and mother Earth makes up for her summer's luxury by fasting, "not in sack-cloth and ashes, but in new silk and old sack;" and instead of standing three months chin deep in ice, and christening great snow-balls its "friend and family," as St. Francis of Assizi did of old, knows no severer asceticism than tepid shower-baths, and a parasol of soft grey mist.

So farewell. True, you have seen but half North Devon. But, alas! the pages of *Fraser* are of paper, not of India-rubber; and when men write of places which they love, their ink-stream is as the letting out of waters; and other people are long winded, besides Nestor and Mr. Chisholm Anstey. Wherefore our wise Editor, that intellectual Soyer, and infallible caterer for the public appetite, practised to foresee afar the slightest chance of an æsthetic surfeit, has for your sakes treated us as schoolboys treat slow-worms—made us break off our own tail, for the pleasure of seeing it grow again.—*Fraser's Magazine, for July*, 1849.

THE RACING IN MAY.

BY CRAVEN.

" The grand question is, who is right ? Is nobody right, any how ? or are we all right, somehow ?"

The Poor Artist.

THE inquiry instituted by our thesis is supposed to address itself to betting for the million. The proposition is, who is right—he who advocates or he who denounces the system ? Time, which shall solve the mighty secret, will probably dispose of minor mysteries ; the hour may determine the fate of this popular movement.

It was the eve of May-day, and I sat by a bright fire—for " May and December" had changed places for the nonce—sipping my coffee, inhaling the fragrant leaf, and musing upon the issues of the morning. Among them I called to mind passages of confidence and communion between " persons of honour and quality" and common cheats. Such intercourse methought a sorry sight ; as Shakspeare says, " 'tis an ill office for a gentleman." I had witnessed instances too wherein was emphatically contradicted the assertion that there is honour among thieves. " The cocks beat the partridge," writes *L'Estrange*, in one of his *myths* of philosophy made easy—" the cocks beat the partridge, which she laid to heart; but finding these very cocks cutting one another she comforted herself." Applying the moral to the matter of my own pondering, I took consolation also. The speculative reader will find in the sequel *materiel* whereof to mould premises affecting the theory prophesied in the thesis.

The first Spring Meeting at Newmarket fell on the 29th of April and the four days following. I cannot recollect a less agreeable anniversary of the occasion, as far as relates to the " skyey influences." The cold was piercing, but without that bracing sensation which attends the nipping air of a clear frosty day of winter ; and the dust, which flew like a sirocco, was a thousand times more intolerable than the clouds of earthy particles common to summer highways. The curious few that ventured before noon to the exercise grounds might be seen rough-coated and shawled, shivering under the lee of some friendly hedgerow, while they shuddered for those strings of sleek and graceful creatures which

" Bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,"

" fit to cut'em in two," as B. said with nose as blue as one of Canaletti's skies, and arms up to the elbows in his—pantaloon pockets. It boots not now to chronicle the quidnuncery that formed the chorus of those matutinal groups. We will hasten home to breakfast, while, buttoned beneath the folds of our poodle Benjamin, repose the names of a score, guaranteed winners of the ap-

proaching Derby. The week's list, a copious catalogue, is laid upon the napkin: let us "leave off our d——able faces and begin." Whatever reports may assert to the contrary notwithstanding, Sunday is observed with a well-befitting spirit at Newmarket. You lack none of the features of a solemn festival on the Sabbath that stands upon the threshold of a meeting week. In the afternoon of the 28th of April I rode across the flat and by the round course to the B. C. stables without encountering a human being, except two or three little Red Riding Hoods gathering primroses. They open the subscription room in the evening it is true, a custom that would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. With your leave we will make it half-past one P. M. of the Monday—as aforesaid. The opening race was a 50 sovs. Sweepstakes, h. ft., for three-year-olds, D. M., three subscribers; run a match between the Knight of Gwynne and Harum Scarum. They laid 7 to 4 on the Knight, and he won in a canter by two lengths. The filly is a miserable-looking little weed. A Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. if declared, &c., T. Y. C., 8 subscribers, and five to the post. They made Vasa the favourite at 5 to 2 against him; Newport being next at 3 to 1; Fuoco being at the same odds, though less generally backed, and 4 to 1 was offered against any other. It was a race up the cords between four, Newport winning cleverly—by a length. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, the winner to be sold for 200 sovs., T. Y. C.; four nominations, and all went. The odds were 5 to 4 against Falcon, and 3 to 1 against either Osbaldeston or Diligence. The favourite took the lead, kept it, and won easily by a length. Match for 300 sovs. each, 50 ft., T. Y. C. St. Rosalia, 7st. 5lbs., against Surplice, 8st. 10lbs. It was stated that the horse carried a heavy charge of money, and if appearances are to be relied on it was no doubt true. I rode to the R C. stables to see him saddle, and a glance was enough to unfold the tale. The poor animal tottered like one in the palsy, and literally had not a leg to stand on—before—to say nothing of *running* with such stumps. It was odds on his falling—or stopping: as to his winning, the idea was a *mauvaise plaisanterie*. They laid 6 to 4 on him. The mare cantered home a couple of lengths ahead of him at her leisure: alas! poor champion of modern chivalry—"to what base uses we may come at last!" A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for all ages except two-year-olds, D. M.: three subscribers—and runners. The Knight of Gwynne was backed at even to win, which he did in a fine, slapping, useful form by half a length. A Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds, Cesarewitch Course; seven subscribers, and four to go. The odds were 5 to 2 against Queensbury, 3 to 1 against Solon, 3 to 1 against Don Juan, and 7 to 2 against Letitia. Up to the bushes with a bad speed the favourite led; then Letitia and Don Juan cleared their companions, ran a determined struggle over the bottom and up the cords, the horse having the best of the finish by a neck, finely ridden by Frank Butler. To the eye this is a rat-

tling race " landed." But your 300 sovs. stakes is a dollop to stand and hedged at 3 to 1 takes all the gold off the ginger-bread. The stakes were worth £1,350, less per centage ; but hedging to the stake would leave the amount under £450 *nett.* Fifty sovs. Plate for four, five, six-year olds, and aged, three last miles of B. C. The betting was 7 to 4 on Sotterley, 4 to 1 against Fire-eater, and 8 to 1 against Westow. As far as the Duke's stand it was a sort of a race—to look at. They there tired, and reeling home as best they might, old Jim stirred up Fire-eater to finish first by half a length. Three miles, with the run-in up-hill, is a fiery ordeal for both race-horses and jockeys in these " degenerate days " ! !.....William the Conqueror received in a 200 sovs. match, h. ft., D. M., from the colt by John o' Gaunt, out of Ma Mie's dam, and the list was read out. You may be sure there was pretty skirmishing, many a smart passage of keen encounter in the evening ; but these results matter little now—the principal is lost to a majority of the combatants, the *interest* to everybody.

Tuesday was as cold and comfortless as an easterly wind and a sunless sky could make it. By grace of great coats and cigars a few of us got a peep at the " cracks," and encountering Bolingbroke by accident, on his way to the Lime Kilns, I saw him gallop with William Boyce up, stripped—not Billy Boyce ! heaven forefend—but the nag. How he went is now no longer matter of account. As it drew towards noon the town put on a very bustling appearance, and when the multitude had gathered together on the heath the crowd was greater than I ever remember on a Two Thousand Guineas day—unless, perhaps, on that auspicious anniversary, when, as it was stated by the provincial press, His Royal Highness Prince Albert contemplated honouring the occasion with his presence. No doubt the order was not quite Corinthian ; but for quality we had quantity, and " what's the odds ?" Ah—not prophetic of any flyers at hand. Mediocrity is the badge of all the three-year-old tribe—so far as public position is a criterion. The sport began with a Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, 100 ft., for four-year-olds, B. C. ! four subscribers—run a match. They laid 7 to 4 on the Duke of Bedford's Quasimodo. Like most of the " long jobs" at Newmarket, it was a poor affair. Testator ran first as far as he could ; presently one of his legs failed him, and then the favourite " came " and won in a canter. The Coffee Room Stakes, A. F., four subscribers, and a trio at the post. Bordeaux was first in the ring at 5 to 4 on him, 7 to 4 against the filly by Slane out of Exotic, and odds a-begging about Brington. If ever there was a dead heat this was one, between the two first in the odds. I think it was a dead heat every inch up the cords : it was a splendid finish, but whether as fast as fine is another matter. The stakes were subsequently divided. The Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, with twenty-seven subscriptions and five runners, now drew the million to the circle of commerce. Need I say that this event had been for a season the debateable

ground of many a bold manœuvre—that there had been dodges, "not loud but deep," as rife about it as bills at Christmas? The market prices ruled, as the ring broke up, 2 to 1 against Bee-hunter, 5 to 2 Pitsford, 3 to 1 Hardinge, and extreme odds against Utrecht. Following the counsel and example of a local *savant* I backed Hardinge, who came to the scratch in the form ascribed by Peter Pindar to the pilgrim who walked to Loretto with peas in his shoes, and neglected to boil his vegetables. At the first glance "I knowed I vos done," as the owner of a horse "that ought to have won the Derby" is reported to have said a few minutes before he was "booked." Well, well, I lost my money, and this was the way it occurred. Off jumped Bee-hunter, and "steady" says Alfred Day—he was on Pitsford, and "boots" to the party. As they entered the ropes the Danebury nag had closed Bee-hunter, next to whom my friend Hardinge was rattling his crutches. Presently Pitsford made his demonstration, passed them both, and won by a neck; Bee-hunter second, the same distance before him of the bad pins. My conviction is that the winner was better than he "showed;" he never was set going till half way up the hill, and what more was there needed than he did? Suppose it run as it seemed, what think you of the lot? Suppose, at all events, Bee-hunter did his *devoir*, what is your impression of the Goodwood representative? Perhaps you will await the sequel before giving an opinion. A Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards, D. M., five subscribers. This was run a quartet: 5 to 4 against St. George. With 5st. 12lbs. up, the favourite ran with the front rank into the cords, where in company with Thringarth he ran an honest race home, winning eventually by a neck. The speed was very good, considering. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for all ages except two-year-olds, T. Y C., five subscribers; but three came to the post; the betting even between the Bishop of Romford's Cob and Telegraph. With the pair the race lay, and a fierce struggle they had for it, the "old un" at length beaten at his own length by a neck. The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas, for mares, R. C. Four went for it—the odds 5 to 4 against St. Rosalia. The start was made in a walk, presently improved to a canter. Thus or thereabouts the pace was continued for the first three miles. They then took things a little more earnestly, but the finish made the favourite an easy winner by a length. It was a happy relief to change the atmosphere of the Ditch for that of the chimney corner. "Where do you dine to-day?" asked a man of another who was galloping beside him across the flat. "I don't know yet," said his companion, "but it shall be where they keep the best fires." Thus was written the epitaph of April in the middle of the nineteenth century.

As April went out May came in—

> "The air bites shrewdly: it is very cold—
> It is a nipping and an eager air."

In the town all was below zero: nobody ventured abroad; and if you called upon a friend, in the despair of your solitude, you found him with his feet inside the fender—as if preparing to spend the day up the chimney. The catalogue of sport was "in a concatenation accordingly,"—it was milk-and-water of the third class. The wind swept over the heath as though Ely cathedral stood upon the North Pole. Under the lee of the telegraph I learnt that the betting was upon the opening race, 6 to 4 against either Beebee Bunnoo (a pretty conceit in Olympic nomenclature) or the Inheritor colt, and 2 to 1 against Rearguard; the same being a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds, R. M., 4 subscribers. The animal (which was of the feminine gender, and hailed as Beebee Bunnoo as aforesaid) made all the running, and won cleverly by a length. A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, D. M., nine subscribers, brought out three; with 8 to 1 on Bee-hunter. Accordingly he made ducks and drakes of the field! and won by three lengths. He is a rough-and-ready sort of customer; and, barring casualties, will pay his way, though he may not descend to posterity in the character of a hero. Chieftain was second, and Nuthatch a bad last. A Plate of 50 sovs. for all ages above two years old, D. M., brought out half-a-dozen; the odds 2 to 1 against Vasa, 5 to 2 Jest, and 4 to 1 against Goodwood; Whetstone having no friends, because of his propensity to "bolt" when in difficulties. At the cords, however, the leary one came out as if he meant right, ran on as straight as an arrow and as staunch as a brick, and finally won by a couple of lengths; well ridden by William Boyce, who only wants more riding to be seen more frequently in a similar position. A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, D. M., 14 subscribers and three to go. Chieftain was telegraphed as a starter; but, reflecting probably upon his exhibition with Bee-hunter an hour before, his party caused him to be blotted out of the field. The odds were 2 to 1 on Bordeaux, and he justified the price. The pace, which was moderate, was regulated up to the cords by Necklace; then the favourite, who had been waiting, caught his horses in a few strides, and went in first by a couple of lengths: it was a poor specimen of speed in reference to the beaten twain. A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds and upwards, T. Y. C.; three subscribers, all runners. The betting was 2 to 1 on Crucible; another right view, for the favourite led from end to end, and won cleverly by half a length. Lord Glasgow was last, with his Canada colt—"no where," as the newspaper reports gave it. A Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, &c., &c., for three-year-olds and upwards, A. F., six subscribers, and half of them at the post. Betting, 5 to 4 against Give-and-Take, 6 to 4 Sotterley, and 5 to 1 against Pius the Ninth. His holiness was in front till within some hundred yards of the chair, when he was headed by Sotterley, and beaten by three parts of a length. A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, &c., &c.,

A. F., five subscribers. The odds were 5 to 4 against Ondine, the same about Satire, and 5 to 1 against The Trump. The first portion of the distance was done with Satire in front; but as soon as it suited orders, Boyce came with Ondine, and landed her an easy winner by a length. For a Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for four-year-olds and upwards, A. F., three subscribers, Lord Glasgow's Impertinence walked over; and the list terminated with a Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., for four-year-olds and upwards, Cesarewitch Course. It brought out, "a brace," and a race that commenced at three miles an hour. The winner was Fire-eater, who was backed at 7 to 2 on him.

Thursday. The thermometer ruled more kindly to-day; but still the weather was out of season by a great-coat at the least. Being the anniversary of the great filly race it bore a look of interest and business that lent it a wonted—and much wanted—animation. As matter theoric now written anent it would be but prophetic of the past, we will at once to the matter of fact. The day's amusement commenced with a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, T. Y. C., five subscribers. They laid 5 to 2 on Falcon, and 4 to 1 against Rose Pompon. All the lot went; the favourite heading the phalanx, as doth the trumpeter the mounted guard to and from Whitehall, and winning in a canter by a length. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, T. Y. C., four subscribers. They laid 5 to 1 on the filly by Slane, out of Receipt; added to which the ground was as hard as a hearth-stone. Moreover this filly had other engagements, far better worth winning. It seemed therefore almost a Quixotic passage of chivalry to start her, and win, as she did of course, in a canter. The One Thousand Guineas Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, 100 sovs. each, h. ft., D. M., 26 subscribers, and five at the post. Save but to swell the pageant there was but a pair in the issue, either at the betting-post or the winning-post. These were Lord Orford's filly by Slane out of Exotic, and Sir Joseph Hawley's Tiff. They betted 6 to 5 on the former, and 7 to 4 against the latter, when the ring broke up. How the first of the racing was accomplished needs no record. About a quarter of a mile from home the two favourites went in front, and then began a most resolute and truly run struggle, of which Lord Orford's mare had the best by a head; brilliantly ridden by Frank Butler. California was third, but quite out of the race. *Apropos* of brilliant equestrian performances, as the name of James Robinson will be missed from the muster, it may be proper to say that he was prevented riding during the week by indisposition: the cause, as well as the consequence being a source of sincere regret to all those to whom he is known, either in private life or in a public capacity. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; first half of Abingdon Mile, seven subscribers. The whole party went in this instance; Falcon being backed against the other half-dozen. They were wrong, however, for he never had the ghost of a chance; Bullfinch taking the lead and keeping it, passed the chair in advance of the second by a length. Lord Exeter's Visite

occupied this place, by virtue whereof Bullfinch was transferred to the sporting Marquis's stables, at the price of £80. The Queen's Plate of 100 guineas, for all ages above three-year-olds, R. C., half a dozen ran for this "cool hundred;" and the result was one of the finest races for the distance that I ever witnessed in my experience of the turf. The betting was 5 to 2 against Forester, 5 to 1 against Retail, the same about Sotterley, and 5 to 1 against Fernhill. The first three miles were done at good racing speed; Sir Peter Laurie—his steeple-chasing to the contrary notwithstanding—showing the legitimists the way at a rattling heat. At the rise of the hill, Fernhill, Retail and Fire-eater rushed to the van, and, closing in a direful contention, struggled and stuck together to the chair, ending as I have placed them, a head between the first and second, ditto between the second and third. Were there no good men and true, that saw it, who will lift the glove which the unbeliever (in the bottom of the British racer) hath thrown down? Will not the Jockey Club come to the rescue? Chivalry of England, consider the question—the crescent and "*the cross.*"..... A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-old colts, D. M., seven subscribers. William the Conqueror walked over. This wound up the list of the day.

Friday. A programme putting forth two races at Newmarket was indeed "a sorry sight." One of these, however, was an event of some account, so every body didn't go off by the 10 A. M. train—though a great many did. A brief notice will furnish all the facts. The "lines"—anxiously canvassed at the time—have now relation only to things that were. The first race of the twain was a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three and four-year-olds; D. M., 5 subscribers. They took 5 to 4 about Brington, 7 to 2 about Nina, and 4 to 1 about Goodwood; the whole lot went. As soon almost as they had got upon their legs, Mr. Wigram's filly by Harkaway, out of the dam of Coranna, did "hark-away" in front, the others following. It was a pretty "burst," the first off being Goodwood, before whom the Harkaway filly finished an easy winner by a length. A rather alarming casualty occurred as the field was collecting for the event next in order. Butler, who was on Castanero, in consequence of the horse's starting suddenly round in his canter, was thrown with great violence, and pitching upon his head, was picked up senseless. Later in the day there was better news of him, and fortunately the effects of the accident were only of temporary inconvenience. The Newmarket Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, h. ft., D. M., 22 subscribers, brought to the post but a meagre field of half a dozen, for the odds on one were too great for the nerves of the majority. The betting was 4 to 1 on Lord Exeter's Nutshell, 8 to 1 against Cariboo, and 2 to 1 against anything else. All the first of the running was made by Moultan, with the other five "in a ruck" about a length astern. At the ropes three of the after guard, viz., Cariboo, the favourite, and Utrecht went in front, and in a finish that looked like a race, ended in the order above,

Cariboo winning by a length, a neck between Lord Exeter's two. The effect of this surprise was to give Clincher a lift in the Derby market. Nutshell was pronounced to be "off" by the talents that scrutinised him during his preparatory canter. My opinion upon the week's performance went to the extent that it was, as compared with many former similar anniversaries, of an average considerably below mediocrity. Thus ended the First Spring Meeting, and those who thereupon bent themselves towards the metropolis, left behind an anxious throng engaged in Chester Cup trials, and rigmarole reveries, on what should come to pass at Epsom. On Wednesday, in this meeting, the Jockey Club passed a resolution. It was decided "That the Cesarewitch Stakes shall be continued, and 300 sovereigns added from the funds of the Club: the entrance for each horse to be two sovereigns."

Chester Races began on Tuesday, the 7th of May. Latter years have so accumulated the interest of the performances at the Olympic hippodrome on the Roodee, that should it progress for a short season, *pari passu* the dose will be too strong for men's brains. The state of popular society, as affected by speculative theories, may be gathered from the columns of the sporting papers. Thus, for instance, advertisements run, addressed to persons to whom money may be any consideration, who will put it in their purses at the outlay of the effort....." The Derby to wit. Notice.—Only one shilling the winner of the Derby.....Send 13 postage stamps and an envelope to ——— of —— street —— Ipswich, and he will send you the name of both horse and rider." This is no anonymous dodge, but a regular matter of business offer; so much especial information guaranteed at such and such a price. Is this a fact, or a deliberate swindle? How does it seek circulation and publicity? Bellowed about the streets by the brazen lungs of base ballad-mongers? or laid upon our breakfast tables, part and parcel of the journalism which has become one of the necessaries of social life? There may be those who are prepared to treat this as a joke. The point of such fun, however, is by no means so pleasant to those that are the butt, as profitable to those that *aim*.

The Sunday before Chester races is, we are told, the occasion of mighty multitudes assembling at Tattersall's. To many, such trysts are causes of scandal. Do they gather together for the purpose of racing or of betting—betting as a business—betting as a craft?..... Monday morning drew its "million" to the Roodee. They found the surface of the earth in a far different condition from that in which the heavy rains of the previous week had left it, in the metropolitan countries. It was then and there that John Day's lot took its "terrific gallop," as it was designated. This "cracker" was the forerunner of Essedarius's lameness; whether the occasion of it the deponents said not. However that may be, he was "scratched," and so went the possibility of the improbability on which rests the chance of the backers of horses. To this and other untoward-

nesses the prophets attributed the unanimity of unsuccess which attended their predictions. What between the sweeps and the prophets, the tips and the touts, the lists and the legs, if our public be not phlebotomised, there is then no virtue in lance or leech. Thus sped the day, and evening came, and the Rows were populous with all manner of people and nations—

"Turks and Jews,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos."

We leave them to their vocation.

Tuesday morning began with a levee on the course—a vast conglomeration of mankind in the various phases of anxiety. The first dose of bitters was administered in a certificate of Essedarius being "done." Presently it began to rain, which was "all against John Day." Said this tout—"Fugleman's flummoxed;" another, "Peep-o'-*Day's* dished;" many in one-owl chorus, "Chantrey's chance is over the left." "Roland," says Cheek, who has succeeded Leatherlungs in his calling, "Roland—he is all round my hat;" and David Do-the-Dons has laid a Jockey Club swell a hundred thousand pounds to a "florin" that he will eat Osterley and George Sharp within a quarter of an hour after they have won the Cup..... With your leave we will breakfast, and then to the affairs of the day. The bill of fare was bad, and so was the weather; nevertheless, the attendance was very considerable. The opening race was the Grosvenor Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, for all ages except two-year olds, Grosvenor Course, 9 subscribers; this was run a match, with 8 to 1 on brave old Collingwood; Blister was his antagonist, who took nothing but a drubbing for his temerity. The Palatine Stakes, for maiden three-year-old fillies, with several conditions, had 12 subscribers, course about a mile and a quarter; four went, Estafette the favourite, at 6 to 4 against her; Baroness was backed at 5 to 2, French Susy at 3 to 1, and Lass of Underley at 7 to 2. This was a most miserable sight till they turned the Castle Pole for home, when Baroness and Estafette set to "with a will," the former winning by half a length. The Mostyn Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two-year-olds, 14 subscribers, course three quarters of a mile, brought out half a dozen; they laid 7 to 4 on the Receipt filly, 7 to 2 against Louis Napoleon, and 9 to 2 against Mr. Merryman. Away in front went the favourite, with Louis Napoleon, and The Anchorite in attendance; she soon found them too slow for her humour, and scudding on by herself went in a winner by two lengths in a canter. A Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages but two-year-olds, once round and a distance, 5 subscribers; the odds were 7 to 4 against Posey, and 2 to 1 against Osbaldeston; five ran, and after a straggling race the favourite won, but by no means easily or handsomely. The Chesterfield Stakes, handicap, of 10 sovs. each, with 100 added, for three-years-olds, 21 subscribers, course once round and a dis-

tance, had half a dozen runners; betting, 7 to 4 against Alonzo, 7 to 2 against Stepping Stone, and 5 to 1 each against Seignor of Holderness, Decoy colt and Brocoli. Once more the fielders thrown out. So soon as the first moiety of ground was accomplished, the favourite took up the running, carried it through to the finish, and won easily by half a length. The Optional Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages but two-year-olds, a mile and a quarter, 7 subscribers, and all to go; the prices ruled 7 to 4 against Ormsby, 3 to 1 against Theory, and 4 to 1 against Psyche; this scurry was won by the latter, entered as to be sold for 30 sovs.; she brought, however, at the hammer 70 sovs., which put 40 sovs. into the treasury of the Committee. Thus closed the first day's sport, followed in the evening by all sorts of surmises, and considerable investments on the morrow. This grand secret will soon be known.

Wednesday. The present character of the great Olympic gala on the banks of the Dee is described by one who has had at least a quarter of a century's experience of its anniversaries, as having been transcendent "for *the mobs* with which the old streets and rows literally swarmed." Accustomed as we are to monster meetings, such a marvellous multitude as invested the Roodee on the occasion in question was akin to a myth or a miracle. Where did they all come from? Where did all the money come from? Is not the British yeoman bankrupt? Has free trade left him wherewithal to appease his appetite, or to clothe his person? And then to hear these "mobs" roaring for customers for their cash! Beseeching the compassionate legs to accept their "scores" and their ponies under the market price. Bull! Bull! what metamorphosis has come o'er the spirit of thy dream? Who calleth thee phlegmatic, frigid, dreary, dull?—he that sees thee at thy diversions? He who associates with thee what time thou puttest aside thy working-day man, and goeth forth another? Of a verity, No! All work "maketh Jack a dull boy;" but give him a holiday, and "when he's drest all in his best"—

"Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes."

Such was his *status* last Chester *Coop* Day. He had taken leave of his sober senses—his "internal spirit cut a caper." He went with his wife under his arm, among five thousand people in a train, to the scene of attraction. He was intoxicated with pleasure and potent beverage. He was a happy fact. Are the theories of *La Belle Nation* more felicitous? You will believe that with "Sweeps," "Touts," "Tips," and "Legs," to hound them on, our public wagered as if their souls and bodies depended on investment, and that old Cestria shook aghast at such betting in her streets. From the Watergate to the Eastgate the highway was a mosaic of hats—a mass of mankind. The weather was cheerless, and of low temperature. But there was excitement to electrify the heart, and perplexity that bathed the

temples with perspiration. What was cloud or shine, sun or snow, to a community in a soul-quake? The picture must be looked at as a whole. The artist does not usher you into the Subscription Room—point out to your notice the Grand Stand—the ring—the course. He says to you—"Behold the *ensemble!*" Such is an English popular assembly: hold your breath, and muse upon it.

The racing commenced with the Scramble Handicap; course half-a-mile; 12 subscribers. Eleven came to the post; odds, 5 to 2 against Eunuch, and 5 to 1 each against Greenwich and Osbaldeston. The start was managed with difficulty: the race was contested with great emphasis. The run in lay between The Mease and Ormsby, the former winning by half a neck: she was subsequently claimed for 80 sovs. Sixty Guineas, the gift of the Members for the City; 17 subscribers, 3 sovs. each; once round and a distance. A field of a dozen mustered for this, at 7 to 4 against Vanguard, and 7 to 2 against Doubt. "*Post varios casus*" the favourite got to the front, kept there, and won a smartly-run race by a length; Tower second. The mighty issue of the day—and the meeting—was now about to be disposed of. I forego all allusion to the casualties that preceded the rendezvous around the starter's flag. The saddling bell sounded, the preliminary breathings formed, behold, in attendance on Mr. Hipburd's *fiat*, a field of six-and-twenty, to race for

The Tradesmen's Plate of 200 sovs. (in specie), added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5, &c.; the second to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes, the third to save his stake, and the winner to pay 25 sovs. towards expenses; the winner of either the Northamptonshire Stakes, Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom, Newmarket Handicap, or the Somersetshire Stakes in 1850, 10lbs., or of any other handicap race of the value of 200 sovs., including the winner's own stake, 5lbs. extra; the Cup Course, two miles and a quarter; 189 subs., 85 of whom declared, &c.

Major Pitt's br. c. *Mounseer*, by St. Francis, 4 yrs., 6st. 9lbs..... J. Dockeray 1
Mr. I. Day's b. h. *Cockermouth*, 5 yrs., 6st. 10lbs.....Crouch 2

Twenty-four others started.

Betting at starting: 5 to 1 against Roland, 6 to 1 against Peep-o'-day Boy, 9 to 1 against Osterley, 10 to 1 against Miss Ann, 14 to 1 against Ellerdale, 14 to 1 against Glauca, 15 to 1 against Fugleman, 16 to 1 against Mounseer, 20 to 1 against John Cosser, 25 to 1 against Chantrey, 33 to 1 against Cockermouth, 50 to 1 each against Keleshea, The Knout, Fleur de Seine, and the Lily colt, 1,000 to 15 each against Woolwich and Westow, 1,000 to 10 against Grief.

The flag dropped at hard upon a quarter to five, and "They're off!" was the cry from thousands of throats of brass. The first past the stand was Grief; but Osterley who had been running away from the first stride, presently rushed to the van, where he remained till

Miss Ann outpaced and outlived him. That the speed was very true may be inferred from the fact that very early in the race it needed the whip to keep Mounseer on terms with his horses. As they swept round the Castle turn the last time, Miss Ann gave way, and the leaders were composed of Mounseer, Cockermouth, and Woolwich. The struggle home was a very exciting one; but Mounseer, who had the lead, kept it at a downright honest pace, and finally won by half a length. Woolwich was pronounced by the general voice to have been third; but though the conditions of the Plate were that the third shall save his stake, no third was placed by the judge. The character of the pace was seen in the *tail* which it unfolded. The netting of the winner realized £2,345: besides, it was stated, a good return for the money risked in backing the horse. Roland and Osterley were nowhere, and Peep-o'-day Boy was a bad fourth.

Some strong animadversions having been put forth upon the "neglect" of Mr. White in not placing a third, as aforesaid, it is but justice that the accused should be heard in defence. To that effect he subsequently addressed a long and—as the pith of it, which I extract, will, I think, show—needlessly prolix letter to the newspapers. After stating his claims, on the score of experience and sundry other grounds, to the confidence of the public, in the capacity of a judge of a horse-race, he proceeds to observe:

"The race then, certainly for at least the last half distance, was a fine and interesting struggle between three horses, which it now is clear were Mounseer, Cockermouth, and Woolwich; and this was, I dare say, sufficiently patent to those who occupied the Grand Stand at the moment. But I must crave their pardon if I suggest to them that, although I was more favourably situated than they for ascertaining which were first and second horses, I was not, under the peculiar circumstances of the position of the animals in the race, so well placed for discerning the third, inasmuch as while from their elevation they could see all three with equal ease and distinctness, my situation on the quasi level with them placed before me in quite another point of view.

"These three horses, then, having singled themselves out, approached me and passed the post in the following manner: Mounseer, the winner, was inside and close to the rails; Cockermouth was on the outside or nearest to me; and Woolwich between the two. The jockeys of these three animals were all riding in light and somewhat similar colours—those of Cockermouth and Woolwich especially, the former being a dirty white and the latter a straw colour, and the one with a green and the other a blue cap, circumstances of themselves rather confusing to the eye. How close they were to each other may be conceived from the fact that the boy who rode the third, viz., Woolwich, declared, as I am informed, his belief that he had won. Neither the similitude of the colours of the jockeys nor the closeness of the contest, however, contributed nearly so much to the non-placing of Woolwich as the circumstance I am

about to mention, viz., that of his being a small horse, and, therefore, being in the middle and a trifle behind, almost covered, as it were, from my view by Cockermouth; so that when they passed the post I actually did not know what horse it was."

The last nine words would have as completely clinched the argument as an oration by Demosthenes. He did not know what was third. What other reason was there required for not stating what was third? "Lend me a hundred pounds?" said one to a friend. "I'm very sorry that I cannot," was the reply; "and I'll give you fifty reasons why. In the first place, *I have not got the money*"—"That will suffice," cried the other, interrupting him; "that will do, you needn't trouble yourself about the other nine-and-forty."

Second year of the Roodee Produce Stakes, for three-year-olds, a mile and a half, 13 subscribers. The betting was 2 to 1 on the colt by Lanercost out of Concertina, and 2 to 1 against Shilmalier West. The detail of the running lies in a very small space. The favourite made play at his own pace, waited awhile for the run home, then came and won by half a length. Four started, but the two named in the odds had it all to themselves. Her Majesty's Plate of 100 Guineas, for all ages but two-year-olds, thrice round. Four ran for this long journey; the prices being 2 to 1 on Fernhill and 2 to 1 against Vanguard. All the first of the running was "cut out" by Fernhill. At the last turn of the Castle Pole, Vanguard put on the steam, made the speed good, got past his adversary, and won cleverly by half a length. The other pair were "out of it" from the first. Thus ended the Cup day.

Thursday came in with seasonable vernal accompaniments. The attendance, too, was very good, but not "monster," as on the by-gone day. There was good sport, moreover, which is thus demonstrated. First came The Cheshire Welter Cup, value 100 sovs., the rest in specie, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, &c., &c., &c., twice round and a distance, 13 subscribers. The betting closed at 5 to 4 against Mrs. Taft, 6 to 4 against Eagle's Plume, and 3 to 1 against Flatcatcher. For the first mile and a half Eagle's Plume raced in front some twenty yards before the others. Hereabouts Mrs. Taft set to work to redeem the distance between her and the leader. At the Bridge turn she was upon his kibes, alongside him up the straight running, and finally was beaten by Eagle's Plume by half a length. Flatcatcher was beaten off. The Dee Stakes, of 25 sovs. each, with 200 added, for three-year-olds, Derby weights, Grosvenor Course (the *Racing Calendar* does not give the length of the courses at Chester), 17 subscribers. Three of the nominations came to the post, with 2 to 1 on Bee-hunter, 3 to 1 against Cantab, and 5 to 1 Mark Tapley. The worst forward in the odds ran in front—on sufferance—to the distance. There the favourite went up, and won in a canter by two lengths. The Marquis of Westminster's Plate, value 100 sovs., specie, handicap, 20 sovs. each, &c., &c., Grosvenor course,

11 subscribers. Five went for it; betting 6 to 4 against Saucy Dick, 5 to 2 Seignor of Holderness, and 5 to 1 each Lady Speedy and Keleshea. All the running from end to end was made by the Seignor, who won by half a neck, the winner racing very resolutely at the finish. The Dee Stand Cup of 50 sovs., specie, added to a handicap of 5 sovs. each, 7 furlongs, 13 subscribers. A field of half a score ran, at various prices, the favourite being either Gladiole or The Fiddler, at 4 to 1 against each. At the start Tower broke away, tossed off his jockey, charged the rails, knocked down people, and then bit the dust himself. They came together to the Bridge turn, where Portia, with it all her own way, closed her horses, passed them, and won by half a length. Gladiole second. The Selling Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, &c., &c.; once round and a distance, 8 subscribers. The favourite was Caurine, at 5 to 4 against him, and long odds against the others. The crack did as became one in his position. He took the lead, and kept it, winning very easily by a length. The Scurry Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 20 added, six furlongs, 11 subscribers, brought nine of the lot to the post. Elcho was the favourite at 2 to 1 against him, 7 to 2 Chieftain, and others at long odds. The crack in this case did as his predecessor in the last. He took the front, remained there, and won in a canter by two lengths. This closed Thursday's catalogue.

Friday brought back winter once again. The promise of sport, however, was cheering, and the fourth and final day wound up the meeting as befitted an occasion of such account. A world of gossip was current touching the shadows of coming events, which had been studied by the curious; but what flavour would they have in reference to now foregone conclusions? A strong list was headed by The Cheshire Stakes of 25 sovs. each, &c., with 50 added, once round from the Castle Pole and in, 21 subscribers, and *four* at the post. They laid 7 to 4 on Cockermouth, 3 to 1 against Gulliver, and 5 to 1 against either of the others. The story is soon told. The winner made all the running, and won with all ease by a length. The Eaton Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for three-year-olds, Grosvenor Course, 13 subscribers. A trio showed for this event, at 3 to 1 on Woolwich, and long odds against The Augean. The favourite waited to the Bridge turn when he went on, and won in a canter by a length. A Free Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, &c., &c.; 7 furlongs; 19 subscribers. Here again was a field of four "to all this sack." They laid 7 to 4 against Fleur de Seine, 2 to 1 against Grief, and 6 to 1 against Gaffer Green. It was a close affair, finally won by Grief, beating Kelleshea ahead. The Cestrian Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds; one mile and three quarters; 11 subscribers. Three ran, and one distanced, in consequence of running on the wrong side of the post. Betting, 3 to 1 on the Concertina colt, who won in a canter by three lengths. The Grand Stand Cup of 100 sovs., added to a Handicap of 10 sovs. each, &c., &c.; once round and a distance; 12 subscribers. Nine were telegraphed to

start. Odds, 2 to 1 against Rodney, the same Priestess, 6 to 1 Psyche, and long odds against several of the others. First round the Bridge-turn was Rodney, and a ruck at his heels: at the distance Priestess, began to show more for the lead, finally winning easily by a length. The Wirral Stakes, T. Y. C., 7 subscribers, brought out four. Candlewick was backed at evens, but The Anchorite won in a canter by four lengths. Last, but not least, came The Ladies' Purse of 50 sovs.; once round and a distance. A baker's dozen went for this gallant half-hundred. They laid 5 to 2 against Poosey, 4 to 1 The Mease, 6 to 1 The Magnet, 6 to 1 Pysche, and 8 to 1 Ormsby. I cannot resist transferring to my notes the newspaper version of the details of this ladies' race; "Wilmot jumped off with the lead, *Poosey* second, *Charlotte* and *Tity* well up. In this order they ran for the first quarter of a mile, when *Tity* took the second place, having *Poosey* and *Psyche* in close attendance. At the Castle Pole Wilmot was beaten and *Poosey* took up the running, but was caught halfway up the distance by *Psyche*, and after a fine race home beaten by half a length: *Tity*, *Charlotte*, and The Magnet, were *pretty* well up." I don't think that is to be followed in the Racing Calendar. It closed, however, one of the most slashing meetings ever seen in "the provinces."

The week following Chester was occupied by the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket, and Shrewsbury Races: the latter, a downright honest sporting affair, was, however, only of local interest: we proceed to a brief notice of the former. A most unprofitable programme and the vilest of weather are unpromising materials to begin with; and they kept their augury to the disappointment. The Suffolk Stakes were in the extreme meagre, and matters were none the more mended by a piece of *mauvaise plaisafterie* got up by some wag, to the intent that Bolingbroke and Penang contemplated a trial in the Rowley Mile Plate. With this slight prelude the curtain draws up for a Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds and upwards; T. Y. C.; 3 subscribers. All went; and the betting was even on Jest, 7 to 4 against Beau Pré-Belle, and 2 to 1 against Harmony colt. The favourite, who waited till near home, won easily by a length and a half. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two and three-year-olds; first half of Ab. M.; 3 subscribers. This was run a match between Nineveh and Visite—the former at 11 to 8. It was a close thing, of which the favourite had the best by a neck. Match for 100 sovs., h. ft.; Yearling Course. Mahratta, 8st. 7lbs., beat Sole, 7st. 12lbs., by half a length—11 to 8 on the winner. Fifty Sovereigns, for three-year-olds; R. M. This, the Rowley Mile Plate, not unknown to fame, brought together seven of no great pretension—save Bordeaux, backed at 2 to 1 on him. Royal Hart, attended by Wansdyke—a half-bred—made the play; the former going to the front resolutely at the Abingdon Mile bottom, and winning cleverly by a length: Bordeaux was said to have been third, behind Wansdyke, but he was not placed. Fifty Sovereigns, for all ages but two-year-olds; T. M. M.

They laid 3 to 1 against Nutmeg, 4 to 1 against Tufthunter, Vasa, and Grasshopper, 9 to 2 against Bastinado, and 6 to 1 against Nut-brown. After they had run in a body half a furlong, Tufthunter went in front, made the pace good, was challenged in the run home by Vasa, but succeeded in beating the gelding by a neck.

Wednesday was "winter thorough"—the list moreover was bad. Let us cut short our chorus in A minor. The sport commenced with The Champion Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; from the R. M. starting-post to the Duke's Stand; 3 subscribers. This was run a match between Bordeaux—5 to 2 on him—and Nutcracker. The favorite waited till some hundred and fifty yards from home, where he collared his antagonist, and beat him by four lengths. A Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards; same distance as New T. Y. C., but with the finish higher up the rise. Half a score started. Betting, 5 to 2 against Fuoco, 5 to 1 each against Diligence, Impression, and California, and 8 to 1 against Juggler. Before half the distance was run, Diligence took the lead, kept it, and won easily by two lengths. There was a long tail, with Mr. Bastard's filly at the tip. The Suffolk Stakes, handicap, 15 sovs. each, &c., &c., with 50 added; last mile and a half of R. C.; 26 subscribers, 14 of whom paid 5 sovs. ft. Seven ran. 2 to 1 against Herbert, 7 to 2 St. George, 9 to 2 Quasimodo, and 5 to 1 Thistledown. Mr. Neville declared to win with Herbert. They came together to the turn into the B. M., where Letitia ran out, and so had done with the rest of the race: thence they came at strong running into the bottom and up the rise. St. George now began to show among the leaders, and on the summit he had passed them—winning, but in a slovenly way, by a head: Herbert was second, with Chicot a length behind him. The Jockey Club Plate of 25 sovs., for four-year-olds and upwards, the property of Members of the Jockey Club, Beacon Course, St. Rosalia walked over for. She did the same for a sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for four-year-olds; last 3 miles of B. C.; 3 subscribers: and a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for three-year-olds being "off," the company straightway followed suit.

Thursday was more agreeable for taking the air on Newmarket Heath than were its predecessors. There were four events in the list, and they were not all without metal attractive. The first was a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft.; T. Y. C.; 8 subscribers, 4 of whom paid 5 sovs. ft.; consequently four ran. Betting, 6 to 4 against Irish Jig, 2 to 1 against Virago colt, and 7 to 2 against The White Lady. They came together to the cords, where White Lady and the Virago colt went to the front, ran a hard struggle home, and the filly won by a head. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added by the Jockey Club, for two-year-olds; T. Y. C.; 19 subscribers. Fifteen started. Odds, 7 to 4 against Citadel, 4 to 1 Teddington, 5 to 1 Sneer, 6 to 1 Miserima, 10 to 1 each against Coticula, Olivia, and Predilection, and 100 to 8 against Paquetta. "The start," says a sporting paper, "was one of the most unsatisfactory

we have seen for some years;" and in another place, "The whole affair was marred by the wretched manner in which the start was managed." After this it may be enough to say that Coticula won by a head—Citadel second, beating Miserima, third, by a couple of lengths. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two and three-year-olds; first half of Ab. M.; 4 subscribers. The quartet went—5 to 4 on Brother to Willingham. The favourite waited till they were within the cords, when he put his best leg foremost, and won easily by a length. A Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards; A. F. A dozen ran for this little *gouts*. 3 to 1 against Fire-eater, 5 to 1 Bastinado, 6 to 1 the Revival colt, and the same about Vasa. In this scurry the changes and chances were of course legion; half a mile from home the Revival colt was leading, and despite some strenuous efforts to turn the tables he continued to do so past the chair—winner by a length, cleverly: Goodwood was second, and the favourite third.

The Whip was not challenged for.

Thus closed the last of the Spring Meetings at Newmarket in 1850. —*London Sporting Review, for June*, 1850.

HORSES OF THE SUN AND HORSES OF THE SOD.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

THE attention of persons, papers, and periodicals, *cum multis aliis*, has been a good deal occupied for some time past, as adverting to, and animadverting on, the different qualities of two distinct races of horses, each indigenous to its own soil and country. Statesmen and stable-boys, Pashas and post-boys, trainers and touts, who know much, and tradesmen, who know little of such matters, have lately sought and given opinions on this temporarily engrossing subject. As such has unquestionably been the case, let me hope that Harry Hieover may be allowed the privilege of doing the same thing—that is, giving vent to his ideas on the same subject; he, however, makes the proviso that others may not feel themselves called on to do—namely, that in giving his opinions he only does so on the understanding that the author does not vouch for the correctness of the opinions given: what he gives "is but opinion still."

The one great feature so lately and so much discussed, is the relative speed of the Arab and English horse. We will not here enter into any abstruse disquisition on how far the English horse, from having been crossed by breeds from other countries, is now purely English; but to set that matter at rest we will allow that he is not so—in fact, a pure aboriginal English horse has probably ceased to exist;

we will, therefore, to give at once a *quietus* to any caviller on such a topic, merely mention our horses as such as are at present used in England, let the blood have arisen how, when, or where it may; such as it is, however, taking all its qualities on record, it is unquestionably now the best in the known world for general use.

The next qualification at issue is the comparative endurance or stamina of the two animals, as regards distance; that is, length of going at a certain rate of speed, that speed to be a racing one, for such is the one lately so much canvassed. Before going further into the subject with my reader, he may perhaps think that I lay hold of the curb-rein unnecessarily if I stop him while we inquire a little into what speed means; we annex the term as only applicable in a general way to three classes of horses, namely, the race-horse, the hunter, and the trotter. But speed is not quite so definite or confined in its reality as that; for instance, if four cart-horses were being taken to a fair or any where else, if one evidently could out-walk the others, he is the speediest horse. We will, however, state a case more in character with the term speed, and suppose a match to have taken place across the flat at Newmarket; the horses had kept, we will say, side by side the whole distance till within fifty yards of the winning-post; it would be natural, and in most cases right, to infer that the winner was the speedier horse; and so he indubitably was, for that last fifty yards, at the distance they run and as the pace was made; but the winner might not have been the speediest horse a quarter of a mile from home, or had the race been a quarter of a mile further; but he was, at the precise moment both horses were called upon. I remember asking a jock who rode a horse for me, who was beaten easily, how his horse went in the race. "Oh," said he, "I could have run over them at any time till a quarter of a mile from home; but he died off in a few strides afterwards, and was of no more use than a dead horse." Thus, though beaten several lengths he was actually the speediest horse in the race; the fact was, such was the state of his legs that the option was, letting him start as he did, quite short of work or start a cripple.

As illustrative of how little definite the term speed is as a general indicative quality in a horse, it would be by no means an uninteresting, and certainly a very novel sight, to start a fine lot of horses, weighted according to general qualifications and age, making the course say three miles, with a winning-post at the end of each three-quarters of a mile: here would be a field for betters, I think a thousand to one would scarcely be too long odds that the same horse did not win the four results. Here would be a poser for them who think speed so easily definable—the chestnut colt that won pulling double at the three-quarters post, was beat by two clear lengths at a mile and a half, no where at two miles and a quarter, and pulled up dead beat at choke jade post; while old Slow-and-go-easy, who was too far in the rear to let his jock even surmise who won at the first winning-post, comes ploughing away till he gets in the ruck at the

second, runs the winner close in at the third, and wins as he likes at the ending. Thus it will be seen that in such a supposed race several horses have been the speediest at a particular period of the race, and between those periods there were probably others, who at that precise distance could have beaten those who won at the first winning-posts, and at the end of all, old Slow-and-go-easy will get credit with the crowd for being the speediest horse of the lot, though under usual circumstances he would be found as to them as is one of Chaplin and Horne's luggage vans to the once celebrated Magnet coach.

It is something the same as regards animals in other cases: their speed is not always available at the time or in situations where we may wish to draw it forth; and again there are two different applications of the term—the one is as regards the general speed of an animal, the other as applied to the time in which any particular act is done. For instance; if a man engaged to find his way through a thick wood in the dark, and did so, we might say he did it very speedily—that is, taking into consideration the difficulty of the task; he might, however, be as slow as a hand-barrow as a runner on fair ground. Again: supposing there was a common before two men on horseback; this common intersected by numerous cart ruts, water-courses, holes, ant-hills, furze, steeps, and all the et ceteras, often found in such places: one man is mounted on a very fast thorough-bred long striding hunter; the other on a quick-stepping hackney-like horse, who handles his legs like fingers on a piano—he trots or canters over this ground avoiding all impediments: the other is obliged to be stopped continually to save his rider's neck, his want of quickness preventing his clearing such impediments, and his very attributes of speed in this case rendering him slow. Here the hack will do a given space of ground in speediest time, but he is not the speediest horse. We frequently see this exhibition of speed in crossing a country, when if we see a man leading the field, the natural conclusion drawn is, that he is mounted on the speediest horse out. This conclusion may, however, be the very reverse of the fact; he is merely on the horse whose qualifications enable him to get over the particular kind of country (where we see him leading) in the speediest manner. Totally change the sort of country, and possibly in the other he might show he was on one of the slowest horses out—that is, slow as regards actual speed over a level turf. In alluding to such a case, I suppose the country where the slow horse showed superiority to be intricate and the enclosures small, and then to have been changed to its opposite.

It might be suggested that if over such a country as the best part of Leicestershire two or three horses led the van, it was positive proof they must be the speediest horses as to real galloping qualifications of any out. As they had no perplexing and constantly recurring difficulties to call forth superiority under such circum-

stances, even here I must make a reservation or two before I allow that this trial, fair as it seems, is a positive and conclusive proof of direct superiority of speed: these reservations are—first, that the weather has been such as to bring the country passed over to something like the consistency or firmness of a race-course; for Leicestershire after three weeks of good drying winds and absence of rain is a widely different one for a horse to cross to what it is after three weeks' saturating weather; in the latter case no country is more distressing than a great part of it, and under these different circumstances those horses in a stud that are the fastest, or, more properly speaking, cross their country in the speediest manner at one time, cannot do so at another; in the latter case the fastest race-horse might be the slowest hunter.

I trust I have, by what I have stated, gone far to show that the speediest horse is only so in cases, and under circumstances where his particular speed can be called forth; and if we place him in situations where it cannot, his being beaten would be no proof at all of the superiority of his victors, unless in such particular situations.

We now come to the second quality that it was contemplated should be put to the test between the English and Asiatic horse. Endurance of fatigue is, like speed, somewhat a vague term, as it depends greatly on the animal in which endurance is called forth. Powell, the celebrated pedestrian, was a man of great endurance of fatigue, so is Mountjoy; so was the Brighton Shepherd, who ran a mile in four minutes at four starts; so was Captain Barclay, for whether it be a thousand miles at a certain pace and at fixed periods, or whether it be a quarter of a mile at an accelerated pace, endurance is very strongly called upon in either case, for actual speed in its fullest sense, whether in man or horse, only lasts for a few yards; no race-horse ever went at his *extremest* speed for a quarter of a mile, for if he was at extreme speed of course he could go no faster; he may appear to have been so, but his rush for the last three or four lengths shows that he was not. If Eclipse and Flying Childers did do their mile in a minute, I hold it a greater proof of their endurance than of actual speed, for many horses could do one or two hundred yards at a greater pace, it was, therefore, only wonderful speed for the length, and we may therefore consider the endurance of speed for so comparatively long a distance as much more extraordinary than the actual speed evinced on the occasion. We will say Eclipse did do a mile in a minute; we know twenty miles have frequently been done in an hour, two-and twenty have been accomplished in a trial, and lately we learn twenty have been trotted in the same time: Mr. Dixon's chestnut mare trotted a hundred miles in ten hours, and the phenomenon pony, Sir Teddy, did one hundred and seventy-three under the twenty-two hours. Thus endurance is of widely different sorts, and in testing the lasting qualities of a number of horses of different breeds and countries we are not to make the distance of that precise length known to suit the qualities of either; for if we should

do so, it would of course only prove the superiority of the one over the other at that particular distance. If the work of horses was confined to doing (say) eight miles over a particular kind of ground in the shortest possible time, no doubt if we collected the best of horses of all nations, and tried them together, those who beat the others would be the best horses for that work; but it would not prove them the best for other purposes. The British Yeoman is an extraordinary horse, no doubt, and over the Metropolitan race-course, or a similar one, is more extraordinary still; yet this does not make him at all extraordinary over the Liverpool; there is, therefore, no judging of the *general* lasting qualities of horses by a trial over any peculiar ground or peculiar distance.

It would be perfectly easy to test the qualities of horses as to going a distance, by limiting the pace to, we will say, eight miles an hour; and finding what horses could go on the longest on a fair average ground, the pace being such as not to call forth the kind of endurance that speed effects, we should pretty clearly prove the capabilities of different horses as to performing distance; and sheer speed could be tested by a spurt of half a mile, but even then the first quarter should be only to get the horses well on their legs. In this way the two qualities could be tested to as great a nicety as possible; but if we tried horses at something like a racing pace for a kind of no meaning distance, such as eight miles, it would decide neither speed nor capability of going a long distance.

There is, however, a third quality in the horse that cannot be proved without the infliction of great cruelty—this is what is technically called his gameness; this is a quality awarded or claimed to the character of a horse most unjustly; there are two ways in which this gameness may be shown so as to raise a horse's character as to this peculiar quality.

If we were to see a horse that we knew had travelled eighty miles in a gig, coming along ten miles an hour cheerfully, we should say he was a game one; and again, if a race-horse will run on under punishment without shutting up or bolting, he is called a game one, and such a horse evidently shows he is so if he is a free goer till tired, and when he is so will persevere and exert himself to answer the whip; but the first horse only shows beyond doubt that he is an enduring one, and if he is not tired doing so long a distance, merely shows his stoutness; if the driver had perceived the horse was tired twenty miles from home, yet still went on willingly, his gameness would be manifest, for gameness is only shown under severe distress; and perhaps I differ in ideas from many when I state that except under a case of great and urgent necessity, I consider that a time when we are hardly authorised in persevering in calling it forth. Many horses that are what we term bad ones, I doubt not often exhibit a great deal of game when they get no credit for it; for whether a horse is tired going twenty miles or eighty, if both as cheerfully as they can do the last two, each shows as much game as the other, the difference only

being that the one is a stout, the other a weak horse. If a lady who had never walked four miles in her life was compelled for some purpose to walk six, if at the end of four she was tired, jaded, and distressed, yet under such distress completed her journey (she would, if in such a case I may venture the expression) show herself truly game; while the country girl who walks ten miles to a fair, and ten back, probably exhibits nothing of the sort—she only proves herself a strong healthy girl, and a good walker.

I will mention an instance, however, where a horse not only showed himself a weak one, but a thorough bad one—there was no mistake in his character. I had bought the wretch to match another: and so he did, as far as looks went, but no further. I wanted to go to a friend's house twenty miles off, the road capital, the day cool, a light dog-cart phaeton with only three about it, and I in no hurry; so I thought the stage by no means an unreasonable one. It was the first time I ever drove him, and the last but one. My mind somehow misgave me he was too fresh and fat to be good, as he was seven years old and not from a dealer's hands. He went a dozen miles tolerably well, with a little occasional reminding that his comrade was not to do all the duty. I had their mouths washed out, and jogged on from hence; his exertions grew "beautifully less" every half mile, till when about four miles from my destination he unequivocally said he would have no more of it, and fairly stopped; however, I got him off again, and having a mile and half of road somewhat on the decline, he rolled along somehow. On coming to a slight hill, he disliked its look so much, he refused to move a step; however, what with my getting out, my other horse pulling him load and all along, he was induced to carry his own body himself: each time he felt the whip he gave a regular cow kick sideways, but made no forward exertion: distressed he could not be, the pace prevented that; but from the moment he felt it at all inconvenient to go, he would not try at it; he was, in truth, a thorough jade and cur of the worst description, a regular impostor, but wanted cunning to conceal it, for in nearing the town I was going to be brightened up wonderfully, and when I turned into the inn gateway he was so full of mettle he would hardly give my wife time to get out safely, and trotted up the yard with far more energy than he started. I had now found out my gentleman, and he caught it handsomely next day. I got him—along much better, but in a day or two I got him off, which was better still. No fear of such a brute as this being hurt by an inconsiderate driver, for he had plenty of consideration for himself, and some to spare for whoever drove him. I mention the above horse to show what I mean when I designate a horse a bad one, by which I mean not merely one who soon tires, but one that the moment he feels exertion irksome to him has not courage or game enough in him to make any effort.

I will now mention an instance of an animal of quite a different sort, one that the generality of persons would call a bad one: I should

hold the term quite misapplied in this case. The horse I now allude to was a piebald mare, uncommonly neat, a beautiful stepper, and could at any time do her six miles in harness in a little over the twenty minutes, but here her good qualities ended. Very shortly after I purchased her I wanted to go a stage of fifteen miles out, and return in the afternoon; she did it beautifully in commonplace time something under the two hours. On taking her into the stable I saw her stand very much like a tired one, but I thought it was next to impossible that it could be so with her from such little exertion; she broke out however in a sweat and would not feed; this I thought told an unpleasent tale. Coming home I found she ceased for the last two miles to go easily and freely, at the slightest touch of the whip she sprang forward, or a *klk* from the mouth produced the same effect—she was willing, but dead beat. She did not feed or recover for two days; but though beat by thirty miles I never would hear her called a bad one—she was game as a pebble, for when beat she would struggle still; she was simply a delicate mare with no stamina or stoutness about her. I never after drove her except on short excursions as a mere pleasure mare, and one that for a few miles could beat all she came alongside of; I really valued her highly, and sold her at a high price to go to Paris.

I have by mentioning these different horses endeavoured to show the difference between two, neither of which possessed lasting qualities, but the one a great deal of game, the other none at all, yet both being in ordinary phrase bad ones.

There are many horses that will do a great deal after they are apparently tired; the difference, however, as to the gameness in each I consider to be, whether they do this willingly or merely from the whip: the first evidently shows game as well as stoutness, the latter stoutness only. If a horse struggles on when really distressed, he shows, as it is termed, "game to the back bone;" if when merely tired he prefers bearing the whip to exerting himself, he is a lazy one; and if he shuts up while he really by energy could go, he is a cur altogether.

I believe it is the endurance of fatigue—that is, going on after they are tired—that is the great characteristic of the Arab. Now, if we reflect a little we shall see that having gained this character, for game rather brings their endurance of distance into an equivocal point of view, and at all events leads to the surmise that our Asiatic neighbours are merciless horse-masters, or that their horses are not capable with fair exertion of doing more than our own; for in a general way, either uncommon, I may say unreasonable, exertion must be demanded of a horse, or his powers of endurance must be unusually limited, if we are in a situation to judge of his gameness. And I am not aware it has ever been incontestibly proved that any feat in any way has been done by an Arab that has not been equalled by our own; it is held out as a matter of praise to us that the Arab can go up to his fet-

looks in sand, and that they have not the advantage of stride of our sixteen hands high horses; I beg to be allowed to remark that this stride would be no advantage in sand, but the reverse. Now as to the deep sand showing the powers of the Arab, pray let me ask how he would relish deep clay; and as to size, I will nearly meet him in this particular, and accommodate him with Outcast, among others, over four miles of our holding country, at eleven stone each. If the Asiatic did not call on his prophet for help as the waggoner did to Jupiter, I am no prophet in the case. I in no shape undervalue the Arab, but he must not think himself the wonder of the world because he shines in particular points of the game of speed and stoutness; our old friend Gil Blas was proud enough in being told he was the *eighth* wonder: let the Arab think himself the same, and I freely cede to him that he is so.

We will now look a little at the difference between the Asiatic and English horse; I say Asiatic, because of the pure Arab we know little here; and supposing a horse to be a genuine Arab, as we see so great a variety in English horses, we may expect, and in fact there is quite as great a distinction in the horses indigenous to a country more than three times the extent of ours; and when we add Persia, where half of the pretended Arabs come from, it must be seen that the varieties of the best of eastern horses are interminable. From what strain of these the Pasha would have selected his rivals to ours is, I conceive, unknown. I know little, I may say nothing, of Arabs myself; but I have friends, good sportsmen, good judges, and good and bold riders, who have had studs of Asiatic horses of all sorts, and used them for every sort of purpose, as racers, chargers, hunters, and hacks; so I do not speak quite at random in what I say of such horses.

Not to go too abstrusely into the different breeds of eastern horses, I will only mention three, the Barb, the Persian, and the Arabian; now to which of these strains we are chiefly indebted for our present breed of racers is a point I believe no one can decide. Of what our English race-horses were before they were crossed by eastern blood we know little. The first general attempt at improving the breed by this system commenced, I should say, perhaps nearly a couple of centuries since: the Darley Arab, as he was called, was here soon after the seventeenth century began; he was followed by the Godolphin, who, instead of being, as was thought, a pure Arab, was I believe, proved to be a pure Barb—perhaps none the worse for that; for though the Barb is low in height, he has great muscular power, and is in many points a race-horse all over, and I doubt if we have any stud horse living the sire of more winners and first-rate horses than was this Barb. The Darley Arab, who was in vogue before the Godolphin Barb, was also the sire of several capital horses; so at all events, both Africa and Asia have the credit of giving a first-rate stream of racing blood.

I remember having seen the famous Wellesley Arabian, and cer-

tainly a finer description of horse could not be looked at. No doubt his importer conceived him to be a pure Arab; if so, such an Arab was, I should say, never seen before or will be seen since; he looked like a particularly beautiful thorough-bred hunter, equal to fourteen stone in any country, and for the goodness of his produce he might as well have been taught his business as a hunter as not.

The Persian horses are a size larger than the Arabs, yet I am not aware that any stud horse has been imported into this country as professed to be so. I should be tempted to suspect from his looks the Wellesley Arabian was one, and my chief reason for forming this opinion is this:—When the Persian ambassador was in this country I was very young, it is true, but old enough to be a great amateur and very fair judge of horses. The ambassador, it will be noted, brought a large stud over with him; to these I had access, and paid them daily visits; among them were horses of a size that I never saw one that was an acknowledged pure Arab. Among the stud I speak of were a couple or more similar in all their points to the Wellesley Arab, and I think nearly or quite his size; I was shown two or three that I was assured were Arabs, and the difference between their appearance and that of the remainder of the stud seemed to prove the fact. The head of these Arabs was certainly more deer-like than that of the Persian; but in general shape and make, and particularly in fineness and obliquity of shoulder, I should say the Persians carried the day; and in this particular among the Arabs, I have seen our race-horses beat them hollow.

One thing is very much in favour of any foreign horse as regards the opinion we may here form of them, which is—it is, in a general way only the picked horses of other nations that are sent here (at least till steam and railroads came into such use as they are now, it was so); and though perhaps Arabs of the purest caste were rarely sent us, still they only sent such as by their looks indicated their being so; thus we have probably formed a rather partial estimation of Arabs, for an ordinary Arab—that is, one of the class of our twenty pound hacks and light harness—is as ugly mis-shapen a wretch as need be looked at, with a good deal of vice and very little action about him. There is another thing has tended to raise the qualities of Arabs to a somewhat higher notch in the standard of our estimation than they may deserve, which is, I rather believe, that take them as a nation, the Arabs are not conspicuously eminent for a strict adherence to truth; and as nothing tempts man to a deviation from this, more than matters in which his interest, pride, and vanity are concerned, it may be fairly inferred that as the Arabs pique themselves more on their horses and horsemanship than anything else, if they do tell little white fibs on ordinary occasions, we may not unjustly expect to be favoured by a few thundering——as regards the performance of their horses. It is not for me to assert that such is the case; but I am inclined to believe that my suspicions

are, where we in sporting phrase sometimes say we expect a horse to be in a race—" there or thereabout."

There is, I believe, few if any places, where, in any trials or races against time, time is accurately kept, unless it be in England, Ireland, and America, or at all events where men conversant with the sporting customs of these countries preside. This being the case, it is a little more than difficult to ascertain truly what has been done by eastern horses where only their masters presided; and as to what has really been done in the desert or its vicinity, we know no more than we do what may have been done in the moon; for though New York is further from us by far than Morocco, and further even than the Red Sea, till from the first place we get authentic accounts because accounts of time are authentically kept and transmitted; but if we are told that the mean distance between Tebus and Bussora, or the shorter one between Mecca and Judda, was performed in a given time, nothing bordering on truth could be expected to reach us as to the performance.

Many Arabs have been imported here, commencing about the time of King James; probably at that early period most, or at least many of these were timed against our horses; if so, and they had been found better or equal to ours, it must be evident we should have seen their names running as race-horses; we have tried them at later periods, and never yet found one good, without being eminent as a race-horse.

It may be said the eastern horse shines when going fetlock deep in sand; now there can be nothing magical in the influence of sand either in favour of the eastern or against the English horse; all it can do is to show, what no one wishes to deny, that the Arab is a game and enduring animal, and can go a great pace and distance in such difficulty; but no one can suppose that sand is actually preferable to the Arab, or that he could not go faster over the Beacon course than he can in deep ground: going in the latter certainly shows strength, wind and stamina, so does going at all but tip-top speed over four miles of turf. If, therefore, the Arab had more strength, wind, and stamina than our horses, he would have nothing to do, if he possessed any thing bordering on real speed, but to go the distance at such a pace for that distance as the vaunted superior stamina of the Arab would enable him to do; he would then cut down our horses to his own rate of speed at the finis. But this I conceive he could not do.

It was formerly supposed that thorough-bred horses were unfit for hunting; jumping, as our ancestors did, to the conclusion that they would not go through dirt, or live with hounds in a heavy country. Later periods have proved the fallacy of such conclusions, and we find that in deep ground and difficulty it is blood that tells. That it does away with the actual racing speed of the race-horse while in such ground follows as a matter of course; but the quantum of speed he can use in such impediments makes the lower bred one sigh at

his plebeian origin. If the race-horse can go, as we now prove he can, in heavy loam or clay, why not in sand? The Pasha never saw a thorough-bred one go in deep ground with Lords Waterford or Maidstone on him; he probably sees the *Racing Calendar*, or the accounts given of the time our races are done in by that authentic key to all sporting events, *Bell's Life;* he and the world knows we can implicitly rely on the statements of that leviathan of sporting journals, compares our time with what eastern horses can do, and then considers that deep ground would make our horses as "safe" as coach-horses. I make no doubt our refusal to accept the match will be considered all over the east as arising from a conviction of our getting the worst of it—so be it; I wish they may be fully impressed with such conviction, and then send us over the offer of a good handicap, keeping in view the inferiority they attribute to our horses—I never bet, but I would "put on the pot" then.

I should say the only accounts we can trust to as regards the performances of eastern horses are those which reach us from Calcutta. So far as I can with a hope of authenticity collect, eastern running has come off as follows:—

At Derby weight the quickest time has been two miles in 4 minutes 6 seconds.

Carrying a trifle over 7 stone, two miles in 4 minutes—more than half the time the Beacon course has been gone over at Derby weights.

At about Derby weight the quickest time for a mile and a half has been, 2 minutes and 53 or 54 seconds.

At something under Derby weight three miles in 6 minutes 7 seconds. Very good running we will allow this to be, and I should say the longest distance by far the best. It must, however, be recollected that in very few instances are races run in England in the shortest time the horses could do the distance: in other countries it generally is so. We will look to the horse who did the three miles: had he gone over the Beacon course at the same rate he did the three miles, it would have taken him eight minutes and about eleven seconds to go that length; we will only say it is probable he would have fallen off three seconds as to time in the fourth mile, this would bring him to eight minutes fourteen seconds the Beacon course. Where would he have been by the side of Hambletonian, Diamond, Brainworm, and Violante?

Against this it may be urged that the Calcutta course is not turf, but is more like a road; this certainly is very unfavourable for horses' legs, and unless the feet were good, horses could not go on it; but I am not clear of the advantage turf holds out in all cases as regards speed. "The bounding turf" sounds well, but in ordinary cases turf is *not* bounding; there is a description of turf that in particular weather would certainly be bounding to the tread of a girl, but there is no turf strong enough in its elastic powers to give a spring to the foot of a horse; if it is hard enough to resist the pressure of

a horse's foot at speed, it is little better than a road, and, moreover, in such a state is more or less slippery, thus affording less secure hold to a plate; and if it is soft enough to show each stride of the horse, though there might be, and most probably would be, a resisting elasticity to the pressure of a diameter of even twelve inches, I very much doubt its efficacy when the pressure of so great a weight as that of the horse is comprised in four and a half—snow-shoes carry over snow, but Wellingtons do not. We find a horse bounds along pleasantly over soft turf—pleasantly to ourselves no doubt he does, and pleasantly to himself so far as the absence of concussion to his legs and feet goes; but I believe the truth to be, the horse bounds, not the turf; and when we fancy we are affording a horse a treat by giving him a gallop over a nice spongy fen or meadow, if he could express his wish, it would be (unless a cripple), "I have had quite enough of this: we will change it for the road, if you please." We will say the turf of Newmarket is, for so large a space, as good as turf can be unless it is that of the Curragh, and certainly on both there are particular times when their turf is in that precise state as to possess an elastic tread to the foot of a light filly in a slow canter, but I much doubt it ever being sufficiently elastic to the cutting tread of a horse at speed.

Another great consideration claimed for the Arab is his want of the size and stride of our horses. Stride, great advantage as it is, is not however the all in all of a race-horse; its advantage is only prominent where one horse strikes as quickly, or nearly as quickly, as the other; Hambletonian and Diamond were far different in this respect, and a considerable disparity of size existed between the two, yet it was a neck and neck race, and report gives it as the opinion of good judges, that had the race been a quarter of a mile further, the smaller and less-striding horse would have won. It is true we have had very large and very tall horses very superior as race-horses, such as Plenipo, Bay Middleton, Harkaway, &c.; but we have also had little Diomed, and still less Meteor a first-rate one; and though great height, and usually consequent length of stride, tells wonderfully for a mile and a half, fifteen hands and an inch is a very dangerous size for a four-mile horse; and for such a distance, let a horse but be long enough, and I would even take him at an inch less rather than sixteen and a half, unless the giant was a very uncommon animal in style of going and lasting qualities: in fact, when, as formerly, races of four miles, and those in heats, were in vogue, race-horses were not at all on an average the size they are now bred—our ideas of racing are changed, so are our horses, and so some people say are our honour and honesty.

The refusing to accept the challenge offered us can be a matter of no surprise to any one who reflects on the incentives to make the trial. The horses to be produced by the Pasha we infer to have been his own property; they were doing nothing at home as race-horses, it is presumed engaged in no stakes, consequently if injured, the loss

of the animal was the only one. We should of course not have sent over bad ones to compete with the best horses of Asia. The Pasha wished for the trial, no doubt, fully satisfied, it would come off to the credit of his country, so far as its breed of horses is concerned; his horses are at home, could, and no doubt would have been brought out in the best form Asiatic training could bring them to—would, comparatively, only have to walk out of their stables to the course, that a peculiar one, one they had been accustomed to go over; and they would not have to undergo even a change of water. Now, on our side we should have had to select horses the property of different persons; and though the Pasha might choose to risk his horses and money for the honour of his country, the days when men jumped, horse and all, down chasms to save their country are gone by, and the owners of race-horses, in these less heroic days, would not be found ready to sacrifice the solid advantage of winning a large stake to the Quixotic views of adding to their country's fame. Most probably such horses as we should have sent are deeply engaged, their mode of training would have had to be changed, for that which would do for a mile or two at Newmarket, Epsom, or Goodwood, would not for eight on the desert or its vicinity: so these horses would have been obliged to forego their chance of the good things (as Chifney called them) here while they were kicking their toes over the hidden and unhidden stones of Egypt. These I consider to be the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of our accepting the challenge: all other objections could have been done away with, or at all events palliated. The trainer, or at least a proper one, could have gone with each horse; the difference of training would only have been getting a longer length into each horse than was wanted here; provender could have been sent, water for the voyage, and means to render any water proper for a horse sent also; the risk of the voyage is now nominal in a good season; and the accommodation could have been made such as to prevent injury and inconvenience to the horse; and the loss of work during his transit could have been remedied in a short time when arrived at his destination; but who with a valuable horse heavily engaged was to stand cat's-paw for the mere pleasure of beating the Pasha? So far as the enervating effect of the climate on our horses, I should not much fear that; I should much more fear the effect of a Russian winter for a horse in training; horses love warmth, and look a great deal more comfortable, and I am sure feel so, in a July meeting than they do in a Craven or Houghton. I should say the trainer and exercise-boys would be much more likely to suffer from the climate than the horses.

I conclude, however, the affair is at an end, and I am glad it is; it would have been either no trial at all, or it would have been far towards a brutal exhibition on one side or both—for it was not a trial of speed, but sheer game and bottom on the part of the horses; and with such a stake at issue I fear that while life had been left in any of the noble and generous animals engaged in the contest, pu-

nishment that any commonly humane mind would shudder at witnessing would have been inflicted to urge the perhaps dying efforts of the honestest and best of animals to exertion, which, let the result be what it might, so far from redounding to the credit of either nation, would have been disgraceful to both; we will, therefore, dismiss the subject by saying that the acceptance of the challenge is far more "honored in the breach" than it would have been in the performance.—*London Sporting Review, for June*, 1850.

RECREATIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS SPORTING JACKET.—FYTTE FIRST.

THERE is a fine and beautiful alliance between all pastimes pursued on flood, field, and fell. The principles in human nature on which they depend, are in all the same; but those principles are subject to infinite modifications and varieties, according to the difference of individual and national character. All such pastimes, whether followed merely as pastimes, or as professions, or as the immediate means of sustaining life, require sense, sagacity, and knowledge of nature and nature's laws; nor less patience, perseverance, courage even, and bodily strength or activity, while the spirit which animates and supports them is a spirit of anxiety, doubt, fear, hope, joy, exultation, and triumph—in the heart of the young a fierce passion—in the heart of the old a passion still, but subdued and tamed down, without, however, being much dulled or deadened, by various experience of all the mysteries of the calling, and by the gradual subsiding of all impetuous impulses in the frames of all mortal men beyond perhaps threescore, when the blackest head will be becoming grey, the most nervous knee less firmly knit, the most steely-springed instep less elastic, the keenest eye less of a far-keeker, and, above all, the most boiling heart less like a caldron or a crater —yea, the whole man subject to some dimness or decay, and, consequently, the whole duty of man like the new edition of a book, from which many passages that formed the chief glory of the *editio princeps* have been expunged—the whole character of the style corrected without being thereby improved—just like the later editions of the Pleasures of Imagination, which were written by Akenside when he was about twenty-one, and altered by him at forty—to the exclusion or destruction of many most *splendida vitia*, by which process the poem, in our humble opinion, was shorn of its brightest beams, and suffered disastrous twilight and eclipse—perplexing critics.

Now, seeing that such pastimes are in number almost infinite, and

infinite the varieties of human character, pray what is there at all surprising in your being madly fond of shooting—and your brother Tom just as foolish about fishing—and cousin Jack perfectly insane on fox-hunting—while the old gentleman your father, in spite of wind and weather, perennial gout, and annual apoplexy, goes a-coursing of the white-hipped hare on the bleak Yorkshire wolds—and uncle Ben, as if just escaped from Bedlam or St Luke's, with Dr. Haslam at his heels, or with a few hundred yards start of Dr. Warburton, is seen galloping, in a Welsh wig and strange apparel, in the rear of a pack of Lilliputian beagles, all barking as if they were as mad as their master, supposed to be in chase of an invisible animal that keeps eternally doubling in field and forest—"still hoped for, never seen," and well christened by the name of Escape?

Phrenology sets the question for ever at rest. All people have thirty-three faculties. Now there are but twenty-four letters in the alphabet; yet how many languages—some six thousand we believe, each of which is susceptible of many dialects! No wonder, then, that you might as well try to count all the sands on the sea-shore as all the species of sportsmen.

There is, therefore, nothing to prevent any man with a large and sound development from excelling, at once, in rat-catching and deer-stalking—from being in short a universal genius in sports and pastimes. Heaven has made us such a man.

Yet there seems to be a natural course or progress in pastimes. We do not now speak of marbles—or knuckling down at taw—or trundling a hoop—or pall-lall—or pitch and toss—or any other of the games of the school play-ground. We restrict ourselves to what, somewhat inaccurately perhaps, are called field-sports. Thus Angling seems the earliest of them all in the order of nature. There the new-breeched urchin stands on the low bridge of the little bit burnie! and with crooked pin, baited with one unwrithing ring of a dead worm, and attached to a yarn-thread—for he has not yet got into hair, and is years off gut—his rod of the mere willow or hazel wand, there will he stand during all his play-hours, as forgetful of his primer as if the weary art of printing had never been invented, day after day, week after week, month after month, in mute, deep, earnest, passionate, heart-mind-and-soul-engrossing hope of some time or other catching a minnow or a beardie! A tug—a tug! With face ten times flushed and pale by turns ere you could count ten, he at last has strength, in the agitation of his fear and joy, to pull away at the monster—and there he lies in his beauty among the gowans and the greensward, for he has whapped him right over his head and far away, a fish a quarter of an ounce in weight, and, at the very least, two inches long! Off he flies, on wings of wind, to his father, mother, and sisters, and brothers, and cousins, and all the neighbourhood, holding the fish aloft in both hands, still fearful of its escape, and, like a genuine child of corruption, his eyes brighten at the first blush of cold blood on his small fumy fingers.

He carries about with him, up-stairs and down-stairs, his prey upon a plate; he will not wash his hands before dinner, for he exults in the silver scales adhering to the thumb-nail that scooped the pin out of the baggy's maw—and at night, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," he is overheard murmuring in his sleep—a thief, a robber, and a murderer, in his yet infant dreams.

From that hour, Angling is no more a mere delightful day-dream, haunted by the dim hopes of imaginary minnows, but a reality—an art—a science—of which the flaxen-headed school-boy feels himself to be master—a mystery in which hé has been initiated; and off he goes now, all alone, in the power of successful passion, to the distant brook—brook a mile off—with fields, and hedges, and single trees, and little groves, and a huge forest of six acres, between and the house in which he is boarded or was born! There flows on the slender music of the shadowy shallows—there pours the deeper din of the birch-tree'd waterfall. The scared water-pyet flits away from stone to stone, and dipping, disappears among the airy bubbles, to him a new sight of joy and wonder. And oh! how sweet the scent of the broom or furze, yellowing along the braes, where leap the lambs, less happy than he, on the knolls of sunshine! His grandfather has given him a half-crown rod in two pieces—yes, his line is of hair twisted—plaited by his own soon-instructed little fingers. By Heavens, he is fishing with the fly! And the Fates, who, grim and grisly as they are painted to be by full-grown, ungrateful lying poets, smile like angels upon the paidler in the brook, winnowing the air with their wings into western breezes, while at the very first throw the yellow trout forsakes his fastness beneath the bog-wood, and with a lazy wallop, and then a sudden plunge, and then a race like lightning, changes at once the child into the boy, and shoots through his thrilling and aching heart the ecstasy of a new life expanding in that glorious pastime, even as a rainbow on a sudden brightens up the sky. *Fortuna favet fortibus*—and with one long pull, and strong pull, and pull all together, Johnny lands a twelve-incher on the soft, smooth, silvery sand of the only bay in all the barn where such an exploit was possible, and dashing upon him like an osprey, soars up with him in his talons to the bank, breaking his line as he hurries off to a spot of safety twenty yards from the pool, and then flinging him down on a heath-surrounded plat of sheep-nibbled verdure, lets him bounce about till he is tired, and lies gasping with unfrequent and feeble motions, bright and beautiful, and glorious with all his yellow light and crimson lustre, spotted, speckled, and starred in his scaly splendour, beneath a sun that never shone before so dazzlingly; but now the radiance of the captive creature is dimmer and obscured, for the eye of day winks and seems almost shut behind that slow-sailing mass of clouds, composed in equal parts of air, rain, and sunshine.

Springs, Summers, Autumns, Winters—each within itself longer, by many times longer than the whole year of grown-up life, that

slips at last through one's fingers like a knotless thread—pass over the curled darling's brow; and look at him now, a straight and strengthy stripling, in the savage spirit of sport, springing over rock-ledge after rock-ledge, nor heeding aught as he plashes knee-deep, or waistband-high, through river-feeding torrents, to the glorious music of his running and ringing reel, after a tongue-hooked salmon, insanely seeking with the ebb of tide, but all in vain, the white breakers of the sea. No hazel or willow wand, no half-crown rod of ash framed by village wright, is now in his practised hands, of which the very left is dexterous; but a twenty-feet rod of Phin's all ring-rustling, and a-glitter with the preserving varnish, limber as the attenuating line itself, and lithe to its topmost tenuity as the elephant's proboscis—the hicory and the horn without twist, knot, or flaw—from but to fly a faultless taper, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," the beau-ideal of a rod by the skill of cunning craftsman to the senses materialized! A fish—fat, fair, and forty! "She is a salmon, therefore to be woo'd—she is a salmon, therefore to be won"—but shy, timid, capricious, headstrong, now wrathful and now full of fear, like any other female whom the cruel artist has hooked by lip or heart, and, in spite of all her struggling, will bring to the gasp at last; and then with calm eyes behold her lying in the shade dead, or worse than dead, fast-fading, and to be re-illumined, no more the lustre of her beauty, insensible to sun or shower, even the most perishable of all perishable things in a world of perishing!—But the salmon has grown sulky, and must be made to spring to the plunging stone. There, suddenly, instinct with new passion, she shoots out of the foam like a bar of silver bullion; and relapsing into the flood, is in another moment at the very head of the waterfall! Give her the butt—give her the butt—or she is gone for ever with the thunder into ten fathom deep!—Now comes the trial of your tackle—and when was Phin ever known to fail at the edge of cliff or cataract? Her snout is southwards—right up the middle of the main-current of the hill-born river, as if she would seek its very course where she was spawned! She still swims swift, and strong, and deep—and the line goes steady, boys, steady—stiff and steady as a Tory in the roar of Opposition. There is yet an hour's play in her dorsal fin—danger in the flap of her tail—and yet may her silver shoulder shatter the gut against a rock. Why, the river was yesterday in spate, and she is fresh run from the sea. All the lesser waterfalls are now level with the flood, and she meets with no impediment or obstruction—the course is clear—no tree-roots here—no floating branches—for during the night they have all been swept down to the salt loch. *In medio tutissimas ibis*—ay, now you feel she begins to fail—the butt tells now every time you deliver your right. What! another mad leap! yet another sullen plunge! She seems absolutely to have discovered, or rather to be an impersonation of, the Perpetual Motion. Stand back out of the way, you son of a sea-cook!—you in the tattered blue breeches, with the tail of your shirt

hanging out. Who the devil sent you all here, ye vagabonds ?—Ha ! Watty Ritchie, my man, is that you ? God bless your honest laughing phiz ! What Watty, would you think of a Fish like that about Peebles ? Tam Grieve never gruppit sae heavy a ane since first he belanged to the Council.—Curse that colley ! Ay ? well done, Watty ! Stone him to Stobbo. Confound these stirks—if that white one, with caving horns, kicking heels, and straight-up tail, come bellowing by between us and the river, then, "Madam ! all is lost, except honour !" If we lose this Fish at six o'clock, then suicide at seven. Our will is made—ten thousand to the Foundling—ditto to the Thames Tunnel——ha—ha—my Beauty ! Methinks we could fain and fond kiss thy silver side, languidly lying afloat on the foam as if all further resistance now were vain, and gracefully thou wert surrendering thyself to death ! No faith in female—she trusts to the last trial of her tail—sweetly workest thou, O Reel of Reels ! and on thy smooth axle spaining sleep'st, even, as Milton describes her, like our own worthy planet. Scrope—Bainbridge—Maule—princes among Anglers—oh ! that you were here ! Where the devil is Sir Humphery ? At his retort ? By mysterious sympathy—far off at his own Trows, the Kerss feels that we are killing the noblest Fish whose back ever rippled the surface of deep or shallow in the Tweed. Tom Purdy stands like a seer, entranced in glorious vision, beside turreted Abbotsford. Shade of Sandy Govan ! Alas ! alas ! Poor Sandy—why on thy pale face that melancholy smile !—Peter ! The Gaff ! The Gaff ! Into the eddy she sails, sick and slow, and almost with a swirl—whitening as she nears the sand—there she has it—struck right into the shoulder, fairer than that of Juno, Diana, Minerva, or Venus—and lies at last in all her glorious length and breadth of beaming beauty, fit prey for giant or demi-god angling before the Flood !

"The child is father of the man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety !"

So much for the Angler. The Shooter, again, he begins with his pipe-gun, formed of the last year's growth of a branch of the plane-tree—the beautiful dark-green-leaved and fragrant-flowered plane-tree —that stands straight in stem and round in head, visible and audible too from afar the bee-resounding umbrage, alike on stormy sea-coast and in sheltered inland vale, still loving the roof of the fisherman's or peasant's cottage.

Then comes, perhaps, the city pop-gun, in shape like a very musket, such as soldiers bear—a Christmas present from parent, once a colonel of volunteers—nor feeble to discharge the pea-bullet or barley-shot, formidable to face and eyes ; nor yet unfelt, at six paces, by hinder-end of playmate, scornfully yet fearfully exposed. But the Shooter soon tires of such ineffectual trigger—and his soul, as well as his hair, is set on fire by that extraordinary compound—Gun-

powder. He begins with burning off his eyebrows on the King's birthday; squibs and crackers follow, and all the pleasures of the pluff. But he soon longs to let off a gun—"and follow to the field some warlike lord"—in hopes of being allowed to discharge one of the double-barrels, after Ponto has made his last point, and the half-hidden chimneys of home are again seen smoking among the trees. This is his first practice in fire-arms, and from that hour he is—a Shooter.

Then there is in most rural parishes—and of rural parishes alone do we condescend to speak—a pistol, a horse one, with a bit of silver on the butt—perhaps one that originally served in the Scots Greys. It is bought, or borrowed, by the young Shooter, who begins firing first at barn-doors, then at trees, and then at living things—a strange cur, who, from his lolling tongue, may be supposed to have the hydrophobia—a cat that has purred herself asleep on the sunny church-yard wall, or is watching mice at their hole mouths among the graves—a water-rat in the mill lead—or weasel that, running to his retreat in the wall, always turns round to look at you—a goose wandered from his common in disappointed love—or brown duck, easily mistaken by the unscrupulous for a wild one, in pond remote from human dwelling, or on meadow by the river side, away from the clack of the muter-mill. The corby-crow, too, shouted out of his nest on some tree lower than usual, is a good flying mark to the more advanced class; or morning magpie, a-chatter at skreigh of day close to the cottage-door among the chickens; or a flock of pigeons wheeling overhead on the stubble field, or sitting so thick together, that every stock is blue with tempting plumage.

But the pistol is discharged for a fowling-piece—brown and rusty, with a slight crack probably in the muzzle, and a lock out of all proportion to the barrel. Then the young Shooter aspires at half-pennies thrown up into the air—and generally hit, for there is never wanting an apparent dent in copper metal; and thence he mounts to the glancing and skimming swallow, a household bird, and therefore to be held sacred, but shot at on the excuse of its being next to impossible to hit him—an opinion strengthened into belief by several summers' practice. But the small brown and white marten wheeling through below the bridge, or along the many-holed red sand-bank, is admitted by all boys to be fair game—and still more, the long-winged legless black devilet, that, if it falls to the ground, cannot rise again, and therefore screams wheeling round the corners and battlements of towers and castles, or far out even of cannon-shot, gambols in companies of hundreds, and regiments of a thousand, aloft in the evening ether, within the orbit of the eagle's flight. It seems to boyish eyes, that the creatures near the earth, when but little blue sky is seen between the specks and the wall-flowers growing on the coign of vantage—the signal is given to fire; but the devilets are too high in heaven to smell the sulphur. The starling whips with a shrill cry into his nest, and nothing falls to the ground but a tiny bit of mossy mortar, inhabited by a spider!

But the Day of Days arrives at last, when the school-boy, or rather the college-boy, returning to his rural vacation, (for in Scotland college winters tread close, too close on the heels of academies,) has a gun—a gun in a case—a double-barrel too—of his own—and is provided with a license, probably without any other qualification than that of hit or miss. On some portentous morning he effulges with the sun in velveteen jacket and breeches of the same —many-buttoned gaiters, and an unkerchiefed throat. 'Tis the fourteenth of September and lo! a pointer at his heels—Ponto, of course—a game-bag like a beggar's wallet at his side—destined to be at eve as full of charity—and all the paraphernalia of an accomplished sportsman. Proud, were she to see the sight, would be the "mother that bore him;" the heart of that old sportsman, his daddy, would sing for joy! The chained mastiff in the yard yowls his admiration; the servant lasses uplift the pane of their garret, and, with suddenly withdrawn blushes, titter their delight in their rich paper curls and pure night-clothes. Rab Roger, who has been cleaning out the barn, comes forth to partake of the caulker; and away go the footsteps of the old poacher and his pupil through the autumnal rime, off to the uplands, where—for it is one of the earliest of harvests—there is scarcely a single acre of standing corn. The turnip fields are bright green with hope and expectation—and coveys are couching on lazy beds beneath the potato-shaw. Every high hedge, ditch-guarded on either side, shelters its own brood—imagination hears the whir shaking the dew-drops from the broom on the brae—and first one bird and then another, and then the remaining number, in itself no contemptible covey, seems to fancy's ear to spring single, or in clouds, from the coppice brushwood, with here and there an intercepting standard tree.

Poor Ponto is much to be pitied. Either having a cold in his nose, or having ante-breakfasted by stealth on a red herring, he can scent nothing short of a badger, and every other field, he starts in horror, shame, and amazment, to hear himself, without having attended to his points, enclosed in a whirring covey. He is still duly taken between those inexorable knees; out comes the speck-and-span new dog-whip, heavy enough for a horse; and the yowl of the patient is heard over the whole parish. Mothers press their yet unchastised infants to their breasts; and the schoolmaster, fastening a knowing eye on dunce and ne'erdoweel, holds up, in silent warning, the terror of the taws. Frequent flogging will cowe the spirit of the best man and dog in Britain. Ponto travels now in fear and trembling but a few yards from his tyrant's feet, till, rousing himself to the sudden scent of something smelling strongly, he draws slowly and beautifully, and

"There fix'd, a perfect semicircle stands."

Up runs the Tyro ready-cocked, and, in his eagerness, stumbling among the stubble, when, hark and lo! the gabble of grey goslings, and the bill-protruded hiss of goose and gander! Bang goes the

right-hand barrel at Ponto, who now thinks it high time to be off to the tune of "ower the hills and far awa'," while the young gentleman, half-ashamed and half-incensed, half-glad and half-sorry, discharges the left-hand barrel, with a highly improper curse, at the father of the feathered family before him, who receives the shot like a ball in his breast, throws a somerset quite surprising for a bird of his usual habits, and, after biting the dust with his bill, and thumping it with his bottom, breathes an eternal farewell to this sublunary scene—and leaves himself to be paid for at the rate of eighteen-pence a pound to his justly irritated owners, on whose farm he had led a long, and not only harmless, but honourable and useful life.

It is nearly as impossible a thing as we know, to borrow a dog about the time the sun has reached his meridian, on the first Day of the Partridges Ponto by this time has sneaked, unseen by human eye, into his kennel, and coiled himself up into the arms of "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." A farmer makes offer of a colley, who, from numbering among his paternal ancestors a Spanish pointer, is quite a Don in his way among the cheepers, and has been known in a turnip-field to stand in an attitude very similar to that of setting. Luath has no objection to a frolic over the fields, and plays the part of Ponto to perfection. At last he catches sight of a covey basking, and, leaping in upon them open-mouthed, dispatches them right and left, even like the famous dog Billy killing rats in the pit at Westminster. The birds are bagged with a gentle remonstrance, and Luath's exploit rewarded with a whang of cheese. Elated by the pressure on his shoulder, the young gentleman laughs at the idea of pointing; and fires away, like winking, at every uprise of birds, near or remote; works a miracle by bringing down three at a time, that chanced, unknown to him, to be crossing, and, wearied with such slaughter, lends his gun to the attendant farmer, who can mark down to an inch, and walks up to the dropped pout as if he could kick her up with his foot; and thus the bag in a few hours is half full of feathers; while, to close with eclât the sport of the day, the cunning elder takes him to a bramble bush, in a wall nook, at the edge of a wood, and returning the gun into his hands, shows him poor pussy sitting with open eyes, fast asleep! The pellets are in her brain, and turning herself over, she crunkles out to her full length, like a piece of untwisting Indian rubber, and is dead. The posterior pouch of the jacket, yet unstained by blood, yawns to receive her—and in she goes plump; paws, ears, body, feet, fud, and all—while Luath, all the way home to the Mains, keeps snoking at the red drops oozing through; for well he knows, in summer's heat and winter's cold, the smell of pussy, whether sitting beneath a tuft of withered grass on the brae, or burrowed beneath a snow-wreath. A hare, we certainly must say, in spite of haughtier sportsman's scorn, is, when sitting, a most satisfactory shot.

But let us trace no further thus, step by step, the Pilgrim's Progress. Look at him now—a finished sportsman—on the moors—

the bright black boundless Dalwhinnie moors, stretching away, by long Loch Erricht side, into the dim and distant day that hangs, with all its clouds, over the bosom of far Loch Rannoch. Is that the pluffer at partridge-pouts who had nearly been the death of poor Ponto? Lord Kennedy himself might take a lesson now from the straight and steady style in which, on the moutain brow, and up to the middle in heather, he brings his Manton to the deadly level! More unerring eye never glanced along brown barrel! Finer fore-finger never touched a trigger! Follow him a whole day, and not one wounded bird. All most beautifully arrested on their flight by instantaneous death! Down dropped right and left, like lead on the heather—old cock and hen, singled out among the orphaned brood, as calmly as a cook would do it in the larder from among a pile of plumage. No random shot within—no needless shot out of distance—covered every feather before stir of finger—and body, back and brain, pierced, broken, shattered! And what perfect pointers! There they stand, still as death—yet instinct with life—the whole half-dozen! Mungo, the black-tanned—Don, the red-spotted—Clara, the snow-white—Primrose, the pale-yellow—Basto, the bright brown, and Nimrod, in his coat of many colours often seen afar through the mists like a meteor.

So much for the Angler's and the Shooter's Progress—now briefly for the Hunter's. Hunting, in this country, unquestionably commences with cats. Few cottages without a cat. If you do not find her on the mouse-watch at the gable end of the house just at the corner, take a solar observation, and by it look for her on bank or brae—somewhere about the premises—if unsuccessful, peep into the byre, and up through a hole among the dusty divots of the roof, and chance is you see her eyes glittering far-ben in the gloom; but if she be not there either, into the barn and up on the mow, and surely she is on the straw or on the balks below the kipples. No. Well, then, let your eye travel along the edge of that little wood behind the cottage—ay, yonder she is!—but she sees both you and your two terriers—one rough and the other smooth—and, slinking away through a gap in the old hawthorn hedge in among the hazels, she either lies *perdu*, or is up a fir-tree almost as high as the magpie's or corby's nest.

Now—observe—shooting cats is one thing—and hunting them is another—and shooting and hunting, though they may be united, are here treated separately; so, in the present case, the cat makes her escape. But get her watching birds—young larks, perhaps, walking on the lea—or young linnets hanging on the broom—down by yonder in the holm lands, where there are no trees, except indeed that one glorious single tree, the Golden Oak, and he is guarded by Glowrer, and then what a most capital chase! Stretching herself up with crooked back, as if taking a yawn—off she jumps, with tremendous spangs, and tail, thickened with fear and anger, perpendicular. Youf—youf—youf—go the terriers—head over heels perhaps in their

fury—and are not long in turning her—and bringing her to bay at the hedge-root, all a blaze and a bristle. A she-devil incarnate!—Hark—all at once now strikes up a trio—Catalani cater-wauling the treble—Glowrer taking the bass—and Tearer the tenor—a cruel concert cut short by a squalling throttler. Away—away along the holm—and over the knowe—and into the wood—for lo! the gudewife, brandishing a besom, comes flying demented without her mutch, down to the murder of her tabby—her son, a stout stripling, is seen skirting the potato-field to intercept our flight—and, most formidable of all foes, the Man of the House himself, in his shirt-sleeves and flail in his hand, bolts from the barn, down the croft, across the barn, and up the brae, to cut us off from the Manse. The hunt's up—and 'tis a capital steeple-chase. Disperse—disperse! Down the hill, Jack—up the hill, Gill—dive the dell, Kit—thread the wood, Pat—a hundred yard's start is a great matter—a stern chase is always a long chase—school-boys are generally in prime wind—the old man begins to puff, and blow, and snort, and put his paws to his paunch—the son is thrown out by a double of dainty Davy's—and the "sair begrutten mither" is gathering up the torn and tattered remains of Tortoise-shell Tabby, and invoking the vengeance of heaven and earth on her pitiless murderers. Some slight relief to her bursting and breaking heart to vow, that she will make the minister hear of it on the deafest side of his head—ay, even if she have to break in upon him sitting on Saturday night, getting aff by rote his fushionless sermon, in his ain study.

Now, gentle reader, again observe, though we have now described, *conamore*, a most cruel case of cat-killing, in which we certainly did play a most aggravated part, some Sixty Years since, far indeed are we from recommending such wanton barbarity to the rising generation. We are not inditing a homily on humanity to animals, nor have we been appointed to succeed the Rev. Dr. Somerville of Currie, the great Patentee of the Safety Double Bloody Barrel, to preach the annual Gibsonian sermon on that subject—we are simply stating certain matters of fact, illustrative of the rise and progress of the love of pastime in the soul, and leave our readers to draw the moral. But may we be permitted to say, that the naughtiest school-boys often make the most pious men; that it does not follow, according to the wise saws and modern instances of prophetic old women of both sexes, that he who in boyhood has worried a cat with terriers, will, in manhood, commit murder on one of his own species; or that peccadilloes are the progenitors of capital crimes. Nature allows to growing lads a certain range of wickedness, *sans peur et sans reproche*. She seems, indeed, to whistle into their ear, to mock ancient females—to laugh at Quakers—to make mouths at decent man and his wife riding double to church—the matron's thick legs ludicrously bobbing from the pillion, kept firm on Dobbin's rump by her bottom, "*ponderibus librata suis*," —to tip the wink to young women during sermon on Sunday—and

on Saturday, most impertiently to kiss them, whether they will or no, on high-road or by-path—and to perpetrate many other little nameless enormities.

No doubt, at the time, such things will wear rather a suspicious character; and the boy who is detected in the fact, must be punished by pawmy, or privation, or imprisonment from play. But when punished, he is of course left free to resume his atrocious career; nor is it found that he sleeps a whit the less soundly, or shrieks for Heaven's mercy in his dreams. Conscience is not a craven. Groans belong to guilt. But fun and frolic even when trespasses, are not guilt; and though a cat have nine lives, she has but one ghost—and that will haunt no house where there are terriers. What! surely if you have the happiness of being a parent, you would not wish your only boy—your son and heir—the blended image of his mother's loveliness and his father's manly beauty—to be a smug, smooth, prim, and proper prig, with his hair always combed down on his forehead, hands always unglaured, and without spot or blemish on his white-tread stockings? You would not wish him, surely, to be always moping and musing in a corner with a good book held close to his nose—botanizing with his maiden aunts—doing the pretty at tea-tables with tabbies, in handing round the short-bread, taking cups, and attending to the kettle—telling tales on all naughty boys and girls—laying up his penny a-week pocket-money in a penny pig—keeping all his clothes neatly folded up in an untumbled drawer—having his own peg for his uncrushed hat—saying his prayers precisely as the clock strikes nine, while his companions are yet at blind-man's buff—and puffed up every Sabbath-eve by the parson's praises of his uncommon memory for a sermon—while all the other boys are scolded for having fallen asleep before Tenthly? You would not wish him, surely, to write sermons himself at his tender years, nay—even to be able to give you chapter and verse for every quotation from the Bible? No. Better far that he should begin early to break your heart, by taking no care even of his Sunday clothes—blotting his copy—impiously pinning pieces of paper to the Dominie's tail, who to him was a second father—going to the fishing not only without leave but against orders—bathing in the forbidden pool, where the tailor was drowned—drying powder before the school-room fire, and blowing himself and two crack-skulled cronies to the ceiling—tying kettles to the tails of dogs—shooting an old woman's laying hen—galloping bare-backed shelties down stony steeps—climbing trees to the slenderest twig on which bird could build, and up the tooth-of-time-indented sides of old castles after wall-flowers and starlings—being run away within carts by colts against turnpike gates—buying bad ballads from young gipsy-girls, who, on receiving a six-pence, give ever so many kisses in return, saying "Take your change out of that;"—on a borrowed broken-knee'd pony, with a switch-tail—a devil for galloping—not only attending country-races for a saddle and collar, but entering for and

winning the prize—dancing like a devil in barns at kirns—seeing his blooming partner home over the blooming heather, most perilous adventure of all in which virgin-puberty can be involved—fighting with a rival in corduroy breeches, and poll shorn beneath a caup, till his eyes just twinkle through the swollen blue—and, to conclude "this strange eventful history," once brought home at one o'clock in the morning, God knows whence or by whom, and found by the shrieking servant, sent out to listen for him in the moonlight, dead-drunk on the gravel at the gate!

Nay, start not, parental reader—nor, in the terror of anticipation, send, without loss of a single day, for your son at a distant Academy, mayhap pursuing even such another career. Trust thou to the genials, gracious, and benign *vis medicatrix naturæ*. What though a few cloud bedim and deform "the innocent brightness of the newborn day?" Lo! how splendid the meridian ether! What though the frost seem to blight the beauty of the budding and blowing rose? Look how she revives beneath dew, rain, and sunshine, till your eyes can even scarce endure the lustre! What though the waters of the sullen fen seem to pollute the snow of the sawn? They fall off from her expanded wings, and, pure as a spirit, she soars away, and descends into her own silver lake, stainless as the water lilies floating round her breast. And shall the immortal soul suffer lasting contamination from the transient chances of its nascent state—in this, less favoured than material and immaterial things that perish? No—it is undergoing endless transmigrations,—every hour a being different, yet the same—dark stains blotted out—rueful inscriptions effaced—many an erasure of impressions once thought permanent, but soon altogether forgotten—and vindicating, in the midst of the earthly corruption in which it is immersed, its own celestial origin, character, and end, often flickering, or seemingly blown out, like a taper in the wind, but all at once self-re-illumined, and shining in extinguishable and self-fed rádiance—like a star in heaven.

Therefore, bad as boys too often are—and a disgrace to the mother who bore them—the cradle in which they were rocked—the nurse by whom they were suckled—the school-master by whom they were flogged—and the hangman by whom it was prophesied they were to be executed—wait patiently for a few years, and you will see them all transfigured—one into a preacher of such winning eloquence, that he almost persuades all men to be Christians—another into a parliamentary orator, who commands the applause of listening senates, and

"Reads his history in a nation's eyes"

—one into a painter, before whose thunderous heavens the storms of Poussin "pale their ineffectual fires"—another into a poet composing and playing, side by side, on his own peculiar harp, in a concert of vocal and instrumental music, with Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth—one into a great soldier, who, when Wellington is no more, shall, for the freedom of the world, conquer a future Waterloo—

another who, hoisting his flag on the "mast of some tall ammiral," shall, like Eliab Harvey in the Temeraire, lay two three-deckers on board at once, and clothe some now nameless peak or promontory in immortal glory, like that shining on Trafalgar.

(To be continued.)

CHLOROFORM IN VETERINARY PRACTICE.

A FEW weeks since we gave an account of the firing of a horse under the influence of chloroform, at the stables of Mr. Stanley, veterinary surgeon, of this place. The statement was read with much interest by those who knew the severity of the operation, and the fact was by them hailed as the introduction of a more humane practice than had hitherto been obtained. Since that time other horses have been similarly treated at the same place; one on Friday last. This was a powerful half-bred mare, belonging to Mr. Reynolds of Farthinghoe. The animal was thrown, in the usual manner, upon straw. Dr. R. S. Wise then applied chloroform upon a sponge to the nostrils, and in exactly three minutes and a half declared the mare insensible to pain. Mr. Stanley immediately began operating. On the application of the iron there was no shrinking or starting; the burning was continued with application of fresh irons, and the incisions were unusually deep, the case being a long-standing one. There was an occasional struggle which Dr. Wise said was caused by the dropping of chloroform from the sponge into the nostril. When the operation, which occupied from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes, was completed, the shackles were removed and the animal remained perfectly quiet, as if in easy sleep; the legs were moved about by the by-standers and remained where they were placed. After a short time the mare opened her eyes languidly. A little cold water was then thrown upon her head, and she started to her legs and looked about her rather wildly. Water and hay were then offered to her and she readily ate and drank. When she was first thrown, her pulse was 46, when the operation was about half completed it was 43, and when it had ended it sunk to 40, showing this even during this very severe operation; the system under the influence of the chloroform, was gradually recovering from the excitement caused by throwing. After such experience as this, we cannot imagine that any one who has an animal which it may be requisite to submit to the severe operation of firing, will suffer that operation to be performed in any other way than the one we have described.—*Banbury Guardian.*

SADDLES.

In early ages the rider sat on the bare back of his horse without any thing under him; * but, in the course of time, some kind of covering, which consisted often of cloth, a mattrass, a piece of leather or hide, was placed over the back of the animal. We are informed by Pliny, † that one Pelethronius first introduced this practice; but who that person was, is not certainly known. Such coverings became afterwards more costly; ‡ they were made frequently in such a manner as to hang down on both sides of the horse, as may be seen by the beautiful engravings in Montfaucon, § and were distinguished among the Greeks and Romans by various names;‖ but even after they were common, it was reckoned more manly to ride without them. Varro boasts of having rode, when a young man, without a covering to his horse;¶ and Xenophon** reproaches the Persians because they placed more clothes on the backs of their horses than on their beds, and gave themselves more trouble to sit easily than to ride skilfully. On this account such coverings were for a long time not used in war; and the old Germans, who considered them as disgraceful, despised the Roman cavalry who employed them.†† The information, therefore, of Dion

* J. Lipsii Poliorcet. seu de militia Romana, lib. iii. dial. 7. Antverpiæ 1605, 4to. p. 142.

† Lib. vii. cap. 56, Frenos et strata equorum Pelethronius invenit. The same account is given by *Hyginus*, fab. 274.

‡ Coverings for horses made of the costly skins of animals are mentioned by *Silius Italicus*, lib. iv. 270, and lib. v. 148. In the latter place he says—

> Stat sonipes, vexatque ferox humentia frena,
> Caucasium instratus virgato corpore tigrim.

They are mentioned also by *Statius*. See *Thebiad*. lib. iv. 272. Costly coverings of another kind occur in Virgil, Æneid. lib. vii. 276; viii. 552; and Ovid. Metam. lib. vii. 33. Livy, lib. xxxi. cap. 7, comparing the luxury of the men and the women, says: Equus tuus speciosius instructus erit, quam uxor vestita.

§ Antiquité expliquée, tom. ii. lib. 3. tab. 27, 28, 29, 30.

‖ Seneca, Epist. 80: Equum empturus, solvi jubes stratum. *Macrob. Saturnal.* i. 11: Stultus est, qui, empturus equum, non ipsum inspicit, sed stratum ejus et frenum. *Apuleius, De Deo Socratis*, calls these coverings for horses *fucata ephippia*.—They were called also *στρωματα*.

¶ Nonius Marcellus, De proprietate sermonum, 2. p. 545: Ephippium, tegmen equis ad mollem vecturam paratum. *Varro, Cato, vel de educandis liberis:* Mihi puero .... equus sine ephippio.

** Nunc autem stragula (*στρωματα*) plura in equis habent, quam in lectis; non enim tam equitationis curam habent, quam mollioris sessionis. *Paed.* lib. viii.

†† Neque eorum moribus turpius quidquam aut inertius habetur quam ephippiis uti. Itaque ad quemvis numerum ephippiatorum equitum quamvis pauci adire

Cassius,* according to whom such coverings were first allowed to the Roman cavalry by Nero, is very doubtful. This author, perhaps, alludes only to reviews, at which, it is probable, the cavalry were before obliged always to appear without them. In the time of Alexander Severus, the horses of the whole Roman cavalry had beautiful coverings.† Saddles, however, at that period were certainly unknown, though they afterwards obtained the old name *ephippium*, which originally signified nothing more than a covering for a horse. Xenophon says, a rider, whether placed on the bare back of the animal or on a covering, must not assume a position as if he sat upon one of those seats which people use in carriages.‡

Our saddles at present consist of a wooden frame called the saddle-tree, which has on the fore part the pommel; behind it the crupper; and at the sides the stirrups. In the inside they are stuffed like a cushion, and on the outside are covered with leather or cloth. They are made fast to the horse by means of a girth which goes round the animal's belly; and the breast-leather and crupper prevent them from being moved either forwards or backwards. It is extremely probable that they were invented in the middle of the fourth century: but it is hardly possible to find any certain proof; for we have reason to believe that the ancient covering was gradually transformed into a saddle. Pancirollus§ thinks that the first mention of a saddle is to be found in Zonaras; and many have adopted his opinion. This historian relates that Constantine the younger was killed in

audeunt. *Cæsar, De bello Gallico*, lib. iv. 2. An old saddle with stirrups was formerly shown to travellers at Berne in Switzerland, as the saddle of Julius Cæsar. See *Relations historiques et curieuses de voyages*, par C. P. (Patin). A Rouen 1676, 12mo. p. 270. The stirrups, however, were afterwards taken away, and in 1685 they were not to be seen. *Mêlanges historiques, recueillis et commentez par Mons.——*. A Amsterdam 1718, 12mo. p. 81.

* Lib. lxiii. 14. Ferunt equites Romanos militantes, Neronis temporibus, dum quotannis recensentur, primum ephippiis usos fuisse. *Εν τῃ ετησιᾳ σφωγ ιξετασει.* After writing the above, I found with satisfaction that Le Beau, in *Mémoires de Littérature de l' Académie des Inscriptions*, vol. xxxix. p. 333, forms the same conjecture. Before that period the cavalry, when reviewed, were obliged to produce their horses without any covering, that it might be more easily seen whether they were in good condition. This useful regulation was abolished by Nero, in order that the cavalry might exhibt a grander appearance. He employed his soldiers for show, as many princes do at present. *Animum modo uti pascat prospectus inanem.* Virgil. Georg. lib. ii. 285.

† Equis etiam instructi et ephippiis et frenis decentibus, ut Romanam rempublicam intelligeret quilcumque Alexandri vidisset exercitum. *Lamprid. Vita Alex. Severi*, cap. 50.

‡ De re equestri, p. 602: *Επει δ αν γε μην καθιζηται, εαν τε επι ψιλου, εαν τε επι του εφιππιου, ου την ὡσπερ επι του διφρου ἑδραν επαινουμεν.* Sive super nudo equo, seu etiam in ephippio resederit, non laudatur quasi curulis quædam sessio, sed ut cruribus divaricatis maxime rectitudo custodiatur. Respecting the stool or chair placed in carriages for people to sit on, *του διφρου ἑδρα*, see *Pitisci Lexic. antiq.* iii. p. 369, art *Sella curulis.*

§ De rebus deperditis, lib. ii. tit. 16, p 273.

the year 340 when he fell from his saddle. But in this proof alone I place very little confidence ; and Pancirollus seems to have founded his assertion on the Latin translation, in which the word *sella* is used. Both the Greek and Latin terms,* it is true, were employed at later periods to signify a proper saddle ; but the Greek word was used long before for the back of the horse, or the place where the rider sat ; and the words of Zonaras may be so understood as if Constantine was killed after he had fallen from his horse.†

Montfaucon‡ has given a figure of the pillar of Theodosius the Great, on which he thinks he can distinguish a saddle ; and indeed, if the engraving be correct, it must be allowed that the covering of the horse on which the rider sits seems, in the fore part, to resemble the pommel, and behind the extremity of the saddle-tree of our common saddles.

The clearest proof of the antiquity of saddles is the order of the Emperor Theodosius in the year 385, by which those who wished to ride post-horses were forbidden to use saddles that weighed more than sixty pounds. If a saddle was heavier, it was to be cut to pieces.§ This passage appears certainly to allude to a proper saddle, which at that period, soon after its invention, must have been extremely heavy ; and we may conclude from it also, that every traveller had one of his own. As the saddle is here called *sella*, and as that word occurs oftener at this than at any other period, for the seat of the rider, it is probable that it is to be understood afterwards as signifying a real saddle. Besides, it cannot be denied that where it is used, many other little circumstances are found, which may, with great propriety, be applied to our saddles.

* Ἕδρα and sella.

† Zonaras, lib. xiii. cap. 5. Paris 1687. fol. ii. p. 12. Εκπεπτωε της ἑδρας ὁ Κονσταντινος. Nicetas in Andronicus Comnenus, lib. i. p. 183 : Της ἑδρας αποζαλλεται. The word ἑδρα occurs twice in *Xenophon De re equestri*. In page 596 of the beforementioned edition, an account is given how the back of the horse should be shaped in order that the rider may have a fast and secure seat : τῳ αναζατη ασφαλεστεραν την ἑδραν : and in p. 600, where he speaks of currying, the author says that the hair on a horse's back, εν τῃ ῥαχει, ought to be combed down, as the animal will then be less hurt by his rider : ἡκιστα γαρ αν βλαπτοι την ἑδραν των ἱππου. I have taken the trouble to consult other historians who give an account of the death of Constantine ; but they do not mention this circumstance. See *Zosimus*, lib. ii. 41 ; *Victor. Epitome*, cap. 41 ; *Socrates*, lib. ii. 5 ; *Eutropius*, lib. x. 5.

‡ Antiq. expliquée, vol. iv. lib. iii. cap. 75, tab. 30.

§ Quoniam veredorum quoque cura pari ratione tractanda est, sexaginta libras sella cum frenis ; triginta quinque vero averta non transeat ; ea conditione, ut si quis præscripta moderaminis imperatorii libramenta transcenderit, ejus sella in fraeta dedatur, averta vero fisci viribus deputetur. *Codex Theodosian*. lib. viii. tit. 5. leg. 47. p. 554. The same order occurs also in the *Codex Justin*. lib. xii. tit. 51, 12. p. 1013 ; and in βασιλικων lib. lvii. tit. 17, *edit. Leunclavii*, Basiliæ 1575, fol. p. 481.

Nazarius, in his panegyric on Constantine the Great, describing the manner in which the enemy's cavalry were destroyed, says that, when almost lifeless, they hung *sedilibus*.* Lipsius is of opinion that they could have hung in this manner only by saddles; but there is reason to think that they might lay hold of the coverings of the horses, if it be certain that these were girded to the animals like our saddles. Of this, however, there is no proof; for though some have asserted, that *postilena* signified a girth, that meaning has not been supported by sufficient authorities; and it is more probable that the words, *postilena*, *antilena*, and also *postella* and *antela*,† as well as the girth itself, which they are supposed to express, were not introduced till after the invention of saddles. The first word occurs in Plautus; ‡ but it perhaps alludes to some part of the harness of draught-horses or cattle. Vegetius§ distinguishes saddle-horses from others; and the saddle-tree seems to be mentioned by Sidonius Apollinaris. ‖ In the fifth century saddles were made so extravagantly magnificent, that a prohibition was issued by the Emperor Leo I., in which it was ordered that no one should ornament them with pearls or precious stones.¶ In the sixth century, the Emperor Mauritius required that the saddles of the cavalry should have large coverings of fur.** Further information respecting saddles in later times, may be seen in Du Cange, who has collected also various terms of art to which the invention of saddles gave rise, such as *sellatores*, saddlers, of which the French have made *selliers*; *sellare*, the saddle-tree; *sellare* and *insellare*, to saddle. The ignominious punishment of bearing the saddle, of which a good account may be found in Du Cange,†† had its origin in the middle ages. The conjecture of Goropius Becanus,‡‡ that the saddle was invented by the *Salii*, and named after them, is not worthrefutati on; as it is

* Tunc ire præcipites, labi reclines, semineces vacillare, aut moribundi sedilibus attineri, permixta equorum clade jacere. Cap. 24.

† Antella, quasi ante sella, quemadmodum postella, quasi post sella. *Isidorus*, 20, 16.

‡ Casina, i. 37. See Scheffer, De re vehiculari. Francofurti 1671. 4to. p. 125: and Gesneri Thesaur. Ling. Lat.

§ De arte veterinaria, iv. 6, 2 and 4.

‖ Alii sanguine et spumis pinguia lupata suscipiunt, alii sellarum equestrium madefacta sudoribus fulcra resupinant. Lib. iii. epist. 3.

¶ Nulli prorsus liceat, in frenis et equestribus sellis vel in balteis suis margaritas et amaragdos et hyacinthos aptare posthac vel inserere; aliis autem gemmis frena et equestres sellas et balteos suos privatos exornare permittimus. *Codex Justin.* lib. xi. tit. 11.

** Mauricii Ars militaris; edit. Schefferi, lib. i. cap. 2. *Χρη τας τελας εχειν επισελια δασεια και μεγαλα.* Sellas habere debent cum tegumentis hirsutis et magnis. It is worthy of remark that the Greek word *σελα* sella, occurs at this period. The same word is to be found in the *Tactica* of the Emperor Leo, cap. 6, § 9, edit. Meursii, Lugduni Bat. 1612, 4to. p. 57.

†† Under the article *Sellam gestare*.

‡‡ Lib. ii. Francicorum, p. 48.

perfectly clear that the denomination of *sella* arose from the likeness of a saddle to a chair; and by way of distinction Sidonius and the Emperor Leo say *sella equestris;* and Jornandes says *sella equitatoria.* Others, perhaps, will pass no better judgment on a conjecture which I shall here venture to give. I consider it as probable that the invention of saddles belongs to the Persians; because, according to the testimony of Xenophon, they first began to render the seat of the rider more convenient and easy, by placing more covering on the backs of their horses than was usual in other countries. Besides, the horses of Persia were first made choice of in preference for saddle-horses, on account, perhaps, of their being early trained to bear a saddle, though Vegetius* assigns a different reason. Of the improvements or alterations made afterwards in saddles, I have been able to find no account.—*Beckmann's History of Inventions.*

STIRRUPS.

Respecting the antiquity of stirrups several men of learning† have long ago made researches; but as their observations are scattered through a great variety of books, some of which are now scarce, and are mingled with much falsehood, it will, perhaps, afford pleasure to many to find here collected and reduced into order the greater, or at least the most important, part of them. In executing this task I shall aim at more than the character of a diligent collector; for to bring together information of this kind, to arrange it, and to make it useful, requires no less readiness of thought than the labours of those who assume the character of original thinkers, and who imagine that they render others inferior to themselves when they bestow on them the appellation of collectors.

* Ad usum sellæ Persis provinciis omnibus meliores præstat equos, patrimoniorum censibus æstimatos, tam ad vehendum molles et pios incessibus, nobilitate prætiosos. *Vegetius, De arte veterin.* iv. 6. 4to. p. 1157.

† The principal works in which information is to be found on this subject are the following: *Hieron. Magii Miscellan.* lib. ii. cap. 14; in *Grutevi Lampas seu Thesaurus criticus*, tom. ii. p. 1339. *Lipsii Poliorceticon sive de militia Romana*, Antverpiæ 1605, lib. iii. dial. 7, p. 139. *Pitisci Lexicon antiquit. Rom.* iii. p. 482. *Salmasius in Ælii Spart. Antonin. Carac.* p. 163. *G. J. Vossius de vitiis sermonis*, Amstelodami 1695, fol p. 11. *Polyd. Vergilius de rerum inventoribus.* Lugdun. Bat. 1664, 12mo. lib iii. cap. 18. *Hugo de militia equestri*, l. 4. *Licetus de lucernis*, vi. 30. *Potter, Archæolog. Græca*, iii. 3. *Menagiana*, iv. p. 263. *Brown, Essai sur les erreurs populaires*, ii. p 162. The history and art of horsemanship by Richard Berenger; London 1711, 4to i. p. 64. *Montfaucon, Antiquité expliquée*, tom. iv. lib. 3. cap. 3. p. 77, and Supplement, tom. iv. lib. ii. cap. 4. p. 25. *Le Beau de l'équipement du cavalier légionaire;* in *Mémoires de litterature de l' Académie des Inscriptions*, tom. xxxix. p. 537.

We have here a new proof how much people may be deceived, when they suppose that objects must be of great antiquity because they tend to common convenience, and because they appear even so indispensably necessary and easy to have been invented, that one can scarcely conceive how they could at any time have been wanting. I cannot, however, deprive our ancestors of the merit of ingenuity and invention; for they must undoubtedly have possessed no small share of talents and ability, to perform, without the assistance of our arts, what perhaps would be difficult even for the present age to accomplish. And who knows but there are many things still to be invented, the discovery of which may give posterity equal reason to reproach us?

Stirrups are useful in two points of view; for they not only assist one in mounting, but also in riding, as they support the legs of the rider, which otherwise would be exposed to much inconvenience. No traces of any invention for this purpose are to be found in the old Greek and Latin writers; and though means to assist people to get on horseback were devised in the course of time, neither stirrups nor any permanent support to the legs were for a long period thought of. Nothing that could perform the same service as a stirrup is to be perceived on ancient coins which exhibit the representation of persons on horseback; on statues cast or formed with the chisel; or on any remains of ancient sculpture. In the excellent equestrian statues of Trajan and Antoninus, the legs of the rider hang down without any support whatever. Had stirrups been in use when these statues were formed, the artists certainly would not have omitted them; and the case would have been the same with those writers who speak so fully of riding, and of the necessary equipage and furniture. How is it possible that Xenophon, in the two books which he wrote expressly on horsemanship and the art of riding,* where he gives rules for mounting and where he points out means for assisting old people and infirm persons, should not have mentioned stirrups had he been acquainted with them? And how could they have been passed over by Julius Pollux, in his Lexicon,† where he gives every expression that concerns riding furniture?

Hippocrates‡ and Galen§ speak of a disease which in their time was occasioned by long and frequent riding, because the legs

* Xenophon, De re equestri. Joachim Camerarius caused a translation of this book to be printed separately, which seems to be little known. It has in the title, *In hoc libello hæc insunt: De tractandis equis* (This addition is by Camerarius himself); *Conversio lib. Xenophontis de re equestri; et Historia rei nummariæ.* Tubingæ 1539, 71 pages 8vo.—*Xenophon de magisterio equitum*, in the edition of Basle 1555, fol. p. 612.

† Lib. i. cap. 11. p. 129.

‡ De aere, locis et aquis, in the Franckfort edition of 1595, fol. sect. 3, p. 76. The author here speaks in particular of the Scythians, who were always on horseback; but he afterwards extends his observations to all those much addicted to riding.

§ Galen, de parvæ pilæ exercitio, cap. 5. De sanitate tuenda, lib. ii. cap. 11.

hung down without any support. Suetonius* also relates that Germanicus, the father of Caligula, by riding often after dinner, endeavoured to strengthen his ancles, which had become weak; and Magius explains this very properly by telling us, that as his legs hung down without stirrups, they would be continually moved backwards and forwards, and of course the circulation of the blood towards those parts would be increased.

Neither in the Greek nor Roman authors do we meet with any term that can be applied to stirrups; for *staffa*, *stapia*, *staphium*, *stapha*, *stapedium*, *stapeda*, and *stapes* are words formed in modern times. The last, as Vossius and others say, was invented by Frapo. Philelphus,† who was born in 1398 and died in 1481, to express properly a thing unknown to the ancients, and for which they could have no name. The other words are older, as may be seen in Du Cange, and appear to be derived from the German *stapf*, which is still retained in *fuss-stapf*, a foot-step.

The name of one of the ear-bones, which, on account of its likeness to a stirrup, has from anatomists received the same appellation, may occur here to some of my readers; and if that expression was known to the ancients, it might invalidate my assertion. That small bone, however, was first remarked at Naples in the year 1546 by John Philip Ingrassias, a Sicilian, who called it *stapes*. To the ancient anatomists it was not known.‡

Montfaucon is of opinion that it is impossible there could be stirrups before saddles were invented, because the former, at present, are fastened to the latter. This conclusion, however, is not altogether just. Stirrups might have been suspended from leather straps girt round the horse. In mounting, it would only have been necessary that some one should hold fast the strap on the other side; and stirrups arranged in this manner would have supported the feet of the rider as well as ours. It is certain that mounting on horseback was formerly much easier than it has been since the invention of high saddles; and it is probable that stirrups were introduced soon after that period. The arguments which I have here adduced will receive additional force when one considers the inconvenient means which the ancients employed to assist them in getting on horseback; and which, undoubtedly, they would not have used had they been acquainted with stirrups.

* Vita Caligulæ, cap. 3.

† Respectiug this Philelphus see Fabricii Biblioth. med. et inf. ætatis, vol. v. p. 845.

‡ The history of this anatomical discovery, written by Ingrassias himself, may be found in *J. Douglas, Bibliographiæ anatomicæ specimen*; Lugd. Bat. 1734, 8vo. p. 186. This discovery was claimed by a person named Columbus; but that it belongs to Ingrassias has been fully proved by Fallopius in his *Observat Anatomicæ*. See *Fallopii Opera*, Francofurti 1606, fol. p. 365. Deus gloriosus scit Ingrassiæ fuisse inventum.

The Roman manners required that young men and expert riders should be able to vault on horseback without any assistance.* To accustom them to this agility there were wooden horses in the Campus Martius, on which practitioners were obliged to learn to mount and dismount, both on the right and the left side, at first unarmed, and afterwards with arms in their hands.† In many public places, particularly highways, stones were erected, to which a rider could lead his horse in order to mount with more facility. Such stones Gracchus caused to be set up ;‡ and they were to be found at many cities, in the sixteenth century, especially near the council-houses, that they might be used by the members of the council, who at that time did not ride in coaches. A convenience of this kind was constructed at the Roman gate at Francfort§ in 1502 ; and steps for the same purpose may be still seen in many parts of England, where they are employed principally by the ladies.‖ If a certain ludicrous inscription be ancient, such a stone was called *suppedaneum ;* but this word occurs no where else.¶

People of high rank and fortune kept riding-servants to assist them in mounting, who were called *stratores.*** It was usual also to have portable stools, which were placed close to the horse when one wished to mount; and this gave rise to the barbarous practice of

* — — — — Corpora saltu
Subjiciunt in equos.
Virg. Æneid, lib. xii. 287.

† Non tantum a tironibus, sed etiam a stipendiosis militibus, salitio equorum districte semper est exacta. Quem usum usque ad hanc ætatem, licet jam cum dissimulatione, pervenisse manifestum est. Equi lignei hieme sub tecto, æstate ponebantur in campo. Super hos juniores primo inermes, dum consuetudine proficerent, demum armati cogebantur ascendere. Tantaque cura erat, ut non solum a dextris, sed etiam a sinistris et insilire et desilire condiscerent, evaginatos etiam gladios vel contos tenentes. Hoc enim assidua, meditatione faciebant, scilicet ut in tumultu prælii sine mora ascenderent, qui tam studiose exercebantur in pace. *Vegetius De re milit.* i. 18.

‡ Alios lapides modicis inter se intervallis hinc inde secundum viam disposuit ; quibus equitantes sine subjicibus ephippiariis conscenderent commodius equos. Ὡς ειη ῥαδιως τοις ἱπποις εχουσιν επιβαινειν επ' αυτων, αναβολεως μη δεομενοις. Plutarchus, Vita C. Gracchi, p. 838.

§ Lersner, Chronike der stadt Frankfurt, i. p. 33.

‖ Kalms Reise nach dem Nordlichen Amerika, i. p. 34 ; and ii. p. 355.

¶ This inscription may be found in *Thom. Porcacchi Funerali antichi.* Venet. 1574, fol. p. 14.

Dis pedip. saxum
Ciuicisæ dorsiferæ et cluniferæ,
Ut insultare et desultare commodetur,
Pub. Crassus mulæ suæ Crassæ bene ferenti
Suppedaneum hoc cum risu pos.

Here *Dis pedip.* seems to be an imitation of *Dis Manibus ; saxum* of the usual word *sacrum :* and *bene ferenti* of *bene merenti.*

** Lipsius De milit. Romana, p. 140. Pitisci Lexic. antiq. These servants were called also αναζολεις.

making conquered princes and generals stoop down that the victor might more easily get on horseback by stepping upon their backs as upon a stool. In this ignominious manner was the Emperor Valerian treated by Sapor, king of Persia.* Some horses also were so instructed that they kneeled until the rider mounted ; † and warriors had on their spears or lances a step or projection, on which they could rest the foot while they got on horseback.‡ Winkelmann has described a cut stone in the collection of Baron Stosch, on which a rider is represented in the act of mounting with one foot on the step of his spear ; and it appears, by an ancient drawing, that a leather loop,§ into which the foot could be put, was fastened sometimes to the lance also.‖

Of those who believe that traces of stirrups are to be found among the ancient, no one has erred more than Galeotus Martius,¶ who follows a wrong reading in Lucretius,** and translates still worse the words which he adopts. Magius and others consider as authentic an inscription, in which stirrups are clearly mentioned ; and because the letters D. M. *(diis manibus)*, usual in Pagan inscriptions, appear at the top, he places it in the first century of the Christian æra.†† Menage,‡‡ however,and others have already remarked that this inscription was forged in modern times, and in all probability by Franc. Columna, who lived in the middle of the sixteenth century, and who sometimes called himself Poliphilus.§§ Gruter, therefore, reckons it among those which ought to be rejected as spurious: and of as little authority is the silver coin on which the Emperor Constantine is represented on horseback with stirrups.

* Eutrop. lib. ix. cap. 6. Victor. epit. 46. Trebell. Pollio, Vita Valeriani. Hofmanni. Lexic. artic. Calcandi hostium corpora ritus, p. 642.

† Strabo, lib. iii. p. 248, edit. Almel. says that the Spaniards instructed their horses in this manner. - - - - Silius Ital. lib. x. 465 :

> Inde inclinatus collum, submissus et armos
> De more, inflexis præbebat scandere terga
> Cruribus.—

See also Jul. Pollux, i. 11. Dio Nicæus, in Augusto.

‡ Lipsius understands in this sense what Livy says, book iv. chap. 19, of Cornelius Cossus : Quem cum ictum equo dejecisset, confestim et ipse hasta innisus se in pedes excepit.

§ Figures of both may be seen in Berenger, tab. 8, fig. 3 ; and tab. 4.

‖ By Xenophon this is called *απο δορατος αναπηδαν*.

¶ De promiscua doctrina, cap. 28.

** Lib. v. 1296 : Et prius est repertum in equi conscendere costas. Martius reads *clostris* ; and thinks that *clostra* is the Greek name for a ladder, which however is *κροσσα*.

†† In this inscription the following words occur : Casu desiliens, pes hæsit stapiæ, tractus interii.

‡‡ Menagiana. Paris. 1715, vol. iv. p. 83.

§§ Respecting Columna, see Fabricii Biblioth. med. et. inf. ætatis, i. p. 1131.

Magius quotes from the letters of Jerome, who died in the year 420 the following words: *Se cum quasdam accepit litteras jumentum conscensurum, jam pedem habuisse in bistapia.* These words have been again quoted by several writers; and we may readily believe that the author when he wrote them alluded to a stirrup. Magius however quotes from memory, and says, *si memoria non labat.* But these words are not to be found in Jerome; and it is probable that Magius may have read them in the works of some other author.*

The first certain account of stirrups, as far as I have been able to learn, is in a book by Mauritius† respecting the art of war, where the author says, that a horseman must have at his saddle two iron *scalæ.* This work, commonly ascribed to the Emperor Mauritius, is supposed to have been written in the end of the sixth century; and it is not a sufficient proof to the contrary, that mention is made in it of the Turks, Franks, and Lombards. The first were then well known; for Justin II. some time before had concluded a peace with them: the Lombards made themselves known in the middle of that century, and the Franks had been known much longer.‡ The same works are inserted by the Emperor Leo VI., in his work on tactics, which he wrote in the end of the ninth century.§ Still clearer is another passage of Mauritius,‖ and of the Emperor Leo,¶ where it is expressly said, that the *deputati*, who were obliged to carry the wounded horsemen from the field, ought to have two stirrups on

* Aquino says that stirrups are mentioned by Pollux, i. 11. p. 215, 130. In the translation we find also: Cum equo insederis, nequaquam femora ad equi latera comprimas, sed pedes laxos habeas, stanti stimilis. Stapedes enim magis ad standum quam insidendum parati sunt. In the Greek however, they do not occur: *Και γαρ ἡ ισχυς πλεον επι των εστηκοτων, η επι των καθεζομενων.* In the latest editions no mention is made of them.

† Mauricii Ars militaris, edita a Joh. Scheffero. Upsaliæ 1664, 8vo. p. 22: *Χρη εχειν εις τας σελας σκαλας σιδηρας δυο.*

‡ Mauric. p. 253: *Οἱ Τουρκοι, Φραγγοι, Λογγοβαρδοι.* Not however the French, as has been translated in Algem. Welthistor. xiii. p. 342.—Offerhaus, Histor. univers. p. 361, 365.

§ Leonis Tactica, edit. Meursii, cap. vi. § 10. p. 57: *Εις δε τας σελλας δυο σκαλας σιδηρας.*

‖ Lib. ii. cap. 8. p. 64: Ut facile conscendere deputati equos possint suos, simul atque illi qui vulnerati vel delapsi sunt ex equis, oportet duos stapedes (*σκαλας*) habere deputatos ad sinistram partem sellæ, primum ad ipsius curvaturam, sicut vulgo fieri consuevit (*την μιαν προς τη κουρζη, ὡς εθος εστι*), alteram ad partem ejus extremam (*και την αλλην προς τη οπισθοκουρζη*) ut si duo equum velint conscendere, hoc est, ipse et alter qui pugnare amplius non potest, unus quidem per stapedem qui est circa curvaturam in eum enitatur, alter vero per eum qui in parte extrema. *Κουρζη, χουρζιον* is the forepart, and *οπισθοχουρζη* or *οπισθοχουρζιον* the hind-part of the saddle-tree. Meursius thinks that the latter signifies what the French call *croupe;* but Scheffer, in his notes on Mauritius, p. 401, 425, shows that it is derived from *curvum.* In the *Glossis Basil.* it is said; *τα ξυλικια της σελας κουρζια λεγονται, ςῶ καμπυλα.* Ligna sellæ dicuntur curbia, quia sunt incurva.

¶ Tactica, cap. xii § 150, where the same words occur.

the left side of the horse, one at the fore-part, and the other at the hind-part of the saddle-tree, that they might each take a disabled soldier on horse-back behind them. That these *scalæ* were real stirrups there seems to be no reason to doubt; and in my opinion, that word, and other expressions of the like kind to be found in later writers, may be understood in this sense, especially as concomitant circumstances appear rather to strengthen than to oppose such a conjecture.

Isidore, in the seventh century, says *Scansuæ, ferrum per quod equus scanditur;* and also *Astraba, tabella, in qua pedes requiescunt*:* both which expressions allude to stirrups. Leo the Grammarian, in the beginning of the tenth century,† calls them, as Mauritius does, *scalæ*. Suidas, who wrote about the same period, says, *anaboleus* signifies not only a riding-servant, who assists one in mounting, but also what by the Romans was called *scala*.‡ As the machine used for pulling off boots is named a Jack, because it performs the office of a boy, in the like manner that appellation, which at first belonged to the riding-servant, was afterwards given to stirrups, because they answered the same purpose. Suidas, as a proof of the latter meaning, quotes a passage from an anonymous writer, who says, that Massias, even when an old man, could vault on horseback without the assistance of a stirrup *(anaboleus)*.§ Lipsius thinks that the passage is to be found in Appian,‖ respecting Masanissa; and in that case the first meaning of the word may be adopted.

* Both passages are quoted by Du Cange from the Glossis Isidori. The latter word signified also the saddle-bow; for Suidas says: Αστραβη, το επι των εφιππιων ξυλον ὁ κρατουσιν ει καθεζομενοι. Lignum quod est in ephippiis, quod sessores tenent. Allusion is made to this saddle-bow by the Emperor Frederic II. *De arte venandi*, ii. 71. p. 152, where he describes how a falconer should mount his horse: Ponat pedem unum in staffa sellæ, accipiens *arcum sellæ* anteriorem cum manu sua sinistra, supra quam jam non est falco, posteriorem autem cum dextra, super quam est falco. Nicetas, however, in Manuel. Commen. lib. ii. p. 63, gives that name to the whole saddle; for we are told that the Scythians, when about to cross a river, placed their arms on the saddle (*αστραβην*), and laying hold of the tails of their horses, swam after them.

† Leonis Grammatici Chronographia, printed in the Paris Collection of the Byzantine Historians, with *Theophanis Chronograph.* 1655, fol. In p. 470, where an account is given of the death of one of the murderers of King Michael, in the middle of the ninth century, the author says, Ιακωβιτζης κυνηγων μετα του βασιλεως εν τω Φιλοπατιω, του ξιφους αυτω εκπεσοντος κατελθων του ἱππου αραι αυτο, του ποδος αυτου μη φθασαντος τη γῃ επιβηναι, αλλα του ἑτερου κρατηθεντος εν τῃ σκαλᾳ θροηθεις ὁ ἱππος διεσυρεν αυτον. .... Jacobitzes inter venandum una cum imperatore ad Philopatium gladium in terram lapsum levaturus ex equo desiliit; cumque pes ejus terram nondum attigisset, altero in pensili scandula retento, perterritus equus arrepto cursu per valles et præcipitia traxit et membratim discerpsit.

‡ Αναβολευς, και ἡ παρα 'Ρωμαιοις λεγομενη σκαλα. Anaboleus etiam ea, quæ Romanis scala dicitur.

§ 'Ο δε Μασσιας γηρασας ἱππου χωρις αναβολεως επιβαινεν. Massias, cum senuisset, in equum sine scansorio instrumento conscendit.

‖ De bellis Punicis, edit. Tollii, p. 107.

Suidas, according to every appearance, would have been in a mistake, had he given Masanissa at so early a period the Roman *scalæ*, with which he could not be acquainted. But that the passage is from Appian, and that Masanissa ought to be read instead of Massias, is only mere conjecture; at any rate Suidas could commit no mistake in saying that the Romans in his time made use of *scalæ*. Lipsius, however, was not altogether wrong in considering this quotation alone as an insufficient proof of stirrups, because with the still older and more express testimony of Mauritius he was unacquainted. Eustathius, the commentator of Homer,* speaks in a much clearer manner; but he gives us to understand that stirrups in his time, that is, in the twelfth century, had not become very common. On a piece of tapestry of the eleventh century, which Montfaucon caused to be engraven,† the saddles of all the horses appear to have stirrups. Aimonius calls them *scandilia*,‡ and in the twelfth century the word *staffa* occurs very often, and without doubt in that sense.§ In the ages of superstition, the clergy carried their boundless pride to such a length, that they caused emperors and kings to hold their stirrups when they mounted on horseback.‖ It however long continued to be thought a mark of superior dexterity to ride without stirrups, at least Phile praises Cantacuzenus on this account.¶—*Beckmann's History of Inventions.*

* *Αναβολευς ου μονον το σιδηριον ὡ τους ποδας εντιθεντες εφιπποι γινονται τινες, αλλα και ανθρωπος ὁς εις τοιουτο εργον καθυπουργει.* Anaboleus non solum ferrum illud minutum dicitur, cui pedes imponunt quidam, ut inscendant commodius; sed etiam vir ipse qui ad tale opus adjutat. *Odyss.* lib. i. 155.

† Monumens de la monarchie Françoise, i. tab. 35.

‡ A quibus et sella ostendebatur, quæ dilapsa cum equo fuerat, cujus scandilia, quamvis nova, et antelam suis impatiens pedibus ipse disruperat. *Aimonius De miraculis Sancti Benedicti*, ii. 20.

§ *Epistola Alexandri PP. apud Rodulfum de Diceto, anno* 1177 : Et cum ascenderemus palefridum nostrum, staffam tenuit. Idem, an. 1170 ; Cum rex et archiepiscopus secessissent in partem, bisque descendissent, bis stapham rex tenuit archiepiscopo. *Fredericus* II. *De venat*, lib. ii. cap. 71 : Deinde ponat pedem suum in staffa sellæ. *From Du Cange.* Stirrups as well as spurs occur seldom on seals in the eleventh century. In the thirteenth they are more frequent. See *P. W. Gerkens Anmerkungen über die siegel.* Stendal 1786, 8vo. part 2. *Heineccius de sigillis*, p. 205. I shall here remark that *Cœlius Rhodiginus*, xxi. 31, is mistaken when he says that Avicenna calls stirrups *subsellares*. *Licetus, De lucernis*, p. 786, has proved that this Arabian author speaks only of a covering to secure the feet from frost.

‖ Instances of this pride have been collected by Du Cange in his annotations on Cinnamus, p. 470, and more may be found in his Dictionary, vol. vi. p. 681. When steps were not erected on the highways, a metal or wooden knob was affixed to each side of the saddle, which the rider, when about to mount, laid hold of, and then caused his servant to assist him. The servants also were often obliged to throw themselves down that their master might step upon their back. See *Constantin. de ceremoniis aulæ Byzant.* p. 242. A. 6 ; and p. 405. B. 3 ; also Reiske in his Annotations. p. 135.

¶ In Cantacuz. edit. Wernsdorfii. Lipsiæ 1768, 8vo. p. 218, who calls stirrups *κλιμακες*, scalæ.

HORSE-SHOES.

It can be proved by incontestable evidence, that the ancient Greeks and Romans endeavoured, by means of some covering, to secure from injury the hoofs of their horses and other animals of burden; but it is equally certain, that our usual shoes, which are nailed on, were invented much later.* We are told by Aristotle† and Pliny,‡ that shoes were put upon camels in the time of war, and during long journeys; and the former gives them the same name as that given to the shoes, or rather socks or soles, of the common people, which were made of strong ox-leather. When the hoofs of cattle, particularly oxen, had sustained any hurt, they were furnished with shoes, made of some plant of the hemp kind,§

* The principal works with which I am acquainted, that contain information respecting the antiquity of horse-shoes, are the following: *Pancirollus de rebus deperditis*, ii. tit. 16. p. 274, *J. Vossius in Catulli Opera*. Ultrajecti 1691, 4to. p. 48. *Lexicon militare auctore Carolo de Aquino*. Romæ 1724, fol. ii, p. 307. Gesner in his Index to *Auctores rei rusticæ*, art; *Soleæ ferreæ*. *Montfaucon, Antiquité expliquée*, iv. liv. 3. p. 79. Le Beau, in *Memoires de'lé Académie des Inscriptions*, vol. xxxix. p. 538. *Archæologia*, or Miscellaneous tracts relating to antiquity. London 1775, 4to. iii. p. 35 and 39.

† Histor. anim. ii. 6. p. 165, edit Scaligeri: 'Ο δε πους εστε κατωθεν σαρκωδης, ὡσπερ και οἱ των αρκτων. Διο και τας εις πολεμον ιουσας ὑποδυνουσι καρβατιναις, ὁταν αλγησωσιν. Pedis planta carnosa, velut ursis. Itaque in bellorum expeditionibus carbatinis calceant, cum dolore afficiuntur. They were therefore not used at all times, but only when the hoofs began to be injured.

‡ Hist. nat. lib. xi. cap. 43: Vestigio carnoso ut ursi; qua de caussa in longiore itinere sine calceatu fatiscunt.

§ To explain the ancient names of plants, or to give a complete systematic definition of them, is a task of too much difficulty to be comprehended in a note. I shall, nevertheless, offer here a few observations respecting *spartum*, which may be of service to those who wish to carry their researches further. The ancients, and particularly the Greeks, understood by that appellation several species of plants which could be used and manufactured like flax or hemp, and which appear to have been often mentioned under that general name. The Greeks however understood commonly by *spartum* a shrub, the slender branches of which were woven into baskets of various kinds, and which produced young shoots that could be prepared and manufactured in the same manner as hemp; and this plant as has already been remarked by the old botanists, is the *spartium junceum*, or Spanish broom, which grows wild on dry land, that produces nothing else in the Levant and in the southern parts of Europe. This broom is that described and recommended in *Comment. instituti Bonnoniensis*, vi. p. 349, and vi. p. 118. The French translator of the papers here alluded to is much mistaken when he thinks, in *Journal economique*, 1785, Novembre, that the author speaks of the common broom (*spartium scoparium*) that grows on our moors. M. Broussonet, in *memoires d'agriculture, par la Societé de Paris*, 1785, trimestre d'automne, p. 127, has also recommended the cultivation of the *spart. junceum*, under the name of *genet d'Espagne*, and enumerated the many uses to which it may be applied. The people in Lower Languedoc, especially in the neighbourhood of Lodeve, make of it table-cloths, shirts, and other articles of dress. The offal or rind serves as firing. This *spartum* of the Greeks, or *spartium junceum* of the botanists, is the species called by Pliny, book xxxix.

wove or plaited together.* These indeed were only a sort of chirurgical bandages; but such shoes were given in particular to mules which in ancient times were employed more than at present for riding; and it appears by two instances of immoderate extravagance handed down to us by Roman writers, that people of rank caused these shoes to be made very costly. Nero, when he undertook short journies, was drawn always by mules which had silver shoes;† and those of his wife Poppæa had shoes of gold.‡ The information of these authors however is not sufficient to enable us to conjecture how these shoes were made; but from a passage of Dio Cassius we have reason to think that the upper part only was formed of those noble metals, or that they were perhaps plaited out of thin slips.§

Arrian also reckons these soles or shoes among the riding-furniture of an ass.‖ Xenophon relates that certain people of Asia

chap. 9, *genista*, and which he improperly considers as the Spanish and African *spartum*. The latter is certainly the *stipa tenacissima*, which grows in Spain and Africa, called there at present *sparto* or *esparto*, and which is still prepared and employed as described by Pliny, b. xix. c. 2. Baskets, matrasses, ship-cables, and other strong ropes were made of it; and when this rush had been prepared like hemp, it was used for various fine works. Even at present the Spaniards make of it a kind of shoes called *alpergates*, with which they carry on a great trade to the Indies, where they are very useful on the hot, rocky, and sandy soil. The best account of this rush may be found in *Clusiie Histor. plantar. rar.* p. 220; in *Löfling's Reisebeschreibung*, Berlin 1776, 8vo. p. 169; *Osbecks Reise*, p. 18: the Paris *Schauplatz der hünste*; and the *Encyclopédie methodique des manufactures*, par Roland de la Platiere, art. *Sparte*. Whether the ancients made shoes for their cattle of the *spartium junceum* or the *stipa tenacissima*, I will not venture to determine. It is probable that the former was used by the Greeks, and the latter by the Roman; and it is highly worthy of being here remarked, that in modern times a kind of socks for horses were made of a species of *spartum*, as we learn from John Leo, who says: Quosdam reperias, qui sportas certosqpe funiculos parant, quos Africani equorum pedibus addere solent. *J. Leonis Africæ Descriptio.* Antverpiæ 1556, 8vo. lib. iii. p. 120. The same author however says expressly, p. 96, that common shoes of iron were also used.

* Columella, vi. 12, 3: Spartea munitur pes. vi. 15, : Spartea calceata ungula curatur. *Vegetius*, i, 26, 3 : Spartea calceare curabis. See also ii. 45, 3. *Galen De alim. facult.* i. 9 : *Σπαρτος εξ ὀυ πλεκουσι ὑποδηματα ὑποζυγιος.* Is there not some reason therefore to conclude that this practice was followed not merely in regard to cattle only that were diseased?

† Nunquam carrucis minus mille fecisse iter traditur, soleis mularum argenteis. *Sueton. Vita Neronis*, cap. 30.

‡ Nostra ætate Poppæa, conjux Neronis principis, delicatioribus jumentis suis soleas ex æuro quoque induere. *Plin.* lib. xxxiii. cap. 11.—Scheffer, *De re vehicular*i, proves that we are here to understand she-mules.

§ Dio Cassius, or Xiphilinus, lxii. 28: *Τας ἡμιονους τας αγουσας αυτην επιχρυσα σπαρτια ὑποδεισθαι.* Mulas quibus agebatur habebat aureis soleis calceatas. Commodus caused the hoofs of a horse to be gilded. *Dio Cassius.* lxxiii. *Τας ὁπλας καταχρυσωσας.*

‖ Commentar. in Epictetum, lib. iii. edit. Coloniæ 1595, 8vo. p. 366: '*Οταν εκεινο ονἀριον ἡ, τ' αλλα γινεται χαλιναρια του ονἀριου, σαγματια, ὑποδηματια.....* Aselli sunt freni, clitellæ, *ferreæ* calces. The last word is added by the translator. '*Υποδηματα* comes from *ὑποδεω*, subligo,

were accustomed, when the snow lay deep on the ground, to draw socks over the feet of their horses, as they would otherwise, he adds, have sunk up to the bellies in the snow.* I cannot comprehend how their sinking among the snow could, by such means, have been prevented; and I am inclined rather to believe, that their feet were covered in that manner in order to save them from being wounded. The Russians, in some parts, such as Kamschatka, employ the same method in regard to the dogs which draw their sledges, or catch seals on the ice. They are furnished with shoes which are bound round their feet, and which are so ingeniously made that their claws project through small holes. †

The shoes of the Roman cattle must have been very ill fastened, as they were so readily lost in stiff clay;‡ and it appears that they were not used during a whole journey, but were put on either in miry places, or at times when pomp or the safety of the cattle required it; for we are informed by Suetonius, that the coachman of Vespasian once stopped on the road to put on the shoes of his mules.§

The reason why mention of these shoes on horses occurs so seldom, undoubtedly is, because, at the time when the before-quoted authors wrote, mules and asses were more employed than horses, as has been already remarked by Scheffer and others. Artemidorus speaks of a shod horse, and makes use of the same expression em-

* Xenophon de Cyri Min. expedit. p. 228 : *Διδασκει ὁ κωμαρχης πιρι τους ποδας των ἱππων και των ὑποζυγιων, σακκια περιδειν, ὁταν δια της χιονος ἀγωσιν.* Pagi præfectus docuit, ut per nivosam viam sacculis equorum et jumentorum pedes obligarent, quod nudis pedibus ingredientes usque ad ventrem in ipsas nives descenderent.

† B. F. Hermann, Beytrage zur physik. œconomie .. besonders der Russischen Länder. Berlin 1786, 8vo. part i. p. 250. See also *Physikal. œkonom. biblioth.* xiv. p. 459. The same account respecting the dogs of Kamtschatka is given in Cook's last Voyage.

‡ Nunc eum volo de tuo ponte mittere pronum,
Si pote stolidum repente excitare veternum,
Et supinum animum in gravi derelinquere cœno,
Ferream ut soleam tenaci in voragine mula.

Catullus, viii. 23.

By this passage it appears that the shoe was of iron, iron wire, or plate-iron.

§ Mulionem in itinere quodam suspicatus ad calceandas mulas desiluisse, ut adeunti litigatori spatium moramque præberet; interrogavit Quanti calceasset? Pactusque est lucri partem. *Sueton. Vita Vespas.* cap. 23. Vespasian seems to have suspected that his driver had been bribed to stop by the way, and that he had done so on pretence of shoeing his horses. Had the mules been shod, and had the driver only had to rectify something that related to the shoe, as our coachmen have when a nail is lost, or any other little accident has happened, Suetonius would not have said *mulas* but *mulam*. The driver therefore stopped for the first time on the journey to put on the shoes of his cattle, as has been remarked by Gesner.

ployed in regard to other cattle.* Winkelmann has described a cut-stone in the collection of Baron Stosch,† on which is represented the figure of a man holding up one foot of a horse, while another, kneeling, is employed in fastening on a shoe. These are all the proofs of horses being shod among the ancients with which I am acquainted. That they were never shod in war, or at any rate, that these socks were not sufficient to defend the hoofs from injury, seems evident from the testimony of various authors. When Mithridates was besieging Cyzicus, he was obliged to send his cavalry to Bithynia, because the hoofs of the horses were entirely spoiled and worn out.‡ In the Latin translation, it is added that this was occasioned by the horses not having shoes; but there are no such words in the original, which seems rather to afford a strong proor that in the army of Mithridates there was nothing of the kind. The case seems to have been the same in the army of Alexander; for we are told by Didorus Siculus, that with uninterrupted marching the hoofs of his horses were totally broken and destroyed.§ An instance of the like kind is to be found in Cinnamus, where the cavalry were obliged to be left behind, as they had suffered considerably in the hoofs; an evil, says the historian, to which horses are often liable.‖

From what has been said I think I may venture to draw this conclusion, that the ancient Greek and Roman cavalry had not always,

* Εδοξε τις ἱππου ὑποδηματα ὑποδεδεσθαι. Εστρατευσατο και εγενετο ἱππεις. Ουδεν γαρ διεφερεν, ἡ αυτον ἡ τον βασταζοντα ἱππον ὑποδεδεσθαι τα ὑποδηματά. Existimavit quis equi calceatum se habere. Militavit et factus est eques. Nihil enim intererat aut ipsum, aut equum ipsius gestatorem, calceatum habere. *Artemidori Oneirocritica.* Lutetiæ 1603, 4to. lib. iv. cap. 32.

† Description des pierres gravées du Baron de Stosch. A Florence 1760. 4to. p. 169.

‡ Τους δ' ἱππους αχρειους οἱ τοτε ονταs, και ασθενεις δι' ατροφιαν, και χωλευονταs εξ ὑποτριβης, ες Βιθυνιαν περιεπεμπεν. Equos vero tum inutiles et infirmos ob inediam, claudicantesque solearum inopia detritis ungulis, aversis ab hoste itineribus misit in Bithyniam. *Appian. De bello Mithridat.* edit. Tollii, p. 371. The conjecture of Mr. Schweighäuser, that the reading ought to be ὑπο τριβης, is highly probable.

§ Και τῶν μεν ἱππων, δια την συνεχειαν της ὁδοιπορias, τας ὁπλας ὑποτετριφθαι συνεβαινε, των δε ὁπλων τα πλειστα κατεξανθαι. Equorum ungulæ propter itinera nunquam remissa detritæ et armorum pleraque absumpta erant. *Diodor. Sicul.* lib. xvii. 94. edit. Wesselingii, p. 233. *Vegetius*, i. 56, 28, mentions a salve, quo ungulæ nutriantur, et medicaminis beneficio subcrescat quod itineris *attriverat* injuria.

‖ Παθος γαρ τι τοις αυτων πελμασιν επιγεγονος, ὁ δη τῳ ἱππειῳ επισκεπτειν εἰωθε γενει, ισχυρως αυτους επιεζεν. Cæteras copias manere in Attalia et equos curare jussit; nam malum, cui est obnoxium equinum genus, plantis pedum acciderat graviterque affecerat *Joh. Cinnamus De rebus gestis Imperat.* edit. Tollii, Trajecti ad Rhenum 1652, 4to. lib. iv. p. 194. Vegetius, ii. 58, recommends rest for horses after a long journey, on account of their hoofs. "Memineris ungulas excrescendo renovari, et ideo interpositis diebus vel singulis mensibus talis cura non deerit, per quam naturæ emendatur infirmitas."

or in common, a covering for the hoofs of their horses, and that they were not acquainted with shoes like those used at present, which are nailed on. In the remains of ancient sculpture, among the ruins of Persepolis,* on Trajan's pillar, those of Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, and many others, no representation of them is to be found; and one can never suppose that the artists designedly omitted them, as they have imitated with the utmost minuteness the shoes of the soldiers, and the nails which fasten on the iron that surrounds the wheels of carriages. The objection that the artists have not represented the shoes then in use, and that for the same reason they might have omitted shoes such as ours, though common, is of no weight; for the former were used only very seldom; they were not given to every horse, and when they were drawn over the hoof and made fast, they had an awkward appearance, which would not have been the case with iron shoes like those of the moderns. A basso-relievo, it is true, may still be seen in the Mattei palace at Rome, on which is represented a hunting-match of Gallienus, and where one of the horses has a real iron shoe on one of his feet. From this circumstance Fabrettit infers that the use of horse shoes is of the same antiquity as that piece of sculpture; but Winkelmann has remarked, that this foot is not ancient, and that it has been added by a modern artist.‡

I will readily allow that proofs drawn from an object not being mentioned in the writings of the ancients are of no great importance, and that they may be even very often false. I am, however, of opinion, whatever may be said to the contrary, that Polybius, Xenophon in his Book on riding and horsemanship, Julius Pollux in his Dictionary where he mentions fully every thing that relates to horse-furniture and riding-equipage, and the authors who treat on husbandry and the veterinary art, could not possibly have omitted to take notice of horse-shoes, had they been known at those periods when they wrote. Can we suppose that writers would be silent respecting the shoeing of horses, had it been practised when they speak so circumstantially of the breeding and rearing of these animals, and prescribe remedies for the diseases and accidents to which they are liable? On account of the danger which arises from horses being badly shod, the treatment of all those disorders to which they are incident has been committed to farriers: and is it in the least probable, that this part of their employment should have been entirely forgotton by Vegetius and the rest of the ancients, who

* No traces of them are to be found in the figures given by Chardin, and by Niebuhr in the second volume of his Travels. The latter mentions this circumstance in particular, and says, p. 157, "It appears that the ancient Persians had no stirrups and no proper saddle."

† De columna Trajani, cap. 7.

‡ Pierres gravées du Baron de Stosch, p. 169.

studied the nature and maladies of cattle? They indeed speak seldom, and not very expressly, of the ancient shoes put on horses; but this is not to be wondered at, as they had little occasion to mention them, because they gave rise to no particular infirmity. Where they could be of utility, they have recommended them; which plainly shows that the use of them was not then common. Gesner remarks very properly, that Lycinus, in Lucian, who was unacquainted with riding, when enumerating the many dangers to which he might be exposed by mounting on horseback, speaks only of being trod under the feet of the cavalry, without making any mention of the injury to be apprehended from iron shoes. To be sensible, however, of the full force of this argument, one must read the whole passage.* Many of the ancient historians also, when they speak of armies, give an account of all those persons who were most necessary in them, and of the duties which they performed; but farriers are not even mentioned. When it was necessary for the horses to have shoes, each rider put them upon his own; no persons in particular were requisite for that service; but had shoes, such as those of the moderns, been then in use, the assistance of farriers would have been indispensable.

As our horse-shoes were unknown to the ancients, they employed the utmost care to procure horses with strong hoofs,† and for the same reason they tried every method possible to harden the hoofs and to render them more durable. Precepts for this purpose may be found in Xenophon,‡ Vegetius,§ and other authors. It indeed appears wonderful to us, that the use of iron shoes should have remained so long unknown; but it was certainly a bold attempt to nail a piece of iron, for the first time, under the foot of a horse; and I firmly believe that there are many persons at present, who, had they never seen such a thing, would doubt the possibility of it if they heard it mentioned. Horse-shoes, however, are not absolutely necessary; horses in many countries are scarce, and in some they are not shod even at present. This is still the case in Ethiopia,

* *Navigium seu Vota.* Nunquam equum ullum ascendi ante hunc diem. Proinde metuo, tubicine classicum intonante, decidens ego in tumultu a tot ungulis conculcer, aut etiam equus ferocior existens, arrepto freno in medios hostes efferat me, aut denique oporteat me alligari ephippio, si manere super illud debeam, frenumque tenere.—Had stirrups been then in use, he would have been exposed also to the danger of being dragged along by the heels. When I extracted the above passage, I had no edition of Lucian at hand but that of Basle, 1563, 12mo. It may be found there, vol. ii. p. 840.

† The prophet Isaiah, chap. v. ver. 28, to make the enemy appear more terrible, says, "The hoofs of their horses shall be counted like flint;" and Jeremiah, chap, xlvii. v. 3, speaks of the noise made by the horses stamping with their hoofs. See *Bochart. Hierozoic.* i. p. 160.

‡ De re equestri, cap, iv. p. m. 599.

§ Lib. i. cap. 56, 2; and cap. 28 and 30; also Lib. ii. cap. 57 and 58.

in Japan, and in Tartary.* In Japan, shoes, such as those of the ancients, are used. Iron shoes are less necessary in places where the ground is soft and free from stones; and it appears to me very probable, that the practice of shoeing became more common as the paving of streets was increased. There were paved highways indeed at a very early period, but they were a long time scarce, and were to be found only in opulent countries. But when roads covered with gravel were almost every where constructed, the hoofs of the horses would have soon been destroyed without iron shoes, and the preservatives before employed would have been of very little service.

However strong I consider these proofs, which show that the ancients did not give their horses shoes such as ours, I think it my duty to mention and examine those grounds from which men of learning and ingenuity have affirmed the contrary. Vossius lays great stress, in particular, upon a passage of Xenophon, who, as he thinks, recommends the preservation of the hoofs by means of iron. Gesner, however, has explained the words used by that author so clearly, as to leave no doubt that Vossius judged too rashly. Xenophon† only gives directions to harden the hoofs of a horse, and to make them stronger and more durable; which is to be done, he says, by causing him to walk and to stamp with his feet in a place covered with stones. He describes the stones proper for this purpose; and that

* J. Ludolphi Hist. Æthiop. i. cap. 10, and his Commentarium, p. 146. *Thevenot*, vol. ii. p. 113. *Voyage de Le Blanc*, part ii. p. 75, 81. *Lettres édifiantes*, vol. iv. p. 143. *Tavernier*, vol. i. c. 5. *Hist. gen. des voyages*, vol. iii. p. 182. *Kæmpfer. Histoire du Japon*; Amsterd. 1732, 3 vol. 12mo. ii. p. 297. The passage of the last author, where he mentions the articles necessary for a journey in Japan, is worthy of notice: "Shoes for the servants and for the horses. Those of the latter are made of straw, and are fastened with ropes of the same to the feet of the horses, instead of iron shoes, such as ours in Europe, which are not used in this country. As the roads are slippery and full of stones, these shoes are soon worn out, so that it is often necessary to change them. For this purpose those who have the care of the horses always carry with them a sufficient quantity, which they affix to the portmanteaus. They may however be found in all the villages, and poor children who beg on the road, even offer them for sale, so that it may be said there are more farriers in this country than in any other; though, to speak properly, there are none at all."

[Almost the same account is given by Dr. Thunberg, a later traveller in Japan. "Small shoes or socks of straw," says he, "are used for horses instead of iron shoes. They are fastened round the ankle with straw ropes, hinder stones from injuring the feet, and prevent the animal from stumbling. These shoes are not strong; but they cost little, and can be found every where throughout the country." *Resa uti Europa, Africa, Asia* af Carl Peter Thunberg. Upsala 1791, vol. iii. p. 172. Shoes of the same kind, the author informs us, are worn by the inhabitants. TRANS.]

† Exteriore quidem parte sui stabulum ita rectissime se habebit et pedes equi ampliabit, si rotunda saxa palmari magnitudine, pondere libræ, quam multa quatuor aut quinque plaustra vehere possint, effuse dejiciantur et ferro includantur, ne a se discedant. Ac super hæc inductus equus quasi in lapidosa via singulis diebus aliquantisper gradiatur. Nam sive destringatur, seu a muscis pungatur, uti ungulis illum non secus quam si vadat, necesse est. Etiam testudinem pedis hoc modo effusi lapides solidant. *De re equestri*, p. 599.

they may be retained in their position, he advises that they should be bound down with cramps of iron. The word which Vossius refers to the hoofs, alludes without doubt to the stones which were to be kept together by the above means. Xenophon, in another work, repeats the same advice,* and says, that experience will soon show how much the hoofs will be strengthened by this operation.

Vossius considers also as an argument in his favour, the expressions used by Homer and other Poets when they speak of iron-footed and brazen footed horses, loud-sounding hoofs, &c.,† and is of opinion that such epithets could be applied only to horses that had iron shoes. But if we recollect that hard and strong hoofs were among the properties of a good horse, we shall find that these expressions are perfectly intelligible without calling in the assistance of modern horse-shoes. Xenophon employs the like comparisons free from poetical ornament, and explains them in a manner sufficiently clear. The hoofs, says he, must be so hard, that when the horse strikes the ground, they may resound like a cymbal.‡ Eustathius, the scholiast of Aristophanes, and Hesychius,§ have also explained these expressions as alluding to the hardness and solidity of the hoofs. Of the same kind is the *equi sonipedes* of the Roman poet ;‖ and the stags and oxen with metal feet,¶ mentioned in fabulous history, which undoubtedly were not shod. Epithets

* Quemadmodum autem fiant pedes equorum robustissimi, si quis habet faciliorem et promptiorem exercitationem, eam sequatur ; sin minus, illud usu doctus faciendum suadeo, ut conjectis confuse ex via lapidibus plus minus unius libræ, hic collocetur equus interim dum fricatur a præsepi solutus. Ingredi enim per lapides illos equus non desistet, neque cum detergetur. neque cum calcaribus additis incitabitur. Qui autem periculum fecerit, iis quæ a me dicuntur fidem habebit, equique pedes rotundos effectos animadvertet (*στρογγυλους τους ποδας του ἱππου οψεται*). *Hipparch.* p. m. 611.

† Homer, Iliad. lib. xiii. 23, and lib. viii. 41 : *χαλκοποδες ἱπποι.* Iliad. v. 772 : *ὑψηχεες ἱπποι.* Iliad. xi. 152 : *εριγδουποι ποδες ἱππων.* Dacier, Polydore Vergil, and Eustathius understand the words which immediately follow the last passage, as if the horses beat the ground or dust with some metal ; *δηιοωντες* alludes however to the riders, *ἱππεις*, or even the *πεζοι* mentioned a little before, and not to the horses. The meaning therefore is, that the Greeks struck the Trojans with the metal weapons which they had in their hands. Aquino, whose opinion Vossius approves, cites on this occasion the *ἱππους χαλκοκροτους* of Aristophanes in his *Equites*, ver. 549.

‡ In the beginning of the book : *ὡσπερ κυμβαλον ψοφει προς τῳ δαπεδῳ.* These words are quoted by Pollux, i. 188. p. 118.

§ The last-mentioned author explains *χαλκοποδας* by *ισχυροποδας*. Pindar Pyth. iv. 402. p. 239, gives the horses *ὁπλας χαλκειας*, ungulas æreas. Stephanus in his Dictionary explains *χαλκοπους* very improperly in the following manner : Æreos habens pedes, seu cujus pedes æreis soleis ferrati sunt.

‖ Virg. Æneid. lib. iv. 135. lib. xi. 600, 638.

¶ Ausonius : Vincunt æripedes ter anno Nestore cervi. Virg. Æneid. lib. vi. 803. Ovid. Haroid. ep. xii. 93, and Metamorph. lib. vii. 105. Apollonius, lib. iii. 228.

of the like nature were applied by the poets to persons who had a strong voice.*

Le Beau quotes a passage of Tryphiodorus, which on the first view seems to allude to a real horse-shoe. This author, where he speaks of the construction of the Trojan horse, says that the artist did not forget the metal or iron on the hoofs.† But supposing it true, that the author here meant real shoes, this would be no proof of their being known at the time of the Trojan war, and we could only be authorised to allow them the same antiquity as the period when the poet wrote. That however is not known. According to the most probable conjectures, it is between the reign of Severus and that of Anastasius, or between the beginning of the third and the sixth century. Besides, the whole account may be understood as alluding to the ancient shoes. At any rate, it ought to be explained in this manner till it be proved by undisputed authorities that shoes, such as those of the moderns, were used in the time of the above poet.

Vossius asserts that he had in his possession a Greek manuscript on the veterinary art, in which there were some figures, where the nails under the feet of the horses could be plainly distinguished. But we are ignorant whether the manuscript or the figures still exist, nor is the antiquity of either of them known. It is probable that shoes were given to the horses by a modern transcriber, in the same manner as another put a pen into the hand of Aristotle.

In my opinion we must expect to meet with the first certain information respecting horse-shoes in much later writers than those in which it has been hitherto sought for, and supposed to have been discovered. Were it properly ascertained that the piece of iron found in the grave of Childeric, was really a part of a horse-shoe, I should consider it as affording the first information on this subject, and should place the use of modern horse-shoes in the eighth century. But I do not think that the certainty of its being so is established in a manner so complete as has hitherto been believed. Those who affirmed that this piece of iron had exactly the shape of a modern horse-shoe, judged only from an engraving, and did not

* Iliad. lib. v. 785. Stentor is there called χαλκεοφωνος. Iliad. lib xviii. 222, Achilles is said to have had a brazen voice. Virg. Georg. lib. ii. 44 ; ferrea vox.

† *Tryphiodori Ilii excidium*, published in octavo at Oxford in 1739, by Merrick, with a free poetical English translation, and the Latin translation of Frischilin. *The destruction of Troy*, v. 86, p. 14 :

Ου μεν επι κνημσιν αχαλκεες εξεχον όπλαι,
Μαρμαρεης δ' ελικεσσι κατεσφηκωντο χελωνης,
Απτομεναι πεδιοιο μογις κρατερωνυχι χαλκω.
Ungula quin etiam ferro non absque micabat,
Crura feri subter ; sed vincta volumine conchæ
Vix sola tangebat validi munimine ferri.

perceive that the figure was enlarged.* The piece of iron itself, which seemed to have four holes on each side, was so consumed with rust, that it broke while an attempt was made to clear them; and undoubtedly it could not be so perfect as the engraving.

The account given by Pancirollus induced me to hope that I should find in Nicetas undoubted evidence of horse-shoes being used about the beginning of the thirteenth century; but that writer has deceived both himself and his readers, by confining himself to the translation. After the death of Henry Baldwin, the Latins threw down a beautiful equestrian statue of brass, which some believed to be that of Joshua. When the feet of the horse were carried away, an image was found under one of them which represented a Bulgarian, and not a Latin as had been before supposed. Such is the account of Nicetas; but Pancirollus misrepresents it entirely; for he says that the image was found under a piece of iron torn off from one of the feet of the horse, and which he considers therefore as a horse-shoe. The image, however, appears to have represented a vanquished enemy, and to have been placed in an abject posture under the feet of the statue (a piece of flattery which artists still employ), and to have been so situated that it could not be distinctly seen till the whole statue was broken to pieces. Hence perhaps arose the vengeance of the Latins against the statue, because that small figure was by some supposed to represent one of their nation.†

As it appeared to me that the words used by ancient authors to express shoes‡ occurred less frequently in the writers of later periods, I conjectured that modern horse-shoes, in order that they should be distinguished from the ancient shoes, might have received a particular new name, under which I had never found them mentioned. In the course of my researches, therefore, I thought of the

* The first figure may be found in *Anastasis Childerici, Francorum regis, sive Thesaurus sepulchralis Tornaci Nerviorum effosus; auctore J. J. Chifletio.* Antverpiæ 1655, 4to, p. 224. The whole description is as follows: Ferrea solea; sed ita rubigine absumpta, ut dum veruculo clavorum foramina (quæ utrimque quaterna erant) purgare leviter tentarem, ferrum putre in fragmenta dissiluerit, et ex parte dumtaxat hic repræsentari potuerit. Montfaucon, in *Les Monumens de la monarchie Françoise*, Paris 1729, 4 vol. fol. i. p. 16. tab. 6, has given also an engraving of it, and says below: Solea ferrea equi regii hic tota repræsentatur, etsi pars ejus tantum reperta sit; sed ex illa parte totius formam excipere haud difficile fuit. Modicæ magnitudinis equus erat.—Childeric died in the year 481. In 1653 his grave was discovered at Tournay, and a gold ring with the royal image and name found in it afforded the strongest proof that it was really the burying-place of that monarch. In the year 1665, these antiquities were removed to the king's library at Paris.

† The whole account may be found at the end of the Annals, in the Paris edition by Fabrotti, 1647, fol. p. 414: *Αναμοχλευσαντος τοινυν βαιστηρσι το πέλμα το ἱππειον, ανθροπομορφον εὑρισκουσιν ινδαλμα ὑποκειμενον.* Proinde malleis equi calce revulsa, humanam subtus imaginem reperiunt, quæ majori ex parte Bulgarum aliquem repræsentabat, clavo transfixam, et plumbo undique oinctam; non autem Latinum referebat, quemadmodum jam diu a multis ferebatur.

‡ The words *ὑποδηματα* and *soleæ*,

Greek word *Selinaia*, the meaning of which I had before attempted to explain; and I am now fully convinced that it signifies horse-shoes, such as those used at present, as has been already remarked by others. As far as I know, that word occurs, for the first time, in the ninth century, in the words of the Emperor Leo:* and this antiquity of horse-shoes is, in some measure, confirmed by their being mentioned in the writings of Italian, English, and French

* Leonis Tactica, v. 4. p. 51.—In the passage where he names every thing belonging to the equipage of a horseman, he says: *πεδικλα σελεναια σιδηρα μετα καρφιων αυτων.* I shall here first remark, that after *πεδικλα* there ought to be a comma, for by that word is meant the ropes with which saddled horses were fastened. Du Fresne or Du Cange, in *Glossarium ad Scriptores mediæ et infimæ Græcitatis*, Lugd. 1688, fol. p. 1139, says *πεδικλουν* signifies *to bind*. See likewise Scheffer's Annotations on *Mauricii Ars militaris*, p. 395. The translator also has improperly said: Pedicla, id est calceos lunatos ferreos cum ipsis carphiis. *Καρφια* means *nails*, as Du Fresne has proved by several instances, and here *horse-shoe nails*. The word may be found for the second time in the tenth century, in the *Tactica* of the Emperor Constantine, where the whole passage, however, is taken from Leo without the least variation; so that we may suppose Constantine understood it in the same sense as Leo. It is used, for the third time, by the same emperor, twice in his book on the Ceremonial of his own court. In p. 265, where he speaks of the horses (*τα ἱππαρια*) which were to be procured for the imperial stable; these, he says, were to be provided with every thing necessary, and to have also *σελιναια*. In page 267 it is said further, that a certain number of pounds of iron should be given out from the imperial stores to make *σελιναια*, and other horse-furniture. The same word is used a fourth time by Eustathius, who wrote in the twelfth century, in his Commentary on Homer: *Χαλκον δε νυν λεγει τα σεληναια ὑπο τοις ποσι πων ἱππων, οις διακοπτονται εις πλεον τα πατουμενα.* See *Iliad*, lib. xi. 152. Though I do not believe that Homer had the least idea of horse-shoes, I am fully convinced that Eustathius alludes to them by that word. This commentator has explained very properly various passages of the like kind in Homer; but he seems here, as was the case sometimes with his poet himself, to have been asleep or slumbering.

When one considers that the *σελιναια*, or *σεληναια*, belonged to horse-furniture; that they were made of iron; that, as Eustathius says, they were placed under the hoofs of the horses; that the word seems to show its derivation from the moon-like form of shoes, such as those used at present; and lastly, that nails were necessary to these *σελιναια*: I think we may venture to conclude, without any fear of erring, that this word was employed to signify horse-shoes of the same kind as ours, and that they were known, if not earlier, at least in the ninth century.

Most of those who have examined and illustrated the Greek language of modern times agree with me in this opinion. Du Fresne explains *σελιναια* as follows: Equorum ferrei calcei, a lunulæ forma, quam referunt. Lange, in his *Philologia Barbaro-Græca*, Noribergæ 1708, 4to. p. 173, translates it *calceus ferreus*. Meursius alone, in *Glossario græco-Barbarum*, Ludg. Batav. 1614, 4to. p. 494, thinks differently, and maintains that *σελιναιον* is the same as *σελοπουγγιον*, sellipungium, which signifies a portmanteau. The grounds on which he rests his assertion are, that the Emperor Leo in his *Tactica* uses once the words *σωροσσκκα πεδικλα, σελιναια σιδηρᾶ*: but that in another place, making use of the same expression, he substitutes *σελοπουγγιον* instead of *σελιναια*. This conclusion, however, is not just, as the Emperor may have had his reasons for mentioning horse-shoes once without the portmanteau, and for again mentioning the latter without the former. Besides, according to the explanation of Meursius, Leo must have spoken of an iron portmanteau, which can hardly be supposed.

authors of the same century. When Boniface, marquis of Tuscany, one of the richest princes of his time, went to meet Beatrix, his bride, mother of the well-known Matilda, about the year 1038, his whole train were so magnificently decorated, that his horses were not shod with iron but with silver. The nails even were of the same metal; and when any of them dropped out they belonged to those who found them. The marquis appears to have imitated Nero; but this anecdote may be only a fiction. It is related by a cotemporary writer; but, unfortunately, his account is in verse; and the author, perhaps, sensible of his inability to make his subject sufficiently interesting by poetical ornaments, availed himself of the licence claimed by poets to relate something singular and uncommon.* However this may be, it is certain that the shoes of the horses must have been fastened on with nails, otherwise the author could not have mentioned them.

Daniel, the historian, seems to give us to understand that in the ninth century horses were not shod always, but only in the time of frost, and on other particular occasions.† The practice of shoeing appears to have been introduced into England by William the Conqueror. We are informed that this sovereign gave the city of Northampton, as a fief, to a certain person, in consideration of his paying a stated sum yearly for the shoeing of horses;‡ and it is believed that Henry de Ferres, or de Ferrers, who came over with William, and whose descendants still bear in their arms six horse-shoes, received that surname because he was entrusted with the inspection of the farriers§ I shall here observe, that horse-shoes have been found, with other riding-furniture, in the graves of some of the old Germans and Vandals in the northern countries; but the antiquity of them cannot be ascertained.‖—*Beckmann's History of Inventions.*

* — — — Qui dux cum pergeret illo,
Ornatus magnos secum tulit, atque caballos,
Sub pedibus quorum chalibem non ponere solum
Jusserat; argentum sed ponere, sit quasi ferrum;
Esse repercussum clavum voluit quoque nullum,
Ex hoc ut gentes possent reperire quis esset.
Cornipedes currunt, argentum dum resilit, tunc
Colligitur passim reperitur in agris
A populo terræ, testans quod dives hic esset.

Vita Mathildis, a Donizone scripta, cap. 9.

This life of Matilda may be found in *Leibnitii Scriptores Brunsuicenses*, vol. i. p. 629; but the fullest and correctest edition is in *Muratori Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*. Mediolani 1724, fol. vol. v. p. 353.

† La gelée qui avoit suivi (les pluyes de l' automne) avoit gasté les pieds de la pluspart des chevaux, qu'on ne pouvoit faire ferrer dans un pais devenu tout d'un coup ennemi, lorsqu'on y pensoit le moins. *Histoire de France*, vol. i. p. 566. The author here speaks of the cavalry of Louis le Debonnaire.

‡ Dugd. Bar. i. 58. ex Chron. Bromtoni, p. 974, 975. Blount's Tenures, p. 50. The latter book I have not seen: I quote it only from the *Archæologia*.

§ Brook's Discovery of errors in the Catalogue of the nobility, p. 198.

‖ Beckmann in Beschreibung der Mark Brandenburg, Berlin 1751, 2 vol. fol. i. p. 401, mentions an old shoe found in a grave, the holdfasts of which did not project downwards but upwards. Arnkul in his *Heiduischen alterthümern* speaks also of a horse-shoe found near Kiel.

THE LATE JUBULPOOR GRAND STEEPLE CHASE.

1.

God prosper long our noble Queen
Our lives and safeties alle;
A merrie racing once there did
In Jubulpoor befalle.

At earlie morn this race was runne,
Ye riders they were four;
Ye course two miles at least in lengthe,
Or e'en a little more.

3.

Ye fields knee deepe in mud did laye,
So fierce ye storm had raged;
That not a horse ye goal would reach
I'd willinglye have waged.

4.

"Bayarde" fetched from a far countree,
A horse y'clept "Ye Dunne,"
And "Little Bricke" ye favourite;
Who never yet had runne;

5.

With "Shavyng Brushe" well knowne as he,
Had runne and wonne e're this,
Such four when mounted by such jocks
Could not well runne amiss.

6.

Weighte is a weightie thing they say,
But this was set at noughte,
For "Little Bricke" ye favourite
A tenne stone rider caughte;

7.

"Ye Dunne" altho' a smaller horse
Fulle tenne pounds more did beare,
While "Shavyng Brushe's jocky he
Rode twelve stone to a haire;

8.

But yet another stone was clapt
On "Bayarde's" lustie back,
Thorgh being large and powerfulle
Strengthe for't he did not lacke.

Ye worde was given off they went
" Bayarde" broughte up ye rucke;
Ye firste leape was a four foote hedge
And there " Ye Dunne" he strucke.

10.

Ye other three did jumpe righte welle
" Bayarde" ye beste of alle.
" Ye Dunne" unwilling to be laste
Now answered to the calle.

11.

Ye horses warmed and now a walle,
A fearfulle heighte to viewe,
Is cleared by " Shavyng Brushe" and " Dunne"—
Ye favourite broke through.

12.

Here " Bayarde" stopped, he'd runne enough,
And noughte could him persuade
To trye the wall; though horseman bolde,
Ye steede he was afraide.

13.

Now dytches, bankes, in turn were ta'en
By ye remaining three,
To see them boldlie pushing onne
It was a sight to see.

14.

Ye judges did essaye to make
A very fearfulle brooke,
Which twelve goode feete in wydthe did yawne
And deepe enough did looke;

15.

Ye water shallowe as ye arte
That did ye trick designe,
On being plumbed revealed ye depthe
To be just one foote nine:

16.

Now this was known to two of those
Who rode in that greate race,
And they quite wrothe at ye deceit
Walked through at sober pace;

17.

While " Little Bricke" ye favourite
(Supposing it was deepe)

With courage tryed, but failed to reache,
Ye banke with his hind feete;

18.

Now had it been as deepe as what
It surelye should have beene,
Poore "Little Bricke" ye favourite
His chance was gone I ween;

19.

A wide deepe trenche his rider then
Did charge with furye blind.
Ye luckless jocky jumped indeed
Ye horse he stayd behinde;

20.

Ah! had he not on edge of dytche,
So changed his mynde alack,
Ye wyghte that him bestrode had not
Lay sprawlyng on his backe.

21.

Therein as flopt and floundered he
Ye "Shaver" made a rushe
In vaine I ween for soone ye dytche
Held faste poor "Shavyng Brushe."

22.

For when he bravelie thoughte to jump;
He marvelled much to see,
Within ye trenche a man and horse
In foule captivitie.

23.

Faine had he stopt, and so once more
Essaicd his chance to winne,
But that he could not reine his speede
So hapless tumbled in.

24.

Now charged "Ye Dunne," whom never walle
Nor hedge nor dytche could holde;
No nagge in truth for ladye's eye
But fleete and stronge and bolde:

25.

For boundyng in and out again,
A goodlie jump and faire,
His rider sat him gallantlie
And swerved not a haire.

26.

Now on, thou honest little horse,
Ye Shavers' close behinde:
A better horseman or a bolder
Thou may'st not chance to finde;

27.

A dytche and banke, a four foote walle,
In eager haste were cleared,
Goode Lord ye prettye necks that strained
To see them as they neared.

28.

For now a single fielde was alle
That rested of ye funne,
In one last spryng his strengthe he flings
Huzzah "Ye Dunne" has wonne.

29.

God save ye Queen, and bless our lande
With plentie, joye, and peace,
And grante that never such pastime
Twixte gentle folke may cease.

"A VOTARIE OF DIANA."

Agra Messenger.]

A SCRAPE FOR THE "SCRATCHERS."

We have recently received several letters from turf speculators complaining bitterly of the growing evil of withdrawing or scratching favourite horses a few hours, and not unfrequently a few minutes, before the race. The system, it must be acknowledged, is opposed to all honorable principles of racing, for, notwithstanding the alleged right which every man possesses to "do what he likes with his own," we maintain that an owner of a horse entering him and accepting him for a certain race, pledges himself to the public that his horse shall run fairly and honestly in such race, and nothing but death or the unfitness of the animal should prevent his starting. This is the understood rule amongst all honorable men connected with the turf, and any departure from it will only tend to bring discredit upon the noble sport of horse-racing. The owner of a horse, by entering him for a race, makes him an object of speculation in the betting-ring. He permits him to become a favourite,

knows that heavy sums of money have been invested on him; and then, at the last moment, without any private intimation, withdraws him, leaving the indignant backers of the horse to lament their misplaced confidence. This most discreditable system is, we regret to perceive, spreading in circles where we should not have expected to find it tolerated; and scarcely a meeting now passes over without one or more flagrant instances of this disregard for public opinion. A correspondent writing to us on the subject, says:—

"What can be said of Sir Joseph Hawley leaving his horses, Queensbury and Bacchanalian, in the Surrey and Middlesex Stakes at Hampton until a few minutes before the race, and allowing the public, who have hitherto had some little faith in his racing career, to be cleaned out of their money. Sir Joseph could not complain of being forestalled in this instance, as he could have obtained a considerable amount of bets had he desired it. I fear he is playing a deep game with Queensbury, which I hope may be frustrated at the last moment."

Another correspondent writes in the following strain:—

"I have now been a victim upon the following horses:—Chantrey, Collingwood twice, Damask, Cockermouth, &c., and as there is no appeal in a legal way, I trust by appealing to the *Sunday Times*, it will take up and investigate the scratching method, and eventually be able to purge the "Ring" of this, the most bare faced of racing deceptions. It is high time the Jockey Club took the matter into consideration, for you may remark that these proprietors of horses having escaped once, soon do the same thing over again. But it is asked what can be done?—how can you force any man to run his horse unless he likes? No; but a man having once made money by bringing his horse to Chester, winning the first day, making his horse a greater favourite for the great event, and scratching him at the last moment should suffer for the first offence the censure of the Jockey Club, and for the second offence let them declare that such a horse be for ever prevented from running where they have any controul; this would put the 'stopper on.' If this plan or some other more stringent be not immediately issued, we shall, every meeting in the season, be disgraced by the practice."

We quite agree with the writer, that the adoption of some stringent regulation by the Jockey Club would be the only means of suppressing the growing mischief, and we suggest that an owner scratching his horse within a specified time before a race should be called on to produce to the stewards of the Jockey Club satisfactory proof that the horse was unfit to start, or, in failure of such proof, that the Jockey Club should direct that a certain additional weight, as a penalty, should be placed on the horse in his future running; that a similar penalty should be inflicted for a second offence; and that for the third infraction of the rule the horse should be prohibited from running in any public race. Until some such measures as these are adopted, we shall have no security for horses starting; and the mis-

chievous practice of making horses favourites, deluding the public into the belief that they are to start, and scratching them at the last moment, will put a serious check to speculation on horse-racing.—*Sunday Times.*

DISCOURSE ON DRIVING.

As all topics in which the public are in any way interested or concerned, and all matters conducing to the general happiness, advancement or advantage, are considered to come within the sphere of newspaper discussion, and to form fitting themes for editorial speculation, we may, without any great descent from the dignity of journalism, bestow a few sentences on a well-known nuisance at the Presidency and those of our out-stations where the state of the roads permits of carriages—that of unmannerly driving. Fast, slovenly, dangerous, or unskilful driving, is beyond our province; we do not address ourselves to the swarthy or sable Jehus themselves, but to their masters; we have no hope of obtaining a hearing from the manipulators of the whip and ribbons,—where we are not read, we cannot expect reformations to result from what we write. If transgressions such as those enumerated endanger the comfort of the public at large, they still more endanger that of individual parties; and masters do not need to have the disqualifications of their servants pointed out to them to make them desirous of changing, or to have the wish to change stimulated by editorial exertion. The nuisance we have in view is, that of smart drivers racing their horses when they know them to be fast or in high condition,—or automaton drivers keeping in the way of others following them, or failing to afford the space on the road the regulations of driving or laws of good manners require. The last variety of nuisance is at the present season, when the roads are everywhere new metalled, accompanied by peculiar aggravations,—when an impudent coachman literally monopolizes for his master's vehicle as often he can the only tolerably smooth piece of the way, in defiance of all regulations. The annoyance, inconvenience, and occasional danger, such things give rise to, are much greater than are generally imagined: they are unfortunately shared in by those who are virtually their authors. The coachman of the burra saheb believes that his master approves of or sympathises with his over-bearingness and impertinences, and rather likes than otherwise to see humbler vehicles kept back, thrust aside, or threatened with being run down. Stupidity and incompetence in the management of horses, as in most other things, are misfortunes as much as faults; the matter complained of is vice unmingled. In law, masters are held responsible for

the incompetence or misconduct of their servants, and every gentleman who overlooks insolence in a coachman is a participator in the offence—art and part in the ill manners and low vulgarity they permit in their subordinates unheeded. Genuine aristocratic bearing, true good breeding—the real signs and badges of gentility, consist in avoiding all offence—in paining no one when it is possible to avoid giving pain. Generosity is an essential part of high feeling and noble bearing; and no one but a bully, a coward, or a tyrant, will insult merely because it can be done with impunity, or oppress, or overbear, or brow-beat the weak, because there is no fear of retaliation or resentment. Under some of these categories those must come who would permit their servants to do that to the humble, defenceless and unoffending, while they would insist on scrupulous propriety to superiors. He cannot be considered a truth-loving or honest man, who conceives that there are occasions when lying and cheating are allowable; his virtue is a matter of expediency, not of principle—it is no part of him, as it ought to be, but put on as a holiday attire, to meet the occasion. So genuine good breeding refers not to any individual—it is part of one's self; a well-mannered man is so on all occasions, not because the person addressed requires it, but because good manners are due out of respect to himself. The manner of addressing a lord may in form be different from that of accosting a peasant, but good breeding is equally required, and may equally be exhibited, in either case; they who can on any occasion, or under any circumstances, consider it needless, are not naturally, but only conventionally well bred. As a gentleman demeans himself to others, so he will insist on his menials demeaning themselves; for their conduct in all respects, he is both legally and morally responsible, in so far as this is under his controul. In the matters under consideration, not only is controul absolute, but the insolence complained of is only indulged in because it is believed to be approved of or countenanced. Servants are sufficiently quick in observing their superiors, and in such cases as these, an overbearing coachman acts on the assumption that his master and mistress are insolent, low-bred, and unmannerly. His mistake may best be shown him by punishing him on every occasion, when by some overt act of insolence to others he manifests his low and insulting opinion of his employers. So here ends our discourse on driving; we make no moral application, but leave all to benefit by it whom it may concern.—*Bombay Times.*

STEEPLE CHASE AT JUBBULPORE.

JUBBULPORE, 28*th June*, 1850.—The steeple chase, of which a lively sketch appeared in your issue of the 29th ultimo, was shortly followed by three more. Of these two were private matches, and the third a contest for a public purse.

It will be remembered, that on the former occasion Dr. M., riding Mr. M.'s horse, beat Mr. M. riding Dr. M.'s. In the two subsequent matches these gentlemen were again competitors; each riding, in the first match, his own horse; and exchanging horses for the second. Both races were well contested, and won by Dr. M.

For the public steeple chase, which came off on the 25th, four horses started; Mr. B.'s Dun horse, ridden by Dr. M., Lieut. M.'s Bay horse, ridden by Lieut. L., Lieut. M.'s Grey horse *Shaving Brush* and Ensign L.'s Waler, ridden by their respective owners. The odds may be given as follows :—

Even.		Against the Bay.
2 to 1	...	... „ Shaving Brush,
7 to 1	...	... „ The Dun,
9 to 1	...	... „ The Waler.

The course comprised a stiff double fence, 3 feet in height; a wall, 3 feet 7 high, and 2 feet thick; a ditch and bank, into a field; ditto ditto reversed, out again; a brook of 12 feet; a prepared nullah, of which hereafter; then a wall of 4 feet, with a ditch on the take off side; and another similar wall, terminating the race. Distance rather less than three miles.

The Dun jumped off with the lead, bolted past the hedge, was pulled up, and returned to the scratch just in time to see the Bay, and *Shaving Brush* making way 200 yards a-head, the Waler still *labouring* in the rear. As this last animal's career terminated in a fit of inflexible contumacy at the sight of the wall, further allusion to his proceedings will be unnecessary.

Bidding him then good-bye, and "better luck next time," we cantered up in time to see the Bay and Grey handsomely achieve the wall, the Bay with a strong lead. In the same order they gained the field, enclosed by the bank and ditch; and, just as the Grey surmounted the bank, the Dun, still a long way behind, was seen flying over the wall. The Bay still increasing his distance from Soap-suds, and the Dun gradually making up his lost ground, the result was that at the brook the two last horses were nearly together, and the Bay 100 yards in advance. The brook had been innocently jumped by the Bay, whose rider had not suspected the possibility of fording it, a fact which was very *cannily* taken advantage of by the other two.

Now came the critical jump, not difficult from its width certainly, but most happily adopted to baulk and frighten a horse. And here,

en passant, we do protest against all such jumps. A horse going at a sharp canter, finds himself on the edge of a deep, ugly-looking ditch, which appears to have suddenly opened at his feet. What more natural than that he should stop dead, and put his nose into it; what so natural as that his rider should shoot over his head? So did the Bay, so did his luckless rider. The ditch was deep, but happily its bottom was of mud, and afforded a soft resting place after the exertions of the morning. The Grey charged in the most determined style—thought better of it—and ended by impounding himself and his owner. The little Dun now hove in sight. Rushing at it with right good-will, he also seemed to waver on the edge. But the *vis à tergo* was too great to resist—in he went, and, with a magnificent bound, up the opposite bank!

The race might now be looked upon as over, Dr. M. leisurely taking the remaining leaps. This is the fourth steeple-chase running he has won.

And so ended the Jubbulpore "Crashing and Smashing Stakes," as they were, more significantly than elegantly termed.—Libra.—*Delhi Gazette.*

DEATH OF THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

One of the largest Sea-cows ever killed in this country was shot by Lieut. Macpherson, 91st Regiment, on the banks of the Keiskamma, not far from the coast, on the 22nd ultimo. Mr. Macpherson and Staff Assistant-Surgeon Barclay had gone on the excursion chiefly with the view of encountering one of these unwieldy animals, and after various endeavours to kill one in the river, the animal destroyed was tracked by Mr. M., with the assistance of a Kaffir, for some distance in the bush on the right bank of the stream, until at length he was descried reclining in a dry ravine. Approaching the spot stealthily, when within about a dozen yards of him, Mr. M. fired, lodging a rifle ball behind the ear. This staggered the huge creature for the moment, during which his assailant had time to re-load—his second ball penetrating the head above the eye. A third shot was fired with like success, by which time Dr. Barclay, guided by the report of the piece, reached the spot. At this moment the wounded animal, suddenly rousing himself, made a charge upon his assailant who only escaped by pitching head foremost into the ravine. Despite of his severe wounds, the Sea-cow made his way, bleeding profusely, through the thick bush and into the river, where after some time he was discovered, and dragged ashore quite dead. The carcase is estimated to weigh 5,000 lbs.—the jaws when expanded are at their extremities four feet apart.—*Graham's Town Journal.*

YACHTING.

THE Yachts *Wave* and *Blue Bell* had a short race on Monday last, from the *Hastings* to the *Inner Light Ship* and back again, for a small stake. The wind though fresh was not strong enough to admit of the *Blue Bell* winning the race. The consequence was that the *Wave* won the spurt, with eight minutes to spare. We have always admitted ourselves to be on the side of the *Blue Bell*, and are willing to back her in such a breeze as we feel assured she requires to bring out her powers; but then there is always this nasty fishing-boat-rigged *thing*, which, some how or other, will *always* poke her nose in the way and upset all theoretical calculations, however nicely made.

It is to be hoped that the relative merits of the Sewree and Royal Yacht Rigs will be shortly brought to a decision, for it is really quite tiresome to listen to the taunts of either side when bad weather is coming on. We are not of those who would recommend absurd risks; but surely in the weather we now have, a day might be selected for trying the capabilities of the several craft. All we can say is "old England for ever!" and a good slant of wind.—*Bombay Gazette.*

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS BY THE BOMBAY YACHT CLUB.

WE have been favored with the sight of one of the Silver Medals which the "Bombay Yacht Club" have presented to five of the Sewree fishermen who exerted themselves so manfully to save the lives of the crew of that beautiful Yacht, the *Wave*, which met with the misfortune of being capsized during a race with the *Blue Bell* in last monsoon; thus endangering the lives of two Europeans.

The Medal, which is two and a half inches in diameter, has on the obverse a lion passant, extremely well developed, and a palm tree ditto. The former clearly indicates the lion-hearted courage which sustained these noble Sewree fishermen under the disaster, and enabled them to save from a watery grave the two gentlemen who have lived to perpetuate their heroism. On the reverse there is an inscription in the Mahratta character, shewing that the Medal has been presented by the "Yacht Club," for "the heroism exhibited by the recipient in saving the lives of two Europeans while the boat named the *Wave* was overturned in the last monsoon of 1849, or Suekay 1771."

A very handsome gratuity was presented to these fishermen by the gentlemen who so narrowly escaped being drowned; but the "Bombay Yacht Club" considered that some public mark of favour should be conferred on these deserving men, and therefore ordered that a Medal should be struck to reward the men who afforded the greatest assistance to those in danger.

The Medal has been struck at the Bombay Mint, and does much credit to that Establishment. The name of each recipient is engraved on the outer rim.—*Bombay Gazette.*

A SAFETY YACHT.

We had the pleasure of inspecting yesterday, upon the Serpentine, a new description of life-boat, cutter rigged, which has been patented by Mr. Bonney. There are two peculiarities about Mr. Bonney's invention; the material of the boat, which is gutta percha, and the disposition of the air chambers, which give the little vessel a peculiar buoyancy:—

On each side of the boat, from stem to stern, runs a triangularly shaped chamber, formed by dropping a perpendicular sheet of iron from the deck until it joins the bulge of the boat. Of this triangle the deck is of course the base—the outer shell of the vessel constituting one side, and the inner partition the other. The result is, that when the vessel is on an even keel, she floats just like any other craft; but when she careens over, by the force of the wind or any other influence, the buoyancy of the lee chamber comes into play, and as the quantity of air forcibly submerged becomes larger the greater the heel, it follows that the stronger the careening impulse the greater is the resistance. From what we saw yesterday, and the explanations given, it is evident that no vessel built upon this principle can, except under some very extraordinary circumstances, capsize. The quantity of air buried in the water, when heeling over, would prevent it, and would cause her, even after sailing on her side, to right herself as soon as the least decrease took place in the careening power. Ordinary boats may fill with water either by being dipped gunwale under by sheer force of wind or by shipping a sea. In neither case would the catastrophe be of material consequence to Mr. Bonney's gutta-percha cutter; and for this simple reason, that only a given proportion of her, that is to say, the space left between the inside walls, can fill; and that when this takes place the air-chambers, now brought into play on both sides, are quite sufficient not only to keep her afloat and manageable, but to support her reasonably well loaded with people. In fact, unless dragged down by an utterly disproportionate weight, the craft is un-

sinkable. We saw her yesterday filled with water, and with several hundred weight of ballast, besides that of the man who steered her, tacking and veering about, none the worse for her fluid cargo. In the general principle of the plan there is nothing particularly new. Its adaptation, however, is ingenious, and certainly admirably fitted for life boats, which may occasionally be made to sail as well as row with advantage. Of course any vessel may be fitted with Mr. Bonney's patent; but for ordinary purposes, it would, we conceive, take too much of the interior space of the craft to which it may be applied. The little vessel we saw yesterday, however, is but a first experiment, and the patentee expects to fit up others in a more convenient and better-arranged fashion. The gutta percha for an outside shell is found to answer capitally, being very light and very hard. We subjoin the official technical account of the proportions and construction of the yacht.—Dimensions: Length, 13 ft. 6 inches; breadth, 4 ft. 10 inches; depth, 2 ft. 4 inches. Hull, clinker-built; planks of gutta percha (or may be of other materials), cemented and copper-rivetted together. The sides are double, from the bilge upwards to the spar deck and are divided into water-tight compartments; the fore and aft parts of the boat are also divided into water-tight compartments, as is the outer gunwale. The keel and keelson are of iron; the latter is grooved to receive the ribs, and are all bolted together. The deck is double-laid, the upper, diagonally, with marine glue; the bilge timbers are deeper than usual, acting as extra keels; they, with the buoyancy of the outerwale and the iron keel and keelson as counterpoise, render it next to impossible to capsize her.—*London Morning Chronicle.*

THE PRACTICE AND PRINCIPLE OF THE TURF.

BY THE EDITOR.

"This needs must be practice."

Shakspeare.

"Principle is fled."

Pope.

"THE stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires," says Dean Swift, "is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes." The philosophy of this aphorism shall govern the logic of our lecture upon a subject at present of great popular interest. We will not consider the social convenience or inconvenience of a system such as the turf. We will not canvass the policy of keeping race-

horses, or of betting about those kept by others. We will start with the fact as we find it. A royal commission is engaged upon the state of the metropolitan sewers; an humble inquiry is here proposed into the condition of a great national sport. The leaven of life hath both meal and bran. A more graceful charge might have been selected: a more gracious theme could easily have been found. But this working-day world is not all *couleur de rose*. It has its duties as well as its *dulcia oblivia*. The Augean labour of Hercules is typical of that which befalls every man in his time, whether the member of a drainage committee or the journalist whose office it is "to show scorn her own image."

Chronologists distinguish the epochs of time by characteristic names. They begin with the Golden Age: we will be godfather to the present, and christen it the Age of Diggins. Go where you will, all is inquisition. Paul Pry has succeeded the school-master abroad as well as at home. A popular problem is being worked by every people under the sun. In France, it is *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité;* in Spain, it is "philoprogenitiveness;" in America, it is "go a-head;" in England, it is doxology; in California it is called "diggins:" but "diggins" it is everywhere, under one *alias* or other. Quest after something had in account is the order of the day. We propose to ourselves a task that would have scared Œdipus. The Sphynx never dreamt of an enigma so dark and desperate in perplexity as "The Practice and Principle of the Turf."

Suppose some one in the course of a miscellaneous gossip were to state that a custom prevailed in certain places, or among a particular society of playing at whist for large stakes, upon a system which enabled the poor players to look into the rich player's hands. Suppose any one to put forth an assertion of this kind, and tell it to the Marines, what do you think they would say or do? They would set him down for a fool, or kick him out of the room for his impudence. Now whist is, no doubt, a keen encounter of wariness; but what comparison does it bear to the sublime strategy for which they are proverbial who occupy their business on the turf? A trainer is as chary of speech as was the oracle of Apollo; and jockeys and stable-boys are as mysterious as were the priests of the Delphic temple. That is to say, as regards all mankind, save the privileged set connected with "the stable." And how gain admittance into this *sanctum sanctorum*—this ark of the covenant? The fee is two guineas per week, including the best of living for your horse. "Ay! ay!" you comment; "that is, if the individual so placing a horse be an acknowledged member of racing circles—if he keeps a stud and runs horses in his name and colours." The more distinctly to answer this assumption, the most modern instance bearing upon the case is offered to your notice, with a few preliminary notes.

The letter subjoined was addressed by Mr. W. Treen, the proprietor of one of the great public training stables, to the editor of *Bell's Life in London*, and appeared in that paper on the 16th ult.

Damask, a black colt, two years old, by Touchstone, out of Moss Rose, appears in last year's *Book Calendar* as the property of Mr. Gregory in three places. This is the animal which furnished the *casus belli.* Mr. Glen, who is spoken of as its present owner, does not appear among the masters of race-horses, of which that volume gives a perfect list. It is not necessary here to allude to any connexion with the turf, attributed, upon an occasion now considerably out of date, to Mr. Glen. Mr. Treen, perhaps it may be assumed, was *au courant* to all such facts as might come within the province of one professionally engaged in racing. Damask was quoted in the returns from Tattersall's on Thursday, the 6th ult., at 7 to 1 for the Ascot Stakes. He then went back several points, but on Saturday as little as 4 to 1 was taken by those who were behind the curtain. The colt had on the previous day been tried at Marlborough with Wanota, and the result was such as to leave the issue of the handicap very like a foregone conclusion. Such, at least, was the *on dit* which reached Mr. Glen's ears, after the cream of the market had been skimmed; not, as he asserts, having given permission to any one to try his horse; he was dissatisfied with the liberty which had been taken, and first adopting the legitimate precaution of laying against him, he proceeded, with his title to the horse, to the Messrs. Weatherby's, in Burlington-street, and there and then "scratched" him for his Ascot engagement. On Monday, as it is asserted, Mr. Gregory sent a written protest against this "scratching" to the keeper of the match-book on the grounds, it was understood, that he, Mr. Gregory, had sold the animal to Mr. Treen, *but had never been paid.* The position in which this placed the affair was, that Treen had disposed of a horse which did not belong to him for the sum of £400, as per stamped receipt produced by Glen to the Messrs. Weatherby. Those who saw Damask at Ascot said he was "fit to run for a man's life;" a *condition*, moreover, as rumour went, by no means in accordance with his proprietor's *proviso.* The prologue, which might be spoken by Sir Benjamin Backbite, is wound up with a word to the reader, reminding him that the hero of the piece is the proprietor of a popular public training establishment.

TO THE EDITOR OF BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON.

SIR,—I send you the following statement relative to "scratching" Damask for the Ascot Stakes, that the racing world may know all the facts of the case; and that, while I acknowledge myself deserving of censure, that censure may be awarded to me solely on the ground for which it is deserved; and that no other part than that I really acted should be attributed to me in the transaction.

At the close of last year I sold Damask to Mr. Glen, having first given my employers the refusal of him. Mr. Glen expressly stipulated that I should not divulge the fact that I had sold him the horse, but that I should in all respects continue to treat him as if he were

my own property. I therefore entered him for the Ascot Stakes, prepared him for his engagement, and on Friday last tried him with Wanota, which trial was most satisfactory. I wrote immediately to Mr. Glen, asking him to meet me at Reading on the day following. He did not come; but I received a note from him, stating he would meet me on Sunday morning at Ascot, which he did. I told him the result of the trial, and he expressed himself very much gratified, and said he would go and back him for the great stake; and he assured me in the most positive manner possible, that the horse should start. I begged of him most earnestly not to deceive me about that, and he again assured me he had no other intention than that the horse should go for the stake; consequently, I felt perfectly satisfied upon that point. After I got back to my quarters, Mr. Gregory and Captain Hervey called, and questioned me as to the real ownership of the horse. I told them he was my own. They requested me to sign a document to that effect, which they produced. I did so. On the following day (Monday) I called upon Mr. Glen in London, and to my utmost consternation he acquainted me with his determination to scratch the horse. I told him if he did so he would ruin me, and most earnestly entreated him to re-consider his decision. He would not. I went immediately to Mr. Gregory, and told him the whole truth; and the following morning saw him again, and begged him to bring the matter before the stewards at once, that it might undergo the most searching investigation; which I trust will still be done, and then it will fully appear that my conduct is clear from all imputation, except that of stating to Mr. Gregory and Captain Hervey that the horse was my own, and signing the document to that effect; for which no one can blame me more severely than I blame myself. But it should be borne in mind that I had expressly stipulated with Mr. Glen that I would call the horse my own. I had always done so. I had the most entire confidence in Mr. Glen's assurance that he should go for the race, and I felt assured that it could not possibly affect the interests of any parties whether the horse was really my own or not; and it cannot fail of being distinctly seen, that in consequence of my engagement to Mr. Glen I was placed at an unexpected moment in the unfortunate position that I could not possibly keep faith with both parties.

Mr. Glen has no right whatever to complain that I tried the horse without his knowledge. I had full authority from him to treat the horse as my own, and in the exercise of my own discretion, in virtue of that authority, I tried him, and instantly wrote to Mr. Glen to meet me, that I might communicate to him the nature of the trial. I had the entire management of the horse. Mr. Glen never interfered with it in the least degree; he never entered my stable; indeed, he never saw him from the moment he purchased him until last Tuesday morning at Bracknell, when in extreme disgust, I desired him to take him out of my possession. Moreover, when I acquainted him last Sunday morning with the result of the trial, he

expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and made no complaint to me at all. I have carefully abstained, in this statement, from making any observations on the conduct of any parties; my sole object has been to explain the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed, as I felt assured that when those circumstances were fully known, they would tend materially to mitigate the censure with which I should otherwise have been visited. I throw myself, Mr. Editor, upon your known impartiality for the insertion of this long letter, and am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Beckhampton, June 14, 1850. W. TREEN.

From this fact with the trumpet tongue we will turn for a space to the milder melody of theory.....with incidents *apropos* of our purpose, for illustration is the order of the day. In the course of the past month there occurred a passage in modern British chivalry, called "The Fight for the Championship," wherein the two doughtiest of our fistic heroes contend—or are supposed to contend—for possession of the "belt," a plebeian decoration instituted "*detur fortiori.*" On the occasion to which this notice refers, a gentleman well known in sporting circles officiated as referee. We allude to Mr. Dowling, the editor of *Bell's Life in London.* Our views for years have differed widely from those entertained by him upon the practice and principle of pugilism—an antagonism of opinion more than once rather emphatically argued on both sides. While discharging his duty in the aforesaid instance, he narrowly escaped being put to death—a jeopardy which has drawn from him a commentary to this effect: "It is now nearly thirty years since, in our character of Editor of this Journal, we have been the unceasing advocate of the manly sports of the ring.....Despite our efforts, of late years, however.....it has altogether degenerated: instead of being encouraged and supported by gentlemen as a means of demonstrating the rules of fair play, *it has sunk into a mere source of gambling*.....A British pugilist is no longer the character we have so often pictured; but too many of them who bear this title, we fear, are leagued with characters of the worst description, whose crimes they would rather abet than repress, and this perhaps not from innate vice—but from positive cowardice.....The game is now up..... During a series of some 35 years, we have not escaped personal injuries, insults, and robberies; but the climax has been the attempt on our life, of which we must hereafter be more chary." These are the farewell words of the editor of "*Fistiana*" to his friends. It is a grim "good bye," but not without a moral. The Ring is ruined, and the voice of the Oracle is heard proclaiming the cause—"it has sunk into a mere source of gambling." There is yet another ring destined to point.

"One modern instance more."

Rule the fifth, "Concerning Horse Racing in General," com-

mences as follows:—"Horses are not entitled to start *without producing* a proper certificate of their age, *if required*." From this sample it will be seen that the Code Olympic is somewhat loosely constructed. The orders "Respecting Stakes, Forfeits, and Bets," are also eminently in this category. Order 29 recites, "In case any forfeit shall remain unpaid three calendar months from the time at which it has been first put upon the list." (?) "a notice of such forfeit being due, with the name of the subscriber to the stake, and the name or description of the horse, with the name or sufficient description of the stake, and amount of the forfeit, *shall be advertised in every succeeding sheet Racing Calendar*, until Messrs. Weatherby shall receive notice in writing from the stakeholder at the place where the forfeit was incurred, or from the winner of the race, that the same is paid, or until it is paid at Messrs. Weatherby's office." Now, this is plain enough. When any forfeit shall remain unpaid for three months, notice to that effect is to be given in the *Racing Calendar*, as an announcement of bankruptcy is advertised in the *Gazette*. Unfortunately, the notice of racing engagements is so vague and arbitrary, that it is impossible to enforce such a course in all instances; but as far as relates to arrears of stakes, or forfeits due to the Messrs. Weatherby in their capacity of stake-holders, there can be no difficulty. They are the publishers of the *Racing Calendar*, and are bound to insert therein a notice of any forfeit "which shall remain unpaid three calendar months from the time at which it has been first put upon the list." The existence of this list being taken for granted, it follows that upon the 18th of last month, not a farthing of forfeit was due at the office of the Messrs. Weatherby, as no allusion to any such default appears in the *Racing Calendar* of that date. At the last Catterick Bridge Meeting, as appears from a correspondence subsequently published in the sporting papers, Wallace, the property of a Mr. Hudson, was prevented starting for the Easby Triennial Stakes, and the Italian walked over, and received them upon the grounds that there was an arrear of stakes and forfeits due by a former owner of the horse—Captain Potts. Upon this step, a long comment, accompanied by a complicated account, was put forth by that gentleman, in which, among a world of debtor and creditor items, it is stated—"it appears that an arrear of £40 *was actually* standing unpaid in the books of the Messrs. Weatherby which was paid by Mr. Hudson." That arrear was due by Captain Potts, who observes in his reference to it, that his connexion with the turf terminated with Catterick Bridge races, of 1849. Was a notice of this arrear, incurred previous to April, 1849, and "actually stand unpaid on the books of the Messrs. Weatherby," advertised at any time antecedent to April, 1850, in the *Sheet Racing Calendar*? and if not, why not? Are *any* notices of arrears of stakes or forfeits *ever* advertised in that paper, in conformity with Rule 29, of "Rules and Orders of the Jockey Club?"

After a steady progress, and the methodical organization of a

quarter of a century, the turf has resolved itself into what it now is—a great national sport, converted into the machinery of a system of national gambling, unexampled in the annals of popular delusions. Every step of that movement may be traced with a fatal facility. The stable *prestige* insured a favourite in the north for the St. Leger, and in the south for the Derby—wholly without reference to the properties or performances of the animals. This was done by "money," as the professional phrase went. How the money was applied, however, was a secret of the craft. As business increased there arose a want of agents—the supply was soon at hand. The leg became a recognised part and parcel of the turf. The Ring announced that without its patronage henceforth the course would cease to have a local habitation and a name. Then followed manufactories of race-horses. What was the use of a stud unless it was backed? The only hope for public patronage was to place the raw material in a public stable. This done, there were commissioners who took the odds about the respective "lots"—or who are presumed to do so. The prices of those "lots" are as regularly quoted in the newspapers as the value of consols and the rate of exchange. Through the doors of great training establishments horses get into the market, to be followed by their masters when the fulness of time has come. This brings us to the era of small professional studs. It was a golden privilege that right of *entrée*, and cheaply secured by placing a horse here and another there; and by giving directions that they should never be fit to run anywhere, there was an opportunity of hedging expenses on "the X.X.X.," as it was facetiously called. Now

"Cry havoc! and let slip the dogs of war."

Turn to the romance of the turf from—where shall we take it up? From Frederick's year? Would you read character, study "Running Rein" and "Leander," their histories; "Bloodstone of the foul stain;" and "Old England"—alas! my country. Read, mark, and learn, if haply the lore may serve you, of Bloomsbury—a certain action yclept "Thornton *v.* Portman and Beales," and passages in the correspondence between Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Gurney; leave, in short, no page of British Olympus unturned, from the ancient fable of Tregonwell Frampton to the modern "myth" of the Newmarket Bolingbroke.

Leave not unread the *Book Calendar*, wherein you will find much food for reflection. Should you wish to peruse it with notes and comments, the saying of one of the most celebrated trainers that Newmarket has produced may serve you as a key....."Whenever you want to deceive a racing man *tell him the truth.*" But as relates to the *Book Calendar*, examine its logic or conclusions. The conditions of the Goodwood Cup will furnish some striking matter, for instance. The *data* upon which they are founded belong to the school that deals with degeneracy of the modern racer as a fact not

disputed. Let us test this conclusion by three results of the St. Leger, the first separated from the last by eight-and-twenty years. The length of the course, next the rails, is one mile three-quarters and one-hundred yards. Reveller won it in 1818, carrying 8st. 2lbs., in 3 minutes 17 seconds; Don John won in 1838, carrying 8st. 6lbs., in precisely the same time; and Sir Tatton Sykes won in 1846, carrying 8st. 7lbs., in 3 minutes 16 seconds. This subject of weight and comparative property between the old and new race-horse we will return to anon. Our present affair is with the theory of the modern turf.....

As regularly as the season comes round, some heavy blow or great discouragement is dealt our gallant and peculiarly national sport. Fox-hunting, disguise it as we will, is fast hastening to the bourne of things that were. Countries, once regarded as sacred concessions, are now banded about from *parvenus* to horse-coupers. The turf is on the threshold of a like fate, though from a different cause. Once disgust its legitimate patrons, and those who live upon the favour which they have won for it, will but bring upon its latter struggles the deeper ruin of contempt. Signs and tokens are abroad not to be mistaken. Ominous retirements are announced; portentous *coups* have been hazarded. Men, whose characters were to them as goodly inheritances, have, to use the most gracious form of speech, perilled them for present gain. "Honour," that has a home "among thieves," is not on visiting terms with legs; and the Ring says—"You can't lodge here."

Will the system bear a regular burst up? If so, the sooner the explosion takes place the better. If reform can save it, O! for some Olympian Hampden? Lord Eglinton, without the aid of professed stable cookery, has been enabled to taste some of the best things of the course—three Legers, a Derby, and a surfeit of the richest Cups within some eight seasons. Voltigeur was not educated by a Master of Arts, and Rhedycina was brought up in "the way she should go" by one William Goodwin, unknown to fame until fortune made him Hobson's choice. It is the flourish of trumpets with which the crack "lots" are recommended to notice that makes rampant the blood of the foolish. Columns of newspapers are occupied by trash (paid for of course) more fitted for Bedlamites than people with the minutest allowance of brains. If it were possible to deal with such a matter gravely, cause might be shown against the convenience, in a social point of view, of subjecting ignorant men to the temptation of swindling offers through the channel of respectable newspaper advertisements. The *Times* will not lend its agency to such knavery; it were well that such an example were more generally followed. The streets of the Metropolis teem with shameless schemes of gambling, placarded in the windows and on the walls of "betting offices"—the new Pandemonium is a Sweep or Betting Office. Scoundrels of all sorts are obtaining money under the false pretence of furnishing the names

of the winners of races—in anticipation of the events; and these cheats are presented for public patronage in association with the ordinary legitimate commercial announcements. The social character of more than one great meeting has already felt the effects of the revolution thus brought about. At Ascot ladies now take refuge from the hordes of vagabonds that abound there, within the Stand and its enclosure—the promenade on the course during the intervals of the racing, once its most graceful feature, promising soon to be of the things that were. Shall we be taxed with the advocacy of exclusiveness because we lift up our voice against facts like these? Not by those who wish the turf well. And they are not the paltriest of patriots who would uphold our national sports and exercises. A spirit is at work which, if assisted in its usurpation, may bring wail upon merry England. Let us be the hale, hearty, boon islanders we were when we sat to Fielding and his contemporaries. Progress is on its way in seven-league boots. God speed its course! But may it ever form a canon of our popular philosophy, that man in his social relation can better spare a brighter possession than "the small, sweet courtesies of life."—*London Sporting Review, for July* 1850.

THE RACING IN JUNE;

With a Reminiscence of Epsom.

BY 'CRAVEN.

"Write, as if *St. John's* soul could still inspire,
And do from hate, what Mallet did for hire;
Oh! had'st thou lived in that congenial time,
To rave with Dennis, and with *Ralph* to rhyme."

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

If, as some Hygeists assert, it is a wholesome practice to get drunk occasionally, upon the same principle the excitement annually produced by the Derby may be regarded as a useful national sanitary movement. Extending the hypothesis, and taking into account the lesson to be derived from its *books*, he who has assisted at its celebration, returns from the solemnity "a wiser and a better man." Read the page aright, and you shall find "sermons in stones, and good in everything"—even in Epsom races. The great social "cobbler" for 1850 was as politically compounded as it was palatably mixed. No

Derby, probably, was ever more artistically " mounted." The form of the two-year-old stock of the previous year had been a low average —only one winner of any pretension had shown. Moreover, had the spring performances of the three-year-olds were bad, or at all events mediocre. When you add to this that the solitary autumnal exception alluded to was by unimpeachable testimony ascertained to be a flyer, and that the Lord Chancellor—for the animal had fallen into Chancery—had intimated that several thousands of pounds should not purchase him—the horse—till after the race: when, I say, you put all this together, you will have little difficulty in understanding how it came to pass that Bolingbroke—for so was the courser called—was a prodigious " pot." This monosyllable, indeed, does not look graceful, neither does it sound euphoniously; but you will excuse it when you see how pat it is to my purpose, by reason of the " cooking" for which it was used. I have had some experience of stable diplomacy—am by no means fast asleep to training tact—but even on the turf, " est modus in rebus"—or there ought to be. So, in the Craven week I went to Newmarket with a bias to believe in the pet of the Palace stables. One, every inch an English sportsman, had sent him forth to win two of the most influential races of the previous year, and had died before his great essay. I knew the ties that bound those on whom the management of the animal had devolved, to him from whom they derived their trust. It would have been unholy to have doubted the good faith of their dealing with such a duty. To Mr. William Edwards, one of the most experienced and respectable trainers at Newmarket, was delegated the detail of his preparation for the Derby. The property in this celebrated colt had been made a family question; and the proposition to sell him—a step which would have realized, at the time, a very large sum —was negatived on the grounds of public faith, and upon a principle of honour which befitted the memory of his dead master. One of the most accomplished horsemen in the world was announced to ride him; and as he had no engagement before the Derby, the public backed him very heavily on the *prestige* of these premises. He was taken to Epsom, and when there, it is asserted that both his trainer and jockey, as well as his party, represented him to be worthy the place which he occupied in the public favour, and that assertion has not been contradicted. It is now almost needless to say that the first beaten in the race was Bolingbroke—in fact, he never lived a hundred yards with his horses—his form was not fit to win a saddle. And thus a steed cut up, put forward by persons of authority and weight, as of quality, entitling him to be first favourite for the Derby—and thus a property which, the day before was worth some four or five thousand pounds, would not have produced as many scores. I impute no wrong doing to any one: perhaps no one was culpable; but the appearance of Bolingbroke upon the Surrey downs was not the less " a sorry sight," whether the exhibition was the result of gross dishonesty, gross ignorance, or gross neglect. It gave a blow

to faith in the talents, destined to work no very distant revolution in the policy of the turf.

The race for the Oaks was another "surprise." Rhedycina, the winner, had come from obscurity; like Voltigeur, at one time there were doubts about her even starting. The "glorious uncertainty" was once more in the ascendant. Such a meeting had never before been known at Epsom. The Stand could *not accommodate* half the multitudes that thronged it to suffocation on the Wednesday. The carriage days of race-courses are over; the *canaille* are too powerful for the fair company. Upon the *on dits* I am silent. That the Derby came off upon "the square" seemed by no means a common conclusion. The versions of the plot are legion. That it was put on the scene under the auspices of a most able management, was generally agreed. All the arrangements, it was asserted, had been made by parties eminent in their profession. I leave the problem, however, untouched: it needs more skill than I possess to resolve the *quadrature* of the *circle*. The settling, I learnt from a very competent authority, was a bitter bad one. My allusion to the arrangements, so far as relates to their good properties, includes the princely preparations in and about the Grand Stand. Since that establishment came under the direction of Mr. Henry Dorling, the present lessee, it has attained the position to which it was entitled, both by local causes, and from its being the centre of the greatest issue of the turf. It is a palatial racing pavilion, replete with all that the best taste could supply, or the most fastidious require.

Next in succession was Newton, "proximus-sed intervallo." There are few prettier sites for a provincial course, and none, as times go, more appropriate. Midway between Manchester and Liverpool it is set, as it were, for a betting 'Change. However, the last anniversary was not so good as its late predecessors. I can but speak in the merest epitome of the events to which it gave existence. The Golborne Stakes, for two-year-olds, were won by Sister to Wanota cleverly, by a length, in a field of four. The Gold Cup brought half a dozen to the post, of which Duxbury was the best, beating Champion by half a length. The St. Leger, of its fourteen nominations, had seven starters. The winner was that downright steed of all work, "The Knight of Gwynne," who is at every thing, from the Derby to "a dirty half hundred." The Borough Cup, of 200 sovs. specie, with a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, &c., &c., 29 subscribers, was run for by half a dozen. Achyrantes, three-years-old, carrying 5st. 4lbs., won, beating Champion by half a length. What strange Cup weights there were for this affair, the highest being 7st. 9lbs.! Looking at the materials in the list, three days seemed a long space over which to spread their interest. While these things were going on in the country, the metropolis was enlivened by a little episode, thus related in a Sunday newspaper:—

"Several military and sporting gentlemen attended at the police office, Rochesterrow, Westminster, on Wednesday, the 5th ult.,

anxious to hear the result of a summons taken out by Mr. Thomas Lee, of Leeds, a sporting solicitor, against Mr. Mahon, for threatening to horse-whip and strike the said Thomas Lee, and using language to induce him to commit a breach of the peace. Mr. Sergeant Wilkins was retained for Mr. Mahon, and it was expected some disclosures would have taken place calculated to question the character and general conduct of a certain party, and also to revive some unpleasant recollections associated with a gentleman who went on the Leger of 1847, and whose conduct gave rise to the present proceedings. The worthy magistrate expressed his surprise that Mr. Leo and his witnesses were not in attendance, and adjourned the summons *sine die*, when, on leaving the court, Mr. Mahon and his solicitor were met by Mr. Lee's solicitor, who withdrew the summons without offering explanation."

The Royal Meeting on Ascot Heath commenced on Tuesday, the 11th ult., *running* till the Friday following inclusive, as usual. The Court was at Osborne, and the races were not honoured by the presence of Her Majesty, or any of the august party. As some set off, however, against the want of excitement produced by the loss of the regal pageant, there was a row got up between Mr. Glen, the sporting baker of Regent-street, and Mr. William Treen, the trainer of Berkhampton. This has been dealt with elsewhere, so we will proceed to the proper business of the course. The weather was very propitious—sunshine and zephyrs wafting themselves about in perfume. But the accustomed gala character of the festival was missed. You didn't see the Vase where it used to be—in front of the Steward's Stand. You didn't see companies of "fine women and brave men" promenading as they used to do, up and down the running ground in front of the Stands. Centralization was the order of the day. Persons of account sheltered themselves within the precincts of the Grand Stand, from the hordes of lawless, shameless scoundrels that prowled about the site set apart for reception of the equipages, once the pomp and circumstances of Ascot races. There was deportment on the heath, and there was language blasting its pre-sant paths, by no means suited to eyes or ears polite, or in any condition of civilization.

The sport opened *Selon les règles* with the Trial Stakes. It was a bad beginning—no pace—winner, Mr. William Stebbings' Flat-catcher; formerly Green's ditto. A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for two-year-olds. Of the seven entered, three ran—winner, Lord Chesterfield's nomination, Brother to Drakelow. It was understood this youngster was the property of a gentleman whose name is as yet unfamiliar with the page of the Racing Calendar. The Ascot Derby drew half-a-dozen of the seventeen subscribed to the post. Ghillie Callum was fancied by the ring at 6 to 4 against him, the Concertina colt being at 2 to 1: the latter won in a canter by two lengths, the favourite being just able to hobble back to scale without coming bodily to the ground. It was a disagreeable affair for the spectator, from

one end to the other. The Ascot Stakes, 112 subs., had nine of this multitude at the post. Wherefore Damask did not *show* we have elsewhere shown—why the race was thrown away, as it undoubtedly was, is beyond our "philosophy." Vampyre and Wanota were at 3 to 1 each, the others at double and quadruple the odds. Wanota made the greater portion of the running, and Vampyre waited—till too late. He made his effort only when abreast the Stand, and was first in the stride after that, in which he and Wanota together cleared the post. Job Marson rode Wanota. Job is in his *run* of luck. What *is* luck? A remarkable pleasant thing, as you would feel satisfied after throwing in a baker's dozen of mains for good stakes. The Gold Vase, the especial trophy of the opening day, had six of the eight nominations for starters. It matters little who waited at the beginning or who went—Mildew was last. At the turn into the straight ground he closed his horses—at the distance he passed them as an express train on the Great Western might be supposed to pass a "donkey what wouldn't go," and won in a canter—Officious second, Thus did it befall the Mildew at Ascot, who, at Epsom, "roared" like the Bulls of Bashan. The Third Year of the First Ascot Triennial Foal Stakes, 65 subscribers; half a dozen to go. For this—weight for age—they fancied Hounseer, because in a handicap at about a stone lower average, he won the Chester Cup. Vatican, who gave a world of trouble in getting him off, at last got under way—last. The obstreperous one mended his pace by slow degrees, and after a sharp finish with Elthiron just contrived to be first by the chair half a length: a sad tailing of the *scabies*. The Welcome Stakes, with a little volume of conditions, for three-year-olds, paraded another half-dozen. The issue was a pretty run home with The Countess, The Swede, and Utrecht, ending in the order in which they are placed. The First Year of the Second Ascot Triennial Stakes, 51 subs. For this the best field of the day assembled. Fourteen came to the post—no "scratch" conglomeration, but quite a *comme il faut ensemble*. How they betted about such a lot we cannot spare space to record—enough that after a well-ridden race Lord J. Scott's Miserima won by a couple of lengths. Lord Exeter's Cora having walked over for a 50 sovs. Sweepstakes, the list was run out.

Wednesday drew together a company consisting for the most part of the Californian sort—people whose office it is to pick up gold, if they can find any; at all events, sink or swim, to have a shy for it. Business began with The Coronation Stakes, for three-year-old fillies. There were a dozen subscriptions, and one-fourth of the lot "showed." Tiff, that "ought" to have been "there or thereabouts," was last—the Exotic filly beating Clelia by a neck. The Windsor Town Plate mustered eleven runners, at all manner of prices in the market. The winner was Mr. Hughes' filly by Cowl out of Celandine—a two-year-old smart enough to command his Grace of Richmond's claim, which was some time afterwards foregone. A trio ran for the

Queen's Plate—won by Capt. Lowther's The Gent, by the Nob—paco bad. The Windsor Stakes, for three-year-olds, was a dead letter in the ring, the odds being 5 to 4 on Cariboo. The result was a dead heat between the favourite and Thistledown; whereupon the pair divided the stakes, and the layers of the odds paid the piper. The Royal Hunt Cup—the feature of this "off" day—gathered together a host to the melody of two and twenty. A squadron of these was backed—Mildew being the favourite at 9 to 2 against him. The moment the flag fell, however, Hagley burst away through *Thick* and thin, was never caught, and won in a canter by two lengths. You should have heard what was said about Mildew, who was "nowhere."

"The Vase," says Snookem Snivey, the "Manchester man," to Needles, the "Boughton felly" (*Anglicé*, the Bolton fellow), "Tho Vase warnt no race at all—a hass could a' gin any on'em a licking, and carried the Bargeman"...

"Mildew," observes slippery Slope, who stood a good thing about Pitsford for the Derby, "Mildew, d'ye see, aint altogether, you know—jigger me! d'ye take? How many sides is there to a 'orse? there's two, aint there, any how? Here's one," indicating its position with the forefinger of his left hand pointing rearwards immediately below his right ear; "and here's another," the situation of which he expresses by a convulsive action of his right thumb, directed backwards over his left shoulder—"that's the ticket, *beggar my old boots!*"..

The Fernhill Stakes, 13 subs., and three runners, Mr. Ford won with his Receipt filly, since called—more characteristically than equestrian nomenclature generally rules—Payment. Whirl walked over for a 40 sovs. Sweepstakes for three-year-olds, and the catalogue reached *finis*.

The Ascot Cup day ranks, in modern Olympics, next to the anniversary of the Derby. With a brace of great "lines," having their *embouchures* almost on the heath, added to the accustomed road-traffic—less influenced by steam, perhaps, than anywhere else—the character of the attendance, as novelists have it when they are in a dilemma, "may be more easily imagined than described." The day was red-hot; the dust flew like a simoom; the course was such a sight as might be the Valley of Roses put in motion by some enchanter. Everybody was there but the Queen and her Royal Consort. Her Majesty

"is all for the *sea*-service"

Water—and the Cup-day! What say you to an ice? "Here waiter! bring me Wenham Lake, with a tankard of champagne cup in the middle. Nothing shall squeeze business into me or out of me this sainted day?"

"How d'ye do? You'll be at the Opera to-night?—now, *pray!*"

"Ah, wretch! Where's the *bouquet* fresh from Paradise you promised me? Remember! bring it to the French play on Friday."

"You'll come to our little *dejeuner* on Saturday? I'll sing you that love from the "Tempesta"—"La, lira, lira, la!"...

"That cruel bell
Brings back reality, and breaks the spell."

Have we nerves for eight races? "I tremble while I scribble, 'pon my soul!" Pooh pooh! don't bother me about the Dutchman!"

"My love is like the red, red rose."

"Get out of the course, there! here's Officious cantering over for the Windsor Forest Stakes!"

A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 25 subscribers, brought half-a-dozen to the post. Longinus was the pick of the ring, at 6 to 4 against him; but Cariboo won almost as he pleased—by a length. The Visitors' Plate—handicap—only induced five to try their luck; and of these Fernhill was the chosen, at 5 to 2 *versus*. He kept the promise to the hope, winning cleverly by a length. And now cometh a real event of the occasion—a race to decide the sporting question, "Which is the best horse in the world?" Five were found to dispute it; subject, "A Piece of Plate, value 500 sovs., the gift of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias." The champions were The Flying Dutchman, Jericho, Canezou, Little Jack, and Peep-o'-day Boy. The last betting was 7 to 4 on the Dutchman, 2 to 1 against Canezou, 7 to 1 against Peep-o'-day Boy, 20 to 1 against Jericho, and 50 to 1 against Little Jack. After the usual parade, they went off, the Irish horse making running; *et voilà tout*. Presently the mare took it up; but when the fulness of time was come, Marlow, letting out a reef, shot past the *fleet*, and won, in a canter, by eight lengths. I have little doubt that, on the clay, and with the field in its then form, he could have distanced the lot. That it makes The Dutchman "the best horse that ever ran," as the cry rose is another affair. With Canezou beaten by ancient Jericho, it is but fair to conclude none of the party were "fliers," save and except the winner. "The form of Lord Eglinton's horse is better than Eclipse's"—so said some folks with the reputation of good judges. What was Eclipse's form? What his performances were, I propose showing at some convenient opportunity. The St. James's Palace Stakes, a dozen nominations, produced five runners. Virago was the best esteemed, her price being 5 to 2. A fine race home made Nutcracker the winner, beating Servius by a neck. The New Stakes—*the* two-year-old race of the meeting—out of 47 subscriptions, had a field of eleven. 5 to 2 against Citadel. The favourite won easily by a couple of lengths. Had Bolingbroke only disposed of his duty as cleverly, Mr. Payne would have had no reason to quarrel with dame Fortune. The Stand Plate Radulphus carried off, in a scurry among nine; and at six P. M., "Home!" was the order of March, or rather of *route*; for, as old Matthews used to chaunt,

"Order and sobriety were *dos-á-dos*."

Friday, at Ascot, has always an eminently fag-endish look. The *mise en scene* is in dishabille, and the actors are fagged. We will not detain you long over the relics of the feast. A Sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, Sir Gilbert Heathcote won with his colt by Velocipede out of Lady Geraldine; a performance he repeated with a brother of the same animal for the next race, a Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each for two-year-olds. The First Class of the Workinghams Wallflower won, beating eleven others, by a head; and three-hundred Sovereigns, the gift of the Great Western Railway Company, Thistledown won, defeating a field of nine by a length. The Second Class of the Workinghams brought out seven, and Woodlark was an easy winner by a length. The Duke of Rutland's Virago colt then carried off the Borough Members' Plate; when up went the hat, and the fight was over. A more brilliant meeting there may have been on the Royal Heath, but rarely, if ever, a more sporting one. The arrangements were very good, but class A contains only one—and that a first rate—which hails us as "The Dorling".....

Hampton Races are to the legitimate turfite what the race for the Derby at Astley's is to the *bipes impemis* generally, "Jimmy Ducks" indeed—Mr. Widdicombe's double—is lost to the Hurst, which, peradventure, could have better spared a better man, if such there be of the kind. Rum old Moulsey has been remodelled A Marquis and a Baronet figured as stewards, and a regular Newmarket official as "arbiter *elegantiarum*." During the two days there was heat enough to satisfy a salamander. The reader is spared details. Anon affairs may be put on another footing—

"*Rings* now are made on Moulsey Hurst:"

when it comes to business we shall give a fitting professional return.

Sutton Park Race come within the category "provincial" more especially, than many of their contemporaries not included in the *élite* of the Calendar. The management is provinical, neither judge nor starter belonging to the Newmarket service. The meeting took place on Tuesday, the 18th ult., and following day, and gratified the rural thousands that visited it with good sport and plenty of it. The whole was hearty and Old English; and may the spirit which moved its merry company animate our "country's pride" till the crack of doom.

Beverley, Hull, and East Riding Races fell on Wednesday and Thursday, the 16th and 29th ult. It was a revival of a two years' growth, and as such gave promise of a goodly harvest. There were ten races, including heats, on the first day, and seven ditto on the second. These, perhaps, call for no mention, beyond the fact—a most accountable one in my estimation— that the fields furnished the names of animals in a great measure new to racing lists. They proved the existence of an extensive breed of thorough blood-stock, and that the English horse is an object of honourable emulation with the English yeoman. Surely here is a step in the right direction. Farmers are foes to free trade; let them at least act upon one item

in the catalogue, and keep up our unrivalled breed of horses. Too many of our peerless stallions have been suffered to go into exile. A taste for racing is a wholesome alternative for this carelessness. While utilitarianism is promoting its "exhibitions," surely sporting may do a little good—after its own fashion.—*London Sporting Review, for June.*

A LION HUNT.

Our readers at a distance will perhaps look for some particulars of the animating sports of the Sovereignty, and we have every desire to gratify their curiosity. There are gentlemen in Bloem Fontein who have had hair-breadth escapes in the field—and we hope they will favor the public from time to time with a few extracts from their journals. We this day publish, with much pleasure, a few notes from such a source, and we are sure they will be read with interest :—

Extract from the Journal of an Officer on a Shooting Expedition towards the Vaul River from Bloem Fontein.

May 16, 1850.—Sallied out as usual at daylight—a cold frosty morning, with the wet grass up to our ankles. Soon, however, we were rewarded by hearing the welcome "brale" of lions, and five minutes afterwards viewed them drinking at a valley. Our first exclamation was "why, they are wild-beasts!" and such was their appearance from being under the shade of a sloping bank,—but they turned out to be two large male fellows, with shaggy black manes. Our inspection, however, did not last long, as we were eager for the chase. Away we went pulling gloves off with our teeth, and both eager to give the first wound. The one skulked off to a reed very close at hand, but the other stood at bay even before the dogs came up. He was not to be killed so soon, nevertheless though within killing distance, for our horses being winded with a sharp gallop, our shots were not steady. In a few minutes the dogs came to our aid, and brought him to a steady stand. The bold way that our hunting friends, erroneously called "curs," bayed their fierce antagonist was really fine, (several of them indeed, having been wounded by a wild boar but the day previous.) He lay down in his usual springing attitude but with head erect, surrounded by these active enemies. He evinced the most supreme contempt for us, as he allowed two ineffectual shots to be fired on foot at fifty paces distance, as well as others on horseback,—but the third and last barrel (for in our eagerness but one was loaded amongst the party) took effect by striking him in the heart, and raking him through and through. He then sprang from his lair, but in the second bound fell dead, and luckily for one of the party, as his poney having seen enough of the fun turned round, and quietly roamed off beyond catching distance.—*Friend of the Sovereignty.*

CUMMING'S FIVE YEARS OF A HUNTER'S LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far interior of South Africa; with Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase, of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c. By R. Gordon Cumming, Esq., of Altyre, with Illustrations. 2 vols. Murray.

This journal has more than once freely commented on the propensity in which these volumes originated, and which has clad the walls of the *ci-devant* Celestial Exhibition room at Knights-bridge with the "peltry" of the Cape wilds and fastnesses. The gallant sportsman of the old legend who encountered the Wantley Dragon seems hardly a more formidable adversary than Mr. Cumming, of Altyre,—a gentleman who laughs at lions, and saith to the hippopotamus "Ha, ha!"—who rushes after *rhinoceros* where the herd is thickest, and who takes [illegible]en elephants easily,—not to count by the score "such small deer" as brindled leopards, quaggas, wildebeests, springboks, blesboks, gemboks, and all other *boks*,—gnoos, wild dogs, —and giraffes. How dare critic weekly or critic quarterly march up to such a champion as this, and with his little penful of ink attack sports so sublimely savage as the above? If we do "not draw in our horns" in dread of Lieut. Cumming's "Westley Richards," it is at least prudent not to aggravate the hunter by further questioning, but to take his book for what it is—a curious and characteristic record of feats accomplished such as few hunters have lived to tell, or to sell, in Albemarle-street. A wish may, nevertheless, be meekly expressed, that Mr. Cumming had been more considerate in his orthography, since not a few good pages and passages are spoiled by a parade of the Cape jargon of Boers, Bushmen, and other wild people, difficult to catch, and "pulling up" the reader at the very moment when he is most breathless with curiosity, to consider "what this means," and "what the other men called out." To "*trek*" means to "march,"—to "*inspann*," to "harness;" but what virtue was there in the former words to make the English gentleman discard his own "vernacular" for their sakes?

Having thus by a vindication of critical courage eased our consciences, we will turn to Mr. Cumming's book, and, without further remark, begin to extract from its pages.

To start a lion-hunter's waggon seems to be nearly as elaborate an occupation, in its way, as the freightage of the never-to-be-forgotten *Tarantas* immortalized by Count Sollogub.—

"When the leader brings up the oxen tot he waggon to be inspanned, the waggon-driver if possible sends another Hottentot to his assistance, especially if any of the oxen in the span happen to be young or refractory. These, armed with a huge 'jambok' in one hand and a handful of stones in the other, one on either flank, with

shouts, yells and imprecations, urge forward the unwilling team toward the yokes, where the driver is standing with the twelve long buffalo rheims hanging on his left arm, pouring forth a volley of soothing terms, such as—'Ah! now, Scotland! Wo ha, Blauberg! you skellum, keer dar Carollus for Blauberg, ye stand somar da, ich wichna wha yo hadachta ist.' (Turn there for Blauberg; you stand there in an absent state, I do not know where your ideas are.) 'Holland, you ould Myfooty' ('Myfooty' is a common Hottentot term, which I would defy even themselves to construe. The Dutch word 'somar,' mentioned above, is also a word to which I think I could challenge the most learned school-master in the colony to attach any definite meaning. It is used both by Boers and Hottentots in almost every sentence; it is an answer to every question; and its meanings are endless.) 'Slangfeldt, you neuxel!' (Snakefield, you humbug!) 'Wo ha, now Creishmann!' (Crooked man.) 'Orlam, you verdomde Kind, vacht un bidgte, ich soll you krae.' (Civilized! you d—d child; wait a bit, I'll serve you out.) 'Vitfoot, you duivel! slahm dar für Vitfoot, slahm ihm, dat he barst!' (Whitefoot, you dèvil! flog there Whitefoot, flog him till he bursts.) ''Englandt, you ould ghrootepench! Ah now! Wo ha! Ye dat so lowe ist in die shwor plach, und dharum so vees at inspanning! Vacht un bidgte, ich soll a plach for you aitsuch. Ye lob da for nett so as ye will, mar ich soll you arter bring, whar ich kann you mach like baikam.' (England, you old big paunch! Ah now! Wo ha! You who are so lazy in the heavy place, and nevertheless so vicious at inspanning. Wait a little. I shall seek out a place for you! You tramp there in front exactly as you please; but I will yoke you farther back, where I can reach you with facility.) This is said in allusion to 'England's' having lately been in the habit of being yoked in the front of the team, and if it is very long, the driver cannot reach the leading oxen with his whip without descending from the box, and, therefore, when a fore-ox becomes lazy, he is yoked farther back in the team, that he may have the full benefit of the persuasive 'foreslock.' While the driver's tongue is pouring forth this flow of Hottentot eloquence with amazing volubility, his hand and feet are employed with equal activity; the former, in throwing the open noose of the rheim, lasso-like, over the horns of each ox, and drawing it light round them as he catches him; the latter in kicking the eyes and noses of those oxen which the jamboks and shouts of the leaders behind have driven too far in upon him. At this moment 'Blauberg,' who is an old offender, and who acquired in early youth the practice which he has never relinquished of bolting from the team at the moment of inspanning, being this day unusually lively, not having had any severe work for some weeks, suddenly springs round, notwithsanding Kleinboy, well aware of his propensities, has got his particular rheim firmly twisted round his hand; and having once got his tail where his head ought to have been, and thus deprived Kleinboy of all control over him, he bounds madly forward, heedless of a large sharp stone

with which one of the leaders salutes him in the eye. By his forward career, Carollus is instantly dashed to the ground; and Kleinboy, who has pertinaciously grasped the rheim in the vain hope of retrieving the matter, is dragged several yards along the ground and eventually relinquishes the rheim, at the same time losing a good deal of the outer bark of his unfortunate hand. Away goes Blauberg in his headlong course, tearing frantically over hill and dale, his rheim flying from his horns like a streamer in the wind. His course lies right across the middle of the Cape-Corps barracks, where about forty or fifty riflemen who are lounging about, parade being over, rush to intercept his course, preceded by a pack of mongrel curs of every shape and size, but in vain. Blauberg, heedless of a shower of sticks and stones hurled at his devoted head, charges through the midst of them, nor is he recovered for the space of about two hours. The rest of the team, seeing their driver sprawling on the ground, as a matter of course follow Blauberg's example: instantly wheeling to the right and left about, away they scamper, each selecting a course for himself, some with and others without the appendage of the streamers. The Hottentots, well aware that it will be useless to follow Blauberg in the usual way, as he would probably lead them a chase of four or five miles, now adopt the most approved method usually practised in such cases. They accordingly drive out a small troop of tamer oxen, with which they proceed in quest of the truant. This troop they cunningly induce Mr. Blauberg to join, and eventually return with him to the waggon—the driver, with pouting lips and the sweat running down his brow, pouring forth a torrent of threatened vengeance against the offending Blauberg. The inspanning is then once more commenced as before, and Blauberg, being this time cautiously placed in a central position, well wedged up by the other oxen, whereby he is prevented from turning about, is lassoed with the strongest rheim; and firmly secured to the steady old ox who has purposely been driven up beside him. The twelve oxen are soon all securely yoked in their proper places; the leader has made up his 'fore-two,' which is a long spare rheim attached round the horns of each of the fore or front oxen, by which he leads the team, and inspanning is reported to be accomplished."

It appears that Mr. Cumming can sleep as soundly under rather trying circumstances as did the late Mr. Ruxton, when he bivouacked on the pavement of a country town in Central America.—

"On the 12th I bagged two bull wildebeests and two springboks to the northward of my camp. In the evening I took my pillow and 'komberse,' or skin blanket, to the margin of a neighbouring vley, where I had observed doe blesboks drink. Of these I had not yet secured a single specimen: which I was very anxious to do, as they likewise carry fine horns, which, though not so thick as those of the males, are more gracefully formed. Shortly after I had lain down, two porcupines came grunting up to me, and stood within six feet of

where I lay. About midnight an old wildebeest came and stood within ten yards of me, but I was too lazy to fire at him. All night I heard some creature moving in the cracked earth beneath my pillow; but, believing it to be a mouse, I did not feel much concerned about the matter. I could not, however, divest myself of a painful feeling that it might be a snake, and wrapped my blanket tight round my body. Awaking at an early hour the following morning, I forgot to look for the tenant who had spent the night beneath my pillow. No blesbok appearing, I stalked an old springbok through the rushes and shot him. Having concealed him, I held for camp, and despatched two men to bring home the venison and my bedding. While taking my breakfast I observed my men returning, one of them carrying a very large and deadly serpent. I at once felt certain it was he that I had heard the previous night beneath my pillow; and on asking them where they had killed it, they replied 'In your bed.' On approaching the bedding, they had discovered the horrid reptile sunning itself on the edge of my blanket, until on perceiving them it glided in beneath it. It was a large specimen of the black variety of the puff adder, one of the most poisonous serpents of Africa, death ensuing within an hour after its bite."

The home-keeping reader will be glad of "a general rule" or two regarding the social propensities and ordinary habits of lions.—

"One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand and peculiarly striking. It consists at times of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third or fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard roaring in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three or four more regularly taking up their parts, like persons singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags at the rutting season, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasions are their voices to be heard in such perfection or so intensely powerful as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sounds a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties, and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of these nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect, I may remark, is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and ensconced within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troops of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good

taste for music, I consider the catches with which I was then regaled as the sweetest and most natural I ever heard. As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelop the forest, and continuing at intervals throughout the night. In distant and secluded regions, however, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly as late as nine and ten o'clock on a bright sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that when two strange male lions meet at a fountain a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low bushy tree or wide-spreading bush, either in level forest or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds or fields of long rank yellow grass, such as occur in low-lying vleys. From these haunts he sallies forth when the sun goes down, and commences his nightly prowl. When he is successful in his beat, and has secured his prey, he does not roar much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans: that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different. * * I remarked a fact connected with the lions' hour of drinking peculiar to themselves: they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their hour of watering until late in the morning; when the moon rose late, they drank at a very early hour in the night. * * Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as the outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise in drinking, not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and four or five times during the proceeding he pauses for half a minute as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire."

After the above universal remarks, one special encounter may be selected,—

"We secured the three horses to one another, as there was no tree or bush within miles of us; but these I could dispense with, for I knew very well by the looks of the Hottentots that they would not sleep much, but would keep a vigilant eye over our destinies. I spent a most miserable night. The wind, which had been blowing so fresh in the height of the day, had subsided to a calm when the sun went down, and was now succeeded by an almost death-like stillness, which I too well knew was the harbinger of a coming tempest. We had not lain down an hour when the sky to leeward became black as pitch. Presently the most vivid flashes of lightning

followed one another in quick succession, accompanied by terrific peals of thunder. The wind, which during the day had been out of the north east, now as is usual on such occasions, veered right round and came whistling up from the south-west, where the tempest was brewing; and in a few minutes more, it was upon us in all its fury, the rain descending in torrents on our devoted heads, while vivid flashes of lightning momentarily illumined, with the brilliancy of day, the darkness that reigned around. In a very few minutes the whole plain was a sheet of water, and every atom of my clothes and bedding was thoroughly saturated. My three rifles had excellent holsters, and with the help of two sheep-skins which I used instead of saddle-cloths, I kept them quite dry. In two hours the tempest had passed away, but light rain fell till morning, until which time I lay on the wet ground soaked to the skin. About midnight we heard the lion roar a mile or so to the northward; and a little before the day dawned, I again heard him in the direction of the carcase which we had found on the preceding day. Soon after this, I gave the word to march. We arose and saddled our horses. I found my trousers lying on a pool of water, so I converted a blanket into a long kilt by strapping it round my waist with my shooting belt. The costume of my followers was equally unique. We held for the north end of the lion's mountain at a sharp pace, which we gained before it was clear enough to see surrounding objects. As the light broke in upon us we reduced our pace, and rode slowly up the middle of the vast level plain towards the carcase of the wildebeest, with large herds of wildebeest, springbok, blesbok, and quaggas on every side of us, which were this day as tame as they had been wild on the previous one. This is generally the case after a storm. The morn was cloudy; misty vapours hung on the shoulders of the neighbouring mountains, and the air was loaded with balmy perfume, emitted by the grateful plants and herbs. As we approached the carcase, I observed several jackals steal away, and some half-drowned-looking vultures were sitting around it. But there was no appearance of the lion. I spent the next half-hour in riding across the plain looking for his spoor; but I sought in vain. Being cold and hungry, I turned my horse's head for camp, and rode slowly along through the middle of the game, which would scarcely move out of rifle-range on either side of me. Suddenly I observed a number of vultures seated on the plain about a quarter of a mile a-head of us, and close beside them stood a huge lioness, consuming a blesbok which she had killed. She was assisted in her repast by about a dozen jackals, which were feasting along with her in the most friendly and confidential manner. Directing my follower's attention to the spot, I remarked, 'I see the lion;' to which they replied, 'Whar? whar? Yah! Almagtig! dat is he;' and instantly reining in their steeds and wheeling about, they pressed their heels to their horses' sides and were preparing to betake themselves to flight. I asked them what they were going to do? To which they answered, 'We have not yet placed

caps on our rifles.' This was true ; but while this short conversation was passing, the lioness had observed us. Raising her full, round face, she overhauled us for a few seconds, and then set off at a smart canter towards a range of mountains some miles to the northward ; the whole troop of jackals also started off in another direction ; there was, therefore, no time to think of caps. The first move was to bring her to bay ; and not a second was to be lost. Spurring my good and lively steed, and shouting to my men to follow, I flew across the plain, and, being fortunately mounted on 'Colesberg,' the flower of my stud, I gained upon her at every stride. This was to me a joyful moment, and I at once made up my mind that she or I must die. The lioness having had a long start of me, we went over a considerable extent of ground before I came up with her. She was a large, full-grown beast ; and the bare and level nature of the plain added to her imposing appearance. Finding that I gained upon her, she reduced her pace from a canter to a trot, carrying her tail stuck out behind her, and slewed a little to one side. I shouted loudly to her to halt, as I wished to speak with her : upon which she suddenly pulled up, and sat on her haunches like a dog, with her back towards me, not even deigning to look round. She then appeared to say to herself 'Does this fellow know who he is after?' Having thus sat for half a minute, as if involved in thought, she sprang to her feet, and, facing about, stood looking at me for a few seconds, moving her tail slowly from side to side, showing her teeth, and growling fiercely. She next made a short run forward, making a loud, rumbling noise, like thunder. This she did to intimidate me ; but, finding that I did not flinch an inch nor seem to heed her hostile demonstrations, she quietly stretched out her massive arms, and lay down on the grass. The Hottentots now coming up, we all three dismounted, and, drawing our rifles from their holsters, we looked to see if the powder was up in the nipples, and put on our caps. While this was doing, the lioness sat up, and showed evident symptoms of uneasiness. She looked first at us, and then behind her, as if to see if the coast were clear ; after which she made a short run towards us, uttering her deep-drawn murderous growls. Having secured the three horses to one another by their rheims, we led them on as if we intended to pass her, in the hope of obtaining a broadside. But this she carefully avoided to expose, presenting only her full front. I had given Stofolus my Moore rifle, with orders to shoot at her if she should spring upon me, but on no account to fire before me. Kleinboy was to stand ready to hand me my Purdey rifle, in case the two-grooved Dixon should not prove sufficient. My men as yet had been steady, but they were in a precious stew, their faces having assumed a ghastly paleness ; and I had a painful feeling that I could place no reliance on them. Now, then, for it, neck or nothing! She is within sixty yards of us, and she keeps advancing. We turned the horses' tails to her. I knelt on one side, and, taking a steady aim at her breast, let fly.

The ball cracked loudly on her tawny hide, and crippled her in the shoulder, upon which she charged with an appalling roar, and in the twinkling of an eye she was in the midst of us. * * I was very cool and steady, and did not feel in the least degree nervous, having fortunately great confidence in my own shooting ; but I must confess when the whole affair was over, I felt that it was a very awful situation, and attended with extreme peril, as I had no friend with me on whom I could rely."

To the above let us append Lieut. Cumming's own pithy summing up given in a previous page,—

"I may remark that lion-hunting, under any circumstances, is decidedly a dangerous pursuit. It may, nevertheless, be followed, to a certain extent, with comparative safety by those who have, naturally, a turn for that sort of thing. A recklessness of death, perfect coolness and self-possession, and acquaintance with disposition and manners of lions, and a tolerable knowledge of the use of the rifle, are indispensable to him who would shine in the overpoweringly exciting pastime of hunting this justly-celebrated king of beasts."

To propitiate all who may put in their quiet "*cui bono ?*" after the above statement of the law by one so learned therein as Lieut. Cumming, we will pause for awhile ere we further illustrate his *sang-froid* and physical adroitness as displayed in adventures so desperate as the above.

That never-to-be-forgotten entry in Lady Sale's Journal, "*Earthquakes*, as usual" is not cooler than Lieut. Cumming's record. Long ere we reached the end of his first volume, lions had become matters of course. In the second division of his narrative, he teaches us absolutely to think little of elephants, and to pity the timid Cocknies who crowd to the brim of the bath of the Hippopotamus, as though that creature were a rarity. Next comes the question, what is there left for Lieut. Cumming by way of excitement ?—*Mastodgn*, *Megatherium*, and *Megalonix* are no more to be found upon this earth of ours. Whales and white sharks are the only alternatives that present themselves ; and the chase of the former is no longer a wild sport, but a science practised in furtherance of commerce. Leaving however this not very unnatural speculation, let us dip here and there into Lieut. Cumming's second volume, beginning as early as its second page,—

"On the 27th I cast loose my horses at earliest dawn of the day and then lay half asleep for two hours, when I arose to consume coffee and rhinoceros. Having breakfasted, I started with a party of the natives to search for elephants in a southerly direction. We held along the gravelly bed of a periodical river in which were abundance of holes excavated by the elephants in quest of water. Here the spoor of rhinoceros was extremely plentiful, and in every hole where they had drunk, the print of the horn was visible. We soon found the spoor of an old bull elephant, which led us into a dense forest, where the ground was particularly unfavourable for

spooring; we, however, threaded it out of a considerable distance, when it joined the spoor of other bulls. The natives now requested me to halt, while men went off in different directions to reconnoitre. In the mean time a tremendous conflagration was roaring and cracking close to windward of us. It was caused by the Bakalahari burning the old dry grass to enable the young to spring up with greater facility, whereby they retained the game in their dominions. The fire stretched away for many miles on either side of us, darkening the forest far to leeward with a dense and impenetrable canopy of smoke. Here we remained for about half an hour, when one of the men returned reporting that he had discovered elephants. This I could scarcely credit, for I fancied that the extensive fire which raged so fearfully must have driven not only elephants, but every living creature out of the district. The native, however, pointed to his eye, repeating the word "Klow," and signed to me to follow him. My guide led me about a mile through a dense forest, when we reached a little well-wounded hill, to whose summit we ascended, whence a view might have been obtained of the surrounding country, had not volumes of smoke obscured the scenery far and wide, as though issuing from the funnels of a thousand steam-boats. Here, to my astonishment, my guide halted, and pointed to the thicket close beneath me, when I instantly perceived the colossal backs of a herd of bull elephants. There they stood quietly browsing on the lee side of the hill, while the fire in its might was raging to windward within two hundred yards of them. I directed Johannus to chose an elephant and promised to reward him should he prove successful. Galloping furiously down the hill, I started the elephants with an unearthly yell, and instantly selected the finest in the herd. Placing myself alongside, I fired both barrels behind his shoulder, when he instantly turned upon me, and in his impetuous career charged head foremost into a large bushy tree, which he sent flying before him high in the air with tremendous force, coming down at the same moment violently on his knees. He then met the raging fire, when, altering his course, he wheeled to the right-about. As I galloped after him I perceived another noble elephant meeting us in an opposite direction, and presently the gallant Johannus hove in sight, following his quarry at a respectful distance. Both elephants held on together, so I shouted to Johannus, 'I will give your elephant a shot in the shoulder, and you must try to finish him.' Spurring my horse, I rode close alongside, and gave the fresh elephant two balls immediately behind the shoulder, when he parted from mine, Johannus following; but before many minutes had elapsed, that mighty Nimrod re-appeared, having fired one shot and lost his prey. In the meantime I was loading and firing as fast as could be, sometimes at the head, and sometimes behind the shoulder. * * On one occasion he endeavored to escape by charging desperately amid the thickest of the flames; but this did not avail, and I was soon once more alongside. I blazed away at this elephant until I began to

think that he was proof against my weapons. Having fired thirty-five rounds with my two-grooved rifle, I opened fire upon him with the Dutch six-pounder; and when forty bullets had perforated his hide, he began for the first time to evince signs of a dilapidated constitution. He took up a position in a grove; and as the dogs kept barking round him, he backed stern foremost among the trees, which yielded before his gigantic strength. Poor old fellow! he had long braved my deadly shafts, but I plainly saw that it was now all over with him; so I resolved to expend no further ammunition, but hold him in view until he died. Throughout the chase this elephant repeatedly cooled his person with large quantities of water, which he ejected from his trunk over his back and sides; and just as the pangs of death came over him he stood trembling violently beside a thorny tree, and kept pouring water into his bloody mouth until he died, when he pitched heavy forward, with the whole weight of his fore-quarters resting on the points of his tusks."

Thus we go on—page after page—with very few notices of natives met with, or of noticeable scenery passed through,—till the very ground seems strewed with tusks, and having had our fill of elephants, we fancy it high time to see after sea-cows! These also were demolished by Lieut. Cumming in that wholesale and desperately courageous fashion which will henceforth make the exploits of all other sportsmen (save, perhaps, the sea-fowlers of the Western Islands) look in comparison like the pop-gun play of babies,—

"The next day I rode down the river to seek sea-cows, accompanied by my two after-riders; taking, as usual, my double-barrelled rifles. We had proceeded about two miles when we came upon some most thoroughly-beaten old-established hippopotamus paths, and presently, in a broad, long, deep and shaded pool of the river, we heard the sea-cows bellowing. There I beheld one of the most wondrous and interesting sights that a sportsman can be pleased with. I at once knew that there must be an immense herd of them, for the voices came from different parts of the pool; creeping in through the bushes to obtain an inspection, a large sandy island appeared at the neck of the pool, on which stood several large shady trees. The neck of the pool was very wide and shallow, with rocks and large stones; below it was deep and still. On a sandy promontory of this island stood about thirty cows and calves, whilst in the pool opposite, and a little below them, stood about twenty more sea-cows, with their heads and backs above water. About fifty yards farther down the river again, showing out their heads, were eight or ten immense fellows, which I think were all bulls; and about one hundred yards below these, in the middle of the stream, stood another herd of about eight or ten cows with calves, and two huge bulls. The sea-cows lay close together like pigs; a favourite position was to rest their heads on their comrades' sterns and sides. The herds were attended by an immense number of the invariable rhinoceros birds, which on observing me, did their best to spread alarm throughout the hippopotami.

I was resolved to select if possible a first-rate old bull out of this vast herd, and I accordingly delayed firing for nearly two hours, continually running up and down behind the thick thorny cover, and attentively studying the heads. At length I determined to go close in and select the best head out of the eight or ten bulls which lay below the cows. I accordingly left the cover and walked slowly forward in full view of the whole herd to the water's edge, where I lay down on my belly and studied the heads of these bulls. The cows on seeing me, splashed into the water and kept up a continual snorting and blowing till night set in. After selecting for a few minutes I fired my first shot at a splendid bull, and sent the ball in a little behind the eye. He was at once incapacitated, and kept plunging and swimming round and round, wearing away down the pool, until I finished him with two more shots. The whole pool was now in a state of intense commotion. The best cows and the bulls at once became very shy and cunning, showing only the flat roofs of their heads, and sometimes only their nostrils. The younger cows were not so shy, producing the whole head; and if I had wished to make a bag, I might have shot an immense number. This, however, was not my object; and as there was likely to be a difficulty in securing what I did kill, I determined only to fire at the very best. When, therefore, the sun went down I had not fired a great many shots, but had bagged five first rate hippopotami, four cows and one bull, and besides these there were three or four more very severely wounded, which were spouting blood throughout the pool. The next day I removed my waggons to the bank where I had waged successful war with the hippopotami. Here we halted beneath a shady tree with a very dark green leaf, and having drawn up the waggons we cast loose the trektows, and marching the two spans of oxen down to the edge of the river, we dragged out one of the sea cows high and dry. After breakfast I rode down the river with Carey to seek those I had wounded. Having ridden about three miles down the river, we heard sea-cows snorting; and on dismounting from my horse and creeping in through very dense thorny cover which here clothed the banks, I found a very fine herd of about thirty hippopotami basking in the sun: they lay upon a sand-bank in the middle of the river, in about three feet of water. After taking a long time to make a selection, I opened my fire and discharged my four barrels: one sea-cow lay dead, and two others were stunned and took to the other side, but eventually recovered and were not numbered with the slain. I continued with them till sun-down and fired a good many shots, but only bagged one other cow: they were very shy and cunning. On the 20th I again rode down the river to the pool, and found a herd of sea cows still there; so I remained with them till sun-down, and bagged two very first-rate old sea-cows, which were forthcoming next day. This day I detected a most dangerous trap constructed by the Bakalahari for slaying sea-cows. It consisted of a sharp little

assagai or pike most thoroughly poisoned, and stuck firmly into the end of a heavy block of thorn-wood about four feet long and five inches in diameter. The formidable affair was suspended over the centre of a sea-cow path at the height of about thirty feet from the ground by a dark cord which passed over a high branch of a tree and thence to a peg on one side of the path beneath, leading across the path to a peg on the other side, where it was fastened. To the suspending cord were two triggers, so constructed that when the sea-cow struck against the cord which led across the path, the heavy block above was set at liberty, which instantly dropped with immense force with its poisonous dart, inflicting a sure and mortal wound. The bones and old teeth of sea-cows which lay rotting along the bank of the river here, evinced the success of this dangerous invention. I remained in the neighbourhood of the pool for several days, during which time I bagged no less than fifteen first-rate hippopotami, the greater portion of them being bulls."

We will give one adventure more. In its very first passage, who can help being struck with the words, "*some of the sea-cows*,"—a piece of taking-for-granted in its way as whimsical as the advertisement beginning, "*Anybody wanting a diving bell!*" which has always seemed to us uparagoned as a temptation to the average public. Now, for the adventure in question.—

"The next day, after assisting my men to get out some of the sea-cows, I rode down the river with two after-riders to explore. Having ridden a few miles, I came upon a troop of twelve, the best of which I disabled and killed the next day. This was a most splendid old cow, and carried tusks far superior to any we had yet seen; in the afternoon I bagged six more. From a continued run of good luck in all my hunting expeditions with my horses and oxen, in regard to lions and Bakalahari pitfalls, I had become foolishly careless of them, and I had got into a most dangerous custom of allowing the cattle to feed about the waggons long after the sun was under, I always boasting my good luck, and used to say that the lions knew they were my cattle, and feared to molest them. This night, however, a bitter lesson was in store for me. The sun as usual had been under an hour before I ordered my men to make fast my horses; the oxen had of their own accord come to the waggons and lain down; the horses, however, were not forthcoming. My hired natives, who were now anxious to prevent my proceeding farther from their country, were willingly neglecting their charge, and, instead of looking after my cattle, they were exchanging the flesh and fat of my sea-cows for assagais, &c., with the Bakalahari. The night was very dark, and the horses were sought for in vain. I remarked to Carey that it was sometime since we had heard the voice of a lion; but a few minutes after we heard the low moan of the king of beasts repeated several times at no great distance, and in the very direction in which my horses were supposed to be. The next day the sun had been up two hours, and my horses could not yet

be found. I entertained no apprehensions, however, from the lion, but rather suspected some plot between Seleka and my natives to drive my cattle back, and so force me to retrace my steps. I therefore ordered John Stofolus and Hendrick to take bridles and a supply of meat, and to follow up the spoor wherever it might lead; and being anxious to see which way it went, I took a rifle and followed in quest of it myself. Observing a number of vultures to the west and hearing the voices of natives in that direction, I proceeded thither at top speed. To my utter horror, I found my two most valuable and especially favourite veteran shooting-horses lying fearfully mangled and half consumed by a troop of ruthless lions. They were 'Black Jock' and 'Schwartland,' the former a first-rate young horse, worth £24, the latter aged, but by far my most valuable steed, being perhaps the best shooting-horse in Southern Africa; he knew no fear, and would approach as near as I chose to elephant or lion, or any description of game. From his back I had shot nearly all my elephants last year; and so fond was I of this horse, that I never rode or even saddled him until we had found elephants, when I used him in the fight, and then immediately off-saddled."

Lieut. Cumming's passion for the chase, however, cost him more than his shooting-horse. Poor Hendrick, shortly after the above loss, was snatched out of the middle of the encampment by a lion, dragged into the wilderness, and devoured. Such an incident is too frightful to be dwelt on in all its hideous details; but it must not be passed over, since it marks the nature of the hunter's life in South Africa,—and thus characterizes his sport, when mere sport it is, and not the self-defence of the pioneer and the colonist. No doubt, travellers so intrepid as Lieut. Cumming—by daring to seek what others hardly care to see—have their value as adding something to the world's stock of knowledge; but by our hunter's showing the acquisition is dearly bought. The amusement which includes such frightful casualties, as almost average chances, cannot but be protested against, be our sympathy with manly sport ever so quick and our recognition of courage ever so ready.—*London Athenæum.*

MYSORE RACE MEETING—1850.

THE RACE.	Description of Horse	Distance Miles.	Owner's Name.	Horses' Name.	Weight.	TIME.
				FIRST DAY.		
Rajah's Plate.	All Maiden Arabs	2	Mr. Ireland.	B. A. H. Rattan, late Model	8. 5...	½. 1m. 1½ 2
				Beating		
			Mr. Smollet.	G. A. H. Eugene Aram.....	9	55 1.57 3.4 4.4
			Capt O'Leary	G. A. H. Amulet	8. 5...	Won by a head.
			Mr. Boynton.	G. A. H. Blacklock	8. 12...	
				SECOND DAY.		
Durbar Stakes.	All Horses.	1½	Mr. Smollet.	B. N. S. W. H. Mischief ...	8. 12...	½ 1m. 1½
				Beating		57 1.55 2.55
			Mr. Boynton.	B. N. S W. G. Venture.....	9. 2...	Won easy.
			Mr. Ireland.	B. C. H. Sting.....	9. 5...	
Colt's Plate.	All Arabs.	1½	Capt. O'Leary.	B. A. C. Coral	7. 12...	½ 1½m.
				Beating		57 3.7 Easy.
			Mr. Johns	G. A. C. Young Momus.....	7. 12...	
The Purse.	Maiden Arabs.		Mr. Smollet.	B. A. H. Sunbeam.....	8. 5...	
				Beating		½ 1m. 1½
		1½	Mr Boynton.	G. A. H. Blacklock	8. 9...	59 2 2.58
			Mr. Ireland.	G. A. H. Gleam	8. 5...	Won easy.
			Capt. O'Leary	B. A. H. Syenite	8. 5...	
A Purse.	All Arabs.	2	Mr. Boynton.	G. A. H. Pickaxe	8. 12...	½ 1m. 1½ 2
				Beating		59 1.59 3. 3 4.4
			Mr Ireland.	B. A. H. Rattan	8. 5...	A good Race.
Sweepstakes.	All Arabs.	2	Capt. O'Leary	G. A. H. Amulet	7. 12...	½ 1m. 1½ 2m.
				Beating		58 1 58 3.3 4.9
			Mr. Boynton.	G. A. H. Grey Momus	8. 12...	Easy.
				THIRD DAY.		
Give and Take.	All Horses.	1½	Mr. Ireland.	B. A. H. Rattan	8. 4. 6.	½ 1m. 1½m.
				Beating		56. 1.58 3.2
			Capt O'Leary	B. A. C. Coral	7. 3 8.	A good Race.

THE RACE.	Description of Horses.	Distance Miles.	Owner's Name.	Horses' Name.	Weight.	TIME.
Commissioner's Plate.	Maiden Arabs or Country Breds.	2 Heats.	Capt. O'Leary	G. A. H. Amulet ..... Beating	9	½m. 1m. 1½m. 2m. 1st Heat 1. 2.2 3.4 4.6
			Mr. Boynton.	G. A. H. Blacklock	9	2nd ,, 1. 2 3 9 4.12
			Mr. Ireland	G. A. H. Gleam.....	9	A good Race run in a Storm.
				FOURTH DAY.		
Palace Stakes.	All Arabs.	2	Mr. Smollet.	G. A. H. Eugene Aram..... Beating	8	½ 1m. 1½m. 2m. 59 1.58 3 2 4
			Mr. Boynton	G. A. H. Pickaxe	8 10...	Won easy.
Great Welter.	All Arabs.	1½	Mr. Boynton.	G A H. Grey Momus ..... Beating	11.....	½m. 1½m. 1.3 3.6
			Mr. Ireland.	G. A. H. Gleam	10. 4...	A good Race.
			Capt. O'Leary	B. A. H. Syenite	10. 4 ..	
A Purse.	Maiden Arabs.	2	Mr. Boynton.	G. A. H. Blacklock* ..... Beating	8. 2 ..	½ 1m. 1½m. 2m. 1.2 2.4 3.7 4 2
			Mr. Smollet.	Ch. A. H. Rockingham	8. 5...	A good Race.
			Mr. Ireland	B. A. H. Tartar...	8. 5...	
Gold Cup.	Maiden Arabs.	2 Heats.	Mr. Smollet.	G. A. H. Eugene Aram..... Beating	8 7...	1st Heat. ½m. 1m. 1½m. 2m. 59 2.3 3.2 4.2
			Capt. O'Leary	G. A. H. Amulet	8. 10...	2nd Heat.
			Mr. Ireland.	B. A. H. Rattan.....	8. 10...	½m. 1m. 1½m. 2m.
			Mr. Boynton.	B. A H. Robin	8. 4...	1.2 2.3 3.2 4.1 Both heats, easy.
Consolation Cup.	All Horses.	1 Heats.	Mr. Ireland.	G. A. H. Wild Blood ..... Beating	8	½ 1m. 1.2 2.2
			Mr. Howell.	B. A. H. Sir Henry	10	2nd Heat, walk over easy.
Handicap.	All Horses.	2 and a distance.	Mr. Smollet.	B. N. S. W. C. Mischief ... Beating	9. 8. ...	dist. ½m. 1m. 1½m. 2m. 10 55 1.54 2.56 4.1
			Mr. Boynton	G. A. H. Grey Momus	8 8. ...	2m. and distance 4.11
			Mr. Boynton.	G A. H. Blacklock	8. 3. ..	Won in a canter.

DE SYMONS BARROW, *Secretary.*

LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

Statements showing the amount of Money won by each of the undermentioned Horses, together with the number of Races in which they proved successful:—

Owners' and Horses' Names.	Age.	Won.	Amount.
			£
Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman, by B. Middleton	3	7	11,870
Lord Chesterfield's Lady Evelyn, by Don John	3	4	6,305
Sir J. Hawley's Vatican, by Touchstone	3	6	4,211
Duke of Bedford's Sobraon, by Harkaway	3	10	3,750
Colonel Peel's Tadmore, by Ion	3	2	3,275
Mr. A. Nicholl's Nunnykirk, by Touchstone	3	2	2,900
Lord Eglinton's Elthiron, by Pantaloon	3	7	2,825
Sir J. Hawley's Fernhill, by Ascot	4	2	2,809
Lord Orford's Fire-king, by Sir Hercules	3	4	2,620
Mr. H. Stebding's Malton, by Sheet Anchor	4	3	2,623
Lord Stanley's Canezou, by Melbourne	4	8	2,600
Lord Stanley's Strongbow, by Touchstone	3	10	2,085
Mr. Payne's Glaucha, by Cotherstone	3	9	2,055
Mr. F. Clarke's The Flea, by Coronation	3	1	2,050
Mr. Meiklam's Raby, by The Doctor	3	3	2,135
Mr. Greville's Clarissa, by Pantaloon	3	5	2,000
Mr. Disney's Bon-mot, by Elwas	3	4	1,915
Mr. Rolt's Collingwood, by Sheet Anchor	6	12	1,817
Duke of Richmond's Officious, by Pantaloon	2	8	1,705
Lord Exeter's Midia, by Scutari	3	6	1,660
Mr. Padley's Old Dan Tucker, by Picaroon	3	1	1,565
Lord Stanley's Legerdemain, by Pantaloon	3	1	1,459
Mr. Clark's Maid of Lyme, by Tom-boy	6	4	1,545
Duke of Bedford's St Rosalia, by St. Francis	3	6	1,400
Mr. Francis's Repletion, by Venison	3	2	1,315
Mr. Halford's Harriott, by Gladiator	2	6	1,220
Mr. J. Powney's The Hero, by Chesterfield	6	3	1,285
Duke of Bedford's Retail, by Lancastrian	3	9	1,203
Lord Albemarle's Bolingbroke, by John o' Gaunt	2	2	1,110
Sir R. Pigot's Essedarius, by Gladiator	3	2	1,120

Mr. Rolt's gallant old Collingwood won the greatest number of races in the year, no fewer than twelve being placed to his account; the Duke of Bedford's Sobraon won ten; Lord Stanley's Strongbow the like number; and the splendid daughter of Melbourne, Lord Stanley's Canezou, won eight races, including the magnificent Goodwood and Doncaster Cups.—*Sunday Times.*

BELGAUM CRICKET MATCH,

BETWEEN THE OFFICERS OF THE STATION AND 2ND EUROPEAN LIGHT INFANTRY CLUB.—JULY 6TH, 1850.

1st Innings.—Officers.

Lt. Jessop, 2nd E.L.I. ..	... Bowled by Corporal Turner ..	...	0
Lt. Turquand, 2nd do. ..	.. Bowled by Corporal Turner ...	..	4
Ensign Robinson, 2nd do...	.. Bowled by Private Diddams ..	..	1
Lt. Scott, 2nd do. ..	.. Caught by Private Cooler ..	..	60
Ens. Williams, 9th N.I. ..	.. Bowled by Corporal Turner ..	..	2
Lt. Preston, 4th do. ..	.. Caught by Sergeant Burford ..	..	4
Ensign Griffiths, 2nd E.L.I.	.. Bowled by Private Paul ..	..	0
Ensign Hallett, 2nd do. ..	.. Bowled by Private Paul ..	..	0
Lt. Laughton, 2nd do. ..	.. Bowled by Private Paul ..	..	16
Lt. Gage, 9th N. I. ..	.. Not out ..	..	2
Ensign Pitcairn, 9th do. ..	.. Caught by Cooler ..	..	1
	Byes ..	..	1
	Total. ..	..	91

1st Innings.—Club.

Serjeant Burford ..	.. Caught by Williams ..	..	20
Private Paul ..	.. Bowled by Robinson ..	..	0
Private Cooler ..	.. Bowled by Jessop ..	..	2
Corporal Clarke ..	.. Bowled by Robinson ..	..	0
Private Diddams ..	.. Bowled by Robinson ..	..	2
Private Bradly ..	.. Caught by Scott ..	..	3
Corporal Richmond ..	.. Bowled by Jessop ..	..	1
Private Hollis ..	.. Bowled by Jessop ..	...	4
Corporal May ..	.. Bowled by Jessop ..	..	4
Corporal Turner ..	.. Bowled by Jessop ..	..	7
Private Corner ..	.. Not out ..	..	4
	Byes ..	..	6
	Total...	..	53

2nd Innings.—Officers.

Lt. Jessop, 2nd E .L.I. ...	... Bowled by Turner ...	...	0
Lt. Turquand, 2nd do. ...	... Bowled by Paul ...	...	0
Ensign Robinson, 2nd do. ...	... Bowled by Paul ...	...	0
Lieut. Scott, 2nd do. ...	... Not out ...	...	26
Ens. Williams, 9th N.I. ...	... Caught by May ...	...	1
Lt. Preston, 4th do. ...	... Bowled by Paul ...	..	0
Ensign Griffiths, 2nd E.L.I.	... Run out ...	...	3
Ensign Hallett, 2nd do.	... Caught by Cobler ...	...	0
Lt. Laughton, 2nd do.	... Bowled by Paul ...	...	0
Lt. Gage, 9th N.I. ...	... Bowled by Paul ...	...	0
Lt. Pitcairn, 9th do. ...	... Bowled by Paul ...	...	0
	Byes ...	...	4
	Total. ...	..	34

2nd Innings.—Club.

Serjeant Burford ...	... Bowled by Robinson	...	16
Private Paul ...	... Bowled by Robinson ...	...	13
Private Diddams ...	... Not out ...	..	21
Private Cooler ..	... Bowled by Robinson ...	...	5

Corporal Turner	...	... Bowled by Robinson	...	.. 6
Private Hollis	...	... Not out	...	... 5
		Byes	...	.. 5
			Total. ..	.. 73

The Club winning by 6 runs.

Bombay Times.]

CRICKET.

KENT V. ENGLAND,

WHICH was opened at Lord's on Monday last, and occupied the whole of that day, the whole of Tuesday, and that portion of Wednesday which precedes the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon. For years this match has formed probably the greatest feature of the Marylebone Club season, although there are many who will doubtless dissent from that assertion, and say that the contest between the Gentlemen and the Players has been not only the more attractive, but the more interesting. The result, as will be gathered from a perusal of the score, was against Kent, for England won by six wickets. Thus was the final score :—

KENT.	1st Inn.		2nd Inn.
Adams, c Chatterton, b Day	... 11	b Day	... 8
W. Pilch, c Chatterton, b Day	... 10	c Bathurst, b Day	... 11
Martin, b Wisden	... 4	st Box, b Clarke	... 20
Pilch, b Wisden	... 49	b Wisden	... 0
Martingell, b Wisden	... 4	c and b Wisden	.. 8
A. Mynn, b Bathurst	... 7	b Wisden	... 5
Felix, c Box, b Day	... 12	c Bathurst, b Day	... 1
Baker,b Wisden	... 20	c Box, b Clarke	... 15
Clifford, b Clarke	... 2	b Clarke	... 0
Hillyer, b Clarke	... 1	b Wisden	.. 1
Hinkly, not out	... 2	not out	... 1
Byes, &c.	... 7	Byes, &c.	.. 8
	129		78

ENGLAND.	1st Inn.		2nd Inn.
Chatterton, st Clifford, b Hillyer	... 5	c Adams, by Hillyer	... 11
Lee, c Martingell, b Hinkly	... 2	b Martingell	... 3
Nicholson, c Adams, b Hillyer	.. 4	st Clifford, b Hillyer	... 7
Box, b Hinkly	.. 0	b Mynn	... 33
Barr, not out	.. 53	not out	... 14
Guy, b Martingell	... 16	not out	... 6
Wisden, b Martingell	.. 8		
Lillywhite, run out	... 21		
Clarke, c and b Martingell	... 7		
Day, b Martingell	... 0		
Bathurst, c Pilch, b Hillyer	... 4		
Byes, &c.	... 7	Byes, &c.	... 7
	127		81

SURREY V. KENT.

From Marylebone, in the county of Middlesex, the Eleven of Kent, in the course of Wednesday night, went, and having crossed the Thames, were, on Thursday morning, found upon the Oval at Kennington, fully equipped to meet the eleven of their sister county, Surrey. There was an unusually large assemblage of spectators on this occasion, amongst whom we recognised a great many of the leading supporters of the game, noble and gentle.

It will be found, upon a perusal of the subjoined score, that Surrey having gained the toss, went in and made an immense inning, notwithstanding the ability which was opposed to them. 246 was the amount of their runs, of which Mr. Lee contributed 12; Julius Cæsar, 36; Mr. Felix, 33; Chester, 51; Brockwell, 50; Martingell, 20; and Mr. C. H. Hoare, 10, not out.

Kent commenced their first hands upon the fall of the last of the Surrey wickets, and when time was called, they had lost one wicket, that of W. Pilch, for 8 runs.

This grand match was resumed on Friday at the Oval, when there was an assemblage far exceeding that which had congregated on the preceding day. It will be seen that Surrey made a somewhat easy conquest of Kent, for they vanquished them in one innings by 110 runs. The score was as follows :—

SURREY.			
J. M. Lee, b Hillyer	... 12	Hoare, not out	... 10
Julius Cæsar, b Pilch	... 36	Sherman, b Wilshire	... 0
Caffyn, b Hinkley	... 1	Locker, b Wilshire	... 0
Felix, run out	... 33	Day, c Wilshire, b W. Pilch	... 1
Chester, st Clifford, b Bligh	... 51	Byes, &c.	... 32
Brockwell b Wilshire	... 50		
Martingell, b Wilshire	... 20		246
KENT.	1st Inn.		2nd Inn.
Martin, b Sherman	.. 14	c Lee, b Day	... 12
W. Pilch, b Day	... 1	b Day	... 0
Clifford, c Cæsar, b Sherman	... 4	b Sherman	... 25
Adams, b Day	.. 0	c Hoare, b Sherman	... 0
Pilch, b Day	... 0	b Day	... 31
A. Mynn. c Lockyer, b Day	... 22	b Day	... 1
Hon. E. Bligh, c Hoare, b Sherman	0	absent	... 0
Lefevre, b Day	... 0	b Day	... 2
Hillyer, b Day	... 6	not out	... 0
Wilshire, not out	... 0	c Cæsar, b Sherman	... 8
Hinkley, b Sherman	... 1	b Sherman	... 1
Byes, &c.	... 4	Byes, &c.	... 3
	52		84

Sunday Times.]

PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

CALCUTTA RACES,—1st Meeting, 1850-51.

The following Races close the 1st of October.

First Day.—1st Race.
„ 2nd Race.
„ 4th Race.

Second Day.—3rd Race.
„ 4th Race.

Third Day.—1st Race.
„ 3rd Race.
„ 4th Race.

Fourth Day.—1st Race.

Fifth Day.—1st Race.
„ 2nd Race.

Sixth Day.—1st Race.

Also 1st day of naming for Shaik's Plate 3rd Race, 1st day 2nd Meeting.

George Reynolds,
Secretary.

SONEPORE RACES,—1850.

Subscriptions and Nominations to Races which closed on the 15th September.

First Day—Derby.

Nominations of the 1st June.

Mr. Holdfast's	b.	a.	h.	*Do the Boys.*
„ „	b.	a.	h.	*St. George.*
„ „	g.	a	h.	*Phantom.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick s	g.	a.	h.	*Mameluke,*
„ „	g.	a.	h.	*Slasher.*
Mr. Monghyr's	b.	a.	h.	*Shereef.*

Mr. Charles'	b.	a.	h.	*Goodwood.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Sicklowee.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Pacha of Egypt.*
,, ,, ...	w.	a.	h.	*Snowdrop.*

Nomination of the 15th September.

Mr. Holdfast's	g.	a.	h.	*Sultan.*

COLONIAL.

Nominations of the 1st June.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	nsw.	g.	*The Lamb.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	h.	*Grey Leg.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	h.	*Endymion.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	g.	*Van Dieman.*
Mr. Charles'	b.	nsw.	c.	*Young Zohrab.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	g.	*Tearing Tommy.*
,, ,, names	b.	nsw.	h.	*Physician.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	m.	*Manuella.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	c.	cb.	g.	*Garry Owen.*
,, ,, ...	g.	nsw.	g.	*Rinaldo.*
,, ,, ...	g.	vdl.	c.	*Faugh-a-ballagh.*
Mr. Mortlock's	b.	vdl.	c.	*Young Lucifer.*
,, ,, ...	bl.	vdl.	c.	*Sir Kenneth.*
Mr. Fortescue names	b.	nsw.	g.	*Glanywern.*

Nomination of the 15th September.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	nsw.	c.	*Fitz Arthur.*

DURBUNGAH CUP.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	cb.	g.	*Pretender.*
,, ,, ...	bl.	ca.	h.	*Whalebone.*
Mr. Charles'	g.	nsw.	g.	*Boomarang.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Don Juan.*

Fourth Race.

Mr. Holdfast.
,, Charles.

SYUD'S PLATE.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	e.	f.	*Ladye-love.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	c.	*Van Dieman.*
Mr. Charles'	b.	nsw.	h.	*Young Zohrab.*
,, ,, ...	b.	e.	f.	*Catherine of Arragon.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	g.	*Brown Stout.*
Mr. Monghyr's	b.	a.	h.	*Shereef.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	nsw.	c.	*Fitz Arthur.*
,, ,, ...	g.	vdl.	c.	*Faugh-a-ballagh.*

Second Day,—Champarun Cup.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	cb.	g.	*Pretender.*
,, ,, ...	bl.	ca.	h.	*Whalebone.*
,, ,, ...	c.	e.	f.	*Ladye-love.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	c.	*Van Dieman.*
Mr. Charles'.....	b.	nsw.	h.	*Young Zohrab.*
		a.	h.	*Don Juan.*
Mr. Monghyr's.....	b.	a.	h.	*Shereef.*

Doomraon Cup.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	e.	f.	*Ladye-love.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	c.	*Van Dieman.*
Mr. Charles'	b.	nsw.	g.	*Brown Stout.*
,, ,, ...	b.	e.	f.	*Catherine of Arragon.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	nsw.	c.	*Fitz Arthur.*
,, ,, ...	g.	vdl.	g.	*Faugh-a-ballagh.*

Welter.

Mr. Holdfast.
,, Charles.
,, Monghyr.
,, Fortescue.
,, Fitzpatrick.

Third Day.—Civilians' Cup.

Nominations of the 1st *June.*

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	cb.	g.	*Pretender.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	h.	*Endymion.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	g.	*Van Dieman.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	g.	*Grey Leg.*
,, ,, ...	c.	nsw.	g.	*The Lamb.*
,, ,, ...	c.	e.	f.	*Ladye-love.*
Mr. Charles'	g.	nsw.	g.	*Boomarang.*
,, ,, ...	b.	e.	f.	*Catherine of Arragon.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	c.	*Young Zohrab.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	c.	*Tearing Tommy.*
,, ,, names	b.	nsw.	h.	*Physician.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	m.	*Manuella.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	c.	cb.	g.	*Garry Owen.*
,, ,, ...	g.	nsw.	g.	*Rinaldo.*
,, ,, ...	g.	vdl.	c.	*Faugh-a-ballagh.*
Mr. Mortlock's	b.	vdl.	c.	*Young Lucifer.*
Mr. Cartwright names.....	b.	nsw.	g.	*Brown Stout.*

Nominations of the 15*th September.*

Mr. Holdfast's	bl.	ca.	h.	*Whalebone.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	nsw.	c.	*Fitz Arthur.*

Modenarain Cup.

Mr Holdfast's	bl.	ca.	h.	*Whalebone.*
Mr. Charles'	g.	nsw.	g.	*Boomarang.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	h.	*Young Zohrab.*
Mr. Monghyr's.....	b.	nsw.	h.	*J. D.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	a.	h.	*Mameluke.*

Fourth Race.

Mr. Holdfast.

Fourth Day.—Behar Turf Club.

Nominations of the 1st *June.*

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	cb.	g.	*Pretender.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	h.	*Endymion.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	g.	*Van Dieman.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	g.	*Grey Leg.*
,, ,, ...	c.	nsw.	g.	*The Lamb.*
,, ,, ...	c.	e.	f.	*Ladye-love.*
Mr. Charles'	g.	nsw.	g.	*Boomarang.*
,, ,, ...	b.	e.	f.	*Catherine of Arragon.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	c.	*Young Zohrab.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	c.	*Tearing Tommy.*
,, ,, names	b.	nsw.	h.	*Physician.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	m.	*Manuella.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	c.	cb.	g.	*Garry Owen.*
,, ,, ...	g.	nsw.	g.	*Rinaldo.*
,, ,, ...	g.	vdl.	c.	*Faugh-a-ballagh.*
Mr. Mortlock's	b.	vdl.	c.	*Young Lucifer.*
Mr. Cartwright names.....	b	nsw.	g.	*Brown Stout.*

Nominations of the 15*th September.*

Mr. Holdfast's	bl,	ca.	h.	*Whalebone.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	nsw.	c.	*Fitz Arthur.*

Fourth Race.

Mr. Holdfast.

---

* Fifth Day,—Hutwa Cup.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	cb.	g.	*Pretender.*
,, ,, ...	bl.	ca.	h.	*Whalebone.*
,, ,, ...	c.	e.	f.	*Ladye-love.*
,, ,, ...	b.	vdl.	c.	*Van Dieman.*
Mr. Charles'	b.	e.	f.	*Catherine of Arragon.*
,, ,, ...	g.	nsw.	g.	*Boomarang.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	g.	*Brown Stout.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Don Juan.*
Mr. Mortlock's	b.	vdl.	c.	*Young Lucifer.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	a.	h.	*Mameluke.*

K. Hawke,
Secretary.

Chuprah, September 16, 1850.

LUCKNOW RACES—1851.

Nominations closing 1st August, 1850.

First Race—First Day.—"Lucknow Derby."

Mr. Chance names	g.	a.	h.	*Hurricane.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Pyramus.*
Mr. Hope's	g.	a.	h.	*Damascus.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Chieftain.*
The Minister names	g.	a.	h.	———
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Syarah.*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Pelham.*
Nawab Mahomed Alee Khan's	b.	a.	h.	*Aristotle.*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Heermoss* (late *Feramoiz*)
Syed Ahmud names	g.	a.	h.	*Milo.*

———

First Race—Third Day.

Mr. Chance names	g.	a.	h.	*Scratch.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Hurricane.*
Mr. Hope's	g.	a.	h.	*Damascus.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Chieftain.*
The Minister names	w.	a.	h.	*Whitelock.*
Nawab Mahomed Alee Khan's	b.	a.	h.	*Heermoss.*
Syed Ahmud names	g.	a.	h.	*Milo.*

———

First Race—Fifth Day.

Mr. Chance names	b.	a.	h.	*Referee.*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Voltiguer.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Hurricane.*
Mr. Hope's	g.	a.	h.	*Damascus.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Chieftain.*
,, ,, ...	bk.	vdl.	g.	*Tasman.*
The Minister names	b.	a.	h.	*Plenipo.*
Nawab Mahomed Alee Khan's	b.	a.	h.	*Wahaby.*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Aristotle.*
Syed Ahmud names	g.	a.	h.	*Charles.*

R. Maxwell,

Secretary.

Lucknow, 5th August, 1850.

FEROZEPORE RACES.

Ferozepore Handicap.

To accept by Sept. 15. *Winner of the Lahore Handicap* 5*lbs. extra.*

						st.	lb.
Mr. James's	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Omrao*	... 9	2
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Peshawur*	... 9	2
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Iron Duke*	... 7	12
,, ,,	.....	b.	a.	h.	*Wukeel*	... 8	4
,, ,,	.....	b.	a.	h.	*Vexation*	... 7	11
,, ,,	....	g.	a.	h.	*Jan Baz*	... 8	0
Mr. Hope's	.....	b.	a.	h.	*Gun Cotton*	... 8	0
Mr. Rawlin's	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Akali*	... 8	0
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Ptarmigan*	... 8	0
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Tancred*	... 8	8
,, ,,	.....	b.	c.	h.	*Pilot*	... 8	5
,, ,,	.....	b.	nsw.	h.	*Emigrant*	... 8	8
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Paragon*	... 7	12
Mr. Fox's	.....	ch.	nsw.	h.	*Peter Peebles*	... 8	12
,, ,,	.....	b.	nsw.	h.	*Bem*	... 8	8
,, ,,	.....	b.	nsw.	h.	*Kossuth*	... 8	3
,, ,,	.....	b.	a.	h.	*Absentee*	... 7	12
,, ,,	.....	b.	a.	h.	*Chancellor*	... 8	0
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Rory O'More*	... 7	6
Mr. Lains'	.....	bk.	vdl.	h.	*Muley*	... 8	12
Sir Oakeley's	.....	b.	e.	g.	*Oregon*	... 9	5
Mr. Daniell's	.....	b.	a.	h.	*Chartreuse*	... 7	9
Mr. Kinloch's	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Poor Charles*	... 7	12
,, ,,	.....	ch.	nsw.	h.	*Prince Charles*	... 9	5
Mr. Francis'	.....	b.	vdl.	g.	*Lunatic*	... 9	0
,, ,,	.....	b.	e.	h.	*Bob Peel*	... 8	11
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Passover*	... 7	7
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Blue Peter*	... 7	9
Mr. Johnson's	.....	g.	a.	h.	*The Snatcher*	... 8	7
,, ,,	.....	b.	a.	h.	*Copenhagen*	... 8	9
,, ,,	.....	c.	a.	h.	*Rubini*	... 8	0
,, ,,	.....	c.	e.	g.	*Freegift*	... 0	12
,, ,,	.....	b.	e.	m.	*Rosalie*	... 0	5

Purse given by a Turfite.

2nd Race, 3rd Day.

Mr. Vincent's	.....	bk.	a.	h.	*Pluto* (maiden).
Mr. James's	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Peshawur.*
,, ,,	.....	b.	a.	h.	*Wukeel.*
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Iron Duke* (maiden.)
,, ,,	.....	g.	a.	h.	*Jan Baz* (maiden.)

Mr. Hickey's ..... b. a. h. *Roderic.*
Sir C. Oakeley's..... b. e. g. *Oregon*
Sir C. Oakeley's ..... ch. e. g. *Prizefighter* (maiden.)

CUP GIVEN BY THE 87TH FUSILIERS. PRESENT ENTRIES.

Mr. James's ..... g. a. h. *Peshawur.*
„ „ ..... g. a. h. *Omrao.*
„ „ ..... g. a. h. *Punjaub* (maiden.)
„ „ ..... g. a. h. *Jan Baz* (maiden.)
Mr. Hope's ..... b. a. h. *Gun Cotton* (maiden.)
Mr. Rawlin's ..... g. a. h. *Tancred.*
Capt. Murray's..... ch. nsw. h. *Peter Peebles* (maiden.)
Mr. Vincent's ..... g. a. h. *Giraffe.*
Mr. Kinloch's ..... ch. nsw. h. *Prince Charles* (late *Prestwick.*)
„ „ ..... g. a. h. *Oh Charles.*
Mr. Johnson's ..... ch. a. h. *Rubini* (maiden.)
„ „ ..... b. é. m. *Rosalie* (maiden.)
„ „ ..... b. a. h. *Copenhagen.*
„ „ ..... g. a. h. *Neville* (maiden.)
„ „ ..... g. a. h. *Zamor* (maiden.)

ACCEPTANCES FOR THE HANDICAP.

c.	e.	g.	*Freegift*,.....9st.	12lbs.
b.	e.	g.	*Oregon*, ...9st.	5lbs.
b.	e.	m.	*Rosalie*, ...9st.	5lbs.
b.	a.	h.	*Copenhagen*, ...8st.	9lbs.
b.	nsw.	h.	*Bem*,..... .....8st.	8lbs.
b.	c.	h.	*Pilot*,.....8st.	5lbs.
b.	a.	h.	*Wukeel*,.....8st.	4lbs.
b.	nsw.	h.	*Kossuth* ...,.....8st.	3lbs.
g.	a.	h.	*Jan Baz*, ...8st.	0lb.
b.	a.	h.	*Gun Cotton*,.....8st.	0lb.
c.	a.	h.	*Paragon*, ...7st.	12lbs.
b.	a.	h.	*Absentee*, ...7st.	12lbs.

The following Race close October 15th.

1*st Race*—1*st Day*.—Ferozepore Maiden of 10 G. M. each, H. F. with 25 G. M. added from the fund for all Maidens. Arabs and C. B.'s 9st. 0lb. Colonial 9st. 7lbs. English 10st. 7lbs. 1½ mile. Winners once after closing 5lbs., twice 9lbs. extra.

2*nd Race*—2*nd Day*.—The Welter Stakes of 5 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. added, for all Horses, Arabs 10st. 7lbs. C. B. 10st 10lbs. Colonials 11st. 0lb. English 12st. 0lb. G. R. 1¼ mile, Maidens allowed 10lbs. Winners of a G. R. race since closing 7lbs. extra.

1*st Race*—3*rd Day*.—The Sutlej Stakes of 10 G. M. each H. F. 15 G M. added from the fund for all horses N. N. I. T. Club. weight for age, maidens allowed 5lbs.—1¾ mile.

3rd Race—3rd Day—Give-and-Take of 2 G. M. each with 5 G. M. from the fund, 1 mile weight for inches 14 hands 9st. Winners once 5lbs., twice 9lbs. extra.

CHARLES W. A. OAKELEY,
Secretary.

UMBALLAH DERBY.

NOMINATIONS—1ST AUGUST.

Mr. Rawlin's	g.	a.	h.	*Akali.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Ptarmigan.*
Major Frederick's	g	a.	h.	*Mameluke.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Spectre.*
Capt. John's.....	g.	a.	h.	*Surplice.*
Capt. Montague names	g.	a.	h.	*Cupid.*
Mr. Johnson's	b.	c.	m.	*Rosalie.*
,, ,, ...	c.	a	h.	*Rubini.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Collector.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Rector.*
,, ,, names	g.	a.	h.	*Zamoi.*
Mr. Fox's	c	nsw.	h.	*Peter Peebles.*
,, ,, ...	g.	nsw.	h.	*Bem.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.		*Kossuth.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Absentee.*
Capt. John's	g.	a.	h.	*Smoker.*

T. F. NEMBHARD, *56th Regt. N. I.*,
Secretary.

August 1, 1850.

THE GILBERT CUP.

THE Nominations for the Gilbert Cup having closed to-day, gentlemen who have entered for it are informed that any deficiency in the amount of subscription will be deducted from the entrances.

The subscription to this Cup or piece of Plate is independent of the general subscription to the Lahore Races. A considerable sum has been collected, but more is required to make up the cost of the Plate which is being prepared under the practised superintendence of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, and was to leave England by the Steamer of the 26th August. It will represent the gallant officer whose name it bears, receiving the final submission of the Sikh Army at Rawul Pindee. The figures, eight in number, all mounted, will be of silver, the ground of bronze.

Subscriptions are invited, and should be sent to Lieutenant Colonel Doherty, C. B., Captain Chamberlain, Major Burn, or the Secretary, Major W. P. Robbins.

(Signed) H. P. BURN,
Major.

Lahore, 1st September, 1850.

LAHORE RACES—NOVEMBER, 1850.

The following have closed :—

1st Day, Tuesday, the 12th.

1st Race.—THE DERBY.

g. a. h.	*Punjab,*	g. a. h.	*O! Charles.*
g. a. h.	*Secunder,*	g. a. h.	*Poor Charles.*
g. a. h.	*Iron Duke,*	g. nsw. g.	*Ben.*
g. a. h.	*Beppo,*	b. nsw. c.	*Kossuth.*
c. a. h.	*Rubini,*	g. a. h.	*Chancellor.*
g. a. h.	*The Snatcher,*	g. a. h.	*Barrister.*
g. a. h.	*The Smuggler,*	c. a. h.	*Absentee.*
g. a. h.	*Neville,*	g. a. h.	*Rector.*
g. a. h.	*Akali,*	b. e. m.	*Rosalie.*
g. a. h.	*Ptarmigan,*	c. nsw. h.	*Peter Peebles.*
c. a. h.	*Red Republican,*	b. vdl. c.	*Young Middleton.*
b. vdl. c	*Jersey,*	g. a. h.	*Collector.*

2nd Race.—FREE HANDICAP.

			st.	lbs.
b. e. g.	*Free Gift,*	...	10	2
c. nsw. h.	*Prince Charles,*	...	9	5
b. e. g.	*Oregon,*	...	9	3
b. vdl. g.	*Lunatic,*	...	9	0
b. cb. h.	*Bob Peel,*	...	8	8
b. cb. h.	*The Pilot,*	...	8	5
g. a. h.	*The Snatcher,*	...	8	4
g. a. h.	*Giraffe,*	...	8	4
b. a. h.	*Wukeel,*	...	8	3
g. a. h.	*Poor Charles,*	...	8	0
c. a. h.	*Absentee,*	...	8	0
b. nsw. h.	*Kossuth,*	...	8	0
g. a. h.	*Jan Baz,*	...	8	0
b. a. h.	*Vexation,*	...	7	9
g. a. h.	*Paragon,*	...	7	8
b. vdl. h.	*Muley,*	...	7	8
g. a. h.	*Rory O'More,*	...	7	0
g. a. h.	*Chanticleer,*	...	7	0

3rd Race.—MILE SWEEPSTAKES.

b. a. h.	*Roderick.*	g. a. h.	*Tancred.*
g. a. h.	*Rector.*	b. a. h.	*Absentee.*
b. a. h.	*Copenhagen.*		

2nd Day, Thursday, the 14th.

1st Race.—THE CLARET.

Mr. Rawlins'	g. a. h.	*Ptarmigan.*
,, Kinloch's	c.h. nsw. h.	*Prince Charles.*
Mr. Fox's	g. nsw. g.	*Bem.*
,, ...	b. nsw. h.	*Colt Kossuth.*
Mr. Johnson's	b. a. h.	*Copenhagen.*
,, ...	ch. e. g.	*Free Gift.*
,, ...	b. e. m.	*Rosalie*, maiden.
Mr. Francis'	b. cb. h.	*Preston Pans*, late *Bob Peel.*
,, ...	b. vl. c.	*Pharisee*, late *Jersey*, maiden.

2nd Race.—14TH DRAGOON CUP.

b. a. h.	*Pilot.*	b. e. g.	*Free Gift.*
g. a. h.	*Paragon.*	b. e. m.	*Rosalie.*
g. a. h.	*Giraffe.*	c. nsw. h.	*Peter Peebles.*
g. a. g.	*Beppo.*	g. nsw. g.	*Bem.*
b. vdl. h.	*Lunatic.*	b. nsw. c.	*Kossuth.*
g. a. h.	*Peshawur.*	b. a. h.	*Gun Cotton.*
b. a. h.	*Vexation.*	c. nsw. h.	*Prince Charles.*
b. a. h.	*Copenhagen.*	b. a. h.	*Sir Charles.*
g a. h.	*The Snatcher.*		

3rd Day, Saturday, the 16th.

1st Race.—LADIES' PURSE.

Mr. James'	g. a. h.	*Peshawur.*
,, ...	g. a. h.	*Iron Duke.*
,, ...	b. a. h.	*Wukeel.*
Mr. Francis'	b. cb. h.	*Preston Pans.*
Mr. Sam's	b. vdl. h.	*Muley.*

2nd Race.—THE CHAMPION STAKES.

Mr. Fox	subscription.
Kinloch	,,
Mr. Johnson	,,

3rd Race.—GILBERT CUP.

Mr. Vincent's	b. a. h.	*Pluto.*
Mr. Hawksley's	g. a. h.	*Beppo.*

Mr. Hawksley's	g. a. h.	*Chanticleer.*
Rawlins'	g. a. h.	*Akalic.*
Kinloch's	g. a. h.	*O! Charles.*
,, ...	b. a. h.	*Fitz Charles.*
,, ...	g. a. h.	*Poor Charles.*
Mr. Fox's	c. a. h.	*Absentee.*
Hope's	b. a h.	*Gun Cotton.*
Mr. James'	g. a. h.	*Iron Duke.*
,, ,, ...	g. a. h.	*Punjab.*
,, ,, ...	g. a. h.	*Jan Baz.*
,, ,, ...	g. a. h.	*Secunder.*
Mr Johnson's	g. a. h.	*Collector.*
,, ,, ...	g. a. h.	*Rector.*
,, ,, ...	c. a. h.	*Discount*, late *Rubini.*
,, ,, names	g. a. h.	*Zamor.*
Mr. Francis'	g. a. h.	*Blue Peter.*
,, ,, ...	g. a. h.	*Passover.*

4th Day, Tuesday, the 19th.

1st Race.—THE SILLIDAR CUP.

Kinloch's	g. a. h.	*O! Charles.*
,, ...	v. a. h.	*Fitz Charles.*
,, ...	c. nsw. h.	*Prince Charles.*
Mr. James'	g. a. h.	*Peshawur.*
,, ,, ...	g. a. h.	*Jan Baz*, maiden.
,, ,, ...	b. a. h.	*Vexation*, ditto.
,, ,, ...	b. a. h.	*Wukeel.*
Mr. Johnson's	b. e. m.	*Rosalie*, maiden.
,, ,, names...	g. a. h.	*Zamor*, ditto.
Mr. Francis'	v. a. h.	*Preston Pans.*
,, ,, ...	g. a. h.	*Passover.*

2nd Race.—THE GIVE AND TAKE.

Mr. Fox's	g. a. h.	*Rory O'More.*
Mr. Hickey's	b. a. h.	*Roderick.*

3rd Race.—THE OPEN STAKES.

Mr. Rawlins'	b. c. h.	*Pilot.*
,, ,, ...	g. a. h.	*Akali.*
,, Kinloch's	c. nsw. h.	*Prince Charles.*
Mr. Fox's	b. nsw. c.	*Kossuth.*
,, ,, ...	g. nsw. g.	*Bem.*
Mr. Hope's	b. a. h.	*Gun Cotton*, maiden.
Mr. James'	g. a. h.	*Iron Duke.*
Mr. Johnson's	b. e. m.	*Rosalie*, maiden.
,, ...	b. a. h.	*Copenhagen.*

Mr. Johnson's	ch. e. g.	*Free Gift.*
Mr. Francis'	b. vdl. g.	*Lunatic*
,, ...	b. vdl. c.	*Pharisee.*

5th Day, 1st Race.—THE CHAMPAGNE STAKES.

g. a. h.	*Oomrao.*	g. nsw. h.	*Bem.*
g. a. h.	*Iron Duke*, maiden	b. nsw. g.	*Kossuth.*
g. a. h.	*Ptarmigan.*	b. a. h.	*Copenhagen.*
g. a. h.	*Akali.*	b. c. m.	*Rosalie*, maiden.
c. nsw. h.	*Peter Peebles.*	g. a. h.	*Collector*, ditto.
b. vdl. g.	*Tasman.*	g. a. h.	*Beppo*, ditto.
c. a. h.	*Absentee.*	b. vdl. c.	*Jersey*, ditto.
g. a. h.	*Chancellor.*	c. a. h.	*Rubini*, ditto.

2nd Race.—THE SHORTS PURSE.

Mr. Hawksley's	b. c. m.	*Columnia.*
,, James'	g. a. h.	*Peshawur.*
,, ,, ...	g. a. h.	*Iron Duke.*
,, ,, ...	b. a. h.	*Wukeel.*
,, Samuel's	b. vdl. h.	*Muley.*
,, Francis'	b. cb. h.	*Preston Pans.*

3rd Race.—SPORTSMAN'S.

Mr. Hawksley's	g. a. h.	*Chanticleer.*
,, Hickey's	b. a. h.	*Roderick.*
,, Vincent's	b. a. h.	*Pluto.*
,, Johnson's	g. a. h.	*Porter*, maiden.

The Horses hitherto running as "Mr. Williams's" will, on and after the 2nd day of the Lahore November Meeting, 1850, run as "Mr. Johnson's".

HYDERABAD (DECCAN) RACE MEETING, 1851.

IN consequence of the movements of Corps this Season, the First Day of the Hyderabad Race Meeting is postponed from the 4th to the 11th February.

ENTRANCE UP TO THE 1ST AUGUST, 1850.

For the Hyderabad Derby, 1st Day.

Mr. Dowdeswell's	c. a. h.	*Rockingham.*
Colonel Fenning's	c. a. h.	*Mameluke.*
Colonel Fenning's	g. a. h.	*The Crow.*
Colonel Fenning's	g. a. h.	*The Souvenir.*
Mr. Graham's	g. a. h.	*Eothen.*

For the Cup presented by W. Dowdeswell, Esquire, 2nd Day.

Mr. Dowdeswell	3	Subscriptions.
Mr. Graham	1	,,
Jemadar Ahmed Buksh Khan ...	1	,,
Mr. Crowly	1	,,
Mr. Cecil.....	1	,,
Dr. McEgan	1	,,
Mr. Sparrow	1	,,

For the Resident's Plate, 3rd Day.

Colonel Fenning's .....b. c. h. *Pioneer.*
Colonel Fenning's .....b. a. h. *Mark Tapley.*
Colonel Fenning's .....g. a. h. *Souvenir.*

For the Select Cup, 4th Day.

Mr. S———'s.....g. a. h. *Lottery.*
Mr. Sparrow's.....b, a. h. *Dromedary.*
The Duumviris' .....b. a. h. *Satrap.*
The Duumviris' .....b e. h. *by Glaucus.*
Colonel Fenning's .....g. a. h. *X. L.*
Colonel Fenning's .....b. c. h. *Pioneer.*
Mr. Dowdeswell's .....b. a. h. *Sir William.*
Mr. Dowdeswell's .....g. a. h. *Royalist.*

EDWARD BRICE,
Secretary.

CALCUTTA RACES.

SECOND MEETING,—1850-51.

First Day, Saturday, February 1, 1851.

1st Race.—The Merchant's Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., for all horses. St. Leger Course. Weight for age. English horses to carry 1st. extra, Arabs allowed 7lbs. and maidens 7lbs. A *bonâ fide* start of three horses in separate interests or the Plate to be withheld. To close and name the day before the first Meeting.

2nd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., H. F., for all horses, ¾ mile. Horses that have won in India previous to 1st October, 1850, to carry 7lbs. extra. To close and name the day before the Meeting.

English horses	10st.
Colonial and C. B.	9st.
Arabs.	8st. 7lbs.

3rd Race.—Shaik Ibrahim's Plate of 30 G. M., for all Arabs sold by, or belonging to him, and entitled to run as maidens. Winners once to carry 5lbs., twice or more 7lbs. extra. R. C. 5 G. M. for horses entered on or before the 1st of October; 10 G. M. for those entered on or before the 1st of December, when the race will close; a further sum of 15 G. M. for all horses not scratched by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Second Day, Tuesday, February 4.

1st Race.—A Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 15 ft. or only 5 if declared the day before the Meeting. R. C. Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary on the 13th January and the weights declared on the 20th January.

2nd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 20 G. M., for all horses. R. C. 8st. 7lbs. each. A winner once prior to the 1st of October, 1850, to carry 5lbs.; twice or oftener 7lbs. extra; English horses to carry 1½st. extra. To close the day before the first Meeting and name the day before the race.

3rd Race.—The Coffee Room Purse of ——, added to a Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., H. F. for all horses, Gilbert Mile.

English horses to carry	10st.	0lb.
Colonial and C. B.	9st.	7lbs.
Arabs	8st.	0lb.

Maidens allowed 7lbs. To close the day before the Meeting, and name the day before the race. The winner claimable for 100 G. M.

4th Race.—A Handicap Stakes of 25 G. M., 5 ft. for all horses. Bridge in. Horses' names to be given in to the Secretary the day before the Meeting, and the weights to be published by 9 A. M. the day before the race.

Third Day, Thursday, February 6.

1st Race.—The Trades' Plate, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M., for all horses. St. Leger Course. To be handicapped by the Stewards the day before the race. To close and name the day before the Meeting, a *bonâ fide* start of 3 horses on separate interests or the Plate to be withheld.

2nd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 15 ft., for all horses. 9st. each. 2 miles. English horses to carry one stone extra; maidens allowed 10lbs. To close the day before the Meeting, and name the day before the race.

3rd Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 15 ft., for all horses. Craven distance. The winner to be sold with his engagements for Co.'s Rs. 2,000, with the option of selling at Rs. 1,600, Rs. 1,200 and 1,000. Weight as follows:—

	English.		Colonial.		C. B.		Arabs.	
	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.
2,000.....	10	7	10	1	9	9	9	3
1,600.....	10	0	9	8	9	2	8	10

1,200.....	9	9		9	3		8	11		8	5
1,000.....	9	1		8	9		8	3		7	11

Three subscribers or no race. To close and name, and prices to be declared by 2 P. M. the day before the race.

Fourth Day, Saturday, February 8.

A Purse of 40 G. M., added to a Forced Handicap Sweepstakes of 10 G. M., for all winners and losers during the 1st and 2nd Meetings. Hack Stakes, Selling Stakes and Matches excepted. All winners during the two Meetings must enter, optional to losers, R. C.

If sufficient entrance to be divided into classes, at the discretion of the Stewards.

GEO. REYNOLDS,
Secretary.

REVISED PROSPECTUS—FEROZEPORE RACES.

WITH ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

First Day, Tuesday, 10*th December*, 1850.

1*st Race.*—The Ferozepore Maiden Stakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F., with 25 G. M. added from the fund for all Maiden Horses. Arabs and C. B.'s 9st. Colonials 9st. 7lbs. English 10st. 7lbs. 1½ mile. Winners after the day of closing to carry 5lbs. extra, winners twice 9lbs. extra. Close and name October 15th.

2*nd Race.*—The Ferozepore Handicap of 5 G. M. each for all Horses that accept, 10 G. M. added if 4 start or 20 G. M. if 6 more start. The second horse to receive 10 G. M. from the Stakes, if 6 or more start 1½ mile. Horses' names to be sent to the Secretary by August 1st, weights published August 15th, acceptances to be made September 15th.

3*rd Race.*—The Hack Stakes of 2 G. M. each, 5 G. M. added from the fund; for all Hacks; 11 stone. G. R. ¾ mile heats. Winner to be sold for 700 Rs. To name and close at the ordinary the day before the race.

4*th Race.*—The Pony Plate of 60 Rs., 1 G. M. entrance. For all Tattoos of 13 hands and under, ¼ mile heats. Catch weights. G. R. To be ridden in bonnets with lighted cheroots. Should the winner of any heat not have his cheroot lighted on passing the winning-post, the heat will be given to the next who has. Close and name the day before the Race.

Second Day, Thursday, 12th December.

1*st Race.*—A Cup "value Rs. 1,000," given by the Officers of H. M.'s 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers, for all horses. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. Arabs and C. B's. 10st 7lbs. Colonials 11st. English 11st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Winner of either the Gilbert Cup, 14th Dragoon Cup, Governor General's Cup, or 3rd Dragoon Cup, 1849-1850, to carry 7lbs. extra; of any 2 of these Cups, 12lbs extra, distance 1½ mile; 3 horses to start from different stables, or the Cup not given. Close and name August 1st. In the event of the 87th leaving Ferozepore before the Races, the Cup to be withheld.

2*nd Race.*—The Welter Stakes of 5 G. M. each, with 10 G. M. added for all Horses. 1¼ mile. Arabs 10st. 7lbs. C. B's. 10st. 10lbs. Colonials 11st. English 12st. G. R. Maidens allowed 10lbs. Horses, that have won a G. R. Race since the day of closing, have to carry 7lbs. extra. Name and close 15th October.

3*rd Race.*—The Charger Stakes, 3 G. M. each, with 100 Rs. from the fund of all *bona fide* Chargers. Arabs 10st. C. B's. and Colonials 10st. 7lbs. English 11st. 1 mile. G. R. To close and name before the Race.

4*th Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 5 forfeit for all Arabs, 1½ mile, 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Close and name September 1st.

Third Day, Saturday, 14th December.

1*st Race.*—The Sutlej Stakes of 10 G. M. each, H. F., with 15 G. M. added from the fund for all Horses. N. N. I. T. Club weight for age. ¾ mile. Horses that have never won allowed 5lbs. Close and name October 15th.

2*nd Race.*—A purse of 15 G. M. given by a Turfite, with a Sweepstake of 5 G. M. each for all Horses. Arabs 10st. 7lbs. C. B's. and Colonials 11st. English 12st. G. R. Maidens on the day of running allowed 7lbs. Heats ¼ mile. Close and name August 1st.

3*rd Race.*—Give-and-Take Stakes of 2 G. M. each, with 5 G. M. added from the Fund. 1 Mile, weight for inches, 14 hands, to carry 9st. Winners at any time once, 5lbs. extra, twice 9lbs. extra. Close and name October 15th.

4*th Race.*—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 5 forfeit, for all Colonials. 1 mile, 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Close and name September 1st.

Fourth Day, Tuesday, 17th December.

1*st Race.*—The Lottery Handicap of 5 G. M. each, for all Horses that have started at the Meeting. 1¾ mile. A purse to be added, made up by subscriptions of 2 G. M. each from the winners of

each of the Lotteries drawn at the Ordinaries during the Meeting. Names of Horses to be sent in by 1 o'clock P. M., the day before, and the weights declared by 8 P. M. same day. Acceptances to be made immediately after.

2nd Race.—The Winner's Handicap forced for all winners at the Meeting at 5 G. M. each. Open to beaten Horses at 3 G. M. each. 10 G. M. added from the Fund. 1 mile. To name the day before. Weights published at 1 o'clock P. M., and acceptances made by 8 P. M.

3rd Race.—The Consolation Plate of 100 Rs. from the Fund for all beaten Horses at the Meeting. Entrance 3 G. M. 11st. 7lbs each. G. R. ½ mile heats. Winner to be sold for 1,000 Rs., and 7lbs. allowed for every 100 Rs. less. The last horse to pay the second Horses' stake. To close and name the day before, at 1 o'clock P. M.

4th Race.—Hurdle Race of 3 G. M. each. 10 G. M. added from the fund, for all horses, 11st. each. G. R. 1¼ mile, over 6 Hurdles. Close and name the day before the Race.

RULES.

1st.—N. N. I. T. Club rules to be in force.

2nd.—The Stewards decision to be final, except in cases they may consider it necessary to refer to the N. N. I. T. Club rules.

3rd.—Every gentleman entering a Horse to be a subscriber of not less than 3 G. M. to the Fund. Winners of each Race to pay 1 G. M. to the Fund for Course repairs. "Poney Plate excepted."

4th.—Every Horse trained or galloped on the Course to pay 8 Rs. to the Fund.

5th. The Races to come off in the order named in advertisement, and not to be changed without the consent of the Stewards.

6th.—In the event of three Horses from different Stables not starting for any Race, public money will be withheld at the option of the Stewards.

7th.—Mares and Geldings allowed 3lbs. in every Race.

8th.—Settling the day after the Race.

Stewards.

Lieut-Col. Campbell, 87th R. I. Fusiliers.
Captain Royd, 87th R. I. Fusiliers.
Captain Murray, 87th R. I. Fusiliers.
G. G. Moxon, Esq , 52nd Regt. N. I.

SIR C. W. A. OAKELY, *Bt.*, *8th Lt. Cavy.*,
Secretary.

AMENDED PROSPECTUS OF THE RAJPOOTANA RACES.

To be held at Nusseerabad.

"BYCULLA RULES."

Distance, R. C., 1¼ mile and 273 yards.

First Day, Tuesday, December 24, 1850.

1*st Race.*—A Cup, value one thousand rupees, presented by the Governor General's Agent and the Officers of the Bengal Presidency stationed in Rajpootana, open to all horses, "bona fide" the property of officers of Her Majesty's or the Hon'ble Company's Service.

Distance two miles. Entrance one hundred rupees.

A winner of two seasons to carry	10st.	0lb.
A winner of one season to carry	9st.	7lbs.
A horse that has started but not won	9st.	0lb.
A horse that has never started before the race.	8st.	7lbs.

English horses to carry two stone extra. Cape and N. S. W. horses to carry one stone extra.

To close on the 1st October, 1850.

To name the day before the race.

2*nd Race.*—The Charger Stakes, rupees 100 from the fund, entrance rupees thirty (30), half mile heats, owners up, to carry eleven stone.

3*rd Race.*—The Whim, rupees 150 from the fund, with a sweepstakes of rupees fifty (50) for all horses.

One and a half mile race.

Second Day, Thursday, December 26, 1850.

1*st Race.*—The Derby, rupees 300 from the fund, for all Arabs, maidens of the season, to close on the 1st August, weight for age, distance one and a half mile, maidens that have started before the day of closing to carry 4lbs. extra, subscription rupees fifty, with an entrance of rupees fifty for horses declared to start.

2*nd Race.*—For all hacks, half mile heats, rupees 100 from the fund, with a sweepstakes of rupees 30, weight 10st. 7lbs., the winner to be sold for rupees 500.

3*rd Race.*—For all horses, one mile, rupees 200 from the fund, with a sweepstakes of rupees 30, weight 9st. 7lbs., maidens on the day of starting allowed one stone.

Third Day, Saturday, December 28, 1850.

1*st Race.*—The Welter, rupees 300 from the fund, with a sweepstakes of rupees 100, half forfeit, for all horses, 11st. 7lbs., Gentlemen Riders, R. C., maidens allowed 7lbs., to close on the 1st August.

2nd Race.—Sky Race, rupees 50 from the fund, half mile heats, for all horses untrained, the winner to be sold for rupees 300, catch weights.

3rd Race.—Handicap, 2 miles, rupees 300 from the fund, with a sweepstakes of 100 rupees for all horses, 2 gold mohurs forfeit for not standing the handicap.

Fourth Day, Tuesday, December 31, 1850.

1st Race.—The Consolation Stakes, rupees 200 from the fund, with an entrance of 75 rupees, for all horses, to be valued by their owners, and the winner sold for the price, if claimed value rupees 1,000 to carry 12st.—7lbs. to be deducted for every 100 rupees under that value.

2nd Race.—Hack Race, 100 rupees from the fund, entrance 30 rupees, the winner to be sold for 400 rupees, weight 10st. 7lbs., Gentlemen riders, one mile.

3rd Race.—Tatoo Race, 13 hands and under, rupees 50 from the fund, entrance rupees 15, quarter mile heats, catch weights.

Fifth Day, Thursday, 2nd January, 1851.

1st Race.—Winner's Handicap, rupees 200 from the fund, for all winners during the meeting, entrance 50 rupees, two mile race.

2nd Race.—Beaten Plate, 100 rupees from the fund, handicap open to all beaten horses of the meeting, entrance rupees 30, R. C.

3rd Race.—A Hurdle Race, R. C., 4 hurdles, 3 feet 6 inches high, Gentlemen riders, to carry 11 stone, 100 rupees from the fund, entrance rupees 30.

W. E. W., *Secretary.*

BOMBAY RACES.

The "Tria Juncta in Uno Cup."

We have been requested to beg of all those gentlemen to whom Captain Fellowes forwarded subscription papers relative to the "Tria Juncta in Uno Cup," for circulation at their respective stations, to be good enough to return the same, duly filled in, to "The Secretary of Bombay Turf," *as soon as possible*, to enable him to ascertain the total sum subscribed, and so to make a selection from the designs just received from Messrs Hunt. and Roskell.

SUPPLEMENTAL SHEET.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

CALCUTTA RACES.

ENTRANCES OF THE 1ST OCTOBER, 1850.

1st Meeting.—First Day.—1st Race.

THE CALCUTTA DERBY.

Mr. Return, names	g.	a.	h.	*Cossack.*
Mr. Holdfast	g.	a.	h.	*Sultan.*
Mr. Monghyr's	b.	a.	h.	*Shereef.*

First Day.—2nd Race.

SWEEPSTAKES OF 30 G. M.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	cb.	g.	*Pretender.*
,, ,, ...	blk. or br.	c.	h.	*Whalebone.*
,, ,, ...	b.	e.	m.	*The Maid of Athens.*
Mr. Charles'	b.	e.	m.	*Antagonist.*

First Day.—4th Race.

THE COLONIAL STAKES.

Mr. F. Cleveland's	ch.	nsw.	g.	*Don Juan*, branded N. H. shoulder and ribs, dam *Sultana*, by *Hunter*, g. d. racing mare, sire *Tippoo Saib*.
Mr. Adolphus'	br.	nsw.	c.	*Baronet*, branded W. L. H. shoulder.
Mr. Samuda's	b.	nsw.	g.	*Coronet*, by *Zohrab*, dam *Abbess*, by *Baron*, branded near shoulder W. L. J. and 214 off shoulder.
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	nsw.	c.	*Fitz Arthur.*

Second Day.—3rd Race.

SWEEPSTAKES OF 40 G. M.

Mr. Holdfast's	blk. or br.	c.	h.	*Whalebone.*
Mr. Charles'	b.	e.	m.	*Antagonist.*

Second Day.—4th Race.

THE OMNIBUS STAKES.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	e.	f.	*Scampavia.*
Mr. Brown names	c.	e.	g.	*Voyager*, late *Oquetos*, by the *Provost*, out of *Mainbrace's* dam.
,, ,, ...	g.	vdl.	g.	*Mercury.*
,, ,, ...	g.	vdl.	g.	*Young Lucifer.*

Third Day —1st Race.

PURSE OF 40 G. M.—ALL HORSES.

Mr. Return's .....blk.	nsw.	h.		*Garroogin.*
,, ,, ... ch.	cb.	c.		*Massaroni.*
Mr. Holdfast's..... c.	cb.	g.		*Pretender.*
,, ,, ... br.	vdl.	c.		*Van Dieman.*
,, ,, ... c.	e.	filly		*Ladye-love.*
,, ,, ... c.	e.	f.		*Scampavia.*
Mr. Brown names ..... c.	e.	g.		*Voyager.*
,, ,, ... b.	nsw.	filly		*Lady Sarah*, by *Sir Charles*, out of sister to *Allila*, by *Gratis*, out of *Miss Devil*, by *Wisker.*
Mr. Charles' ..... b.	e.	m.		*Antagonist.*
,, ,, ... b.	e.	c.		*Lugar.*
,, ,, ... b.	e.	m.		*Catherine of Arragon.*
,, ,, ... b.	new.	h.		*Physician.*

Third Day.—3rd Race.

SWEEPSTAKES OF 25 G. M.

Mr. Holdfast	One nomination.
Mr. Brown.....	Ditto ditto.
Mr. Charles	One Subscription.

Third Day.—4th Race.

SWEEPSTAKES OF 30 G. M.—ALL ARABS.

Mr. Return names.....	g.	a.	h.	*Cossack.*
Mr. Return	b.	a.	c.	*Pam.*
Mr. Holdfast's	g.	a.	h.	*Blood Royal.*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Do-the-boys.*
Mr. Brown names.....	b.	a.	h.	*Hotspur.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	a.	h.	*Mameluke.*
Mr. Charles'	g.	a.	h.	*Don Juan.*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Goodwood.*

Fourth Day.—1st Race.

PURSE OF 40 G. M.—MAIDEN ARABS.

Mr. Return names.....	g.	a.	h.	*Cossack.*
Mr. Return's	g.	a.	c.	*Trump.*
Mr. Return's.....	g.	a.	c.	*Slam.*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	c.	*Pam.*
,, ,, names	g.	a.	c.	*Caravan.*
Mr. Holdfast's	g.	a.	h.	*Sultan.*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Do-the-boys.*
Mr. Brown names	g.	a.	c.	*Paul Jones.*
,, ,, ...	ig.	a.	c.	*Iron Duke.*
Mr. Monghyr's	b.	a.	h.	*Shereef.*
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	a.	h.	*Mameluke.*
Mr. Charles'	g.	a.	h.	*Siclowee.*

Fifth Day.—2nd Race.

SWEEPSTAKES OF 50 G. M.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	e.	f.	*Ladye-love.*
,, ,, ...	c.	e.	f.	*Scampavia.*
Mr. Charles'	b.	e.	c.	*Lugar.*
,, ,, ...	b.	e.	m.	*Antagonist.*

Sixth Day.—1st Race,

THE BENGAL CLUB CUP.

Mr. Return's	blk.	nsw.	h.	*Garroogin.*
,, ,, ...	ch.	cb.	c.	*Massaroni.*
Mr. Holdfast's	c.	cb.	g.	*Pretender.*
,, ,, ...	br.	vdl.	c.	*Van Dieman.*
,, ,, ...	c.	e.	f.	*Ladye-love.*
,, ,, ...	c.	e.	f.	*Scampavia.*
Mr. Brown names.....	c.	e.	g.	*Voyager.*
,, ,, ...b.	nsw.		f.	*Lady Sarah.*
,, ,, ...	g.	vdl.	g.	*Mercury.*
,, ,, ...	g.	vdl.	g.	*Young Lucifer.*
Mr. Charles'	b.	e.	c.	*Lugar.*
,, ,, ...	b.	e.	m.	*Antagonist.*
,, ,, ...	b.	e.	m.	*Catherine of Arragon.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	h.	*Physician.*
Mr. Duncan's.....	b.	nsw.	h.	*Vanish.*
,, ,, ...	b.	nsw.	m.	*Fenella.*

Second Meeting.—First Day.—3rd Race.

SHEIK'S PLATE.

Mr. Charles'	b.	a.	h.	*Goodwood.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Siclowee.*

RACING CALENDAR

FOR

1850-51.

INDEX TO THE RACING CALENDAR.

Page.

George District Turf Club 1

Deccan Monsoon Meeting 5

Batavia Races 9

RACING CALENDAR.

GEORGE DISTRICT TURF CLUB.

FIRST DAY, *Wednesday, May* 8.

FIRST RACE.—The George District Turf Club Cup, value £20, with 25 Sovs. added by the Club, open to all Horses. Weight for age. 2 mile heats. The Winners of plates above the value of £35 to carry 7lb. extra.

Mr. T. Le Grange's	b. c.	*Gammonbox*, 3 yrs.	...	0	1	1
Mr. Le Harp's	b. c.	*Farmer John*, 3 yrs.	...	1	2	3
Mr. Hodgson's	b. m.	*Miss Mary*, 4 yrs.	...	2	0	0
Mr. Wehmeyer's	ch. m.	*Chrissie*, 4 yrs.	...	0	0	2
Mr. J. de Villiers'	b. c.	*Sir John*, 3 yrs.	...	0	0	0

1*st Heat.*—Won in a canter by two lengths. Time,—4m. 20s.

2*nd Heat.*—Well contested all round between the two, the Bay winning by a length. Time,—4m. 21s.

3*rd Heat.*—Won by a length. Time,—4m. 24s.

SECOND RACE.—Trial Stakes, value £20, for 2 year olds, open to the colony. One mile heats.

Mr. Munro's	b. c.	*Prince Albert*,	...	1	1
Mr. M. Meyer's	bk. c.	*Forester*,	...	2	2
Mr. T. Le Grange's	gr. f.	*Selina*,	...	3	3

The following also ran, Messrs. Meyer's ch. c. *Sir John*, Zondag's bk. c. *Sir John*, Le Harpe's b. c. *Chevalier*, Bakhausen's b. c. *Eclipse*, and Terblan's b. c. *Speculator*.

1*st Heat.*—Won easily by a length. Time,—1m. 59s.

2*nd Heat.*—Won easily by two lengths, the Filly a bad third, the rest nowhere.

THIRD RACE.—The Ladies' Purse, value £17, open to all Horses. Weight for age. Heats. Mile and a half.

Mr. A. Muller's	b. c.	*Phœnix*, 3 yrs.	...	1	1
Mr. M. Le Grange's	b. h.	*Prince Bertram*, 4 yrs.	...	2	0

Mr. J. Meyer's	ch. h.	*Sir Harry*, 4 yrs.	...	0 2
Mr. Heyne's	gr. h.	*Sir Solomon*, 4 yrs.	...	3 4
Mr. Muller's	gr. h.	*Sir John*, 3 yrs.	..	0 3

The following also ran, Messrs. Bergh's c. h. *Sir John*, 4 years, Barry's b h. *Timekeeper*, 4 years, and Van Rooyen's b. h. *Prince of Wales*, 6 years.

1*st Heat*.—A good race round between the three, won by a length, *Sir Solomon* well up.

2*nd Heat*.—*Sir Harry* made strong running, but at the turn in *Phœnix* collared him, raced to the distance post when he passed the Chesnut, and won by two lengths: the tailing tremendous.

Fourth Race.—A Pony Race, for a Saddle and Bridle, value £9. One mile.

Mr. H. Muller's	c. h.	*Selina*,	..	1
Mr. R. Muller's	c. h.	*Sir John*,	..	2
Mr. Carson's	b.	*Whalebone*,	..	3
Mr. Van Rooyen's	b.	*Tom Boy*,	..	0
Mr. Klein's	b.	*Whitefoot*,	..	0

A good race between the two first, won by a length. Time,—2m. 5s.

Second Day, *Friday*, *May* 10.

First Race.—The Derby Stakes, value £20, for 3 year olds. Heats. one mile and a half.

Mr. T. Le Grange's	b. c.	*Gammonbox*,	..	3	3	3	1	1
Mr A. Muller's	b. c.	*Phœnix*, 3 yrs.	..	0	1	2	2	2
Mr Le Harpe's	b c.	*Farmer John*,	..	0	2	1	3	3
Mr. De Villiers'	b. c.	*Sir John*, 3 yrs.	..	0	0	0	0	0

1*st Heat*.—The lot went away at a bad canter, (all afraid of one another) which they kept up throughout. At the distance, *Phœnix* challenged *Farmer John* and made a good run in, ending in a dead heat, *Gammonbox* a good third. Time,—3m. 33s.

2*nd Heat*.—The same pace at starting, *Phœnix* made the running up the hill, the three made a fine race in, won by a half a length. Time,—3m. 15s.

3*rd Heat*.—Won by a length and a half, after a well run race. Time,—3m. 6s.

4*th Heat*.—Won by two lengths, after a good race. Time,—3m 12s,

5*th Heat*.—Won by two lengths. Time,—3m 22s.

Second Race.—The Breeder's Purse, being a subscription of £5 each, added to Sweepstakes of £2 each, for two year old Colts and Fillies, bred by the subscribers. The second horse to receive £10. 12 Subscribers.

Mr. Munro's	b. c.	*Prince Albert*,	...	1
Mr. Meyer's	bk. c.	*Forester*,	...	2
Mr. Le Grange's	gr. f.	*Selina*,	..	dis.
Mr. Terblans'	br. f.	*Nelly*,	...	dis.

A false start, and the Jockeys not pulling up when told, the two Fillies went off the course, and were not again started. *Prince Albert* took the lead, kept it throughout, and won in a canter. This Colt was bred by Mr. P. Terblans of Stink

River, and is got by *Gustavus:* he is the finest colt ever shewn here, and does great credit to his breeder, and present owner Mr. Munro.

THIRD RACE.—The Governor's Purse, value £15, open to all Horses. Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. M LeGrange's	b.	h.	*Prince Bertram*, 4 yrs.	...	0	1	1
Mr. Hodgson's	b.	m.	*Miss Mary*, 4 yrs.	...	1	0	0
Mr. A. Muller's	bk.	c.	*Blackstone*, 3 yrs.	...	2	0	2
Mr. A. Muller's	b.	c.	*Sir John*, 3 yrs.	...	0	2	0
Mr. Van Rooyen's	b.	h.	*Prince of Wales*, 6 yrs.	...	3	0	0
Mr. Heynes'	gr.	h.	*Sir Solomon*, 4 yrs.	...	4	0	0

1*st Heat.*—Was won by a neck, all being well up. Time,—3m. 13s.

2*nd Heat* —Won by a length, after a good race between the two. Time,—3m. 7s.

3*rd Heat.*—Won easy by two lengths. Time,—3m. 17s.

FOURTH RACE.—A Selling Sweepstakes of £1 each, with £5 added by the Club. Horses weighted as in the advertised lists. Heats, one mile.

Mr. Le Grange's	*Jaffa*,	102 lbs.	...	0	1	1
Mr. Hodgson's	*Timekeeper*,	115 lbs.	...	1	5	0
Mr A. Muller's	*Sir John*,	115 lbs.	...	0	2	2
Mr. Muller's	*Eclipse*,	110 lbs.	...	2	4	0
Mr. Borg's	*John O'Reilley*,	115 lbs.	...	0	3	3

The following also ran, Messrs. Zondag's *Gustavus*, 105lbs; Brakhuis' *Sir Hercules*, 102lbs; C Haswell's *Chester*, 105 lbs. dr.

1*st Heat.*—Won by a length after a bad race. Time,—2m. 3s.

2*nd Heat* —Pace good round, the Gelding winning by a length. Time,—1m. 59s.

3*rd Heat.*—The Gelding again won by couple of lengths. Time,—2m. 7s.

THIRD DAY, *Saturday*, *May* 11.

FIRST RACE.—The Merchant's Purse, value £13 10, open to all Horses. Weight for age. Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. A. Muller's	b.	c.	*Phœnix*, 3 yrs.	...	1	1
Mr. Wehmeyer's	ch.	m.	*Chrissie*, 4 yrs.	...	2	2
Mr. A. Muller's	ro.	c.	*Emperor*, 3 yrs.	...	3	3
Mr. T. Meyer's	ch.	h.	*Sir Harry*, 4 yrs.		drawn.	

1*st Heat.*—*Phœnix* made strong running, kept the lead throughout, and won easy by two lengths. Time,—3m. 17s.

2*nd Heat.*—The three lay well together all round the Colt, winning by a length and a half. Time,—3m. 21s.

SECOND RACE,—A Handicap, value £15. Heats, one mile and a half.

Mr. Heyne's	bk.	c.	*Sweetmeat*, 3 yrs,. 76lbs,...	0	0	1	0
Mr. Muller's	bk.	c.	*Blackstone*, 3 yrs , 97lbs, ...	0	1	2	2
Mr. J. Meyer's	ch.	h.	*Sir Harry*, 4yrs., 100lbs, ...	1	2	3	3
Mr. Bergh's	b.	h.	*Sir John*, 4 yrs,. 97lbs, ...	2	3	4	
Mr. H. Muller's	b.	c.	*Surgeon*, 3 yrs., 90lbs, ...	3	0	9	

1*st Heat.*—Won by a length after a good race.

2*nd Heat.*—Won by half a head after a fine race, *Sir John* a good third, the others well up.

3*rd Heat.*—A capital race all round;—at the distance *Sweetmeat* challenged the Colt, raced him past the strand, and won the post by a neck.

4*th Heat.*—The three ran head and head together till within the cords, the light weight then came out, and after a good race, won by a short half length.

THIRD RACE.—The Welter Stakes of 2 Sovs. each, P. P., with £10 added by the Club. One and a half mile. With weights as in the advertised lists.

Mr. Le Grange's	b.	c.	*Gammonbox*, 3 yrs. 142lbs,...	1
Mr. Hodgson's	b.	m.	*Miss Mary*, 4 yrs. 151lbs,...	0
Mr. M. Le Grange's	b.	h.	*Prince Bertram*, 4 yrs. 154lbs,	0
Mr. Le Harpe's	b.	c.	*Farmer John*, 3 yrs 142 lbs,	3

The lot lay well together to the mile post, when *Gammonbox* took the lead, was never headed, and won by two lengths, a dead heat between the *Prince* and *Mary* for the second place.

FOURTH RACE.—The Hack Race, value £10. Catch weight, one mile and a half.

Mr. Le Grange's	*Jaffa*,	..	...	1
Mr. Zondag's	*Gustavus*,	..	...	2
Mr. H. Muller's	*Harkaway*,	..	...	3
Mr. Cook's	*Schoolboy*,	..	...	0
Mr. Carson's	*Whalebone*,	..	...	0
Mr. Heyne's	*Sir Richard*,	..	...	bolted.

Won easily by a length and half, the winner was claimed according to conditions for £20.

The Gentlemen's Sweepstakes, being a subscription of 2 Sovereigns each. Welter weights. Gentlemen riders. One and a half mile heats. Six Subscribers.

Mr. Van Rooyen's	h. h.	*Prince of Wales*,	6 yrs., ridden by Mr. Le Harpe,	1	1
Mr. Heyne's	gr. h.	*Sir Solomon*,	4 yrs., ridden by Mr. Becker.	2	3
Mr. Newdigate's	b. h.	*Scipio*,	4 yrs., ridden by the Owner,	4	4
Mr. Carson's	ch. m.	*Kate Kearney*,	4 yrs., ridden by the Owner,	5	5
Mr. Le Grange's	b. g.	*Jaffa*,	6 yrs., ridden by Mr. Van der Spuy,	0	2
Mr. J. Meyer's	b. h.	*Timekeeper*,	4 yrs., ridden by Mr. J. de Villiers,	3	dr.

1*st Heat.*—This race caused a good deal of interest;—the lot jumped off at the word, and ran together to the stand, when the old horse left them, and won by a length. Time,—59s.

2*nd Heat.*—All close together, they raced to the stand, where the *Prince* again shot ahead, and won by a length and a half. Time,—1m. 1s.

DECCAN MONSOON MEETING.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, August* 13, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—A Match of Rs. 500 between two Ponies—Catch weight.

Mr. Adam's	Dun Poney *Faugh-a-ballagh*, ...	1	1
Mr. Mule's	Ch. do. *Wee Pet*, ...	2	2

Time,—1st heat, 0m. 58½s. 2nd heat, 1m. 2s.

Both heats were won cleverly by *Faugh-a-ballagh*. The Race excited considerable interest among the Officers of H. M. 83rd and the Fusiliers, and heavy bets were laid upon the game little *tats* by their respective admirers.

SECOND RACE.—The Deccan Derby of Rs. 400 from the Fund, 15 G. M. entrance, 5 G. M. forfeit, for all maidens, 1½ miles, weight for age, Byculla standard. 5 Subscribers.

The Confederate's	g.	a.	h.	*Kildare*,	9st. 0lb.	.. 1
Mr. Elrington's	b.	a.	h.	*Childe Harold*,	3st. 12lbs.	.. 2
Mr. Adam's	b.	a.	h.	*Ivanhoe*,	8st. 12lbs.	.. 3

Time,—3m. 9s.

Well contested throughout. The *Childe* and *Kildare* together all the distance. When close in to the Winning Post, running neck and neck. In short such a *shave* did it appear, that numbers of the by-standers declared the former first in.

THIRD RACE.—The Deccan Welter of Rs. 350 from the Fund, 7 G. M. entrance, 3 G. M. forfeit, 1½ miles, Gentlemen Riders, 11st. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The Winner of the Derby to carry 4lbs. extra.

Mr. Elrington's	ch.	a.	h.	*Red Jacket*,	11st	.. 1
The Confederate's	g.	a.	h.	*Great Anxiety*,	11st	.. 2

Time,—3m. 2s.

A perfect failure. The *Chesnut* having it all his own way from the start hard held, and might easily have distanced his competitor had he felt inclined.

FOURTH RACE.—The Hack Plate of Rs. 100 from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance. The Winner to be sold for Rs. 300, ½ mile heats. 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders.

The Allies's	*Shoe-black*,	10st. 7lbs.	... 3 2
Mr Smith's	*Slasher*,	,,	... 2 1
Mr. Elrington's	*Rough and Ready*,	,,	... not weight

Won by *Slasher*, ably ridden by Lieut. Wallace of the Horse Artillery, *Rough and Ready* was withdrawn after the first heat, not being weight.

SECOND DAY, *August* 16, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—A sweepstakes of 30 G. M. for all Maidens and Winners of one season; 5 G. M. forfeit, if declared on the 1st August; half forfeit the day before the race; 2 miles; Gentlemen riders; 10st. 7lbs.; Maidens on the day of starting allowed 7lbs.

The Confederate's	g. a. h.	*Kildare*,	10st. 7lbs.	... 1
Mr. Elrington's	b. a h.	*Childe Harold*,	10st. 0lbs.	... 2

The betting was in favour of the *Childe*, he had 7lbs. weight from *Kildare*: they got a beautiful start. The race throughout was a very pretty one, (so interesting a race it was, that the time-keeper forgot to take the time,) and *Kildare* won: he was ridden by Mr. Townley of the 10th Hussars, who rode him with a great deal of judgment; had he been on his back on the Welter day, things might have turned out differently.

SECOND RACE.—A Plate of Rupees 200 from the Fund; 3 G. M. entrance for all Galloways; weight for inches; 14 hands; 10st.; ¾ mile heats; Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Elrington's	ch. a. g.	*Little Wonder*,	...	1	1
Captain Stedman's	g. a. g.	*Punch*,	...	2	2
Mr. Adam's	blk. a. g.	*Khitmutgar*,	...	3	3

For this race there were two heats, both were won by *Little Wonder*, a game little nag; *Punch* pressed him in both; and had his Jockey not taken such wide turns, the event might have been different.

Time,—1st heat, 1m. 28s. — 2nd heat, 1m. 30s.

The Garrison Stakes of Rupees 150, from the Fund; Rupees 20 entrance; Gentlemen riders; 10st. 7lbs.; round the course.

Mr. Townley's	b a. h.	*The Enemy*,	... 1
Mr. Prince's	ch. a. h.	*Arab's Choice*,	... 2
The Allies'	g. a. h.	*Surprise*,	... 3
The Allies'	g. a. h.	*Buck-'em-up*,	... 4
Mr. Wallace's	b. a. h.	*The Gunner*,	... 5

A beautiful start—*Surprise* jumped off with the lead, which the *Gunner* soon took and maintained to the ½ mile post; up to this point one might have covered the lot with a table cloth; the *Enemy* then came to the front, got the lead, kept it, and won hard held. *Arab's Choice* a very good second, and *Surprise* third; as for the rest they had "Tails" as long as an Irish Agitator with Smith O'Brien at the end of them.—Mr. Townley's riding was the admiration of all.

The sports of the day concluded with Cheroot Stakes, a most amusing race, for which six horses started viz:—Charley; Sam; Rough-and-Ready; Cheroot; Sir Frederick; Thunder.

The race was won by Sam, Thunder second—the rest no where.

THIRD DAY, *Tuesday*, *August* 20, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 10 Rs. for all Horses, the property of Officers of the Garrison; ½ mile heats; Gentlemen riders—10st. 7lbs.—This run was won after a brilliant race by Mr. Anderson's b. a. h. *Slasher*, beating *Hum-Drum*—1, *Sam Tom*, *Doubtful*, *Howitzer* and *Scare Crow*.

SECOND RACE.—The Ladies' Purse of 300 Rs. from the Fund. 5 G. M. en-

trance, 1½ miles. Gentlemen riders. 11st. for all Horses. Maidens allowed 7lbs. —5 Subscribers.

Mr. Elrington's	c.	a.	h.	*Red Jacket*,	... 1
Mr. Tom's	b.	a.	h.	*Hobson's Choice*,	... 2
The Confederate's	g.	a.	h.	*Kildare*,	... 3

Red Jacket the favourite, did not disappoint his backers, he won the race cleverly. Hobson's choice a good second, *Kildare* pulled up half way up the distance.

THIRD RACE.—The Give-and-Take of Rs. 200 from the Fund; 5 G. M. entrance, for all Horses; weight for inches; 14 hands 10st. Gentlemen riders; 1½ miles.

The Confederate's	g.	a.	h.	*Great Anxiety.*
Mr. Elrington's	c.	a.	h.	*Little Wonder.*

Great Anxiety got a bad start, and his rider was obliged to send along at a good pace to catch the Chesnut. They ran together to the bottom of the hill: after passing the ¼ mile it was a clear thing that the race was the Chesnut's, who came in a winner by several lengths.

The sports of the day concluded with a Tattoo Race, which was won by *Faugh-a-ballagh* beating *Devil-skin.*

FOURTH DAY, *Friday, August* 23, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The weather was beautiful—the congregation of persons on the course numerous.

The first race was a Match for 500 Rs., ½ mile, between Captain Stedman's g. a. g. *Punch*, and Mr. Elrington's c. a g. *Little Wonder.* This was a capital race throughout, and was won by *Punch* in 55 seconds.

SECOND RACE.—Hack Race of 50 Rs. from the Fund. 1 G. M. entrance, ½ mile heats, 10st. 7lbs. The winner of last day's Hacks 7lbs. extra.

Mr. Reid's	g.	a.	h.	*Jeanot*,	...	1 1
Mr. Anderson's	b.	a.	h.	*Slasher*,	...	2 2
Mr. Probyn's	b.	a.	h.	*Sam*,	...	3 3

A very good race; both heats were won by *Jeanot.*

THIRD RACE.—The Corinthian Stakes of 400 Rs. from the Fund. 10 G. M. entrance. P. P. for all Horses, 10st. 7lbs. Maidens allowed 5 lbs. The Winner of the Welter to carry 3lbs. extra. Gentlemen riders. 2 miles.

Mr. Elrington's	c.	a.	h.	*Red Jacket*,	... 1
Mr. Tom's	b.	a.	h.	*Hobson's Choice*,	... 2
The Confederate's	g.	a.	h.	*Kildare*,	... 3

This was the principal race of the day, and a good race was expected. *Red Jacket* jumped off with the lead, kept it throughout, and won in a common canter in 4m. 14s., giving the grey 8lbs. and the bay 3lbs.

FOURTH RACE.—The Consolation Stakes of Rs. 200 from the Fund. 3 G. M. entrance, for all Horses. Weight for value. ½ mile heats. Gentlemen riders. Winner to be sold if demanded in the usual manner.

		st.	lbs.
Horses entered to be sold for Rs. 700	...	10	7
Ditto. Ditto. 200	...	8	0

7lbs. for every 100 Rs.

Mr. Townley's	b.	a.	h.	*The Enemy*,	...	1
Mr. Alwin's	g.	a.	h.	*Surprise*,	...	2
Mr. Elrington's	g.	a.	h.	*Vibration*,	...	3
The Allies'	g.	a.	h.	*Poster*,	...	4
The Confederate's	g.	a.	h.	*Great Anxiety*,	...	5

Both heats were won by the *Enemy* in good style, the rest ran up.

FIFTH RACE.—The Charger Stakes of Rs. 200 from the Fund, for all that can bring a certificate from the Commanding Officer or Adjutant, or other competent authority, of having been used 3 months prior to the day of closing. 5 G. M. entrance; half forfeit; 1½ miles. Officer to ride 10st.

Mr. Wallace's	b.	a.	h.	*The Gunner*,	... 1
Mr. Stacey's	b.	a.	h.	*Snake*,	... 2

A hollow thing throughout: the *Gunner* had it all his own way—and won easily, which concluded the 4th day's racing.

FIFTH DAY, *Tuesday*, *August* 27, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—A Hurdle Race of Rs. 250; 3 G. M. entrance; over 6 hurdles, 3½ feet high. Gentlemen riders, 11 stone, Round the Course.

Mr. Gibbard's	ch.	a	h.	*Arab's Choice*,	... 1
Mr. Davison's	g.	a	h	*Mesmer*,	... 2
Mr. Adam's		b.	g.	*Gaffer*,	... 3

Time,—2m. 55s.

This was a tame affair. *Arab's Choice* and *Mesmer* took their leaps at once: the pace proved too good for *Mesmer*—*Gaffer Green* was no where.

SECOND RACE.—A Hurdle Race of Rs. 100 from the Fund; Rs. 10 entrance, for all Ponies, 13 hands 2 inches and under. 1 mile; Catch weights. Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Shekleton's	b. mare poney	*Kathleen*,	... 1
Mr. Richardson's	crm. cd. poney	*Quarter Master*,	... 2
Mr. Adam's	d. poney	*Faugh-a-Ballagh*,	...Dis.

Time,—2m. 35s.

The *Irishman* bolted and was distanced. *Quarter Master* and *Kathleen* took their leaps in beautiful style; at the last Hurdle *Quarter Master* swerved and ran into the ropes, and in consequence lost his chance—for the mare cleared the Hurdle well, and came in the winner.

THIRD RACE.—The Beaten Handicap of Rs. 150 from the Fund. 5 G. M. entrance, for all beaten Horses of the Meeting; one mile heats. Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Tom's	b. a. h.	*Hobson's Choice*,	10st. 10lbs.,	Blue and White...	1 2 1
Mr. Elrington's	b. a. h.	*Childe Harold*,	10st. 4lbs.,	Tartan ...	2 3 2
Capt. Stedman's	g. a. g.	*Punch*,	9st. 12lbs.,	Black ...	3 1 3

Time—not taken.

The three heats of this race were well contested. The *Little Gay* did his best to win, but the stride of *Hobson* proved too much for him. It was quite dark when the last heat was run.

FOURTH RACE.—The Forced Handicap for all Winners during the Meeting. 5 G. M., for each race won: optional to Losers at an entrance of 5 G. M. each. Two miles. Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Townley's	b. a. h.	*The Enemy*,	10st. 2lbs.,	White and Purple ...	1
Mr. Elrington's	ch. a. g.	*Little Wonder*,	9st. 7lbs.,	...	2
Mr. Elrington's	ch. a. h.	*Red Jacket*,	11st. 0lbs.,	Tartan ...	3
Wallace's	b. a. h.	*The Gunner*,	8st. 12lbs.,	Black ...	4
The Confederate's	g. a. h	*Kildare*,		Pays Forfeit.	

Time—4m. 5s.

This race, the Lion of the day, was won by the *Enemy* easily,—thus defeating the Cracks of the Meeting. *Red Jacket* was the favourite at starting, and was backed heavily; and his losing her been a sell to many of the knowing ones. The race was run between the heats of the beaten Handicap: Time very good. The Meeting being now over, it is but justice to add, that the arrangements throughout were most perfect; and thanks are due to the Stewards and Secretary who made them.

The Course was admirably kept by the Horse Artillery.

BATAVIA RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Friday*, *June* 7.

FIRST RACE.—The sport commenced with the Maiden Plate of £400 (guilders) given by the Club for all horses that have not run on this course. Entrance £25 Once round, one mile.

Mr. Scott's	c.	h.	*Noble*	57¾ inches	123 lbs...	1
Mr. Crone's	g.	h.	*Messem*	53 ,,	106 lbs...	2
Mr. W. Marten's	roan	h.	*Flat Catcher*	58¼ ,,	125 lbs...	3
Mr. Van Motman's	b.	m.	*Juno*	54 ,,	108 lbs...	4

Noble took the lead, followed by *Messem* and *Juno*, and won easily in 2m. 15s. *Messem* 2-16, *Flat Catcher* 2-22, *Juno* 2-23.

SECOND RACE.—The Vander Capellen Cup, £500, given in honor of the founder of the Club. Entrance £50.—Heats once round the course.

Mr. Plate's	ch. nsw.	h.	*Branie*	8st. 6lbs ..	1	1
Mr. E. Marten's	b. nsw.	g.	*Corsair*	8st. 7lbs...	2	2
Mr. McMillan's	ch. nsw.	h.	*Cossack*	7st. 10lbs. .	3	3
Mr. Siberg's	b. nsw.	h.	*Espartero*	8st. 0lbs...	0	0
Mr. Scott's	b. nsw.	m.	*Inheritress*	7st. 12lbs...	0	0
Mr. Fraser's	bk. nsw.	m.	*Juanita*	7st. 10lbs...	0	0

1*st Heat.*—After some trouble at starting, *Branie* took the lead, followed closely by *Cossack*, *Espartero*, *Inheritress*, *Juanita*, and *Corsair*, in the order named; *Corsair* soon passed *Espartero* and the mare, and came up with *Branie* and *Cossack*,

and so they continued to the distance post, where *Corsair* passed *Cassack* and ran *Branie* hard to the winning-post, *Branie* winning in 1m. 54s., *Corsair* 1m. 55½s. *Cossack* 2 minutes.

2nd Heat.—Much the same as the first, *Branie* winning by a neck in 2m.

THIRD RACE.—Batavia Stakes.—Entrance £15, with £150 added by the Club, for ponies not higher than 52 inches. Once round the course.

Mr. Crone's	*Corinne*	52 inches	100lbs.	... 1
Mr. Van Sloten's	*Kembaug*	48 ,,	84lbs.	... 2

Mr. Black paid forfeit.

Corinne was off with the lead and kept it throughout, winning in 2m. 15s.

SECOND DAY, *Saturday, June* 8.

FIRST RACE.—The Ladies' Cup, value £400, given by the Ladies.—Entrance £25. Heats once round the course.

Mr. Van der Hucht's	g. h.	*Tlaga*	55 inches	112lbs...	1	1
Van Van Motman's	g. h.	*Tipoo Sahib*	59 ,,	121lbs...	2	2

Mr. Crone paid forfeit.

1st Heat—Both horses were together for the first half mile, where *Tlaga* went a head and won in a canter. 2nd Heat won easily.

SECOND RACE.—The Club Purse, £400, given by the Club.—Entrance £25. Heats once round.

Mr Plate's	br. h.	*Si-Njawang*	53¼ inches	105 lbs. ...	1	1
Mr. Crone's	gr. h.	*Messem*	53½ ,,	106 lbs. ...	2	2
Mr. Scott's	ch. h.	*Noble*	57¾ ,,	123 lbs. ...	3	3
Mr. Van Motman's	b. m.	*Juno*	54 ,,	108 lbs. ...	dist.	

1st Heat.—*Si-Njawang* took the lead followed by *Noble*, *Messem* and *Juno*, and so they continued to the half-mile post, where *Messem* passed *Noble*. *Si-Njawang* was never headed and won in 2m.5s. *Messem* 2-12, *Noble* 2-14, *Juno* distanced.

2nd Heat.—*Si-Njawang* led as before and won the race in 2m. 16s. *Noble* being second.

THIRD RACE.—Sweepstakes of £200 each. Once round the course.

Mr. Plate's	br. h.	*Si-Njawang*	53½ inches	105 lbs.	...	1
Mr. Van der Hucht's	b. m.	*Diana*	56 ,,	116 lbs.	...	2
Mr. Scott's	gr. h.	*Nimrod*	58 ,,	124 lbs.	...	3

Si-Njawang took the lead, *Diana* next, and *Nimrod* close after the mare; *Si-Njawang* winning in 2m 12s. *Diana* 2-13, *Nimrod* 2-17.

FOURTH RACE.—The Sydney Stake of £50 each. Once round the course.

Mr. Plate's	ch. nsw. h.	*Branie*	8st. 6lbs.	...	1
Mr. E. Marten's	b. nsw. g.	*Corsair*	8st. 7lbs.	...	2
Mr. Scott's	bk. nsw. m.	*Inheritress*	7st. 12lbs.	...	3
Mr. Fraser's	br. nsw. m.	*Juanita*,	7st. 10lbs.	...	4

Branie took the lead, followed by *Inheritress* and *Juanita*, and *Corsair* last; before the half-mile post *Corsair* passing the others came up with *Branie* and went on in the same way to the end, *Branie* winning by half a length in 1m. 59s. This was the best-contested race of the day.

FIFTH RACE.—Beaten Plate, £200, given by the Club.—Entrance £25. Once round.

Mr. Van Motman's	b. m.	*Juno*	54	inches	108 lbs.	.. 1
Mr. W. Marten's	r. h.	*Flat Catcher*	58¼	,,	125 lbs.	... 2

These horses kept well together till the 3rd quarter post, when *Juno* went a-head and won in 2m. 19s. *Flat Catcher* 2m. 20s.

AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR IS COMPILED.

George District Turf Club,	***African Journal.***
Deccan Monsoon Meeting,	***Bombay Telegraph and Courier.***
Batavia Races,	***Our own Correspondent.***

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

A.

Arab's Choice, 8

B.

Branie, 9, 10

C.

Corinne, 10

F.

Faugh-a-ballagh, 5
Flat Catcher, 10

G.

Gammonbox, 1, 2, 4
Great Anxiety, 7

H.

Hobson's Choice, 9

J.

Jaffa, 3, 4

Jeanot, 7

K.

Kathleen, 8
Kildare, 5, 6

L.

Little Wonder, 6, 7

N°.

Noble, 9

P.

Phœnix, 1, 3
Prince Albert, 1, 2
Prince Bertram, 3
Prince of Wales, 4

R.

Red Jacket, 5, 7

S.

Selina, 2
Shoe-black, 5
Slasher, 6
Si-Njawang, 10
Sweetmeat, 3

T.

Tlaga, 10
The Enemy, 6, 8, 9
The Gunner, 8

THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

No. XXIV.

DECEMBER, 1850.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

CALCUTTA:

PRINTED BY SANDERS, CONES AND CO., No. 14, LOLL BAZAR.

1850.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. D.—The packet promised in your letter has not been received.

SNAFFLE.—No, certainly not. It was tried here and failed.

FOREST RANGER.—Many thanks. The paper shall appear in our next.

HOTSPUR.—Ditto, Ditto.

BOOTS.—Declined.

S. S.—If a subscriber, why not have turned to the Racing Calendar? The mare carried 9st. 2lbs., and your friend's horse 7st. 11lbs.

PHIL.—You will find some information on the subject in the article called "Turfiana," among the Selections of our last issue.

SONEPORE.—Not expecting your favor, the Races had already been printed as they appeared in the newspapers.

ERRATUM.

In Racing Calendar, page 20, Sonepore Races, line 8 from top, for "*going the* ½*m. in* 2*m.* 51*s.*," read "*doing the* 1½*m. in* 2*m.* 51*s.*"

EMBELLISHMENT.

THE SPORTING GALLERY.—NO. XXIV.—WILLIAM GREY, ESQ., C. S., 218

CONTENTS.

LABOURS OF IDLENESS; OR, THE FIRST FRUITS OF FURLOUGH.—
BY THE STRANGER. 135

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG INDIA.—BY TODGERS. 186

ERRORS CORRECTED—TO A MEMBER OF THE TURF CLUB, GREETING.—BY ASMODEUS 190

GROUSE SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND, IN 1850.—BY SINGLE BARREL . 204

SPORT ON THE SOUTH-WEST FRONTIER.—BY USSUL COLE. . . . 208

SPORTING GALLERY.—VOL. XII., NO. XXIV.—WILLIAM GREY, ESQ., C. S. 218

HOG HUNTING IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF INDIA.—BY HOG SPEAR . 219

OUR LAST SONEPORE.—BY YOUNG TURFITE. 220

HINTS ON SHIKAR.—BY F. Y. 235

THE TAPIR.—BY QUERY 240

SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

RACING CALENDAR.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF WINNING HORSES.

THE

INDIA SPORTING REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1850.

LABOURS OF IDLENESS; OR, THE FIRST FRUITS OF FURLOUGH.

BY THE STRANGER.

Part IV.*

12th July.—72° at 2 A. M. Joseph found himself somewhat better yesterday, so that he was determined to march to-day. E. and I had our tents ready to be packed at 2-45 A. M., but the muleteers, who are peculiarly disobliging, did not move off the ground till 4-15 A. M. As we passed the hill about a hundred yards to our front, I saw a few goats come out, the only animals, cattle or sheep, I have seen for four days, except those with the Turkomans near Bayas E. was like a dead man, lay down by the ashes of the cook's fire, drank his coffee and went to sleep again, and vowed he would not be roused: so we left him there. The plain for miles round, as far as one can see, is covered with the grass, on a very loose treacherous soil, black and fine, and free from stones, falling much into holes like the black soil of Guzerat; and there were snails on every bush, a fact we could not account for. I occasionally saw a few antelopes, some much larger than any I have seen in Syria, though like the black-tailed species, the chickarah. We finally reached the bridge at Adana, and encamped under two large walnut trees, at about 10 A. M. The Janisaries of the quarantine talked a great deal of nonsense, and we refused to speak with any but the medical man, M. D'Ostah, or the Nazir, and sent our cards and a letter from Mr. Neale to Dr. D'Ostah, who was good enough to come down immediately, about 1 P. M., with the Nazir, and advised our

* Continued from No. XXIII. of the *India Sporting Review*.

moving into quarantine quarters in the evening. They agreed that the five days passed on the road should count, but the whole period was twelve days by orders from Constantinople. Joseph was very sick, indeed, in a high fever, talked of throwing himself into the river, but became better towards the evening, and after taking six grains of calomel, and ten of rhubarb, was better; however the fever returned the next day, but by dint of four grain doses of quinine, he was able, under Providence, to shake it off in a few days. Thermometer 98° at noon in the tent. We breakfasted at 2-15 P. M. Fast work!

13*th*	*July*—	80°	at sunrise,	94°	at noon,	85°	at night.
14*th*	„ —	82°	„ „	92°	„ „	81°	at 9 P. M.
15*th*	„ —	80°	„ „	90°	„ „	88°	at night.
16*th*	„ —	82°	„ „	91°	„ „	85°	at „
17*th*	„ —	83°	„ „	92°	„ „	85°	at „
18*th*	„ —	83°	„ „	90°			

There were several parties in the same durance vile as ourselves, but we were allowed each evening to ride for an hour or more under the surveillance of two other guardeanos. All these fellows sit up very late at night, generally singing, they never move in the morning till 8, are very subdued nearly all the day, and indeed the heat is enough to subdue an eagle. We are attended by a very important swelled-faced Egyptian and a civil black man. The agent of the Vice-Consul called to offer his services. Mr. Clapperton's very civil letter, being the best passport, we obtained a new bouraldi, but have nothing else to help us on to Koneah—carriage being a monopoly. We were at the mercy of the Nazir, &c., &c., of the establishment. The useful active man, the friend of the cook, was arrested by a whole *posse* of the Pasha's men, under a writ from Balan for a debt due there. The Pasha offered to release him, if we *wished* his services, an offer of course refused. Profound was our compassion for Dr. D'Ostah. Well educated, intelligent and full of energy, mental and physical, he had passed six years of his life in this dull town, without any society more suited to his capacity, than the half-educated Mussulman or bigotted and ignorant Greek. He had lived for years in a similar employ at Koneah, and though with the entire professional confidence of all from the Pasha and his household downwards, yet he must occasionally have found exile wearisome and his prospects not improving at Adana. Nights oppressive, no wind, and the clouds making the atmosphere insupportably heavy, all of us ailing. About 4 A. M. on the morning of the 18th, an intolerable amount of grumbling, heavy stamping, and

jingling of horse-furniture, announced the arrival of the "*poster*" from Aleppo, and two heavy and heavily-armed fellows were found at day-light asleep on the floor near my bed. I had already prepared a letter for England, which I hope reached Constantinople on the 24th; started on the 27th and reached England on the 10th August—the very day I was lying sick of fever at Brusa, believed by no one to be ill except myself. Our friend, Dr. D'Ostah, announced our being in free *pratique* about 8 A. M. with mutual hand-shaking; and on introduction to the Nazir, whose claims upon us were about 200, we made him a present of 350, with which it was believed he was satisfied. Then came Joseph, Huleel, and Ibrahim. Tongues were inspected and the suspicious tenderness of the glands was put to a severe, though facetious, test, by each thumping himself to shew that he was "sound." Then came the visit to the Pasha. He has three *dames* and thirty slaves; "and if a slave has a child, she becomes a *dame*," explained our worthy friend, as we rode over to the serai; and after climbing a rather ricketty stair-case, we were shewn into a small room with a divan round, and received by a mottled-faced little man in a great dressing-gown, who was explained to be a Secretary, while pipes and coffee were handed round. E. would ask for a nargilli and received execrable specimens of that luxury. The Secretary asked all sorts of questions of our rank and profession in India. Dr. D'Ostah interpreted well and fluently. About ten minutes after, we were ushered into an inner room, where a middle-sized man, of about sixty-five years of age, dressed in the plain clothes of a modern Turkish official, rose to receive us, bowed very politely to each, begged us to be seated, and commenced a lively conversation forthwith. On his left sat a short, fat young man in a cloak, who was the revenue authority to this Pashalic. He seemed in great awe of the Pasha and took a very small part in the conversation. The Pasha, who has a very agreeable expression in his intelligent, but cunning, eyes, detailed visits from several Europeans, while he was at Erseroon and Kaisereah, called us "his friends," and at one time, when all the attendants had, by accident or design, retired, Joseph, in all his gaiety of dress and jaunty manner, remained standing behind our chairs, he addressed him thus—"Why have you not gone to prayers?" It was explained he was our interpreter, and so the matter passed. Soon papers of business were brought in, a bouruldi was signed for us, and we took our leave, His Excellency again rising very courteously. After great trouble about horses, the

baggage left at 4-50, and we rode through the town, &c. Almost every man is a Cyclops, and every other woman and child pur-blind. I never saw so much disease at one time. There are two good Armenian Churches in the town and the catholics of that faith number eight hundred houses, besides Greeks. In short much of the agriculture round the town is conducted by Christians, and better specimens of successful labour, we had not seen in all Asia. We saw one or two well-arranged shops with a few European articles in them, kept by Greeks, but no "soap;" for we were particular in our enquiries for that necessary article. We advanced along a broad flat road over a deep black soil westward; and after leaving gardens and the cotton fields, &c. behind us, before it was quite dark, had advanced into a waste track of coarse bad grass like the plain east of Adana. We halted about 8-10 P. M. at a well behind a village, some small distance to the right of the road. E. had fever and lay down between the tents, as usual with him in sickness, declining every offer of assistance of any sort, or to have even a small tent pitched. Joseph fell soon fast asleep, and I who have had to do all the Quarter Master's duty during the journey, had to guard against the delusion till the moon rose and it was time to resume the march. The dew was very heavy, the atmosphere close, the malaria offensive. After leaving Adana, we saw for the first time an apparatus we subsequently met with daily at each well, namely, on the principle of the steel yard, a weight at the end of a long wooden beam to facilitate drawing the water from the well in the bucket, generally of a solid piece of wood scooped or burnt hollow and chained to the other end of the swivel. We again marched at 11-40 P. M. The land which had been hitherto partially cultivated appeared now a perfect desert. Every one slept. I had continually to go from front to rear to keep the men and horses moving, E. complaining the whole time, but would not halt. He stopped continually and dismounted, and of course I expected he would fall asleep on the ground and be left behind. At 2-10 A. M. we passed a large Sebeel and an immense burial-ground—tomb-stones on all sides. Here the men wanted to halt. We insisted on their making a proper march or we should not reach Kulakkushli in four stages; besides we naturally dreaded this low pestilential soil. Soon after this, we passed a party of women and men sleeping, the latter with their heads on the knees of the former and cattle grazing round. When day broke on the 19th July, I was sitting on my horse in the centre of the path leading up a hill, holding

three baggage-horses, while the six men were re-placing some boxes which had fallen off. The two heavy-armed and clumsy-looking fellows who had arrived the preceding night at Adana, passed by at a slow trot, leading a laden horse between them, each armed with pistols, yataghans, &c. We continued to march till sunrise. I flushed an immense covey of partridges, too far off for small shot to hit any. I turned in and slept till 1½ P. M., when breakfast was put on table. Joseph, who is as wilful as a child, had gone out shooting and shot some partridges, but as was to be expected, rendered himself unable to appear actively useful for the remainder of the day, but lay and slept till we mounted at 5-15 P. M. The thermometer rose to 95° at noon, in the shade, in the tent on the 19th July. None of the maps can give us an idea of our position, but it was said to be nine hours' journey from Adana and seven from Tarsus. We had evidently attained the elevation of the lowest range of Mount Taurus near the sea, and after passing the valley which we reached about sun-set, that is as far as six miles from the Sebeel which we had passed and thirty miles from the town of Adana and twenty-five miles, by rough guess, from the coast, we came upon the old Roman road of pavement, which we subsequently followed day after day across the plains of Cilicia and Iconia as far as Brusa in Bythinia. We marched through a hilly country till 9 P. M. About sunset we suddenly descended into a valley, perhaps two miles broad, closed in by mountains at the north-west, and stretching far to the eastward, watered by a clear broad stream running westward; here were a few fields of barley just reaped and a few men near the stacks, of whom one of the muleteers bought barley, with which he filled his huge breeches and hung them as a sack upon a mule, while he walked *sans culottes* for three days. We had seen not more than six men during the last twenty-four hours, and here overtook two or three more who came into the same route by a large road running on from the eastward, and which followed the same old stone causeway we had met with daily from Aleppo. We had started from Adana with a guard of two horsemen, who were dismissed to their own infinite astonishment with presents at the first decent occasion, after a very few miles had been passed; but a well dressed quiet-looking Turk, about forty years of age, continued to travel with us: as I heard he was going four days' journey on the same way, I desired Joseph to entertain him. He was one of the irregular horse, rode a neat little well-shaped mare, wore a green jacket over his embroidered waistcoat, a many-coloured

girdle, in which two immense bone-handled pistols were very prominent, green schalwan, and black boots above his knees. He had no sword, sat very upright and well on his horse, and his black handsome features, long pointed beard, and green turban, gave him an appearance more like one of the Middle-Age heroes, who had formerly conquered the country rather than one of the race who now hold it. The mountains rose abruptly and fancifully to the west and north, and a high conical hill about south-west of the bridge, which crossed the stream I drew near, was pointed out as the "Fort of the Girls"—"*Kissah Kalassee*," while the range we were ascending was said to be commanded by "*Ogbooh Kalassee*" or the "Castle of the Boys." We soon began a steep ascent—water still plentiful—forest well wooded. We passed a tree covered with the votive rags, similar to those one sees in India, and after scrambling in the dark by a square mass of building, a castle which had been partially destroyed by Ibrahim Pasha, we halted at a farrier's shop, deserted by its owners, and dined on the ledge outside, carrying away with us a few of his fleas. We had been for the last hour traversing the main road of paved stone,and as the moon rose, we found ourselves among the most beautifully wild mountain scenery. About 12-20 P. M., "the witching hour of night," we resumed the march. E. was now quite recovered, and enchanted with the scenery as long as he remained awake. The air was fresh and fine, and we felt we had advanced into a new world. High upon our right hands, and then upon our left, the mountains' grey peaks towered above us. As we changed our direction with the winding path, most magnificent forest-trees on all sides, and occasionally the full moon revealed deep valleys of corresponding scenery spreading far into the distance. Once we thought we could distinguish snow upon the peaks. About 3 A. M. we passed a post-shed, with a man and two horses asleep beside it, and soon we entered the lengthy defile of Goolah Borghos which we traversed for nearly three full hours, and about sunrise, as the sides opened slightly, we saw about 1,500 or 1,200 feet above the road some well-built tiled houses, said to be the property of the Pasha and other grandees of Adana. Here we found one man in a field, and Joseph bought some barley of him. Soon we passed through a stone passage not more than forty feet wide, on either side of which smooth-polished stones rose in cliffs nearly 200 feet high. On the left hand was a rude bass-relievo of an altar. We now passed a few houses, the *poster* about 7, and finally after passing the vast fortifications of Ibrahim,

pitched the tents at 8 A. M. On the 20th August, thermometer 76°—86° at 3 P. M., till which hour I slept soundly. We had marched in all eleven hours and twenty-five minutes, which, reckoning at 2½ miles per hour, is 27½ or 28 miles, allowing twenty-five minutes for the extra half-mile.

20th August.—Already in a bracing climate. The encampment was a plain between the mountain tops, and about half a mile south of the large walnut tree under which were the tents, the ground rose slightly left and right, and distant from each other, perhaps one whole mile, lay two complete field-works; behind one were barracks and the remains of houses, and every tree, with the single exception of this walnut, had been cleared away from the line of fire, which defended the path to the defile. Several sets of passengers passed us here, with sorry ponies and large dogs, but no mules were seen in this country. We left the ground at 5-12 P. M., and marched till 8-30 P. M. We began to descend almost immediately we had started, and after the march had been resumed at 11-40 P. M., we descended to the level of a large river coming in from the east and running strongly to the north: it was said to be the Bosantique by the horsemen. We soon after passed several deserted lines of building—out-post stations for the Egyptian army, when Ibrahim held the country.

About 2-20 A. M. of the 21st August, 1848, we turned suddenly westward through a gorge in the hills, from which a very rapid river, said to be the Sarus, discharged itself into the Bosantique, and the united streams flowed northward. After crossing a very conical arched stone bridge, near which the river appeared to rise from under a rock on the left, we continued for some time upon a raised causeway on the northern bank, till the road appeared suddenly broken away, part being thirty feet above the bed of the river, and from this point we entered the water, crossing at least one dozen times during the night. The wind piercing cold and my teeth chattering from ague, though with great coat and cloak on. All the men slept on their horses but one, and he having no animal to ride, mounted the heaviest-laden and weakest baggage-horse three times, and was as often ejected by me. Presently E. was missing. I rode back nearly a mile, but no sound was audible; I told Joseph to ask the old muleteer if the Captain had gone ahead. "Yes, he has." This I knew was a lie, as I had been leading for some half hour before I began to look for E. "Well, Joseph, you and I must ride back." We trotted and cantered and soon met

E., rather displeased that we had come to look for him. At last, just as the morning was becoming grey, down fell one of my baggage-horses into the water, but recovered himself without discharging his cargo, and worse still another followed his example and then both the huge boxes fell off; away floated a leg of mutton, which was rescued before it sunk. Joseph's portmanteau with the cases of commissariat stores went to the bottom and were pulled out together. There followed a long wailing on Joseph's part, a tedious examination of the damaged stores, and finally the march was resumed after about three-quarters of an hour's delay, and we halted beyond a stone bridge on a ledge of green turf between two bare calcareous-looking hills, over which the sun appeared, as if he had some difficulty to climb, and close to an old barrack, well built and in good repair, filled with enormous battering guns and mortars taken from the Sultan in 1838. The tents were pitched on the 21st July at 6 A. M., after a march of three hours and eighteen minutes, equal to perhaps eight miles and five hours and forty minutes after—being in all nineteen miles. The thermometer at 7 A. M. stood at 75°, at 1 P. M. it had risen to 104°, and at 3 P. M., it had sunk to 95°. No shade, the muleteers retired under the bridge. Joseph, with his usual recklessness, occupied during the whole day the same position he lay down in, as soon as he had unloaded, forgetful of his recent severe illness. Some country people brought us a dish of the most delicious mulberries I ever tasted, doubly acceptable now. We left the ground at 5-10 P. M, and marched according to the time of the horses with the baggage, one entire hour, up hill, where we reached the highest point in our journey. There was snow visible on many of the cliffs of the dull grey rock above us, though barley seemed cultivated very high up the hill, and the fowls on our arrival proclaimed a village near, though invisible. We here saw carts for the first time, or rather sledges without wheels. We now began to descend —halted to dine at 8-5 P. M. near a barley-field, by the river bank, and Joseph complained much of pain in his head and all his limbs. E. as usual sleeping consumedly till I stirred up all hands and had the horses loaded as soon as the moon rose, and we travelled till 3 A. M. through a thin light soil well watered, well cultivated, but bare of trees, and pitched at the wretched village of Kulakushli after about ten miles marching—having passed over the pass of Koluck Borghos from Adana, a distance of at least sixty-three miles, of which fifty-five must have been on the ascent.

22nd July.—Thermometer 58° at 4 A. M. before sunrise. E. persisted in sleeping on the ground though the tents were set up in ten minutes, and he would be sure of every annoyance where he lay and none in the tent—so much had constant travelling rendered him indifferent to luxuries. The coldest night we had felt for months. I slept till 11-45 A. M. and then found the thermometer only 79°. The Chief was said to be living about three hours' distance in the mountains, and a horseman having been hired for ten piastres to shew the road, Joseph found the sulky, disobliging old fogie in a tent within sight of his own rotten village. He talked largely, said post-rate was 3½ piasters per hour, and Erecle was nine post hours distant. Finally horses were procured, and after much dispute about the divers packages and loitering and standing about, five were loaded, and with two more carrying Huleel and the cook, marched at 5-55 P. M. We passed through the very fine well-built khan with a passage or verandah one hundred yards long and at least fifteen broad, leading into a large square yard, into which opened many chambers from all sides. I could discern the remains of stair-cases leading above, but the upper rooms have been removed. We traversed wheat and barley-fields divided by the broad road of black soil, which these new men walked over at full three miles per hour. We saw one green tent, that of the Turkoman Chief, among hundreds of the bell-shaped felt tents of his followers, who all turn out at this season and encamp in the broad plains in preference to their wretched villages. At 9-50 P. M. we halted at a collection of poor hovels called Chaiee, where is a station of irregular horse, wherein the black Abyssinian Arab, who had accompanied us on a very sorry screwed pony, as guide or guard, was changed for a man of more pretensions, who rode a Government post-horse, a good, fat, heavy bay cob. This worthy was dressed, as most of his tribe, in faded green habiliments, and wore the dress-boot, with rusty shoes and spurs over them. Here we dined at midnight. The wind blew piercing cold. I felt the ague coming on, ordered up the small tent, and as I crouched into its shelter on my boxes, I underwent a strong paroxysm of regular fever, of which the hot stage was fortunately very transient, and I awoke without fever before the men were ready to move. About 12-20, we mounted, and I almost immediately felt the ague again coming on, and remained in great pain and sickness throughout the journey. The muleteers marched admirably, and

finally after passing meadow land, streams of water, poplars, walnuts, buffaloes and sheep, but few men, we pitched under some willows close to the wall of Erecle at 6-40 A. M. on the 23rd July. Thermometer 74°. I slept heavily in the tent till 4. P. M., awoke very sick indeed. I had had three attacks of fever in twenty-four hours and four in two days, and was much reduced in strength. The neighbourhood was cool, only 89° at 4 P. M. The post-master refused horses unless we took eight, one more than we required, and would give only one man with the troop, but with which arrangements it was impossible to comply, as they said Koneah was distant thirty-three hours' journey, or at least ninety miles.

24th July.—61° after sunrise, 64° at 9 A. M., 75° at noon. A man came to offer camels at Koneah for thirty piastres each. He agreed for twenty-one if we took six, and the loads were ridiculously light for camels. We were amused at the very preposterous head-stones in the grave-yards—unhewn Trachylic slabs, nine feet high, of a very irregular form and angle. About 10 P. M. we had a visit from one Hussein Effendi, a jovial-looking contented young Mussulman, who wondered much at our extreme desire to march. He came mounted on a stumpy black pony, attended by a ragged attendant in green, and though his own garments were good and clean, with remarkably well-shaped hands, he was evidently one of those indifferent boors who cannot comprehend any feelings but their own. He kept me on a carpet in the sun, when I could hardly hold my head up, talking maundering nonsense; and coolly pointing to my attenuated yellow hands, he asked Joseph what ailed me. About this time we were joined by a well-dressed, weather-beaten looking major, who came to pipes and coffee, &c. He was here drilling the militia, a practice which takes place once a year and extends over a month, in order that all may be fit for service, as they are sometimes drafted into the regulars. The practice is of eight years' standing. Joseph who saw my misery, contrived that they should both take their leave. As usual with these coarse brutes, Hussein Effendi had indulged in all sorts of questions about marrying and women, &c., and then as we talked of coursing, having seen a good-looking greyhound near the tents, he said he had two dogs which were English and came out of a ship from India but were only about a foot high, &c. The major asked me to call at his house as we passed. I endeavored to excuse myself—and indeed we must affirm that all the imperial officers have been most polite to us—but that on this occasion we

were glad to see their "buttons behind."* We contrived to start the camels at 5-10, though all sorts of delays for more than an hour occurred from boxes falling off, &c.—one camel man absconding that he might introduce a private speculation of his own, in the shape of a camel loaded with carpets belonging to a Christian merchant, who we were obliged to compel to lead his own animal as it was slower than the rest. As the cavalcade left the ground, Joseph who was making his old Rosinante caper about to display his own airs and graces, fell down a most unmitigated staggerer, broadside on, to the paved causeway; the horse of course suffered most, having the heavy stirrups driven into him most unmercifully, although one had been bent double by the fall. Joseph soon after missed his purse containing £12, went back to the place of the accident, and found it on the ground untouched. Hussein Effendi, who, as post-contractor, was the cause of our losing *one* day, perhaps all the better for my health, as the rest enabled me to recover from the effects of the last attack, had sent an Egyptian horseman with us, with orders for each relay to furnish a guard. This man was delighted that we talked Arabic, praised Egypt, Mehemet Ali, Ibrahim Pasha, and expressed unqualified disgust at the Turks, especially the *Shereefs* of this neighbourhood. We journeyed over a flat grass plain, with occasional cultivation but evident signs of recent heavy rain, which much delayed the march of the camels. We were told in winter snow or water lies here for months—in short till recently, that is, till the end of June. About 9-45 P. M. we wandered through a large deserted stone-built village of one-storied houses, called Bieckteak, and after searching in several places for water, found a spring a quarter of a mile beyond the town, and as the night was very cold and the dew very heavy, E. and I both contrived to stow our beds or boxes in the small tent and slept till dinner was announced. After midnight, we started at 2-20 A. M., on the morning of the 25th July, and continued to march till 6-20 A. M., when reaching a post-house said to be seven hours from Erecle and therefore still five from Kuraboonar, we halted and pitched the tents. The thermometer at noon being 82°. Cloudy and cool weather. We were

* For the benefit of the "unpassed" in ancient jokes, it is as well to add that when a deputation of button-makers waited upon Lord Brougham with specimens of their art, His Lordship finding some difficulty in extricating himself from their attentions, is reported to have addressed them thus—"Perhaps, gentlemen, as you have already shewn me your buttons *before*, you will now shew me your buttons *behind*."

now entering the strange volcanic region round Kuraboonar, in short the low hill behind us was of a calcareous appearance, sloping gradually down into a barren plain covered with coarse grass, no signs of cultivation as far as the eye could reach, not even a mount to break the dull monotony of the plain until the blue range of Taurus rose high and dark to the west. North of us were a few conical peaks and the ridge on the east appeared to extend for nearly ten miles to the northward, with much the same appearance as it presented behind the tents. A solitary hut, with two rooms, one surrounded by a low divan and lighted by one window, and the other used as a stable, was tenanted by two of the irregular horse, who guard the post, both of whom, without any of the gay attire of former specimens, wore jackets and trousers of coarse brown sack-cloth. We began our march at 3 P. M. and reached Kuraboonar, a large deserted village, with a good mosque and two minarets before it, at 8 P. M., having performed at least twelve miles. The camels marching well two and a half per hour: en route, we were told we should find hares and partridges, and Joseph and the horses, E. and I, formed a long line on the right of the road, but without success. We saw several very fine specimens of black partridges, very wild, large, and of beautiful plumage, such as I had never seen before. I then looked on the other side of the road, but without finding anything, when about 6 P. M., my attention was attracted to the singular abrupt scarped appearance of the rocks on the right and the very volcanic appearance of the four conical hills on the left, one of which was exactly the cube, formed by a heap of cinders. When approaching to the hills on the right, we became aware of an irregular circular basin, containing very saline water about a mile and a half in circumference, perhaps ten hundred feet below the level of the plain. As we rode down into it, we were convinced we had discovered the crater of an extinct volcano, the cinereous rocks appeared as if they would crumble with a touch. Rocks of a pale slate colour, sometimes a mere shell work, so hollowed were they by the action of fire, at other times lava and scorid, in irregular figures, surrounded the pale green water whose waves from time to time threw upon the margin of the little lake a thick flaky foam which adhered and dried like plaister. I saw a few ducks on this water. We again climbed on to the curve of the plain, saw Kuraboonar about three miles distant by the clear light of a summer's evening, and joining the camels, stopped for dinner at 8 P. M. There is a walled cemetery to this village. Close to where they pitched

the small tent was a Mussulman's house, he appeared the only inhabitant, and was an irregular horseman. Joseph here complained of being very ill and was roused with great difficulty at 1-40 A. M. and placed on the camel, declaring himself unable to ride his horse. It was ludicrous in the extreme to watch the vibrations of the cook, fast asleep on his tall camel, till his head went down below his knees, in which position he remained.

Joseph from the commencement spread himself out like a spatch-cock, and so was conveyed during the remainder of the night. The same dreary flat uncultivated waste, as far as we could see. We saw a house at a distance at day-break. The horsemen and the merchant went off directly at a run. Joseph and E. and I rode after them, and had coffee about 6-20 A. M. At 7-30, on the morning of the 26th July, the camels came up. Ismid being still four hours, they were ordered to go on. We waited; E. as usual fast asleep. After the camels had had an hour's start, I proposed to canter after them. We had taken the opportunity of giving the horses their morning's food. Joseph and I, much to the discomfiture of the old horseman and his fat grey, who could not live the pace, cantered merrily for a mile, when the horseman discovered he must not leave E., who, always complaining of his horse being unable to canter, certainly had not put his horse out of a walk for the last month. Overtook the camels and entered the wretched village of Ismid. Soon after noon, 12-20, on 20th July, we had actually marched five hours or twelve miles, halted and then come on ten hours and forty minutes, or twenty-seven miles further, without a halt; and as Kuraboonar is reckoned nine post-hours from Ismid and we had marched five before, we actually had come thirteen post-hours or thirty-nine miles in one march. Joseph contrived to lose us and we sat by the slight shade of a wall to be inspected by young and old. One old woman winked both eyes, opened them as wide as possible, and stared at me for ten minutes without interval, till Joseph returned and said he was pitching the tents. E. as usual had lain down in the shade of a man's house and did not come in till 2 P. M., when breakfast was announced. Thermometer in my tent 82°. I slept till 7½ P. M., when dinner was announced and we resumed the march at 9-30 P. M., and reached Koneah, twelve post-hours, at 11 A. M., on the morning of 27th July, after a tedious march of not less than thirty-three miles. E. fell asleep the moment the train was in motion. I had great difficulty all night in keeping the camel-men awake. Joseph as usual mounted a camel, sleeping the whole

time. The cook also slept till he fell off about day-break and was lost, till we reached Koneah. I also contrived to lose my way for two hours, during which the moon rose behind some clouds, which much perplexed me; as I thought it was the day-breaking and therefore due east. However I happened to come on the last post station-house, and waiting a moment, I heard the camel's bells and soon saw the cafilah approaching. It now became piercing cold. I was glad to walk to restore the circulation about 6½; E. and I had advanced so far beyond the rest, that we dismounted and E. attempted to light a pipe, but fell asleep. I determined to keep awake and see that the horses eat their morning feed, as Koneah looked at least twelve miles off over a dreary flat uncultivated plain of black soil. The camels passed us. All the men must have been asleep as soundly as both of us slept, maugre my good intentions, for no man noticed us though on the edge of the road and the two horses tied together beside us. At last I became aware of a flock of sheep which we had passed at day-break making their appearance beside us. I thought it impossible the camels could have passed without any one seeing us and cantered back to know why they had stopped. I soon however found the foot-marks of all the camels as well as those of a little five months' old brute which had accompanied us through the journey, and all turned towards Koneah. We had only türbooshes on, and feared the sun. However, after walking our horses for about eight miles further, we overtook the camels, I taking half an hour's brisk canter, which E. declined as usual on account of the Bishop's doubtful feet. The land was well cultivated close to the town of Koneah till we passed over a broad meadow bounded by orchards on the left, entered long roads between orchards and sat under a fine walnut tree, while the horses eat the only barley they had seen since yesterday evening, and about 1 P. M. we were installed in the house of a Christian according to the order of the Pasha to whom Joseph had applied for quarters.

28*th July*.—Thermometer in the house 66° at sunrise, and 80° at noon. The house in which we were billetted by order of the Pasha, surnamed the "Bald" was the property of a Greek. The Ramazan had commenced, most of the Moslems had retired to their orchards, which are numerous and well arranged in the suburbs, and having their families with them, were unwilling to allow us ground to pitch the tents on. Our host here was a cook by profession, and absent in his vocation; his wife, a once good-looking dame, and her brothers, from fifty to twenty years of age, three Greeks, did the honors, though

they appeared to have a salutary awe of too frequent association with their guests and allowed us to occupy the best front upper room undisturbed. There was one of the daughters, a good-looking girl of fifteen years of age, married and full grown, with peach-coloured cheeks and modest dark eyes. She seemed to conduct the household affairs, while her mother was engaged principally with two or three younger children, a baby and a few cats. The room had three windows and a door open to the east, rendering it unpleasant during the morning; the staircase of rather dilapidated appearance was placed outside the house. The room might have been twenty-five feet long, about fourfeen feet broad and ten high, with a small divan facing the doorway, now filled up with gaudy-coloured bedding, mattrasses, and separated from the rest of the apartment by a low railing. Joseph was desired, if he found himself better, to institute inquiries about horses or mules to carry us at once to Brusa, without the necessity of changing again, and also to present our compliments to the Pasha, and say we should call on him at his leisure. I was very sick all day and could not leave the house. E. marched round the town in the afternoon and returned full of his discoveries of Greek inscriptions, built into the ancient wall of the town, a few of which he had copied, rather imperfectly and which neither of us could decypher or translate. The day passed idly. Joseph was too unwell to assist us in procuring carriage.

29*th July*.—Again 61° in the house, and 80° at noon. The highest range. The weather is much cooler on the high table-land of Asia Minor than on the Syrian plains. As Joseph this morning reported that no carriage was procurable except post-horses, and of them we should require seven, and each man who went with us on the part of the Post Master must be mounted and his horse paid for, we found our journey would be more expensive than our now reduced funds would admit of; posting at three miles per hour exclusive of stoppages is very dear at 2½ piastres per hour. We therefore determined to sell our tents and the two large white deal boxes which were usually known as "Pinis' own;" as it was remarked that all travellers in Syria, outfitted by that illustrious person, carried one or more of these very useful additions to his other "impedimenta." Thus would two horses be dispensed with and the Suraji, who would have been useless to pitch tents by himself, would be a less heavy tax. We referred again to the Pasha, explaining our case. A janissary, as the class of servants answering to our "peons" delight to style themselves, was dispatched to a neighbouring village to procure the requisite

number of horses and men to go direct to Brusa, and Joseph announced to us that he had sold three tents and the two large boxes for 150 piasters or thirty shillings, the prime cost £11. This was a great error of the dragoman, when he said that carriage other than the Government post-horses was not procurable; and as we had eventually to pay only seventeen piasters for each horse to Brusa, we could have preserved our tents and the luxuries hitherto attendant thereon, and perhaps all of us had thus escaped fever and divers other annoyances subsequently entailed. As it was, we were informed that our tents had been sold, and five horses at 850 piastres, of which 250 were appropriated by the Pasha, would convey us towards Brusa on the following morning. About sunset the Pasha sent two large well-caparisoned horses for our use, and we mounted to pay him a visit of ceremony. E. in all the glory of full dress, I in sober black costume, surmounted by the red turboosh, which etiquette does not require to be removed, but was assumed by me for want of a better headgear. The animal I mounted was a strong well-bred horse, but not of the best description of Arab, who had a most disagreeable habit, acquired by the Eastern habits of show, of kicking prodigiously high at every few strides, whenever he was allowed to go faster than a walk. E. rode a Turkoman horse, large and coarse, but both were well fed and well groomed by their Egyptian attendants, who being so much more energetic and inclined to labour than Turks, are invariably preferred as household servants. Beyond the walls of the town, we saw a rather neat building, with more windows than doors and more of the latter than rooms, built on a raised terrace, surrounded by a garden walled in, and after being received by a numerous train of blue-coated attendants, we were ushered into a small room surrounded by a divan and enclosed by numerous windows, and from one corner of the divan rose to meet us a stout, rosy-faced man, of about fifty-six years of age, with a merry but undecisive cast of countenance, who, without understanding any language but his own, entered into rapid cross questioning through our dragoman. We explained our rank, employ, and our journey. He asked many questions about London, which E. asserted contained no gardens like those of Damascus. Heu! heu! fugaces annos! Kensington and the Horticultural Gardens to a pot-house enclosure and the desert! Joseph translated very badly, and so far misunderstood one of my questions, relative to the rainy months in Turkey, as to elicit a roar of laughter from the attendants and a remark from the Pasha that "not being a

divinity, he could not determine what amount of rain would fall." He was profuse in his offers of assistance, signed a bouruldi with great effect, and we were dismissed with due honors, the horsekeepers receiving a piece of gold each, and the janissary a large "douceur" on the morrow. We had sought for the gate where the statue of Hercules was described to have stood, but heard that the colossus had recently been removed by an Armenian merchant to his own house. The town is populous towards the northern suburbs, but in ruins over the higher situated and ancient quarters north and east, which enclosed the site of the old castle, now a heap of bricks and stones. The celebrated dungeons are deserted and some magnificent mosques, with the finest arabesque work in coloured porcelain we had yet seen, are neglected and falling to decay. There are two new and large mosques in modern style, one of which can boast of the two white-washed minarets supposed to commemorate an imperial founder, outside the town, and a large range of barracks on the outskirts towards the vast plains, upon which Ibrahim Pasha routed the Grand Vizier and his army in 1832. We remarked most plentiful supplies of timber, numerous wheel-wrights, and cart-builders. Many of the houses had windows, were adorned with the horns of the large wild sheep, which frequent the mountains of Taurus.

30*th July*.—The muleteers arrived at 6 A. M.—two men and five horses. As usual there were endless delays. First all the horses required to be shod; then Ibrahim and Hulcel had no passports, and E. wrote a note to the civil authorities requesting they might be provided. Finally, about 11-30 A. M., we took leave of our hosts, giving a Turkish sovereign for the use of the rooms, as our servants had supplied the table and every other expenditure according to our custom. Our way lay for nearly three miles through the orchards that run round the town and over the flat plain on which it stands. Much rain had fallen. To my great astonishment on approaching a few mulberry trees in a field of chalky clay, undefended by wall or fence, Joseph and E. deliberately left their horses, climbed into the trees and ate mulberries to their entire satisfaction. The whole proceeding was so sudden and appeared to me so extraordinary that I rode on for nearly three hours before: on my stopping to feed my horse, they overtook me, and explained that the trees were public property, as Joseph worded it "*Sibeel*." After journeying for about one and a half hour, we passed a ruined Khan well built of small stones, and began a steep ascent among the desolate chalky hills which bound

this plain, known to the ancients as "*Adusta*" or the "burnt-up." Here and there we passed pavements, remnants of the Roman road to Smyrna. The rain began to fall about 4 P. M., and when we overtook the mules it was nearly six o'clock, while we entered a rich valley whence barley and wheat was being reaped in great abundance; a pictureesque stream ran through the vale, and we entered a dirty straggling village about 7 P. M., after having accomplished at least seventeen miles. The order from the Pasha was produced. The Mutasellim as usual pronounced sick, and the men of the village rather sulkily undertook to appoint one of themselves, who gave us quarters in a clean veranda of a deserted house in the highest and driest part of the town. The inner rooms were occupied by two large four-post European-looking beds, and seemed very hot and close; so E. and I spread our beds as usual on the long jointed tables, which, when placed across two boxes, supported our beds in the raised verandah about nine feet square, and the mules and horses with their attendants reposed outside.

31*st July*.—The thermometer 59° at sunrise, the air cool and refreshing, and we all left our first "Konak" in high spirits about 6 A. M., passing through a well-cultivated country. The men and women alike are clothed in thick coarse bags, one serving for a coat or bodice and the other for the lower terminations common to both sexes. The women, however, wear the latter garments so extensive as to be scarcely perceptible from petticoats, and a white sheet as veil or head-dress, seldom used as the former ornament, if we may judge from their round, ruddy, sun-burnt visages, which owe much of their rich colouring to the sun. The men wear, when not travelling, a short blue jacket over the long calico gown, but on a journey appear to discard the gown and add a gaudy waistcoat bound round by the universally worn voluminous waist-band. There were some magnificent dogs in this village, large, lean and active, such as could tackle any animal except the hare and wolf, and though I did see one almost a wolf in stature and with fine racing points, I doubt his weight allowing him the speed requisite to course a hare. There was a fire-place in the veranda we had occupied, and some chimneys were observed in the village. Fine crops of wheat were being reaped, or were nearly ripe. Partridges seemed abundant, and a few trains of camels and mules occasionally passing with foot passengers from time to time, shewed more traffic towards Smyrna, than we had hitherto seen in the Sultan's dominions. We still followed the valley which was bounded on either side by well-wooded hills, on which the pine was conspicuous, and after a short search for

water fit to cook with, halted by a spring at the road side about 11-35 to prepare breakfast. E. and I climbed some short distance up the hill side, and spread our carpets under the shade of the thickest and largest firs. We soon discovered that the valley was known as Dourrant Burghos, and on our again marching at 3-45 P. M., we saw among the hills on the left, the small village which gives its name to the pass. One irregular horseman in the dress described before, mounted on a large coarse Turkoman horse and on his way to Brusa, joined us, but our pace was so tedious, that he and the Christian merchant left us upon the following day, and must have reached their destination long before we did. Soon after 5, we left the valley, crossed a picturesque row of short hills on our right, entered a valley with the water-shed running westward, and took up our quarters at a village called by a variety of names, some said "Cheeklee," some "Chuni," &c. The Harem of the Keklar Bey of Koneah entered the village from Constantinople, "20 days out," as the ships logs have it, at the same time that our mules wound round the little bridge and into the narrow street, half filled by the two well made commodious, ornamented, blue carriages, which borne on shafts between two fine mules, adorned with bells and ribbons, conveyed the mother and wife of the great man, while four women closely veiled, rode on horseback among a numerous body of well-dressed, but ill-mounted attendants. A fair light-haired young man in a drab-coloured shooting coat, Valencia vest, and jack-boots in European costume excepting the turboosh, approached us with good address, and introducing himself as the son of the Keklar Bey, we answered that our servants had seen his father on the previous day, &c. He then ordered some servants to procure us lodging and we parted with polite bows, &c. E. here perpetrated a wonderful summerset in company with the Bishop at a walk. E. had his foot slightly damaged by the horse falling on it, otherwise no great harm done. We were shewn a rickety old house—the lower half serving for stables, was "perfumery" to a vile degree and was filled with buffaloes. Our own animals were picketed outside, and we climbed to the first floor, by a narrow wooden staircase, as all here are, outside the house, and occupied an open veranda with a fire-place at each end. We placed our boxes and beds here, while the cook performed his functions in a room which was too close and smokey for our residence, and Joseph threw himself down on his carpets and fine bedding, and slept in the further corner of the veranda—Huleel as usual, being the most active man of the party, as his work was never finished, for

when the horses had been cleaned and fed, Joseph would shout out for fire, or, though that was a special case, for water, then order him to assist the cook, &c. 65° at 9 P. M.

1*st August*.—54° at 5 A. M. The Harem had marched very early. E. declared his horse must be shod, started the baggage at 6 A. M., and proceeded to the shop of a *Nahlbund* quite as reckless with the use of the large knife and vile broad-headed nails as the Arab. The farrier attached a shoe in no ways differing from that used in Syria, which covers the whole foot, and has an orifice over the centre of the frog, the heel being occasionally formed of two thin plates, lapping over each other with a nail driven through both about the cleft of the frog, and which I have found invariably hurts the horse for days together. Obstinate and impatient of suggestion, these men would in most cases place the shoe too short for the horse's foot, and cut the hoof with ruthless indifference after the shoe had been nailed on. We marched for three hours through a beautiful hilly country. The hills on either side covered with pines, the valley rich with corn: about 9½, the country opened very considerably and the hills dwindled into hillocks, covered with brushwood, doubtless well stocked with game, and finally subsided into the vast flat country, which stretches far away to the north and north-east and is mere pasturage for the Eurugues. Passed two villages right and left of the road at no great distance, but we were unable to ascertain their names. E. as usual complained of heat, and we halted at 11 A. M. under some willows near a brook and fountain. Joseph amused himself with my gun by shooting doves, as they perched, for the kitchen. Mules were again on the march at 2½ P. M., and we prepared to follow perhaps one hour later. E. and I rode for a mile, perhaps, before Joseph joined us. We had crossed a brook out of which several routes diverged; I chose the largest and saw, as I believed, the marks of the mules, and having asked an old man, was informed that it was the road to Aksheher. I moved slowly on, over a wide plain, much neglected, thinking E., whom I had seen following, was close behind. However E. and Joseph went down to the brook after a large duck which they shot, and I passed on, hoping to overtake the mules, as the country was well adapted for a man to lose his way over. I cantered across a flat, of perhaps two miles, and then walked my horse till dark, but neither mules nor my companions did I meet with that night. About 4 P. M., I rode through a small village, following the road to Aksheher; and after crossing a brook was told by a man reaping corn that both the roads, one over the hill to the left and one along

the valley of the brook, led to Aksheher, to which place he pointed. Beyond the next village there appeared to be a high road leading in from the northward, and by this as I slowly rode up the valley, I watched to see the mules descend. About an hour's riding brought me into a well beaten track between two villages, one very large and populous, whence I turned off to the left, and being clear across the plain to the foot of the hills, again watched for the mules or for E. and Co. I then rode southward to find the great road, because from my leaving the village, I had lost the right path in a marsh. I spoke to a man reaping and he again pointed N. W., and said Aksheher was three hours distant beyond a mosque on the hill side. Three quarters of an hour brought me to another large village, which as many people pointed to me, led on to the real high road, upon which I emerged near a large brick-built gateway detached from the town, but once, no doubt, in the town wall. Here I saw the Roman paved road and joyfully walked the Muskeen at his best pace, intending, if in advance of my people, to wait at the gate of Aksheher for them, but being unable to speak one word of Turkish and none understanding Arabic, I was loth to enter any village, and much doubted the possibility of finding lodging by myself. I soon overtook six men on horseback, not one of whom spoke Arabic or could comprehend my words. We soon after this passed a large caravan of loaded mules, merchandise probably, and with them a few armed men and a woman on horseback. I had loitered behind the horsemen in the hopes that the now setting sun would enable me to see the mules upon this long flat plain, when a Turkish horseman met me as he came from Aksheher, and approaching his horse close, looked steadfastly at me and my accoutrements. I returned his gaze with curiosity and perhaps anger, for he moved on his way and I also on mine. Had I spoken, perhaps I should have been informed that E. and Co. were in advance. I rejoined the six mounted men, and after some time contrived to enter into conversation with an old merchant from, and travelling himself to Constantinople, who told me that he had been to Mecca; and had lived in Damascus and other towns in Syria, &c., and therefore spoke Arabic. We journeyed on till darkness had fallen over the wide plain and the lights from the mosques and sounds of revelry after the day's fasting made us aware that a large village lay some distance from the road on our right and a smaller one to the left, that to which the mosque on the hill side pertained. Here the merchant said he should halt for the night, and invited me to join his party. I explained that my people

could not be far off, and that as Aksheher was only three miles distant I would go on. He then politely explained that there were many roads branching off the main track, and that after crossing a dilapidated bridge close by, I ought to ascend a hillock and keep to the left hand road, all of which directions I followed till I passed a deserted post-house and a fountain, beyond which the road, after passing over some muddy soil, between high flowering hedges, emerged upon a wide heath where camels were being tethered for the night, while an old man to whom I applied, intimated that Aksheher was far away and that I had better retire into the village on the hill where lights and voices were clearly perceptible. The night had become so dark that the path was indistinctly visible and I feared wandering into the marshes on my right; so I resolved to pass the night at the ruined post-house, certain that E. must pass me, if in the rear, and would wait to make some inquiries for me if in advance ; as I now calculated that the muleteers having marched during twelve hours at least, would not proceed far from this bivouac. My greatest fear was that the Muskeen might be stolen while I slept, I therefore sat and allowed him to graze for three or four hours, and then leading him into a shed which had but one entrance, I tied him to the inner corner and, spreading the saddle and my cloak at the doorway, soon slept soundly. The earliest birds did not wake so soon as I did, and having turned out the pony to graze, I looked about till sunrise, knowing that they would not rise till past 6 A. M., and if in any of the neighbouring villages, they must pass by my bivouac. I then mounted and rode back to the bridge where I had parted from the merchant and watched three or four roads for some time, nearly an hour. The country people on asses and mules (for none ever walk in this country), were coming into Aksheher, but not with produce, for the bazaar opens only in the evening. At last, believing, that they had passed and rode on to Aksheher, which was distant barely three miles over a very flat black soiled plain, and entering the town about 7 A. M., I rode through once, and then back to the gate I entered by, to enquire for the Khan el Farangiat; and if I could have seen barley for the horse or bread for myself, would have purchased, but none that I addressed, knew the Arabic names for my wants, so I returned to the high road and unsaddled under a fig tree. An old man to whom I applied for barley, which he was threshing by means of a team of horses, driven in a circle to start the grain close to the road, indulged his facetious humour at my involuntary fast. I had hardly sat down fifteen minutes, when a Christian, conspicuous by his

black turban, came running from the town and motioned to me to saddle the horse and follow. I knew then that E. and Co. were in the town and was soon welcomed by my fellow travellers, in a small upper room divided into upper boxes like an Ale-house in England, with a passage between them to the fire-place at which Ibrahim was preparing breakfast. They had arrived about 9½ P. M., and could not have been many hundred yards ahead of me when I had turned back to the ruined post-house. Information had been given to the Mutasellim, and E. had designed to march at noon for the town of Tsaklee, about five hours northward. We therefore left the town about 3 P. M., and reached Tsaklee at 7½ P. M. We found the Khan El Farangiat, as all these places are, crowded and with poor accommodation. A court-yard surrounded by a gallery into which small dark rooms opened and which contained a fountain, &c., round which were clothes hanging up to dry, horses, asses, mules and filth concomitant, men lounging or sleeping half clothed, all of whom were wondrous alert in taking part in a quarrel which arose between a Moslem of Aleppo and our Joseph, relative to the farrier having cut the hoof of Joseph's horse down to the quick and the owner having released his animal from further torture. The artist in horse shoes had, with the air of an injured man, applied to the Halibi, who took his part with great vigour to Joseph's unutterable disgust, who employed himself during the remainder of the day in writing notes in his pocket book of the facts, intending to take "the change" out of his adversary on his return to Syria. Excepting this fracas, solemn silence reigned in the town. The revellers of the preceding night slept through the long hours of compulsory fast till nearly three o'clock, when asses laden with garden produce, nags, &c., dragging immense logs of timber, passed through to the market, and a large cavalcade from Constantinople also arrived, men riding in the litters; another well-mounted traveller entered the Khan we occupied, but dissatisfied with the accommodation passed on. At last the mule and horses having, after much discussion, been loaded and Joseph partly appeased by us, we mounted. The owner of the room modestly demanded one hundred piastres for the use of it for one night,—was rewarded by Joseph with twenty and we rode on. The hills rise high behind Aksheher and close upon its numerous well-furnished orchards from the south, while beyond the road westward, lay on our right a vast plain—pasturage for the Euruegues—stretching far into the interior of Asia Minor; a few hills indistinct from distance bound the northern horizon, while "Sultan Dagh" still bearing snow on

his bluff bald head, rose upon the left hand and closed the view towards the south; plainly visible on the right were the broad white waters of the Inland sea, whose marshes occasionally extend even to the foot of Sultan Dagh and the road we were traversing, especially at a fountain mentioned by Xenophon* and to the present day celebrated for its excellent water; here it gushes from the rock at a narrow pass formed by the rough side of Sultan Dagh and the marshes of the lake, and is nearly equi-distant from Aksheher and Tsaklee. We found Tsaklee like a city of the dead, not a soul stirring. Joseph visited the Chief and, presenting the Bouruldi, asked for lodging. A Janissary shewed us the public coffee-house in the bazaar, which we declined entering, and returned to the house of the Mutasellim, who after apologizing for the delay said, had we arrived a few hours earlier, he would have ceded to us his own rooms, that so many persons had died in the town of cholera, &c., that he knew not where to place us. No one but widows and deserted families were in the houses. They finally shewed us a wretched building without a front wall, open to the south, whence the rain began to fall, and accessible only by a ladder, from the stables immediately below. This loft contained two compartments, the inner one of which evidently intended for the women and lighted by two windows from the outer room closed by heavy shutters, was occupied by Ibrahim, who forthwith filled the outer shed with smoke and deeds of cookery. E. complaining much of fever, retired to bed forthwith, and I following his laudable example, slept till nearly twelve o'clock, when Huleel announced that dinner was ready, and, lo! upon the floor between our beds, smoked the cinders of the duck which had been the innocent cause of my wanderings yesterday, a plate of rice and some poached eggs. The duck was impenetrable "adust" and cracked by the fire.

3rd August.—The thermometer pointed to 72° at 5 A. M., and the air was fœtid, close, and unendurable. I hurried out, and having with some difficulty roused all hands, we marched at 6-15 A. M. The gratitude of the owner of the house for the small present given him by our servant, much pleased us—a rare sight at any time and in any land, rarest in the East. Our way lay through a long succession of burial grounds; right and left of the road, interspersed between the enclosed orchard grounds, "the rude fore-fathers of the Hamlet slept," and far

* This is supposed by the ancients, and have been the fountain into whose reeds the ominous scandal against royalty was whispered—"King Midas has asse's ears"!! still handed down in the Arabic story of which Alexander the Great is the subject, and his malady is turned into "horns."

out-numbered any census which the present appearance of the town could lead one to believe. Still was the memorial a mere ill-shapen slice of stone, rough hewn from the quarry and set up length-ways. There appeared to be no chimneys in the town, and hence we concluded, that although on the road from Constantinople and within seven or eight days of that capital, civilization was rarely a visitor at Tsaklee. The women wear the veil, but go abroad more, and are more gaudily dressed than in the more eastern districts. At 8 P. M., we passed a post-house, like those we had seen on the plains of Koneah. Two or three men were lounging at the door drinking coffee. These buildings seem very far apart and are only placed where the villages are not conveniently situated for the purpose. We now entered extensive meadow lands, far as the eye could distinguish west and north from the foot of the mountains, which had hitherto bounded our view on the south. The plain extended unto the misty horizon on all other sides, speckled with large herds of camels, flocks of small heavy-tailed sheep and the tents of the Eurugue tribes. Hitherto the plain had appeared partially cultivated, and rudely-shaped rusty old carts of a portentous length were engaged in removing the corn or *vetch* harvest of a grain called "Dhourree"—while the women and children were in some places occupied in collecting the seeds of the poppy, which is larger, and grows higher and stronger than that of India, but yields, I believe, not so fine a drug. They told us the market value. The bell-shaped tent of white felt, is peculiar to the Turcoman tribes, who, dwelling in villages and migrating after their crops have been reaped, merely pass the summer with their flocks and herds. The Eurugue inhabit tents, shaped like those of the Arabs, but not of the black camel's hair cloth. We passed several large herds of camels, much coarser in figure and in hair and smaller than those of the Bedouin Arabs. The Eurugues were thoroughly Turkish in appearance, wearing more beard and long hair and of a smaller size than the Turks who inhabit towns, and who are, for the most part when young, heavy, stolid youths, with broad ill-shaped features, much bronzed and of a red and yellow complexion, with blue eyes, hair generally dark, but not black, and figures more heavy than muscular, especially about the legs; and in the figure the Eurugue is far superior to his compatriot of the town, though inferior in stature and comeliness, a fact to be attributed to the hard life he leads, and the exposure and privations of a wandering nation. We passed frequently wells dug very deep and furnished with the wooden apparatus, on

the principle of the steel yard for drawing water. The mouth of the well was in many cases extremely small, and formed often from a section of an antique marble column perforated. Attached to one of these wells we saw near the post-house, a marble sarcophagus used as a water trough, on which was a Greek inscription and two very elegant wreaths carved—"To such base purposes may we come at last." After examining this remnant of the glorious deed, we came in sight of a large village on the skirt of the mountain, which we avoided by turning off into the meadows on the right hand, following a beaten cart track leading straight from the high conical hill, perhaps twenty-five miles distant, which high above the plain, and separated from the ridge of mountains which had hitherto bounded our view on the south, marked the site of Opium Kara Hissar—"The black fort in the opium country." About 10-25 A. M., we halted under some willow trees upon the site of a deserted village; they were situated about five hundred yards from the road, and joining to a marshy stream, round which herds of sheep, cattle and horses were grazing. After we had diverged from the stony road near the hills into the plain, I saw a sheep lying in the ditch on its back, apparently dying of strangulation, and before I could come up or clearly see what it was, Ibrahim had leaped off his horse and was proceeding with the utmost coolness to cut its throat, preparatory to carrying it off as provender. It is needless to add that I soon stopped that design, when he remounted, leaving the animal still struggling feebly in the ditch, from whence I extricated it half suffocated, and laid it on the bank. There was no one in sight, so it must have remained there all night, had I not lifted it from its dying state and left it to struggle for life on better ground. We slept and rested under the willows till 2-35 P. M., when after a detour to avoid the marsh, in which Huleel and Ibrahim contrived to swamp their horses for a short time, we rejoined the main road over fine grassy meadows and continued a course about N. W. The mountains on our left now opened away to the southward, and a ridge of pasture ground higher than the plain we were traversing, and which had hitherto been bounded by Sultan Dagh on our left and Emir Dagh on the extreme right, seemed to stretch far away to the N. W., while before us on the West, rose a few conical-shaped volcanic peaks; pre-eminent in height and eccentric figure, was the black fort still distant, but distinctly seen through the clear air of a summer's evening. We now approached the willowed banks of a small river, and crossing by a very long stone bridge, approached by a paved causeway, resembling the

ancient road we had from time to time met with from Aleppo up to Scutari or Brusa; we traversed a level plain of very rich grass, on which a herd of more than 150 mares and fillies were grazing; we entered the little deserted village of Chabun at 6-35 P. M., and were shewn by a very civil Moslem sent by the Chief who was declared "sick," a clean shed in the west corner of a square brick-walled enclosure, in which our own horses and servants stationed themselves, the muleteers and their beasts remaining outside, and ourselves spreading our beds and carpets as usual upon our boxes, read or dosed till 10 P. M., when dinner was announced, and devoured as usual, spread upon the floor between our beds. We had inspected the herd of mares. They were none higher than 14-1, heavy, large footed galloways, many with hollow backs, from too early work or breeding, and only in the fine skin, and occasionally a good head, shewing any resemblance to Arab extraction. Joseph mounted on the white horse, now called "*Abul Musaken*," which he had purchased at Aleppo, challenged me to a race perhaps 600 yards, when the Muskeen collared him with great ease and could have beaten him for any distance after the first 200 yards. This village looked half deserted, very few men visible, a few children climbed up the walls to stare at the Farang, and a few women were drawing water at sunset from the old-fashioned well outside the enclosure. Thermometer pointed to 65° at 9 P. M.

4th August.—63° at 5 A. M. We left our Konak at 6 to 10 A. M. E. very anxious to discover the marble quarries celebrated of old for supplying Roman magnificence. We inspected a few excavations, &c., but found nothing like quarries, and only a few modern tombstones. Joseph tried to compass the destruction of a covey of rock partridges, but found them too wild to admit of his approach, especially as the absence of all underwood favoured their keen senses. We were overtaken by some respectable Moslems, mounted on well-groomed galloways, mostly mares, relatives of the herd we had inspected. I talked to a man riding a very well-shaped nag, about fourteen hands, and three years old, with clear well-made legs and good shoulders, a very dark grey. He said he had bred it in his own house and valued it at 600 piastres or £6. It would have fetched £20 or £30 in Bombay, although its ears and general appearance were too coarse to be mistaken for a pure Arab. We soon were joined, after a brisk canter of about two miles up to the mules, by a middle-aged irregular horseman, who after joking with Joseph on his fluency in the Turkish language, would not believe him to be other than a native

of Romelia, and therefore a Turk. Joseph allowed the pleasing delusion, as it evidently increased our ally's loquacity, he answered all questions about the country and the people, explained why so much opium was grown, although being sent to Smyrna, it became the most remunerative produce of the country, &c. We again passed by fording the river, over which we had marched on the preceding evening, and found a very large substantial two-storied house, which had been built as a caravanserai, but was now deserted, close to the ford within a mile and a half of the town. As we approached, the fields were more carefully fenced and much garden produce, mixed with maize, cultivated huge artichokes and beans in abundance. The black rook which overhangs the town and rises from the plain much more than four or five hundred feet, judging from the recollection of St. Paul's and the Pyramids, as compared subsequently with the St. Stephen's steeple at Vienna, now shewed small whitish works on inclined planes towards the east and north, and very complete fortifications round the summit. The road leads from the western base, and the town is situated at the north-east and eastern bases. It appears to be a volcanic formation, and there are three similar freaks of Nature's grotesquerie to the north of the fort, at no very great distance across the fine broad road, by which we emerged from the town, *en route* for Constantinople and Brusa, but they scarcely exceed the half elevation of the Kara Hissar rock. We entered the town in company with our baggage at 10 A. M., calculating the distance from Chabun about four hours or ten miles. We took up our quarters at an inn, kept by a Greek, which seemed to have been recently constructed, at the corner whence several streets diverged, and which being a triangular building of two wooden stories, as most of the houses are, contained perhaps twelve small rooms on the sides of a triangular court, overlooked by a wooden veranda which afforded common access to the above rooms, and which was surrounded as the lower story by two large coffee-rooms on either side the entrance archway, and by divers offices and stables on the remaining sides. It appeared full of travellers. There was a Greek family of women and children up-stairs and two Turkish officers with their attendants adjoining the rooms allotted to E. and me, and which the servants of the inn first swept and then sprinkled with water till the mud-floor became a kind of puddle. The landing-place contained a few small fire-places which were used for cooking and came into the possession of Ibrahim. Two of the rooms had iron stoves, with iron-fluted chimneys passing outside to the roof attached to them: I sup-

pose allotted only to favoured guests. They charged us three piastres each, or about eight pence for the use of each room for one day. Soon after our arrival, Joseph declared himself very sick with fever, but I could not discover from his pulse, so I concluded the bad living affected him in a manner he had never felt before, and being as novel as fever, to one hitherto so robust and healthy, was always described by him as an attack of fever. However a room was prepared for him and he went to bed. The cook who was absent on his vocation, served breakfast about 2 P. M., and we were ready to depart soon after 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when a very impertinent-looking janissary from the commandant attempted to frighten Joseph into some bribery about orders to leave the town. However Joseph coolly desired him to bring hamauls to carry him, and said that he had a teshkarrie or pass ports for every man and special written orders or bouruldi from each Pasha, between Egypt and Constantinople, so that after desiring the muleteers not to load, and trying to interest the by-standers in his discussion, to neither of which proposals any person gave heed, the janissary left the khan in a rage and returned just as we were mounting our horses, with three or four men armed to the teeth, and insisted on carrying Joseph away to the Pasha. The passports and orders were now exhibited and any other concession being refused by us, we mounted our horses and went our way, while the worthy functionary found himself powerless to stop and without any douceur for allowing us to depart, as he had of course indulged a hope of. We did not march till 4-15 P. M., and returning by the street through which we had entered, the mules crossed the plain towards the north, at first following a wide well-beaten road for nearly one mile and a half and passing a very commodious house said to be the quarantine station. In short, the Turkish Government seems of late years to have adopted singular heterodox ideas on the prevention of contagious disease, for each large town was furnished with commodious quarters for the residence of the victims in quarantine, and the most frequented were those on the frontiers, and they also were unquestionably the worst in every respect; doubtless the expences and presents exacted from the more wealthy classes forms a perquisite pleasing to Pashas, and their greedy needy attendants. This town, though well populated, was old-fashioned, ill-built, and the houses of a wretched description, many in a precarious state "nodding to their fall," and not better than third-rate houses in a town in India; although the well-clothed populace and their noisy assemblies bore more of

European than of Asiatic habits, yet the men seemed darker, especially on their face, legs, feet, and hands, than the mere ordinary exposure to the sun would induce, and there were signs of more boisterous and less dignified manner than those of Moslem in general, as if a greater infusion of the Greek population roughened the decorum usually observed in all Turkish towns. A one-wheeled carriage, an old-fashioned, ricketty phaeton, drawn by two small horses, was once visible during the day and was the first vehicle we had seen since leaving Cairo in March. The very remarkable character of the volcanic formations in the neighbourhood of this town, and the picturesque fort on the huge rock overhanging it, render this vicinity one of the most memorable we have yet visited. There were vines on the hills behind the fort, and the alluvial plain in the vicinity seemed abundantly fertile, but the tractytic rocks to the northward were bare from base to summit. We stopped to water our horses which had been denied all that indulgence while at the khan, probably from neglect, as water ran down the street adjoining; and here Joseph sat down, and as he often had done during his repeated attacks of sickness, declared his firm intention of dying and consequent inability to proceed, both which *disàgrèments* he was soon persuaded to forego, and having mounted the old white horse, with the very showy sky blûe and scarlet trappings, he rejoined our miserable procession and proceeded onwards. Turning to the right from the beaten tract, we crossed the black alluvial soil of the flats in a direction for some few miles N. N. W., and then turned backwards directly westward, passed two small villages on the right hand at about 5-50 P. M., and finally ascended the black bare hills which bound the plains of Kara Hissar about sunset; hearing from some travellers hurrying towards the black fort, that there was no village nearer than three hours' travelling and no place of shelter, unless the mill, which was visible in the valley below us, could afford better accommodation than the dirty stabling which we could see about to accommodate a large herd of cattle, we pursued our way, and the little Muskeen, who always could outwalk his companions, more especially while climbing hills, brought me to the summit, while as yet day-light remained, for a view over that remarkable landscape. Sultan Dagh and Emir Dagh were the most remarkable objects in the vast plain, which now, from its immense extent and from the shades of evening, seemed to stretch into the horizon, unbroken by other objects less immense than these mountains; while towards the west the view was rugged and broken by hills

rising behind hills into the mountainous country towards Smyrna and round the skirts of the pass. In short, the plain we had just left, was one unbroken flat from Kuluck Kushlee to the present ascent, bounded on the south by the chain of Taurus unto Koneah, by the hills behind Koneah and behind Latakeah Adusta, unto the ridges of Sultan Dagh and the peaks of the Black Fortress, while to the north extended the vast alluvial plains of Asia Minor high above the sea, unbroken save by isolated hills which we could from time to time discern on our right, and as far as Mount Arganteus affording pasturage from ancient days, to those who reared the far-famed chariot-horses of the imperial Romans and to the present breeders of the large coarse Turkoman horses, the Eurugues, and Turkoman races. The post-road traversed this flat for about 5½ miles. Darkness soon came on and the mules seemed to mount the long ascent more lazily than usual. We met four muleteers coming down the hills; they told us we had three hours more to march before we should reach the next village. However, about two miles further on, while descending a slope of the mountain, the lights from a mosque were distinctly visible, and all asserted and believed the village, which we did not reach till 10 P. M., to be quite near. E. and Joseph and Ibrahim walked away from the mules; I fearing to lose them in the dark, halted whenever I lost the sound of the bells, and thus we separated; at last on seeing lights abreast of our route, I ordered the mules to be turned off, and after hearing the loaded cattle plunging about rather dangerously in some marshy ground, through which the little pony carried me steadily and without much exertion, Ibrahim screaming from the shadow of some house to ascertain where his companions had vanished to, attracted my attention, and finally we all found ourselves housed in the village coffee-shop: a tall Sedee, an African with the broadest phiz, was holding a pine torch flickering in the strong night air above his head and by its light, horse after horse was unloaded and led through a very narrow gateway into a stable, beyond the ten-foot square shed, upon which we straightway deposited our boxes, made our beds, and turned in for the night. Dinner being announced about an hour after, I drank some coffee and ate some of the coarse barley-bread, which we had subsisted on for so many weeks, soaked in it, and soon fell fast asleep till sunrise, on the morning of 5th August. Thermometer 60° at sunrise. We contrived to march about 7 P. M., leaving some piastres under an old coffee-pot, which bearing unmistakeable signs of recent employment, we concluded formed part of the commonwealth of the village

of Herak: we closed the old man's wooden door after us, loaded the mules outside, mounted our horses and passed through flocks of geese feeding near a stream, in which a few women and rosy-faced urchins were washing, and again emerged into the wild uncultivated waste through which, in many undulations, winds the high road to Brusa. Few fields of barley or wheat, half reaped or ready for the sickle, were visible, but the woodless hills were covered with coarse grass and rank vegetation, much resembling the valley of the Orontes. Soon after leaving the village, we passed a dry "Sibeel," the water vent being in the centre of a large cross, of which the four compartments formed on the slab by the cross were ornamented with symbols of the early Greek Church; round the marble slab was an inscription in Greek, which E. copied, but neither of us could decypher, so as to understand the contents. No passengers—no peasants were met during this uninteresting march, so that about 10-30 we were not loth to turn from where four roads met and unload at a small village about a mile from the cross roads, called Chuckarsee, said to be nine hours from Kara Hissar and the same distance from Kutahia. In short we had been told yesterday that Brusa was a journey of forty-five or fifty hours, while Kutahia was exactly eighteen, and there are villages in numbers on the route. We sat and read or slept under some fine large trees in a well-fenced field, which had contained garden produce and still produced beans and some melons, till 2-30 P. M. Two men from the village came and sat with Ibrahim and Huleel at the cook's fire talking, but Joseph being extremely weak and sleeping the whole time, we were unable to hold converse with either. After persuading our worthy follower to rouse himself, swallow some hot coffee, and eat some sustenance, he appeared better, and on our mounting our horses, he held rather an amusing conversation with some youths and a very pretty Turkish girl about twelve years old, as we passed through the village, where however his facetiæ were not so well received by a "turbanned and malignant" of more advanced years. For being doubtly hungry and angry from the effects of the great fast, he retired with ill-concealed dudgeon into his barn, slamming the door against the accursed Christian who had addressed him. We soon entered a well-wooded country among low undulating sand-hills, and while pursuing our way at a smart walking pace in front of the baggage, we were told by an old Turk and his son, who were mounted on good-looking galloways, that upon the main road we should find no village under five hours' journey while among the hills.

On our left there was one not far distant, in which we could pass the night. We therefore struck into the woods, and soon finding a cart road we reached the village of "Duathar" about sunset, now 6-30 P. M., after having travelled for seven and a half hours and passed over about twenty-three miles. Joseph had walked up the hill to the left in search of hares with my gun, leaving E. in the undignified charge of the old white horse and his gaudy caparisons. We wandered from one well to another on the outskirts of the village, inspecting ancient carvings upon the front walls, but were unable to decypher any inscriptions: there were three round the village The Pasha's order was promptly responded to, and we were first offered the mosque; and after declining that shelter from motives of respect to the inhabitants, we inspected a few houses, all of which other travellers had already occupied, and whom, although our guide was anxious to dislodge, we declined intruding on. We finally returned to the mosque, unloaded outside, and placed ourselves and beds in a small shed about ten feet wide and fifteen long, on the east side of the enclosure, while Ibrahim occupied a corner of the square court-yard upon the west, and our host, the village moollah, mounted the roof of our shed to call the faithful to prayer thrice during our occupation. Both E. and Joseph were in high spirits this evening, apparently recovered from all feverish symptoms; and we dined between ten and eleven o'clock on rice, the gravy of some horrid black-looking fragments of mortality, (too suspicious to be actually eaten) which Joseph had shot, in the shape of thrushes, much to the amusement of some Turkish boys, to whom a few were given. In that battue nearly a dozen victims were knocked over by each barrel, and I think twenty-two picked up and brought to bag.

6th August.—The mercury hung near my bed, pointed to 58° at sunrise. Our attendants were unusually sluggish, and Ibrahim and one of the muleteers having been "keeping it up," upon no one could conjecture what sort of liquor, were very loth to keep time. In short we were informed that they had arranged among themselves the length of the journey still unaccomplished and had resolved not to travel more than ten miles per diem, and thus to supersede the necessity of an early start. Joseph too was again prostrated by fever, and no barley being on hand for the nags, we could not effect a start till 7-18 A. M., when leaving the very coarse wooden-built hovels, gloriously populous with fleas, we again found ourselves among a pleasant woodland country, from which we could from time to time catch a glimpse of the high range of Olympus be-

fore us, and on either side I saw large flocks of sheep and goats, and though unquestionably upon the high road to Brusa, very few travellers. We passed a solitary coffee-house with one sleeping occupant basking in the sun about 8 A. M., and about 9 watered our horses at the old-fashioned mud-built post house, which here and every where wore the same seedy appearance and was tenanted by the same style of serge-clad horsemen, whose duty is to relieve the escort of the mail, and who, on this occasion, seemed occupied by attending to a very fine-shaped and well-bred Arab horse, whose forelegs had been apparently broken on the cannon-bone and who faintly hobbled on three legs after his sanguine owner. We now perceptibly ascended and the hills became more abrupt, till on reaching a very precipitous declivity of white chalk, we crossed a pretty stream over a long stone bridge, partly occupied by a water mill and a cottage, and unloaded at 10-55 A. M. under some willows in a meadow close to the waters which we could see were well tenanted by fish. Here we halted till 2-45 P. M., Joseph sleeping the whole time and complaining of much pain and head-ache whenever he was roused. This was no place to loiter in, and we all felt that Constantinople, being the end of our labours, could not be too early reached, even at the expence of a short temporary suffering, and none of us were more convinced of this necessity than our gallant and good tempered attendant, who sustained his spirit with wonderful energy and bore his repeated attacks of sickness with great fortitude and good humour. The next eminence enabled us to look down upon the plain round Kutahia, and through the misty heat and glare of an Asiatic afternoon, perhaps at the hottest season of the year, we could discern upon the horizon-forming hill side good substantial houses, and high from the level of the plain, the very singular fort which probably gave entrance to Tamerlane in the final subdual of the dynasty in 1534. Here, as in the last two villages, the complexion of the peasantry was far from Oriental; a light brick-dust colored face, lighted by blue eyes and ornamented by soft long hair, dark brown, but never black, shewed European extraction, while the pantaloons of the women very full and well arranged, more resembled petticoats than the male garment, and when fronted by a black apron assumed an European style of dress, highly pleasing to the wandering stranger's eyes. After having marched about four miles over a well-cultivated plain, bounded by a high mountainous range on the south and stretching well away towards the north, whence a lower ridge formed the limit of our vision, we approached the very sub-

stantial well-built modern houses of Kutahia, first the quarantine station detached from the main body of the place, a long range of well-built white-washed buildings, and shortly afterwards an immense palace of the Pasha who had lately died, and a Government Hospital recently erected, while the numerous long two-storied edifices upon the hill shewed that once there had been a very strong depôt of Turkish troops here, but all had been marched to the capital to reduce the insurrection in the Wallachian and Moldavian Provinces. The town was, as usual during the Ramzan, silent and unfrequented; shops with large showy glass vases, filled with every variety of sweetmeat, a staple commodity in an Eastern market, gave us to expect a long stride in civilization, compared with the very diminutive pace at which improvement had hitherto advanced on our track from the east to the west, even though the greater portion of the Ottoman Empire; more showy dresses, Albanians, Janizaries, and ornamented turbans on the heads of the few shop-keepers, whose thrifty habits anticipated the evening freedom, for the strict mortification of this month of fast and the glass windows in every house, neatly painted doors, and an advance in general cleanliness, showed that the influence of Turkey in Europe and the approach to the Ottoman port, was felt at Kutahia. This seemed the largest and most populous town in Asia Minor we had yet entered, and as we followed the train of mules and servants through the winding streets, Joseph recollecting that the commissariat was ill-furnished, proposed that he and the cook should detain one of the mules which carried the elder muleteer, and having made their purchases overtake us, while we advanced to a village three hours distant on the road to Brusa. E. also loitered, because having a fancy for bazaars and market purchases, he seemed amused by the opportunity of seeing the people and the town, while I passing on through the city and into the numerous orchards which surround the town, followed the route to Brusa with the mules, one Mussulman muleteer and Huleel, our groom, and did not again see the rest of our party till some days after in Brusa. The town of Kutahia is situated on the slope and at the foot of a high range of hills: upon the detached summit of one is piled the most eccentric castle, perhaps in the world, of very ancient work. It looked a congeries of round towers, scarcely sufficiently prominent from the lines to form flanking works, and yet so far resembling the unity of the same style of architecture, as to forbid the idea of successive occupation having added a series of detached fortresses or towers to the predecessor's original stronghold. The brow of the hill was sur-

mounted by buildings evidently of no very modern date, fitted for the residence of a garrison, while each side scarped to a precipice of considerable height, supported a fortification which seemed also a congeries of towers, links of a chain of detached forts, very ancient in figure and in material. Below, at a reasonable distance, to admit of a ditch intervening betwen the scarped rocks and the houses, rose the town of Kutahia, whereof the richer portion of substantial residences lay on the east and north-eastern slopes. The market and original habitations on the north, and a few detached garden-houses stretched far along the hill sides and over the fertile valley towards the west, through which the straight pavement of the ancient roads to Brusa lay, and by which I was with the baggage slowly leaving my companion behind, causing to each of us much anxiety and subsequent sickness from exposure and fatigue. Soon after leaving the town, a very wide, well-beaten track, traversed by a narrow pavement, similar to that which had accompanied our route hitherto from Aleppo, was pointed out as the road to Constantinople said to be five days' journey. A few farm-houses, with numerous flocks of geese in their vicinity, but no village, intervened between Kutahia and the hills which I began to ascend shortly before sunset, and after travelling perhaps two miles further on the high table-land, badly cultivated and overgrown with coarse grass, we put up for the night at a village a few hundred yards to the right of the high road, while the lamps of the mosque shewed me, that two other villages more remote from Kutahia were near. Joseph had with him the Pasha's written order and our passports. I anticipated neither courtesy nor hospitality, and found neither. Though the daylight had not quite departed, and though many men were coming in with cattle and carts, my attendant's application for a suitable shed to pass the night in, under promise of reward and an assurance of the protection being claimed from the Pasha's order, was disregarded by all. One little boy brought a small earthen vessel of water, and another some lighted firebrands, and laying these before me ran off. Inasmuch as neither Huleel nor Mahommed could find eggs or poultry to purchase, the fire was useless, and I finding the verandah of a large tile-covered building vacant, unloaded and had the boxes conveyed within, and making up my bed on my trunks as usual, with Joseph's long gun beside me and my belt and pistols beneath my head, soon fell asleep About 9 o'clock, some ten or twelve men opened the door of the building, and after, as I saw, remarking quietly on my position, entered to perform their devotions, which they continued for nearly two hours:

after their departure, having been thoroughly awakened by their vigorous exclamations, I took a tour of inspection round the horses and mules, and seeing my pony and the others well supplied with chaff, having already disposed of their barley, I turned in, still wondering as to the fate of E. and company, and slept till day-break. The devotions of the Turks were very orderly and more energetic than I had ever witnessed among their faithful in India. Each prayer slowly repeated by one voice in Turkish, was audibly and solemnly responded to by the rest of the party, and at the end "Al humdulillah" thrice uttered, was followed at each period by the full prostration of all persons, touching the ground violently with the forehead, or the hands placed to protect the head. Each prayer commenced with the ordinary Arabic form "Ek Allah—Eak rubb-il allimeaw," then followed Turkish expressions which I could not understand. Huleel told me in the morning, that they seemed displeased by my taking possession of their verandah, but were dissuaded from disturbing me. Our Turkish muleteer, Mahomed, took no part in the discussion nor in the subsequent devotionary exercise.

At day-break, on the 7th August, I anxiously inspected all the neighbourhood wherever it might have been possible for E. and company to pass the night unknown to us, but finding no traces of their arrival, swallowed some coffee and some very hard two-days-old bread; and again ordering the mules to be loaded, resumed my solitary march. The country was a light reddish soil generally, and presented few features differing from the last miles of yesterday's march. There were two rather large villages on the left and right of the road within the first six miles, and again no other till I reached the wooden huts at which the next night was to be passed. However, seeing that the first village on the left was adorned by a large square new tiled building, similar to that in which I had occupied the portico, and as the other houses surmounting the abrupt declivity of a hill, overhanging a broad stream bore an air of greater wealth, than that which I had quitted, Huleel was dispatched to buy grain for the horses, eggs and bread for ourselves, and to ask tidings of our lost companions. The road now passed between low chalk cliffs, upon which veins of variegated marble were from time to time perceptible in broad masses, and we soon after entered the finely-wooded country on the hilly skirts of Mount Olympus, much of which was well cultivated with wheat and barley, and the rich harvest already fresh reaped, was piled in huge stacks to be removed by the inhabitants of a village seven hours or twenty miles distant.

We were told that the broad path we had followed, was the high road, the nearest and most frequented route to Brusa, and therefore finding no village, after having with considerable difficulty procured fresh water from a neighbouring fountain, we unloaded as close to the road as possible, in a field covered with small pieces of fine grained white marble, and halted in the expectation that E. and company having passed the night at Kutahia, probably from the illness of one of the party, would, being able to march much faster than the laden mules, overtake us, while we rested from 11 A. M. to perhaps 2 or 2½ P. M. Peasants, well fed, and well clothed, were stacking the barley, which in some fields we saw them still reaping: a much taller, fuller, and weightier crop than any I had seen for many years. The wheat too, though still the bearded variety, is a fine contrast to the specimens which India produces as far as unprofessional eyes could judge, while doubtless if the care and cultivation be fairly estimated, these crops would prove less remunerative than the easily obtained rewards of the Indian peasants' spiritless labour. During the last two days we had seen the scythe used for the sickle and the wheat mowed down, a process apparently calculated to empty the very ripe heavy ears before they had undergone the process of being trodden out by horses, to which the large stacks here collected were to be subjected to previous to the final removal. The men here wear the wide dark "shalwan" or broad loose trousers down to the knee, and below coarse, gaily-coloured worsted stockings, generally terminated by a sandal or by white leather boots, not reaching above the ankle. The women assist in loading and themselves drive the cart, and while two men, rather advanced in life, seated themselves by me and conversed in Turkish, after asking a few questions and answering my queries, made through Huleel, who really speaks that language very well, I observed that several women and children came near, and though they took no part in the discussion, were unveiled and interested by the conversation, neither did their appearance, so different from the usual Moslem habits, displease their male relatives. These men told me that their village was seven hours' distant from their fields, that there were many paths through the mountains near, but that I was on the high and most frequented road to Brusa. They told me the village in which I had passed the night was named "Gevan" or "Kevan," a word I had heard in the village given as its name; that there was a village near the fields, which was said to be ten hours' journey from Kutahia and

nineteen or twenty from Brusa. Thermometer 80° at noon, 88° at 3 P. M. We marched again at 2½ P. M., and soon left all cultivation behind. We began to ascend from the field we had halted in, first between hedges, while the arable land intervened, and then over light reddish soil, into a magnificent forest of oaks and firs, with wide-spreading beaches; in short such enormous forest trees I have never seen, and the vast number caused a dense shade even over the broad beaten track, while on either side spread far and wide an impenetrable thicket, "one boundless contiguity of shade," not flat but broken into a thousand knolls and hillocks, and permeated by a hundred streams. Here too the shrubs were mostly rose trees. I counted five varieties during the four hours' journey. We only once descended perceptibly, and that was but a short declivity to a stream of clear running water flowing through two grassy slopes and united near a wooden bridge to pour its waters into the northern plains. The maps we had with us afforded no accurate description of the rise of the many rivers that give fertility to the table-land of Asia Minor; and here, as throughout the East, we found the inhabitants ignorant of all but the vicinity of their own villages, while our attendants, excepting perhaps the old muleteer, now with E. and company, and who was remarkably taciturn and surly, had never traversed this nor any other road to Brusa. We had now marched nearly six hours and had met with passengers only once, early in the morning; a few men with carts drawn by bullocks and laden with wood, and those with whom we conversed at noon; so that our arrival, eventually at about 7 P. M., at a small village formed of log huts and which was really the only route hence to Brusa, was as much an accident as such events can be. From this stream we again ascended a very long and steep range, up which the loaded mules toiled very slowly. The same vast forest of mighty trees spread far and wide, numerous pine trees near the road had been felled and left for removal or had been set on fire to facilitate the woodman's labour, and having burned too rapidly had fallen, or were still erect in withered majesty, reft of all their lower sparlike branches. No other species seems to be removed, although the growth of each variety was of exceeding magnitude. Once we were pronounced by our muleteer to have left our road, although the track we followed was broad and had been much frequented; so we turned and retraced our weary steps until a scarcely perceptible path leading to the left was declared to be the route mentioned to my provident and intelligent attendant by the old farmers

at noon. The path became gradually wider, was joined by other tracks, and soon emerged upon the brow of this gigantic spur of the Olympian range amid a dense shrubbery of rose trees, divested to some extent of the larger forest trees, but spreading down in one impenetrable thicket into the valleys below. As the myrtle shrubbery in the Bay of Iskanderoon so was this rose jungle a sight to cause wonder and never to be forgotten. The white peak of Olympus stood out in bold relief from the sky, now tinted with the hues of sunset, and the vast forest-covered hills and valley unto the far westward and southward horizons. On the north lay the forest adjoining the road and shut out all view beyond it, while behind us lay the steep ascent we had just climbed, looking back upon the dense forest we had already traversed. A turn to the north-west, brought us in within sight a well cultivated valley between two ridges of the mountain, much denuded of the forest, but down the slopes of which ran well-fenced fields bristling with the stubble of an abundant harvest, and divided by two rapid streams which had formed for their passage deep ravines, lay a high space of table-land, upon which rose a very dirty collection of mean log-built cottages. Here we were to pass the night. There were two mosques, the older untenanted, the new inhabited, in part, by the mutasellin, whose servants would show us no attention, although I extracted an order from the Pasha of Damascus, not virtually available here, but among a people as unlettered as my present hosts might well be supposed calculated to effect my purpose. In vain, through Huleel, I threatened the dread ire of the Brusa authorities, and that the ambassador should represent their inhospitable conduct at the imperial foot-stool. One man did condescend to accompany us to a range of cow-sheds, and throwing open a door, pointed to a heap of manure and straw much trodden down by cattle as a bed for my refusal; speechless with the indignity, the muleteer turned his beasts and I, riding off to the old mosque, declared my intention of passing the night there. However the few men who were appealed to for permission declined an answer, and Huleel hinted that a popular tumult might be the result; as the last night's occupation of a mosque had given great offence, I ordered the little tent to be pitched, and having with some difficulty secured the cords and tent pegs, against the furious blasts of a northerly wind, deposited all the boxes of E. and mine within and prepared to sleep there. About an hour after dark, a few of the faithful assembled to hear the muessin announce from a ricketty wooden stair-case, which did duty as minaret, that the evening

hour of prayer was passing, and soon after a messenger arrived to say that the mutasellim was desirous of an interview with me and hoped that I had every thing requisite; to which I replied that as he had refused to provide for me a proper shelter for the night, I could not condescend to see him. The fever which during this day's march had manifested its approach by sundry ague attacks, now came on in great force. I piled all my available garments on my bed, and creeping in, despite the wind which whistled and howled violently among the wooden buildings, and threatened every moment to overthrow the fragile covering which had served as a tent to our servants while we held our own small single-poled habitation, shivered and shook with the cold fit, until the hot attack ending with delirium, wrapped my senses in forgetfulness till the first dawn of day. Before the sun had risen, all our effects had been packed upon the mules and horses. The gentle little Muskeen, now my constant companion, throughout a journey of more than eighteen hundred miles, looked quite as well as his small lean proportions would allow, and I, the most fragile of the animal party, felt renovated by the cold but bracing air of the hill country. A guide was procured on the morning of the 8th August. (thermometer 62°), to show the route to a large market-town said to be ten hours' march from this place, which was stated to be twelve hours' march or about thirty-six miles from Kutahia and eighteen hours or fifty-four miles from Brusa, making the entire distance ninety miles, much under the space assigned by Gibbon and other writers, but the extreme maximum traversed by me. This day we passed the finest forest scenery ever seen by me, either in woody Taurus, stony Lebanon, or on the cane-wreathed passes of the blue western Ghauts. The nearest village from last night's halting place was reckoned seven hours' journey, which, among mountains, can hardly be counted as more than seventeen miles, yet the baggage animals, being now wearied out with so many days' continuous travelling, crept on slowly; the poor old ass, with its rueful countenance and long heavy head, far beyond the ordinary gift of his brethren in that item, who had hitherto journeyed on with considerable spirit but not very rapid paces, when mounted by its stalwart owners to-day, fairly gave in and was abandoned to the care of some peasant women whom we overtook about half a mile from the village. They were evidently relatives of our guide, for he accosted them with a familiarity of word and gesture never seen in the east between the sexes in public; and after marching with our troop some short distance, they turned off into their fields, taking with them the unfortunate "used-

up" ass, whose owner strode manfully along during this day and to-morrow's long marches, with great good humour, and only once during this march, of nearly 300 miles, did he mount a loaded horse, for the last few miles when in sight of Brusa. Within a mile of the log huts, we had traversed the breadth of the cleared ground, and after watering the horses at a small stream issuing from the rocks, we once again entered the mighty forest, and climbed the steep stone-paved road, which one of the Sultans of Brusa is said to have made more than three hundred years since. The path was very narrow, and occasionally one of the ponderous boxes would grind against the huge boulders on the sides of the road, almost flinging the patient beast who bore it to the ground from the sudden shock. Whilst yet in the lower region of this mountain, we crossed on rude wooden bridges many a picturesque mountain stream, forcing its way through the fissures of the rocks above and losing itself among the leafy labyrinths below. The pavement was generally most complete on either side of these ravines, showing how very slowly any grand alterations in the leading features of a country are formed; but in one or two instances, we found the bridge had been washed partially away or become so very ricketty from old age and the decay of the fine piers below, as to force us to find a most eccentric path among the unhewn stones higher up the stream. Over head the honeysuckle in great abundance hung its perfumed tendrils, wet with dew, and the huge branches of the great trees were interlaced above the path. Sometimes a tree half burned at its roots had fallen across the road and formed a rude archway by leaning on the strong branches of an opposite neighbour. As the day grew later, we reached a broad table-land, from which the dense forest still prevented a view of the adjoining country, but where the lofty pines had been felled in great numbers. Hundreds were seen from the road half burnt, charred and fallen on the ground, or partially destroyed by fire and the axe, and left to wither till the wind should bring them to the ground ready dried for removal. About 10 o'clock we passed a log-built hut, in which three or four janissaries were lounging, partly to protect travellers and to convey the post. Here they live in utter solitude, remote from any town or even another dwelling-house. They told us the village before us was five hours distant, yet we toiled on, to me a journey more than usually tedious, for my enemy, the ague, was with me from about 8 A. M. till very nearly sunset; sometimes with the numbing influence of the cold attack, when the teeth chatter and the bones ache, and anon

the agonised head and swimming brain, which, but for the strongest mental exertion to recal the wandering senses, would have ended in delirium: in short, it was at times an exercise of energy to sit the horse and to pursue the journey, and when the hot fit partially subsided, the pure air of heaven much relieved my pains. Soon after passing the guard-house, I contrived to lose sight of the mules, while finding my way down a precipitous footpath, whose general bearings induced me to believe would eventually join the main road. However, after perceiving the faintest tinkling of the mule's bells had died away, and that my path was going far to the west, I retraced my road, until I saw the wood hut again; and then looking on the foot-marks of the horses in the red sand, found myself, after about half an hour's trot, among my own people. A joyous voice singing at the top of a rather cracked organ, a Greek drinking song, echoed up the pass, and soon three Greeks riding large stout baggage-horses, laden with casks, issued from the wood, and as we passed each other with the usual salutation, Huleel loitered with them to enquire of them concerning our lost companions. Four mounted men had been passed by them in the plains some three hours back and one was like a European. There was no other road to Brusa. To E. and Joseph the separation was more annoying than to me, as they had with them neither cooking apparatus, though they had the bodily presence of the artist, neither had they change of clothes, or the every-day necessaries of brushes and towels, &c., and therefore must have been greatly inconvenieneed by this untoward accident. Other cause of alarm was none, for they were too strong in numbers and in good weapons to be stopped or robbed, and having with them both passports and Pasha's orders for their assistance, would want nothing but the luxury of daily change of raiment, &c. As for me, I had one bullet in the single-barrelled pistol I carried in my girdle, and Joseph's long gun had a charge of duck shot in it, and all the ammunition for both weapons was with the worthy squire, to whom I had handed over my powder-flask, with my double-barrelled gun, some days back, to enable him to kill some duck; and had forgotten to resume the necessary appendage. I had extracted from my boxes an obsolete teshkary and a bouruldi from Damascus, both useless here, and therefore I did anticipate much inconvenience, had any of the numerous janissaries or other functionaries insisted on an examination—more especially to be dreaded on our arrival at the large city of Brusa. However no adventure was destined for us; we had left our last bivouac, the wretched village—

where the mosque alone was built of stone and every other dwelling merely logs of trunks of trees piled upon each other, and the roofs of pine planks, with occasionally a chimney of unhewn stones, rising slightly above the sloping roof tree—about 6½ A. M., and travelled without a halt till nearly 3 P. M., the journey of seven hours occupying our very wearied horses nearly nine. Twice we passed log-built huts in the wilderness of trees, which were stations of custom-house guards, the first said to be fifteen and the second thirteen hours from Brusa; when therefore we emerged from this dense forest, the most magnificent ever seen, we crossed a few sloping fields of rich black soil, down to the banks of a narrow rapid river, whose willowed edges we had traced for some short distance in the valley below us, before we became aware of the existence of a well-built village on the western craig above it. The muleteer and the horses were all much fatigued, and the halt, even though only two hours could be allowed, was received with pleasure. We unloaded in a fine grassy meadow, and my little pony the moment the saddle was removed, which was seldom taken off, except on occasions like the present, when I foresaw its fate, threw himself among the willows into the river and returned satiated with drinking and dripping from his fall to enjoy his mid-day feed of barley. Every horse threw himself down and rolled the moment the boxes were lowered from his back; I, whom the last hour's warm sun had enabled to shake off the ague, stretched myself on the boards of the tables under a tree, while Huleel made a fire to cook breakfast for us all, and Mahommed lighting a pipe, resigned himself with infinite satisfaction to the soothing influence of the weed, stretched beside the fire on a heap of boxes. About 5 P. M., an intelligent-looking man on an ass joined us, saying that he was the guide who had been sent in the morning's march to accompany us. The first man who left the log-built village with us, had not been seen for some hours, and we had been finding our road by the instinct of the horses and the habit which all travellers acquire, so that I could not identify the two as one or as two individuals. It mattered little. This man was willing, and being mounted, able to accompany us to Brusa, said to be eleven hours' journey from the village near us, which was named Migdal, a name common to many villages in Syria and Asia Minor, and therefore not suspected by me to have been extemporised to satisfy the curiosity of the "Djour"—an exercise of imagination which we had often detected on former occasions, when E.'s forte, question-asking, was brought into play—he, with wonderful pertinacity

assailing every person he met with, either through the agency of Joseph or *propriâ personâ*, until he had assured himself of the truth, and his was the correct plan, although often the source of amusement to all of us. We were told that a very large town named Eringool, at three hours' distance, contained an inn kept by a Christian, or as the men termed it Khan-el-Ferangait, and there I determined to pass the night. We pursued our way for some time between luxuriant hedge-rows, abounding with honey-suckle and hazel, off which Huleel brought me some half-ripe nuts, blackberries, and the brilliant-looking berry familiarly termed hips and haws. The heavy harvest had been reaped, the well dried straw was being removed from the temporary threshing floors to the permanent stack yards near the village, and we here first met those long four-wheeled waggons, peculiar to Turkey, and which, in this neighbourhood, are drawn by huge male buffaloes. These vehicles were often about eighteen feet long, the wheels very far asunder and very small, and often formed of one solid piece of wood which grunted and groaned and shook frightfully at every rut with which the roads were intersected, till they became, what our trans-atlantic relatives so graphically describe, as a "corderoy road." We followed the course of the little rapid river for some time, when fording it by the side of a wooden foot-bridge, we emerged upon a level plain of rich black soil, upon which was a small village to the right, at which the guide wished us to pass the night, but from which I pushed on till about 9 P. M., or nearly an hour after dark, when we entered the broad, and as far as the dull light permitted one to judge, well built town of Eringool. Unlike the silent but often many-peopled caravanserais of the east, the inn at Eringool greatly resembled a much-frequented old-fashioned way-side public house in the busy neighbourhood of an English market-town. From the broad carriage entrance flanked by folding doors of wood not yet closed for the night, streamed the pale light of many an oil lamp, intended to give light to a large public room on the right side of the gateway, whence loud dissonant voices, some incoherent from drunkenness, hiccupping modern Greek, and a few in Turkish accents, grave and sober, as that orderly race ever are, broke forth continually; and round the door, too, crowded a few listless smokers to gaze in silent curiosity on the loaded horses as they were filed into the court-yard beyond the doorway. One or two officious hands were ready to hold my stirrup as I rode into the enclosure, and on asking if upper rooms could be given to us, were shewn a large low-pitched unfinished apartment on the left hand of the entrance as the only unoccu-

pied accommodation in the house. The fountain which adorned the centre of the small and crowded court-yard, had been allowed, by the careless numbers of those who used its water, to overflow the whole of the area, and as I sat on horseback, wrapped in my cloak, waiting till the room should be cleared out and so find a dry spot to alight on, many a strange dark visage came peering into mine. A plentiful supply of water having been procured and sprinkled with liberal hand over every part of the room, Huleel and a servant of the inn vigorously applied brooms to the dust of the floor, and the apartment was pronounced fit for my reception. The horses were led off into a stable across the court-yard, and Huleel after having supplied them with their evening meal of barley, went into the bazar to purchase provisions. I made up the air bed and retired to rest as soon as possible, for my enemy, the fever, was already gaining strengh every moment, and when Huleel entered about twelve o'clock to seek plates and knives and forks, &c., from out of the baggage, and to announce dinner, I bade him help the muleteer and himself, for the fever was then at its highest: after a feverish rest of a few hours, I awoke at day-break, weakened, but without fever, and we resumed our march about six o'clock, soon after sunrise. The master of the inn was entrusted with a note for Captain E., and after we had seen the baggage animals safe in the road to Brusa, now distant eight hours or 24 miles, Huleel and I returned to have the Muskeen shod, an operation which was performed very adroitly and quickly by a well featured African, a jet black young man, symmetrical and very intelligent in appearance, at whose door we were delayed a few minutes on our arrival, as "the master," so spake a white servant, "was engaged at his morning prayers." The town of Eringool is inhabited chiefly by Greeks, and many were the fair women and beautiful children whose occupations led them to the street and house doors even at this early hour. A cheering change for the traveller from the chilling influence of Moslem jealousy, which restricts a woman's sphere to the darkened seraglio and her beauty to rejoice no one but the surly owner. As we approached the shores of the sea, the Greek population invariably became the predominant part of the inhabitants, remnants of Ionian colonies. We soon overtook the loaded horses over the broad beaten road, which was bordered on the left hand by the narrow pavement which, in unbroken style, had daily been a land-mark to our route since we left Aleppo, and which, in the more eastern countries, was the work of the Romans, but here of the Brusa Sultans; for

that town was not in existence till 262 years after the Christian era. For nearly two and a half hours the mules had traversed the same rich alluvial flat, such as we had entered on the afternoon of the preceding day, and we may conclude that a plain, perhaps fifteen miles broad, intervenes between the spur of the forest-covered mountains which we had already crossed, and that which being the extreme northern skirt of Olympus we were about to ascend. Here, on either side of us, were magnificent oaks, huge massive trunks whose upper branches, thin and few, but often moss-covered, bore unmistakeable signs of a vast antiquity, while, at this particular portion of the road, four distinct parallel avenues of oak were the precious remains of some magnificent Sultan who had adopted the good old eastern custom and lined the principal approach to the capital of Bythinia by avenues of oaks on either side the paved road, which should remain as now coeval monuments of his philanthropic intentions, whose seat was soon to be "the weary traveller's repose." The summit of Olympus rose slightly above the highest pines, white with marble, and deep down the almost perpendicular sides, stretched numerous abrupt ravines still filled with never-to-be-melted snow. The hottest month had commenced and the heat—though perceptibly high even for my blood accustomed for years to the sun of India, even in his fiercest moments and to exposure at all seasons in the stirring scenes of Oriental wood-craft—had not melted the patches on these lofty peaks. This spur of the mountain was bare of those stupendous forest trees which adorn the more distant ranges of Olympus. The numerous footpaths, the lower branches of the trees in the immediate vicinity of the road, and the bare appearance of the scanty brush-wood, all give evidence of considerable traffic and of the approach to some mighty city; still far above the snow looked down on us, and the foaming water-courses had graven deep and precipitous ravines in the mountain sides. About 12 o'clock we passed a very picturesque village, named Aksoot, on the hill side, in a gorge of the mountains, divided by a very rapid and picturesque stream, over which we passed on a handsome two-arched bridge of stone and unloaded beneath a magnificent walnut tree on the road side, while I climbed the bank behind and spread the table under a thick leaved fig-tree. Some of the grapes which grew in luxuriant bunches near the bazaar at Eringool (for almost every town can shew some shady trelisse work above that portion of the road where the fruit and fish markets are daily held), alleviated the painful thirst which the fever was hourly increasing in my exhausted frame. The black grape here, though

pleasant in flavour, is more like the Smyrna grape, which is made into the very small raisins, than any of those specimens from whence wine is made. This village of Aksoot was said to be four hours from Eringool, perhaps twelve miles; and as far distant from Brusa. The road was much frequented; large droves of coarse-looking horses, much larger and heavier than any we had yet seen in the East, from time to time passed us, laden with heavy panniers, containing grasses principally and other vegetable produce. Sometimes well-mounted men, armed with numerous silver-hilted pistols and often with the unwieldy "yataghan" in the waist-band, neither useful as a sword nor sufficiently light to be used as a dagger, except when the much-unguarded ignorance or the helplessness of the opponent could favour its employer; it disfigures the carriage and impedes the activity of him who bears it and has always appeared to me the least desirable of weapons, offensive or defensive. The very luxuriant hedge-rows and the wide fields which now opened on our right hand, stretching far into the horizon, bounded by the faint blue hills near the Gulf of Maldarnia, with the well-wooded country round the road, often reminded me of the most beautiful parts of Guzerat during the rainy season, styled by Bishop Heber—"The garden of India." A very wide mountain stream had, within the last month, forced its irresistible way into the plain, sweeping with it every species of produce, undermining substantial dwellings, and levelling barns and out-houses, while that portion of its ruin-strewed course, which was crossed by the high road, was marked far and wide by up-turned trunks of trees, dark weeds, and a chaotic mass of stones and sands. Many of the European settlers we afterwards learned had suffered much by this unforeseen, but not unusual land-flood. The vicinity of the two great lakes on either side of Olympus shews that the water drain from that hill country is annually enormous, but not often is the course of the water so eccentric as to produce those stirring results which marked this year's calamity. Evening was now approaching; the hill side to the left was adorned with many a neat white-washed villa among the luxuriant trees; some of their buildings resembling our own English mansions, others the long straggling, many-windowed edifices of Turkish taste, and as the sun was dipping below the far blue hills upon the coast of the sea of Marmora, the two hundred mosques of Brusa, pointing their elegant minarets above the dull brick-built and tile covered houses of the city, rose upon the left, stretching far over the hill side. No modern made road led to this ancient city of the Sultans of Bythinia, and except the untraversed

remains of the Roman pavement, which tracks the post-route throughout Asia Minor, there is not a made road throughout the Ottoman Empire, even now in the year of grace 1848. A magnificent old mosque, with the double minarets which proclaim a royal founder, rose like a fortified castle on the left hand of the entrance into the town and the high-walled embankment on which it stood, was only the semblance of the walls which no longer encircle the city. We were directed to turn to the right hand after passing this mosque and entering among narrow ill-paved streets, mostly ascending towards the hill, crossed a very rapid and broad stream over an ill-built wooden bridge, and after wandering through the bazaar, just commencing its busy scenes, after the close of the long fast day of the Ramazan month, were directed finally to the house of an Armenian who kept what he called *Hotel D'Angleterre*, by a very polite young Frenchman, who introduced himself on my inquiring for a lodging, as the Master of the *Hotel Belle-vue*, but hearing that I was suffering from a fever, preferred handing me over to his rival. Here ended our long journey. We staid in Brusa till the 21st instant, delayed by the illness of most of our party. During the evening about 10 P. M., E. arrived, having ridden over about fifty miles during the day, and having received my note at Eringool, had come on with the cook and dispatched Joseph and the old muleteer mounted on the small mule to search for tidings of me. Upon the 12th August, Joseph also arrived, and was immediately attacked by a most violent fever, with the effects of which, though from time to time he partially recovered, we eventually parted with him at Constantinople on 31st August, while we embarked on board the good ship *Germania*, a steamer of the Austrian Lloyd's Company, and landed at Trieste on 10th September, whence I found my way up to London, &c.

We rejoiced greatly in the exchange from the fare and lodging in the Armenian's house at Brusa, to the elegant and well ordered hotel of Messiri on the hill at Pera; and though we were both so much reduced by sickness and bad food, that we could climb only by instalments the very long flight of stairs leading to our bed-rooms, we certainly appreciated the exchange to modern well-furnished apartments, overlooking the winding Bosphorus and the bright waters of the Golden Horn; and in spite of the gloomy accounts of the cholera and the frequent occurrence of fires in the city of the Sultan, and the sultry weather at the close of August, we rapidly regained our health and spirits in the *Hotel d'Europe*. The Ramazan was still crawling through its dreary

penance, and the gayest bazaars in Stamboul were deserted and uninteresting. The Bairam feast enlivened the last day of our residence, and after viewing the procession of the Sultan to the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed from the Seraglio gate and back, we joined an agreeable party of English ladies and gentlemen residing at Messiri's Hotel and visited the mosque of St. Sophia and such rooms of the Imperial Palace as are opened to the infidel. Delicious-looking marble baths adjoining the private rooms, French tawdry hangings and paltry gilt pier glasses, adorned the long but low pitched public apartments, and the gardens overhanging the deep waters of the blue Bosphorus, "that wine-faced sea," as Homer sang of it, are the most elegant announcement to the traveller from the benighted East, that he has already attained the outpost of Western civilization, that he has at last set foot in Europe. "That dull elf" who cannot picture to himself all that the various travellers to Stamboul have recorded in their hecatombs of volumes from romantic Miss Pardoe to quizzical "Michael Angelo," will be scarcely enlightened by my descriptions: as the Italian gentleman explained the offices of a certain style of attaché "I must beg you to suppose them." Only the intense desire to be in England forced us away from Stamboul, the finest situated city in Europe, and, but for the deep channel of the Bosphorus, where 70 gun ships can lie close to the Naval Arsenal that crowd upon the shores of the Golden Horn and anchor in deep water, while the state cabins overlook the numerous and stately public buildings almost as far from the sea of Marmora as the "Sweet waters of Europe"—second in picturesque beauty only to the magnificent harbour of Bombay. There the blue mountains of Salsette and the Concan give a beauty, which the low land around the seven mole-hills of the city of Constantine can never rival. It is true we have no snow-clad Olympus within fifty miles of Bombay, neither is our Governor surrounded by a court to rival the Pachas and Ambassadors of the Sultan; but there is so much exaggeration in the supposed beauties of the city of the Sultan, that neither Bombay nor the City of Palaces will suffer by a comparison with it at a distance, while Stamboul is sufficiently imbued with the characteristics of Eastern cities, as to be incapable of sustaining a nearer inspection with a favourable verdict. Rapidly we steamed down to the Dardanelles, and at day-light, on the morning of 1st September, passed over the space between the Castles of Abydos and Sestos, better remembered by modern Tourists from "what Mr. Akenhead and I did," than from

any other of its historical recollections. We landed a passenger on the plains of Troy, and saw "in conspectu Tenedos insula notissima fama;" while the next morning brought us to the beautiful harbour of the fair city of Smyrna, where we were boarded by the quarantine officers, and further communication with our fellow-men prohibited, except to those, who having Greece in perspective, wished to take it out in durance vile at that miserable red brick building in Scyra. A short delay of a few hours allowed a glance at Corfu, and the Gulf of Navarino drew forth some anecdotes from our agreeable fellow passengers: the days passed rapidly, till on the evening of 9th September, we glided by the magnificent ruined amphi-theatre at Pola and anchored in the harbour of Trieste, seven possible days' journey from Dover, sleeping every night at good hotels and travelling by railroad, while the mail and those whose ambition would rival its celerity, can be conveyed to London in ninety-six hours! While our party was waiting in the Trieste harbour on board the *Germania*, the fiat of the Board of Health, relative to the prolongation of our penance in quarantine, we were visited by a grim atomy —Death's first cousin—an Austrian M. D., whose spasmodic action as he flourished his snuff box and cane with the pomposity of official importance, reminded us of the movements of a galvanised mummy; while inspecting our persons, his fishy eyes became attracted to my cadaverous countenance, bronzed and bearded, emaciated with long travel and ill-health, and with less courtesy than one would have addressed a mangey cur, he shouted,—"What ails that man? Has he had the cholera?" Several of the worthy "*compagnons de voyage*" at once explained that residence in India and long travelling in Syria had left "their mark." However our eight days' detention was prolonged to eleven, perhaps from my ill-omened appearance. We joined an agreeable young German gentleman in a visit to the celebrated and most wonderful caves of Adelsberg, en route to Vienna: stayed a few days in that gay city, whose glory and beauty had for the time departed; enjoyed most intensely an exquisite opera or two, visited the principal buildings, had a glimpse of the ill-fated Kaiser, and then my excellent and esteemed friend Capt. E. and I parted. He with the intention of a visit to Munich and I for Dresden, whence after a day's residence, in that very neat and well-built capital with its admirable collection of paintings, I found my way by easy railroad journeys, through Hanover, Brunswick, Cologne and Ostend, to London, much recruited by European air, food and luxuries, from my former "condition" and ready to look

back on the past labours of so many months as a pleasant dream, which it would be agreeable and not unprofitable to remember, although the minute trifles which composed our daily adventures, must appear trivial to all but those who have undergone similar exertions and privations, and can say with Æneas—"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

THE STRANGER.

SPECTACLES FOR YOUNG INDIA.

No. 3.

CONFESSIONS OF A PAIR OF BOOTS,

Edited by Todgers.

"Boots! quo' she:
Ay, boots, quo' he."

THE patronymic of our manufacturer is not one known to fame. He was called Hobbey by his wife—Hobbes by his intimate friends—and Mr. Hobbes by his customers. He held a very high character in the village he belonged to, and was never guilty of puffing his wares in the advertisement sheet of a newspaper. He is still, what he always was, an honest hard-working tradesman; and no one that ever bought anything from him, had ever to complain of his bargain. Few men, indeed, could turn out better boots than he did, and as we consider ourselves fair specimens of his handiwork, it is our intention now that we are becoming otherwise useless, to chronicle our adventures and the varied scenes that we have in the course of our peregrinations passed through.

Who amongst our many readers can forget the pleasurable emotions his first pair of boots aroused within his breast? The substantial high-lows of bye-gone school days appear to be ashamed of their own clumsiness, when the first pair of trim-built Wellingtons make their appearance in the hobble-de-hoy's bed-room. From the hour they are ordered, their future wearer is troubled with a perpetual restlessness until they are finally delivered. They are then scanned, minutely examined, fondled and tried on. What matters the pinch that their newness imparts? The pain is forgotten in the sweet recollection, that they are boots! or, it is at all events forgiven by the fact,

that they are not mere shoes! At bed time they are placed where they can be watched from the recesses of a soft pillow, and when the wasted candle no longer allows of their being visible, they form the uppermost objects in their possessor's dreams. Oh! dear days and nights in that short epoch of man's life, when a new pair of boots could complete his happiness! Where are those hours during which care, toil, debt and remorse, essayed not to render life a burthen, intolerable in itself, though tied on to man's back with bonds, that he of himself cannot easily shake off? Gone! for ever gone! But whose recollection is to be pondered over in vain regret, that they lasted not longer, and that they were not taken more account of, while they did last.

Packed up in the recesses of a trunk, we were not permitted to be exposed to the light until our proprietor, Ensign Howard, reported his arrival to do duty with a Native Infantry Regiment at Barrackpoor. But what a time we had of it then! The cold season had set in and the entire station was bent upon gaiety. Our elegant shape and immaculate polish kept us exempt from the dust of the parade ground, and, indeed, from all duties less harassing, than those of morning calls and evening parties. It was thus, that we were enabled to see Ensign Howard in his happiest moments. He was not addicted to field sports, so that we had neither top boots nor shooting shoes, as companions on the shelf devoted to our resting place. But there were the walking boots, which were pulled on with a groan, or an oath when the second bugle was sounding for exercise-parade; there were the carpet slippers made by his pretty cousin, over which he used to muse and sigh while smoking his after breakfast cigar. There were the easy shoes devoted to midnight larks, and pulling down of an obnoxious field officer's gate, and other unlawful acts which called forth sundry threats and maledictions in station order books. But we alone had the opportunity of witnessing the happy smiles that played around his mouth, while he was pouring his soft nonsense into the small ears of his Colonel's pretty daughter, or, of admiring the graceful elegance with which he whirled her along through the giddy mazes of the Valse or Polka!

Young, handsome and accomplished, James Howard was just the fresh-looking lad that the ladies, tired of yellow faces, liked having near them. He was not old enough to excite the curious impertinence of envious scandal-mongers, but yet he was of sufficient experience to allow of his appreciating the pleasure of ladies' society, and of returning with interest those languishing smiles that were so profusely

directed towards him. The Colonel of Howard's regiment was one of those antediluvians, who considered the expence of sending children home for their education as so much money thrown away, and that, inasmuch as his own wife had done very well in India, he did not see any reason why his daughter, Matilda, should not do as well. Her whole stock of knowledge then was derived in Calcutta, and her ideas of advantageous matrimony were confined to the attainment of those much prayed addenda to a youthful husband, a silver teapot and a Dyke's buggy. Howard had both of these, and as he had not the slightest prospect of being able to pay for them, he took a hint, dropped to him confidentially by his chum, to make up to Matilda, and get her old father to come down with a good round sum.

All recollection of the solemn vows he had made to his pretty cousin who had worked his slippers, and whom he had promised to make his own, when the time came for him to take his furlough, vanished gradually under the pressure he was subjected to at the hands of those Calcutta tradesmen, who had induced him to run into their debt in consequence of their offers of unlimited credit. Disgusted with himself, he tried to forget his troubles in Matilda's society, and as none of the young writers had paid her any attention, she was but too glad to look kindly upon young Howard, whom, from his dashing mode of living, she naturally concluded to be exceedingly well off.

The day at last came, on which our owner determined to bring things to a conclusion, and dressing himself in his best made clothes, including us, his faithful supporters, on the memorable occasion, he found his way after breakfast to Miss Matilda's drawing-room, and unspeakable was his delight at finding her sitting alone. How his heart did thump against his ribs! How strenuously did he try to make it appear that his visit was a mere ordinary one! After passing a few common-place remarks, his eyes fell upon the piano lying open, and taking the young lady gently by the hand, he requested to be allowed to lead her to the piano, as he felt much inclined to listen to some music and singing.

"Is that all!" archly replied Matilda, with a little pout upon her lips, attempting in vain to conceal the disappointment she experienced at his not saying, what she perfectly well knew he wanted to say. "I thought you wanted me to do something else! however, I don't much mind obliging you, so give me your arm!"

A silent squeeze of the hand was the reply to this, and

turning his face away, as if he was afraid to meet the glance of her dark eye, he forthwith led her to the instrument.

"Well! what shall it be?" asked the girl sharply, as she ran her fingers along the keys.

"Oh, anything from *you* will please me!" sighed the boy in return, "there, that which is lying open before you—'Auld Robin Gray' is it not? sing that!"

Delighted beyond measure at her success in having placed this very song open in the stand, with the usual preliminaries of blushing, giggling and other little traits of modesty, which this class of young ladies think it necessary to go through, she at last commenced, but just as she had finished the plaintive words—

"My Jamie loo'd me well and sought me for his bride,"—a voice like a cracked tin trumpet came rattling from the door behind them—

"The devil he does! then you may tell Jamie with my salaam, that he won't get a bride until he passes, so, if he wants one, he had better be quick about it!"

This elicited a gentle scream from Matilda, who, of course, immediately went through the usual string of intimations, that she was about to faint and fall off the music stool; but as she found that her adorer stood trembling like a great gaby, she had the sense not to carry either of her threats into execution, for what she would have liked him to do, would have been for him to hold out his arms for her to fall back into, and that is what any young man well versed in the wishes of womankind, would have at once understood; but our master from want of experience lost his presence of mind, and, instead of venting his indignation on the unmannerly intruder, he commenced stammering out apologies and regrets without number, which were merely responded to by the old Colonel, in a series of unmentionable oaths, accompanied by requests, that he would quit the house that moment, and intimations, that he should be ordered to quit the station within a week from that day. Howard on reaching the compound gate, began to collect his thoughts, which caused him to reflect very severely on his own intense folly in not having taken the initiative, by first of all doubling up the Colonel with a right hander in his bread-basket, and then carrying off the amorous Matilda to some obscure nook in Calcutta.

The idea of the parts of Paris and Helen being played in so moral a military cantonment as Barrackpore at that period assuredly was, is amusing enough—but, that a griff in his elementary drill should have allowed the native hue of his re-

solution to be sicklied o'er with excessive fright by the presence of such a redoubtable Centaur as Colonel Dicdar presented in his relations of angry father and strict commanding officer, is not to be wondered at—and is only to be lamented, inasmuch as an action of much pith and enterprise has been thus for ever lost to the epic poets of the present day.

The station order, sending Ensign Howard up to some dusty hole in the North-west, was not long in making its appearance, upon which our owner's contemporaries determined upon giving him a farewell entertainment. Howard had to take wine so often on this evening, that he became unusually loquacious, and when the stirrup cup was being handed round, he called for silence, and related the real cause of his sudden and unlooked-for departure. Cries of "Shame!" and "Down with the old brute's gates!" followed this announcement, and the whole fraternity were about to rush wildly out with a view of instantly carrying out the last mentioned project, when one more daring in his views of paying out old Dicdar than the rest, begged for a few minutes' attention, and this being obtained, he said, that if they would keep quiet for half an hour, he would go and fetch something that would make the old scoundrel remember the griffs to the day of his death. Anxiously for above an hour did the conspirators await the return of their self-constituted chief, who at last announced his arrival by shouting out from the verandah for the rest to come out and follow him. On assembling on the road, he begged that they would accompany him in strict silence. In a low whisper he desired three of the strongest to unhinge old Dicdar's gates and to lay them across the road, two others he told off to pull down all the ornamental statues which were ranged along his walls, while a sixth was to proceed quietly and let loose the whole of the farm yard. On seeing that all these thoroughly understood what was required of them, he posted four others to keep watch round the outside of the compound, to give the alarm in case of any patroles coming upon them, and to knock every refractory chokeedar on the head, who might venture to object to the night's proceedings.

All these arrangements he made with such method and foresight, that his companions foretold great things of this embryo General. The grand project of the night attack he however kept secret, until he found himself with Howard under a large tree which shaded the portico of the Colonel's house. There they found a cunning dog-boy of the former, (whose name by the way was Nat Hamilton) squatted on the ground, holding something carefully concealed in a blanket.

"All right" whispered Nat to Howard, after he had examined the contents of the blanket—"Take you the dark lantern and follow me."

The astonishment depicted on Howard's countenance, may be more easily imagined than described, when he arrived at the pith of Nat Hamilton's plan for annoying the obnoxious Commandant; he was, in fact, almost petrified when he found that the dog-boy had brought an iron cage full of rats, which were well saturated with turpentine oil, and that Nat intended to set fire to these and let them loose inside the bungalow. Favored by his own boldness and the sleeping powers of the chokeedar, Nat succeeded in gratifying his desires for revenge, as well as mischief, to the uttermost limits of his expectation, and in quarter of an hour from that moment there was a row throughout the compound, that was sufficient, not perhaps to wake the dead, but to turn out all the regiments in the cantonments. The conspirators got safely home, and on the following morning were quite furious with indignation at the temerity of "those black beasts of dacoits, who had burned that fine old soldier, Colonel Dicdar, out of his house, destroyed the ornamental decorations of his compound, and stolen all his poultry."

Suspicion, however, attached too strongly to the countless hordes of the griff genus vegetating at Barrackpore, and the greater number of them were forthwith despatched to the more moral atmosphere of the stormy North-west.

Our proprietor contrived to join his regiment at Lahore, without getting into trouble more than three or four times en route. At Benares he got rid of all his superfluous baggage, and of as much money as the Bank would lend him, in consequence of the good nature of a talented young Officer there, who volunteered to introduce him to the pleasures of the board of green cloth generally, and into the mysteries of écarte in particular. A pleasant gentlemanly fellow this recipient of youth's superfluities, and his hawk-like nature and activity, whenever pigeons hovered round, was regarded as the most commendable characteristics of the many enviable ones he was possessed of.

The Sikh capital, at the period we write of, the early part of 1848, was in a state of considerable excitement, at the fact of Lord Hardinge's prognostications having all turned out to be solemn shams and wind-bags. Lord H. and Henry Lawrence at this period were being feasted and made much of at home, for their political wisdom and pacific arrangements. While, however, the former was uttering his wordy nothings at the

banquet-halls of London's famous town, and while the latter was being made *Sir Henry* and was ordering Buckmaster to do his very best in his behalf, Sir Frederick Currie was chewing the cud of resignation, supped daily upon horrors, and hung up the Ranee's agents like a Dhobee would his master's shirts. His efforts in this line proved, however, that he had expended a great number of very pretty red silk ropes to no purpose. He had nothing for it but to ride on the whirlwind which Hardinge's wisdom and Lawrence's temper had raised.

A bevy of "Young Clives" burst forth on an astonished world, and related their exploits with becoming modesty, in the then ever-open columns of the *Delhi Gazette*. But this was merely *Vox et prætera nihil!* for, after all, the victories we read of, were as useless, if not as imaginary, as Hardinge's prophecies, and the Ranee had to be kidnapped, and Sir F. Currie had to erect his wooden horse, from which in due course of time issued the gallant persons of Skinner and McSherry, in order that the modern Troy, Govindghur, might fall. Yes! indeed, Soodasam was *not* a "second Waterloo"—for "the victim of circumstances" laughed at Edwardes's beard, and helda British Army at bay, while Chutter Singh burned the bridge of boats within gun shot of the Sikh capital!

It was about the very time, that the last mentioned occurrence came to pass, that the garrison of Lahore was awakened from a profound sleep, by the firing of a musket. It is true, that the said musket was afterwards proved to have been fired by a maurée sepoy or outlying picket, but the alarm once given, the great fact was proved, that the British garrison could be roused from its slumbers, accoutre and equip itself—horse, guns and foot, ready for immediate action *in the space of five minutes!*

And this at night—a night indeed not easily erased from the memory of those who took a part in its proceedings! Careful men ordered their servants to pack up their spare traps. Ladies were seen flying about in the utmost distraction, flinging themselves round the neck of any Officer who happened to be near them, and giving utterance to the most heart-rending enquiries, as to the probable fate of their husbands and admirers! The replies that some of them received, far be it from us to give publicity to, and the costume that others of them adopted, far be it for us to describe. Here it was that woman, in all the enchanting loveliness of her true nature, shewed herself. Here it was that woman, as she ever does in the hour of need, forgot herself, and devoted the intensity of her thoughts and anxiety

to the service of those, whom *per fas et nefas*, she had devoted her love.

We have said that careful men ordered their spare traps to be packed up, but James Howard, our proprietor, owner, or master, as the reading public may choose to designate him, was *not* a careful man, for he was intent upon cutting Sikh throats, and, therefore, forgot the existence of his favourite boots. But his Sirdar Bearer, recollecting their (or, more properly speaking, our) value, quietly hid them in his private repository for stolen goods, very properly anticipating, that if his master was killed, he would not want his boots, and, if he survived, that nothing was easier than to account for their disappearance in a dozen ingenious ways.

In the course of an hour or less, it was evident, that no mischief was to be done that night, and the whole affair just served as a sufficient excuse for the caricaturists to exercise their barbarous art, and exhibit the fair ones who figured in the streets during the preceding night in flowing robes and dishevelled hair, after the manner of the Trojan matrons on the memorable night when the wooden horse was admitted within the walls of their citadel. Songsters and punsters, the wretches, also plied their villainous trade, and luckless was the wight whom the cunning eyes of curiosity had observed forming a portion of an interesting group!

Howard, finding on the following day, that neither blows, nor oaths, nor threats would extract from his Sirdar Bearer, the whereabouts of us, his favourite boots, at last kicked the recreant old thief out of his quarters, and we became the property of a dashing young Cornet of Dragoons, who looked upon us as dirt cheap at five rupees.

Day by day the insolence of the enemy became more insufferable. They burnt down the bridge of boats under the very nose of the ever-watchful Brigadier, who, acting upon the principle of locking the stable door after the steed is stolen, forthwith despatched a company under his *largest* Subaltern Officer to prevent a recurrence of such unseemly and inconsiderate conduct.

Leaving the bloody fields on the banks of the Chenab and Jhelum to the pen of the Bunnoo Major, who, now that he has got £100 per annum for *having maimed himself*, ought to do something for it—it is only for us to say, that our new master met with a glorious death, viz., a bullet in his thorax and a spear through his entrails, upon one of them, and in the course of the sale of this young hero's effects, we were knocked down for twelve annas to a stout Sergeant of the Artillery. To

such base uses do we sometimes come, even the very best of us!

The campaign gave the stout Sergeant who purchased us, what he called "more than enough of soldiering;" so he determined upon doffing his cross-belt and turning bailiff, it being very evident to him, that the banks and new cantonments, a constant importation of pretty little English maidens, and the abominable tick system pursued by Indian shop-keepers, were combining to put the Officers of the Bengal Army into that pleasant predicament from which a bailiff alone could extricate them by taking them down to the Insolvent Court. Having therefore determined upon becoming a fisher of men, instead of a slayer of them, the very first trip on business views intent he took, was up to Mussoorie, there to lay tender hands upon some half-dozen young gentlemen, who, either would not, or more probably could not, pay Messrs. Gibson and Wilson's bills. It was the middle of October 1849, that he undertook this trip, the very time in fact, that most of these young men were hurrying back for cricket and cold weather drill. Busby, however, (for this was our master's name) did not much care.

The supply of beer he had with him was from B. Smyth, and what a nice name that is to be sure on the top of their red sealed corks! and under such circumstances, Busby would have been an odd man, if he had cared. No, indeed, Busby did not care a tot of grog (to use his own expression), "if all the young gents gi'ed him the slip." Busby was, as the reader may infer, a kind, if not a tender-hearted, man; he cried the first time he saw a comrade flogged, and "do his duty he must, but dang it, if the young gents can run faster than he could! why let 'em, that's all," and down went another glass of B. Smyth's peculiar!

How long this soliloquising fit would have retained hold of Busby, it would be difficult to say, but just at this moment, he heard the busy hum of palkee-bearers approaching the Deobund bungalow, and on their arrival, Busby peeped through the venetians of his door to see who the new arrival might be.

There stood in the verandah giving orders unlimited for tiffin, a young gentleman of the most prepossessing appearance, tall, well made, light hair, blue eyes, and evidently every inch of him the gentleman of the world. Having performed this and dismissed the bearers with a liberal tip, he took one or two turns in the verandah, when something appearing to attract his attention, he looked attentively for a minute or two, and then

muttered—"No, it can't be them, yet there 's a something in their cut that reminds me of Hobbes; of course there is! I wonder who they belong to, at all events there's no harm in looking."

The cause of all this was, as the reader may have guessed, that we were placed out in the verandah for the purpose of being cleaned; but patched and worn down at heel as we were, it is ought but strange, that we were not forthwith recognized by our first and best of masters, James Howard! for he it was that was in doubts concerning our identity. But he knew when he took us up *where* to look, and sure enough no one had erased the initials J. H. so cunningly and carefully introduced inside of our legs by the youth's fond mother.

"By Jove, they 're mine! !" at last groaned Howard, disgusted beyond measure at meeting us in such a plight—"but I wonder who supposes himself master of them now?" "Why, I do, please your honor," replied Busby, who had been watching and listening to Howard—"I be's their rightful owner, having paid twelve annas down on the nail for them seven days, as ever after that dragoon regiment knocked over our guns and disgusted me with the service!"

"The devil you are," said Howard, "why, my name 's written inside of them, and they were stolen from me. You must have bought them from a thief, knowing them to be stolen property!" "Why, what's your name?" asked Busby, somewhat taken aback at this imputation being cast upon his character—"Ensign James Howard" was the answer. "Be's you sure? then doant lose your temper, for it won't be of no good to go and do that, for you must come along with me to Calcutta, there to show cause, why you should not pay Messrs. Ranken, Pittar and Wilson, the sums of 1784, 1433 and 876 rupees respectively, for clothes, jewellery and food furnished by their houses. Now, aint you a nice looking young gent, as accuses a honest old soldier of buying stolen boots, when you can't pay your way, or look your creditors in the face! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, but now-a-day you young gents is quite a genus of yourselves. Such varmint I never see'd afore; but here's the writ agin you, so we'd better be off at once, for palavering won't pay the bills, and we may as well go down comfortably and in peace together."

Of course, there was no reply to this, so we must here draw a veil over the fortunes of our first and best of masters.

TODGERS.

ERRORS CORRECTED—TO A MEMBER OF THE TURF CLUB, GREETING.

So far from not taking in good part the remarks which my paper on the Pacha of Egypt's challenge elicited from A MEMBER OF THE TURF CLUB, my thanks are due to him for taking the trouble of coming forward to correct, what he believes to be, my errors, what he conceives to be my fallacies. I find it necessary, however, that I should be heard in reply, for I cannot admit that I am quite so far wrong as A MEMBER would make me out.

First.—As to timing. I do *not* consider the timing of a trial, where the horse runs to the watch, as any criterion of his goodness as a racer. I have myself timed a horse on a course, not two hundred miles from Calcutta, at 2m. 48s. the R C., by three watches, and his owner and myself (of course) and all other interested parties being thus satisfied that nothing *could* have a chance with him, I proceeded next week to beat him easy with a horse that never had done, and never did do, the distance under 2m. 52s. Nor is the timing of public running always to be taken as any criterion of a racer's qualities, especially when unaccompanied with details of the way the race was run, &c., &c.; but when we have the time taken as carefully and correctly as human skill can accomplish the task, and the report of the race is so elaborate in all its particulars, and so correct too as the reports of the Calcutta race meetings have been "by the proper authority" for years, I must be allowed to keep my own opinion as to the value of timing, taken in connection with the way the race has been run, the character of the horses engaged, and other minutiæ. It certainly helps people at a distance, looking out for a horse, to form a judgment for themselves. This, however, be it remarked, has only application to such meetings as the reports of can be assured *bona fide*, for I am sorry to say, I know of a Mofussil race meeting, and not a sky one either, in which the real time of every race was reduced in proportion to its length, by the gentleman who supplied the report to the press, and who, on being remonstrated with, quietly replied—"It looks better in print you know, and what does it matter after all?" I cannot admit that there is any presumption in a man forming an opinion of his own, from the result of his experience, nor in his giving expres-

sion to it, even though he may differ from professional men at home. Those gentry are neither immaculate nor always right. How often does an important meeting pass over without some "great mistake" on the part of a stable? Is the *Colldrenick* affair forgotten? If it be urged that these "mistakes" are ready cooked ones, then I have to remark, that your professionals are as unworthy of confidence as if they (the mistakes) were really errors in judgment. It's my belief, trainers would pronounce girths useless, if they thought it would answer their purpose and any body could be found to believe them. By the bye!—while on the subject—How about Pitsford's running as a two and three-year-old—also Bolingbroke and the last Derby? I should never dream, even with the assistance of half-a-dozen stop-watches, of setting up my judgment of the merits of two horses in a trial, or race against John Scott's, but in the absence of his experience, I do not see how any man can be wrong in availing himself of the best and every means in his power to enable him to form a correct estimate of their quality.

Secondly.— A MEMBER, &c. says, "NIMROD is no authority whatever on racing." Be it so. I never said he was. I quoted him, leaving my readers to take his statements and opinions for what they were worth. ABEL EAST has explained in his foot note, that the mistake as to HARKAWAY'S timing was NIMROD'S, not mine. I admit, that when correcting the proofs, I thought there *must* be a blunder somewhere and referred to the book, when I found the quotation had been reprinted correctly. Now, as the particular race was not specified, it was impossible for me to ascertain whether the mistake was as to distance or time, so I let the report stand. Why I did not append a note on the subject, I do not recollect, probably, because I was hurried, certainly not with any desire to make up a case. I quoted my authority verbatim, and I cannot perceive how I can be held responsible for his errors, which, whatever my own opinion might be, I had not then the means of setting right, (upon better authority) at my disposal. How came my friend to overlook the following still more glaring error, when he had the job in hand?—

"For the Drawing Room Stakes, the English colt carrying 2 stone extra (weight for age) in a three-mile race, came away winning easily in 3m. 7½s.!"

Now, it is quite clear that this *ought* to have been 6m. 7½s., but in this instance, the mistake was neither the annalist's nor mine,—it was simple "errata," which no amount

of care can always prevent. I will pass over the correction as to the length of the Leger Course: the mistake, if it be one, is NIMROD'S, not mine; and A MEMBER is heartily welcome to the benefit of it.

Thirdly.—" ASMODEUS talks of Plenipotentiary beating Glencoe for the Two-thousand-guinea Stakes. Plenipo never ran for those stakes; I saw Plenipo run his first race at Newmarket."

What the third sentence has to do with the matter, I don't know; but let it stand. I was in error. Glencoe won the Two-thousand-guinea Stakes, and Plenipo did *not* start for them; but I am not so far wrong in the main, and I will explain how I came to err to the extent I did. I had a lively recollection of *the race* between the two horses, to which I desired to make allusion, and I knew that particulars were to be found in *Wildrake's Cracks of the Day.* I had some time previously given away my copy of that work to a friend going to the Upper Provinces, and when I wanted one for reference, it was not to be got for love or money, so I was obliged to trust to memory, which treacherously betrayed me. Since then, however, that same memory, more faithful to its master, recalled the fact of my having reviewed Wildrake's book in the *Eastern Star*, at the time the work first came to India, and on referring to the file, I find I wrote and extracted as follows in that paper of the 30th May, 1841, (a tolerably long time for a man to carry back his recollection in respect of such things.)

" There is a very good portrait by Herring of Plenipotentiary, the Derby winner of 1834, and Jem Robinson's account of his race with Glencoe for a sweepstakes of 100 sovereigns each, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of the same year, is exceedingly graphic. Robinson rode Glencoe, and his orders were to go off at score and cut down Plenipo by pace. The impression being, that as the latter was 'a large horse of ponderous muscle, and carrying as much flesh as a bullock, he was fat.' Jem thus described the race:—

" I came the first half mile, according to orders as hard as I could lick, but when I looked round, there was the *great bullock* CANTERING close by my side."

I presume A MEMBER was, of the above, oblivious at the time he wrote in reply to me, or of course he would have corrected my inadvertent error, rather than have confined himself to contradiction. Now, with reference to what he says about trainers and their judgment, let it be borne in mind, that both these horses had run in public on the previous day—Glen-

coe winning the first Tuesday's Riddlesworth stakes of 200 sovereigns, &c., and Plenipo winning a sweepstakes of 50 sovereigns, for three-year-olds. Surely "James Edwards, Lord Jersey's trainer, allowed by his own profession to be by far the best trainer at Newmarket," ought, according to my friend's argument, to have been able to see, I won't say with half an eye, but certainly without the aid of a watch, the true state of the case; but what do the party go and do? Why, bet 6 to 4 on Glencoe, according to the racing calendar, and according to another account they absolutely refused to draw stakes in order to avoid a public exhibition of the qualities of the two Derby favourites, unless they received a bonus of £40,* which being refused, the race came off as above, and Glencoe's chance for the Derby, and the probability of his backers after the result of the Craven race being able to hedge any of their money, was dished for ever and a day. So much for the unaided judgment of even first-rate professional men at home.

Fourthly.—"In speaking of Mr. Osbaldestone's match against time, ASMODEUS says, he rode 11st. 3lbs. He rode 10st. 7lbs."

Hem! What shall I say to this? That it's a flat contradiction, as briefly given as may be; but unfortunately I have Mr. Osbaldestone's own authority for my statement, and without intending the slightest offence, I may be allowed to express my opinion, that he knew more about the matter than my critic does. In consequence of certain remarks that appeared in the public prints shortly after the match, in which the writers sought to show that it was nothing extraordinary, &c. &c., Mr. Osbaldestone addressed a letter to the Editor of *Bell's Life in London*, denouncing the scribes in question, as what they were, and I annex a paragraph therefrom which has evidently reference to his own performance:—

"Four hundred miles in seventeen successive hours and twelve minutes, will puzzle all the wise men of the East! It is the *pace* which a man is obliged to maintain, with such short intervals between every four miles that distresses him, from which the MUSCLES *have not time to recover*. Two hundred miles in ten hours would be no performance to talk of; putting on the extra steam of six miles an hour, tries the wind and strength. A man riding 11st. could do it in ten hours, if a good horseman, sound wind and limb, and with good pluck. Whoever accomplishes it in EIGHT HOURS *and forty-two minutes*, riding 11st. 3lbs., will find 'his stockings tied up tighter

* Vide old *Sporting Magazine*, vol. 84, p. 71.

than he ever had them tied up before,' to use a waterman's phrase."

Again, in the challenge to all the world with which his letter concludes, he says:—

"Or, I will ride against the jockey of 7st. whom they talk of backing to ride two hundred miles in EIGHT HOURS, receiving thirty minutes for the difference between 7st. and 11st.; or I will take £10,000 to £3,000 or £20,000 to £6,000, that I ride *two hundred* miles in EIGHT HOURS, which it must be allowed would be a wonderful performance for 11st. *odd*, and I THINK ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE."

My authority for the above quotations, is *Pierce Egan's Book of Sports.* Had there been any error in *Bell's Life* or Egan's reprint, Mr. Osbaldestone would of course have caused its correction at the time.

After all this, we go back to the "fallacy of timing;" in reply to which I have little to add to my former remarks, except that, like mesmerism, I think it useful, and even valuable to a certain extent and under certain circumstances. As to the timing of the Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur for their respective Derbies, surely every body knows that the Dutchman's was run, as it ought to have been to be in keeping with his name, in a terrific storm of wind and rain, and with the ground in such a state therefrom as to give the cock-tail Hotspur so decided an advantage over the thorough-bred ones, that, though labouring under his own peculiar disadvantages, he beat them all, except the crack, whom he ran to a nose or something very like it, for neither jockey knew which had won, and small blame to them under the circumstances. I don't know whether ABEL EAST booked THE MEMBER'S bet as to the result of Canezou beating the Dutchman, if they met for the Ascot Cup. If he did, in that modest but confident spirit that sits so well upon him, I trust he has duly sacked the Mohur, whether tendered in "demnition gold *or* silver,"—for assuredly THE MEMBER proved a very false prophet in that matter. As to Monarch I exposed his pretensions in this *Review* long ago, still he was highly thought of by those who possessed the best means of judging of his powers and as to there having been an evident disposition on the part of the English papers to disparage him, here is what *Bell's Life in London* said of him:—

"Almost the first which cantered down the course was Captain James' Monarch, the Arab, which attracted the eyes of all classes, and from his symmetrical and lively characteristics, elicited a good deal of admiration, for though small, he

exhibited all the fire and spirit of his race. He had been backed at long odds by a limited few who had adopted high notions of his qualities."

Does that read like disparagement? How far behind he was at the end of the race, is not of much importance. A MEMBER OF THE TURF CLUB says that, "so far from being beaten a quarter of a mile, he was not even *distanced* in his race for the Goodwood Cup," and no doubt he knows better than all the paid reporters of the London sporting papers and periodicals put together. Certain it is, however, his owner had enough of it and acted afterwards in the spirit of the gentleman who declined, with thanks, a polite invitation to go out hunting, upon the plea that he had tried it once. Was not the famous Sweetlips beaten by a *Pony* at some Provincial Scotch Meeting? I have heard something of the sort, that is, unless I dreamt it.

Fifthly.—"ASMODEUS is evidently prejudicial against the Arab, &c. &c." I beg to observe that you have arrived at an erroneous conclusion. I had a strong feeling on the subject of the Indian Turf being kept, if not exclusively for Arabs, at least open only to English and Colonial horses upon terms that virtually amounted, except in extreme cases, to a prohibition, by the additional weight to be put up. I looked upon this as a monopoly which tended to keep up the price of Arabs (the best description of hunters and park-horses, and horses of all work for India) for the benefit of Arab dealers, while it prevented turf-men racing with the best style of horses available for *that* purpose, alike to the detriment of our own colonies and our fellow-countrymen engaged in horse breeding in them. I was unable to discover any improvement in our country-bred stock from the infusion of Arab blood, or indeed what benefit the system afforded to any, but, as I said, a few Arab merchants, while it was attended with other positive drawbacks to the welfare of the Turf, which, as I have no desire to strike, even by reflection, I shall not more particularly allude to. I was not singular in my views. Better men than I am—to wit, A TURFITE and PILGRIM and others have all been working to the same end, each in his own particular way, and the result of our exertions, so far as it has yet had time to develop itself, has been very satisfactory. All I say is this. If you fancy racing with Arabs train them and run them, and may a fair share of luck attend you; but upon what principle do you seek to inflict a penalty upon those who prefer the risk of importing, training and racing with, what they consider to be a better des-

cription of horse for the purpose? Then, again, as I said on a former occasion, your party is never consistent. You are ever trying to prove the superiority of your own favourites at the same time that you are clamouring for allowances. Give to all a fair field and no favour say I, and the question will be very soon put at rest, if it is not already. If Arab races (exclusive) are requisite, why you 've the Derby and Champagne and many others. As to handicaps, they are only fresh inventions for benefitting the worst description of horse at the expense of the better. Why should there not be one great race each season, with a cup in specie from the fund, for all horses, weight for age, without penalty (I need not further enter into detail) and let every man bring to the post his own particular vanity, English, Arab, Colonial, Maiden, Plater, pony or jackass "if so dispoged," as Mrs. Gamp would say? This is not quite an original idea of my own, for the same thing was suggested to me by a friend last year, with the addition that there should be no stipulation as to weight even. This, however, is foreign to what I have in hand. In reply to the charge of not giving the best Arab timing while I gave a table from NIMROD, I beg to observe that a writer must, in these matters, be allowed to use his own discretion. I gave the timing of the three-mile race between Selim and Crab, the very best, I believe, on record. I gave the time of a number of the best Arabs that ever started in late years, and if I did not quote the very latest, there may be more than one reason for my neglect in that respect. First, I was writing for a community supposed to have the Turf affairs of the last two or three years fresh in remembrance; next, I had very good reason for knowing, that a review of the Calcutta race meeting of last season, which would comprise the time of some of the cracks alluded to, would appear in the same number, and I did not think the public wanted, or would appreciate, two courses of rabbit, which though a dainty and delicate dish in itself, even to set before a king, is apt to pall upon the appetite, on too immediate repetition. Had I been addressing an article to the *London Sporting Magazine*, the thing would have been different; as it was, the object I had in view was not to compile a series of statements which nearly every sporting man has at his fingers' ends, but to supply, as a ready reference, information unknown to, or forgotten by, the great majority of the sportsmen of the day.

Lastly.—I have no prejudice whatever against the Jockey Club, whether from reading CRAVEN's writings or any one else's. I looked upon the Pacha's challenge as to the Club, and

to be taken up, if taken up at all, by and on behalf of the Club and not of individual members of it. If the challenge was intended for any gentleman or gentlemen, members of the Jockey Club, it should have been so worded, and then the disinclination of a foreign Sovereign to bring himself into collision with all the riff-raffery and rascality of the British betting ring would have been clearly expressed. Now, the Club was neither instituted for, nor exists for, any such purpose as taking up challenges: it is not constituted as an Aquatic or Cricket Club is, neither is it desirable that it should be, and in accepting the challenge, it would have gone beyond it's legitimate uses and end, and so the Stewards appeared to think when they declined the Pacha's invitation. In fact I looked upon it from the first as a no challenge, just as I should look upon one addressed to the Calcutta Turf Club, couched in similar terms, not that there could be the least objection to Messrs. Holdfast, Charles, Return, or any other members accepting such challenge exclusively on their own account were they so disposed, though I (myself a member) should be not a little astonished if the committee took upon themselves the responsibility of making any such match for, and on behalf of, *the Club*, and at the risk and liability of the members generally.

As to restricting the right of running at Newmarket, and the lamentable sight of a keeper of common hell running horses there,—let me ask simply by whose patronage and under whose auspices got he there? True it is, that the Prince of Denmark affected to mistake Polonius for a fishmonger, and on being set right, wished he had been half so honest a man; but if the aristocracy of Britain think fit to convert a fishmonger into the keeper of a hell, which they dignified by the name of Crockford's, who have they to thank but themselves for whatever comes of it? There was no occasion whatever for gentlemen to have been brought into contact with a set of scoundrels on the Turf had the gentlemen themselves not sought and encouraged the intimacy, such as it was and is. When the true and legitimate pursuit of sport is lost sight of in the more exciting one of book-making, or in other words gambling, it becomes the same thing to my Lord Duke or Sir Harry (both members of the Jockey Club) whom they book a bet to, if the party only has what that prince of valets, Wigler, calls "the mopusses." With that desideratum in his breeches' pocket, he may call himself Bond, Bland, Crockford, or what you will. He may be a leg, a horse couper, a hell keeper, a retired prize-fighter or a ditto hackney coachman,

in short any thing on earth, and that's a comprehensive figure of speech, it's all the same to them. The evil it is to be feared has gone too far now to be easy of remedy, but the root of it assuredly lies at the door of those who sowed the seed and who are now the loudest in seeking to abate the rank crop of their own growth. That similar results may not attend racing in India, at any rate during my time, is the sincere wish of

ASMODEUS.

P. S.—AS A MEMBER OF THE TURF CLUB was wrong about the relative merits of Canezou and the Dutchman, so has he proved himself (also wrong) by his comparison of the latter with Voltigeur, who beat the flyer easily for the Doncaster Cup. Not that the result of either race proves (in my opinion) any thing more than which horse was fittest to go on the particular day.

GROUSE SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND, IN 1850.

DEAR ABEL,—My last contribution to the old *Review*, was in November 1846—relative to fifteen days Obarah shooting in Lower Scinde; I now send a diary of sixteen days' sport from a very different quarter, viz., the dear Highlands of Scotland. Firstly, you must know, that never easy without sport of some kind, I took an extensive moor of upwards of ten miles, by name Balnakilly in Perthshire, from the 11th December last; and though it had of late years been very much neglected, yet by dint of keeping two keepers, killing all sorts of vermin and keeping off poachers, I brought it to as good a shooting as any on this side Perthshire, as my diary will show: for had I had a double gun, I might have bagged double the quantity; I might have shot over various shootings in the neighbourhood belonging to relatives, but determined to have a long range of my own and make daily (weather permitting) as heavy a bag as I could bring, accustomed to that sort of independence in India. On the night of the 11th of August, full of hopes and fears, (having looked forward to the 12th for many months previous), I left my abode on the banks of the river Tumnel, accompanied by a brace of very steady pointers, dog and bitch, over whom I shot last season—the latter I broke myself,—and took up my quarters for a few weeks in a farmhouse, beautifully situated for a sportsman, in Glen Braachan, well wooded in the

rear; to the right and front ran the Bra-achan water, to the left the Tarvie burn, both leaping down the mountains in splendid cascades, the former running out of Loch Vallachan (the Duke of Atholl's property,) all swarming with trout; and last, though not least surrounded with grouse mountains, the heather in full bloom, quite a picture. All night I could not sleep a wink, therefore three o'clock on the morning of the glorious 12th, found me quietly seated on the flowery heather, with my old single-barrelled gun of nine years' standing on my knees, patiently waiting for the heavy mist to clear off, in which the moors about me were enveloped, (which did not take place till six o'clock, when the sun broke forth in all his majesty.) The cock grouse tantalizingly crowing all round, besides hearing numerous shots on the lower hills, on which the mist was not so dense, was sufficient to try the patience of old Job; it might be thought silly in a man to sit three hours on the wet heather, wrapped up in darkness, but there is a certain restlessness, which shakes the whole frame of a sportsman on his first day, feverish excitement not to be got over, which it is impossible to withstand. There are probably fewer periods more exhilarating in the life of a sportsman, than that in which he finds himself at the commencement of the season, in the freshness of early morn, on the heathered mountains, prepared for his first day's grouse shooting. At six o'clock, I let loose one pointer, my plan being only to hunt one at a time, about two hours for each, by which means both are able to stand the work all and every day. This I did last season and found it to answer capitally; feeding them well directly they returned home and washing their feet in warm vinegar and salt well mixed. To proceed, Juno very soon found, drew and stood as firm as a rock, though quivering all over. Ah! that first point, even men who have shot for years, get nervous at this critical period—once got over and the bird killed, all afterwards goes on well. However, having full confidence in Juno, and knowing the birds would lay, I lit a cheroot and took a puff or two, when I heard a whisper close by. "Would ye na tak a dram Copton?" Turning round, I beheld my first keeper with the whisky flask in his paw, looking up cunningly to my face, "O no," says I, "not so early my boy, do you want me to see double?" "Weel Sir, I would na say, but ye moight knook doon twa or three with the lang barrelled after a wee drap spee-reets." Honest Donald's offer I declined, threw away my weed and advanced to the point at full cock, walked round and round the bitch, but not a bird rose. So staunch was she, that one would have imagined her glued to the heather; at last Old Cocky ran out and took wing, bang went the old single,

and over he tumbled with a mighty thump: the report sprang the rest, about fifteen with the old hen; four dropped singly at no great distance, these I picked up one by one. It was just point, fire and load—Juno dropping to shot, and after I had charged, up to another point in no time, standing firm: indeed, it was a pretty sight and very pretty shooting. As the day advanced, it proved as hot as any in Scinde, particularly during the middle: there was not a particle of scent for a dog to seek dead or winged birds. Grouse when wounded, run as fast as my old friends, the Obarah, and soon hide themselves in the long heather and peat holes. Both pointers, though with splendid noses, were frequently at fault and ran over, and in the midst of birds about this time, the birds getting up close to me and sometimes behind. Three brace of winged birds were lost this day, and two and a half brace on the 13th from the same cause,—thanks to the sun; but as I only count bagged game in my narrative, these and all other unrecovered grouse are accounted for as misses. Notwithstanding the heat, I worked up hill and down dale, till one o'clock, then sounded the halt for tiffin, which my two keepers appeared heartily glad of, for I never beheld fellows so done, though hardy Highlanders, with nothing but a light shooting coat and kilt on; but the fact is, that these hill men will no more stand heat than Jack sepoy cold: on my remarking this to my headman, he replied, "Weel Copton, its no canny this burning, its aye fashious for mon and beast;" in fact the dogs were a little gruelled and were none the worse for a rest. I remained quietly by the side of a spring of water and under the shade of a large rock till 4 P. M. I am not sure whether during that interval, I went to sleep or not; I rather think I did after I had a cheroot or two: however, at 4 I was up, and at the grouse again, and at 9 o'clock returned to my shooting quarter, very well satisfied with my first day's sport; bag containing twelve brace grouse, one brace hill hares: shots 35, hits 26, misses 9. To ascertain my shooting, I count my caps before starting, doing the same on return, subtracting those remaining from those I took out, which gives me the number of shots I may have had during the day; this plan I have followed for many years. 13th.—Out again at 6 o'clock, returned at 9. Day as hot as yesterday; shots 30, hits 22, misses 8; grouse nine brace, hill hares two brace. 14th.—Not such a hot day as either yesterday or the 12th; shots 26, hits 24, misses 2; birds sat well! shot from 12 o'clock till 6 P. M. Bag ten brace grouse, 2 brace hill hares. 15th.—The weather changed; not a breath of air, as sultry as any night in Sukkur; left the dogs at home. Shot from 2 o'clock till 7, with a man on each

side as beaters, India fashion; shot seven and a half brace grouse, one brace hill hares; shots 17, hits 17, misses none. 16th.—Rain and heavy mist on the hills; went out notwithstanding at twelve o'clock without dogs, using beaters; returned at six o'clock with eight brace grouse, two and a half hill hares; shots 22, hits 21, misses 1. 17th.—Heavy rain and mist on the hills in the morning; cleared up at three o'clock in the afternoon; took out the pointers; returned at eight; bagged thirteen brace grouse, birds getting up singly, the pointing most beautiful and sport very pretty, as they laid like stones: the best day I have had yet for game, sitting even better than the 12th: one brace hill hares; shots 28, hits 28, misses none. 20th, Tuesday.—Started at twelve o'clock, shot till eight; bag five and a half brace grouse, four brace hill hares; shots 20, hits 19, misses 1; weather showery and fine at times. 21st.—Hail and sleet, birds would not sit to the point: took up the dog and ranged with my two men, one on each side; bag from twelve o'clock till six, four brace grouse, three and half brace hill hares; shots 30, hits 15, misses 15; grouse packing already owing to the weather. 22nd, Thursday. Very stormy, could hardly hold the gun straight, it blew so strong: shot with beaters from four o'clock till six; bag two brace black cock, two brace grouse, one couple snipe, one brace hill hares. Every shot was at long distance,—grouse wilder than ever and in large packs. Dogs out of the question now. Shots 14, hits 12, misses 2. 23rd.—Very stormy and cold: out at two o'clock with two beaters; returned at four with four brace grouse, three and half brace hill hares; no shot at grouse under 40 yards, some beyond; birds wilder than yesterday—managed to shoot them by coming suddenly upon them round the hills; shots 22, hits 15, misses 7. 24th, Saturday.—Very fine warm day: out at six o'clock with the dogs who were very fresh from their long rest; had good sport, scent laying well; day throughout warm; not too hot—just the thing. The best day I have had yet for working the pointers, excepting the 17th; the grouse sat close: returned to my sporting residence at nine o'clock with thirteen brace grouse, five and a half couple snipe and seven brace hill hares; shots 46, hits 44, misses 2. From this day till the 28th, it rained and blew a hurricane, so kept at home. 28th.—Went out, being tired with remaining at home doing nothing, though the day was far from fine, being cold and wintry, accompanied by frequent showers; shot with two beaters from three o'clock till seven—bag seven brace grouse, three and half brace hill hares, two and half couple of snipes: came suddenly upon the grouse round the hills, no getting near them otherwise; shots 26, hits 26, misses none. 30th, Friday.—At it again between one and

two o'clock, blowing fresh and cold: found plenty of birds, but very wild, hardly getting near them, only contrived to get two and half brace grouse by following the dodge of surprising them; shot with beaters; besides the grouse, bagged three brace hill hares; returned at five o'clock—shots 17, hits 11, misses 6. 31st, Saturday—Proved a very fine warm sun-shiny day: out with the dogs at six o'clock; hunted, as usual, one at a time. Birds sat close to-day; returned at nine o'clock with eight and half brace grouse, eight and half hill hares and three couple snipe,—shots 42, hits 40, misses 2. September 2nd.—Monday was ushered in with a gale; moderated about three o'clock; went out with beaters, shot till half-past four; contents of bag two brace grouse, one brace partridges, one couple snipe, one brace hill hares,—shots 14, hits 10, misses 4. 3rd, Tuesday.—Mist on the hills; tried the shooting from three o'clock till half-past four: hard work to-day getting within shot of the birds, who rose generally in large packs, some as far as three or four hundred yards; those I got were between 45 and 50 yards. The weather turning so bleak and cold has destroyed any more good grouse-shooting for this season, but I have enjoyed it, and consider that I have had first-rate sport for a single season. Bag—grouse three and half brace, partridges two brace, hill hares two brace, snipe one and half couple, shots 18, hits 18, misses none. Total bag 111½ brace grouse, 36½ brace hill hares, 14½ couple snipe, 2 brace black cock, 3 brace partridges. I now take leave of you for this season, remaining your's faithfully,

SINGLE BARREL.

SPORT ON THE SOUTH-WEST FRONTIER.

MY DEAR MR. EAST,—The year 1849 passed away, without the *Sporting Review* having given to the world any account of the sport to be had on the south-west Frontier; but rather than such should be the case in 1850, I have set me down with fresh pen in hand, to give you a true and faithful account of what has been done, and what may be done here. I may as well first give you some idea of the country, which, if the editor of the *Calcutta Review* takes the trouble to read, may afford him some useful information. Sumbulpore is a considerable tract of country, lying along the Mahanuddee, in a great measure uncultivated, and in some places almost

uninhabited. Around the town of Sumbulpore, the country is principally hilly, as it is to the southward towards Sonepore. Towards the west, across the river, it spreads out into fine open plains. To the north and east, with the exception of some small hills close to it, the country is flat, or nearly so for eight or nine miles either way, when the plain is terminated by ranges of hills forming, as viewed from Sumbulpore, a barrier to egress, and connected to the south with the Boad hills, and to the north and west, with those smaller ranges of hills, which running through Orissa and Behar, serve to link together the larger ranges of Rajmahal and the Nurbudda—in fact, links connecting the great chains of the Windhya and Himaleh mountains. Follow the river along the left bank to the north-west, and you come, after crossing the Ebe some ten miles in that direction, to the plains of Chunderpore, famous for wild buffalo. On the Ebe there are Teah jungles of moderate extent, and that river is noted for its high, flat and finely wooded banks. Chunderpore is fifty miles higher up the Mahanuddee. From that place past the town of Sumbulpore the course of the river is south-east. The bed at Chunderpore, and for twenty miles below it, is sandy only, from that, past the town of Sumbulpore, and as far as Boad (a small independent zemindary about eighty miles E. S. E. of Sumbulpore) it is rocky and in the rains very dangerous for navigation. The right bank opposite Sumbulpore is wooded to the edge of the river. About two miles below the town, the river turns nearly due south to Sonepore, whence it runs due east past Boad and Cuttack into the Bay of Bengal.

From the middle of April to the middle of June it is not continuously navigable, except for very small boats above Boad. The whole of the flat part of the country, except the Chunderpore plains, which are nearly quite bare, is covered with mangoe groves, very tempting, but very treacherous encamping grounds they are in the hot weather; they swarm during the day with small flies about half the size of a midge, which it is perfectly impossible, if the slightest wind blows, to exclude from any tent. The hills are covered with tree jungle, and are all very steep and rocky. The tree jungle seldom extends beyond the base, but usually merges into scrub jungle for a few hundred yards along the plain, or until it meets a like off-shoot from another hill. They abound with bears, saumber, and deer of every description. Tigers too are far from unknown. The plains of Chunderpore actually swarm with buffaloes, and across the river from these in a hilly-tract, tigers abound. Throughout the country, generally small game of all kinds are found, grey par-

tridge excepted. The tanks and jheels, which are very numerous, swarm with wild fowl in great and beautiful variety. But enough of descriptions.

The 30th January found C. and myself at a large village on the right bank of the river, about twenty miles south of Sumbulpore. Intent of slaughter and full of expectation, we encamped under a magnificent banian tree, opposite a large tank covered with wild fowl. In front of us, was an isolated conical hill called Fofungah, famous as having been the stronghold of Bundya Rao Dewan, a Gond, who, in times past, gave considerable trouble to the Government of these parts; and, on one occasion, had the temerity to attack a party of the Ramghur L. I. Battalion. On the top of the hill, there is a natural fort, to which there is but one way of access by a ghat, through a natural wall varying from 100 to 150 feet in height; this wall encloses an area of about a square mile, in the midst of which is a tank, constantly supplied with water from springs. The entrance was defended by an artificial wall; of this, however, only the remains are to be seen. From thoughts of siege and storm, we turned our minds to the Commissariat Department, and, having breakfasted, proceeded with about 150 beaters to the small Puttras along the river's edge: our first beat was unsuccessful, and we moved off to a longer and thicker strip of jungle. We took up our positions at the south end, and hardly had the beaters began to move, when a bear shewed himself on the edge of the jungle; he however walked back again, without giving me a chance; a hyæna now passed me, but knowing the bear to be there, I spared him, though close to me. Bruin did not shew himself, nor did any thing appear, until the beaters were close to the edge of the jungle. A hyæna then broke, and I concluding that the bear must have gone back, fired at and knocked him over, but did not kill him. I walked up close to finish him, leaving my men some distance behind, and only having the gun (one barrel of which I had already fired) with me. I had my finger on the trigger and was about to transfer the contents of the remaining barrel into the hyæna's head, when lo! a grunt, and from behind a bush, within twenty yards of me, out rushed a bear full charge; it looked very savage, and was so evidently determined to pay me off for disturbing it, that I almost turned tail. However, having screwed my courage up to the sticking point, I stood fast, down came the beast with unabated speed; I let her come within five yards of me and then let fly. I thought I had her sure, but instead of seeing her lying dead before me, ere the smoke cleared away, she was upon me. The bullet had taken effect in the hind leg,

and instead of turning, only rendered her more savage. I was desperate and hit her right and left over the head with the barrel of the gun; this was not lost upon her, for she contented herself with knocking me over and leaving the marks of her claws on my leather inexpressibles, and then made off, with a considerable halt in her gait: she must, I think, have had cubs somewhere hid in the jungle, for she charged the line of beaters between her and that part of the Puttra from whence she had broken, slightly wounding one poor fellow. I now looked round for my brave followers. One had come within a few yards of me, when his courage evidently failing, he had secured his own safety by getting up a tree and was busily engaged in praying for mine; another was visible in the back ground, flourishing a "tangey," and bearing down towards me in a most intrepid manner, breathing vengeance against the bear and all her relations. Meanwhile C. had killed a "kotra" or hog-deer, and the wounded hyæna, who had picked himself up and made towards him. C. had marked another bear into a small patch of jungle close by, so we proceeded to dislodge him; he broke at once and passed into the maidan opposite me, within thirty yards, thereby affording me a fair shot: the first bullet struck him behind the shoulder, and one more closed his career. Having refreshed the inward man we now moved off to another Puttra intersected by deep ravines. The beaters had come close up and we had almost given it up as a blank, when a shout from some stragglers, a little in the rear of the main body of the beaters, informed us, that there was a bear in one of the ravines: he would not be persuaded to leave his stronghold, so as he would not come to us, we resolved to go to him. We slid quietly down into a deep ravine, and C. caught sight of him, doubled up in a hole under a creeper bush—he fired, and a loud angry growl satisfied us that the bullet had taken effect. The bear did not wait for a repetition of the leaden dose, but did his utmost to get away, and was soon out of the ravine, going through the bushes as fast as a broken hind leg would let him. C. gave chase and soon came up. Bruin tried to charge, but received a brace of bullets which placed him "hors de combat." I added another hog deer to the bag and we then sought our camp, pretty well satisfied with our day's work. I particularly so, with my lucky escape from the bear, though somewhat disgusted with having allowed her to have had the chance of mauling me. On the morning of the 31st, we returned to the station, making a good bag of snipe and duck *en route*.

7th February.—C. had news brought to him that a cow

belonging to a village of Tuckbah, distant about five miles, and on the banks of a small river called the Maltee, had been carried off by a tiger; he immediately set off for the spot and found the body of the cow quite fresh, in a small strip of bushes near the river, and bearing unmistakeable marks of having become the prey of the tiger. He enclosed a small space on the ground with branches, &c., for a hiding place, and lay in wait till dusk; the tiger, however, did not make his appearance. When C. announced his want of success, we resolved to try and beat him out of his retreat on the banks of the river, and after breakfast, on the 8th, W., C. and myself, with four elephants and as many beaters as we could collect, proceeded to the spot. We found that nothing but the bones of the cow remained, so thought the chances were that the destroyer was not far off after his last night's gorge. We took up our position in line between the heavy jungle on the river and the hill, sending the elephants and coolies to beat up towards the hill, it being the most likely place of refuge for the tiger to seek, if forced from his retreat on the river: he came up soon after the beat began, and I heard him give a growl in the jungle about thirty yards off; and had the beaters and elephants only kept a proper line, I think I must have bagged him; as it was, they let him break back to the river; we beat it a second time but unsuccessfully, and then tried the hill for bears; three shewed themselves, one of which going near C., was bagged by him, the other two took themselves off, without affording us a chance. A villager now came rushing up, shouting at the pitch of his voice, that three bears were waiting to be shot in a patch of jungle, in the middle of the plain. On arriving at the place indicated, we formed ourselves into line, and walked into the jungle; it was not above 180 yards long by 70 or 80 wide, and very thin; no bear near me, but three pigs got up and made off, but were knocked over: a wag amongst us hinted, that they might be tame ones, and truly they were rather black looking janwars; however, of course we repudiated the idea of their being any thing else than genuine wild hogs.

14*th February*.—On this day C. and I had another beat at a small detached hill, into which three bears had been marked early the same morning. We posted ourselves in the maidan between the hill and the nearest jungle, which we expected them to make for; but on the beat nearing us, the bears made for the opposite side; on being told this, we ran round, but much to our disgust, they again broke back and passed close to our former positions, making for the heavy jungle. I gave chase

on a tat, but coming in contact with a flying Brahmin,* tat, Brahmin, and self, all went sprawling in opposite directions, and before I could pick myself up, the bears had got into a patch between us and the larger jungle. Another spill from the tat enabled C., who was on foot, to rejoin me, followed by a regular cavalry brigade composed of the *élite* of the neighbouring villages, the head man amongst them, a son of Bundya Row; we fired two shots each at our shaggy friends, but apparently without effect, they being hardly visible amongst the bushes. They tried to get away, but the beaters having come up and aided by the cavalry, surrounded the place they could not break; now came the fun, the bears making rushes to the edge of the jungle, sometimes together backing each other up, and sometimes singly, the coolies screeching, bears grunting, and the gallant horsemen rushing about flourishing their "tulwars," quite regardless of their lives or confident in the steadiness of our aim; for though they kept at a respectable distance from the bears, they thought nothing of crossing our fire, and it was not until one gentleman had a portion of his horse's mane clipped off by a bullet, that they thought of retiring; at last all three bears charged C. and myself in right earnest, but received a volley, which dropped one dead and sent the two others badly wounded back through the line of beaters. We were looking for them, one on each side of a narrow strip of jungle, when I was startled by cries of Bagh! Bagh! followed by a shot from C. and a shout that there was a tiger between us. I made sure of a charge and already felt the claws of the tiger in my throat, when another shout from C. announcing that the animal was done for, called me back to life. It was a half grown male, evidently just turned off from his maternal apron strings to begin the world on his own account, and though perhaps not conscious of his powers, quite big enough to do as much damage as his father and mother. One bullet through the neck had closed his career, just as it had begun. We had no time to follow up the bears, but they were both found dead shortly after. Next morning, business obliged us to return to the station.

From this time up to the beginning of April, I was only out once for a couple of days with W., who went out to get in wood from the jungle for building. We had a beat or two, but were unsuccessful, killing no large game, but picking up a fair bag of duck and snipe. The jungles were burning every where at the time, and it was consequently a difficult thing to find out where game was. It is certainly a pretty sight to see the hills striped with lines of fire, looking like so many fiery

* Not a winged one.

serpents creeping up towards and over their summits; more pleasant for us to look at, than for the denizens of the forest to feel I fancy.

In the month of March, C. having had occasion to make a trip in the direction of Chunderpore, bagged five buffaloes and a black buck, and having seen enough to promise more good sport, he and I sent our camp out to Singrah, and on the 8th April, at 2 P. M., found ourselves at a small village three miles from that place. We here separated, and were sweeping the plain in opposite directions, when hearing firing in the direction which C. had taken, I made towards him; he had come upon a herd of about forty or fifty buffaloes, and before I joined him, had killed one and badly wounded several others; the herd had made off, and by the time I came up with C. were out of sight. A buffaloe, however, is not a very sylph-like creature, but leaves pretty distinct marks even in a dry rice khôt, so we had plenty of tracks to guide us. We went our best pace and were not long in sighting the herd. C.'s firing had, (as well it might) put them very much on the alert, so after getting within about five or six hundred yards, we left all our followers, except two, one of C.'s and one of my own, and giving them each two guns to carry and ourselves taking the same, we commenced creeping up towards the herd, as stealthily as possible, taking advantage of every bund and bush to cover our approach. The attention of the buffaloes being taken up with the men we had left behind, and we having taken a rather circuitous route, we were not observed till within a hundred yards of the herd; they then began to move off, on which we immediately opened our battery and could hear every bullet strike: none dropped however; but one or two bulls came round, evidently in doubt whether it would be more advisable to charge than retreat; they adopted the latter course and went off as hard as the condition of some of their wounded friends would allow; this not being very fast, we put our best foot foremost and were soon up with them. C. now persuaded a large cow to attend to a rifle ball and she was soon disposed of; the herd was still retreating (slowly for them) but at last some of the wounded ones seemed to require looking after and they stopped. We now took opposite flanks; they turned their heads towards C., and when he fired, started off, passing within sixty yards of where I stood, every one for himself and going as hard as they could. I knocked over a young bull, but he was up and off again with a fore leg broken. I next hit a cow behind the shoulder; she dropped behind, and after an ineffectual effort to get on, fell dead. The herd had, while this was going on, got a good start, but I kept on after

them till I could go no further, and had at last to throw myself down quite exhausted. C. was in better wind, and though blowing like a grampus, passed me at a swing trot, and ultimately came up with the herd killing three more—one of them, the leader, an enormous bull, with horns measuring eight feet six inches from tip to tip. It was now nearly dark, but fortunately our course had been circular and we were near Camp. A five hours' run, three of them under a grilling sun and carrying a heavy rifle in lieu of a walking stick, is very little of a joke; it has its advantages though, as it imparts a flavor to an April bottle of beer which I wouldn't exchange for an iced one in Calcutta.

On the 9th we found several herds and bagged four buffaloes, besides certainly wounding twelve or thirteen more. I may say here, that beasts found dead afterwards are not carried to credit of the bag.

10*th April*.—This morning I was awakened out of a sweet sleep by the sound of firing close to the tents. On looking out, I saw C. at about half a mile off, in full chase of a herd of fourteen or fifteen buffaloes; they were coming across towards camp. I was soon out and managed to get under the cover of an ant-hill, right in their path; I let them come pretty near and then fired at the leader's head, but whether it was that the ball did not penetrate, or I missed him altogether, it seemed to have no effect; the whole herd then rushed past me at a distance of from 12 to 15 yards, running the gauntlet of eight barrels; only one, however, a cow, lagged, and on my running up to her tried to charge; a bullet below the eye, however, made her bellow and shake her head; she then stood like a wall, but one or two more well-placed bullets did for her. Five more buffaloes fell to C.'s guns this day; one of them, a large bull, charged home, but was stopped, when very close, by a bullet in the nostrils followed by another through the brain which rolled him over dead.

April 11*th*.—Did not go out in the morning, but in the afternoon, hearing of a single bull, went after him; C. going out in the opposite direction by himself. I found the animal feeding on a small rising ground, which made it impossible for me to get nearer than within two hundred yards of him; I therefore sent an elephant and a number of villagers round to take off his attention, while I endeavoured to creep up nearer; in this I succeeded and managed to get within about 140 yards: the elephant now coming near, he began to get uneasy and shew symptoms of a disposition to

take himself off. Being afraid I might not get a better chance, I fired and heard the ball strike; he immediately turned towards me, and I then perceived that his hind leg was broken; he now tried to make off, but was pulled up by a couple of bullets behind the shoulder; this brought him to bay and he tried to charge, but it was of no use and a very little more finished him. C. returned to camp late in the evening, having seen nothing but a herd of nylgyhe, of which he killed two, and very nearly got his own neck broken from a spill while riding after them over heavy ground, his horse having put his foot in a hole, and come down with him. We saw many herds of antelopes, but buffaloes being generally in sight we refrained from firing at them. I had almost forgotten to mention, that I discovered the head of an arrow sticking four inches deep in the shoulder of the bull shot on the 11th; it had evidently been there a long time, as the wound had healed up. The buffaloes in this neighbourhood are very numerous, and the injury they do the crops incalculable; the villagers say they are most numerous, as well as the easiest to be got at, in the months of November and December, when the crops ripen. C. had work at home which would not admit of his remaining out any longer, so with reluctance we on the morning of the 12th gave directions for the camp to be struck and commenced marching homewards. We anticipated some good bear-shooting at a place called Chanteepalee, which lay on our way, so made a forced march and reached it on the afternoon of the 13th. On the morning of the 14th, we had got together a good body of beaters, and proceeded to work at about 7 o'clock, commencing with a long low hill. I had hardly taken up my position, when I saw a leopard; it was only for an instant however, and he was too far for me to think of firing. Shortly after I saw a bear break down between C. and myself, and presently three more emerged from the jungle and came past me. I rolled over the largest at the first shot, and then gave chase to the others; they however made towards C., who bagged one and badly wounded the others. I returned to look after my own, but imagine my disgust, when I discovered that he had picked himself up and walked quietly away; all search for him was fruitless, and as the sun was getting high and there was abundance of work before us, we gave up pursuit. The next hill we beat, was a good deal smaller than the first but pretty thickly wooded. The first janwars that shewed, were a herd of about twenty spotted deers and some pigs which went past C.; he did not fire at them, as four bears were in sight

on the hill; they descended very slowly and cautiously and seemed quite undecided as to whether they would break or dodge round the foot of the hill; some beaters, however, throwing stones down in their direction, made them decide, and a female with cubs broke close in front of me; I fired two barrels and am ashamed to say missed with both; she was fearfully close to me, and I was afraid would do mischief, particularly as Mr. Chumnoo, one of my Cole "bundook wallahs," commenced dodging round a tree to avoid her, at the same time making desperate pokes at her face with the muzzle of my second gun; she luckily at this juncture made off towards C., and as she did so, I hit her in the rear, without impeding, but on the contrary accelerating her speed; the second barrel did for the *butcha* on her back. I immediately gave chase, and on coming up to C. found he had killed one bear, also a female with cubs, and badly wounded another; at this moment my old friend who was unable or afraid to break back up the hill, charged down at me, and at the same time the cubs of the bear C. had shot (and which by the way were none of the smallest) attacked my legs with such vigour that I was very near knocked over; this would have been a pretty predicament to be in, with the large one charging, but luckily C. had a barrel left loaded, with which he knocked over the old lady when very near to me; the butchas were then soon disposed of. In the next beat C. killed another bear without difficulty; nothing came near me, and after this it being 1 P. M., and camp five miles off, we made the best of our way there; *en route* we saw some spotted deer and saumber, but as usual on such occasions our guns were left behind. This day ended a week's as good sport as it ever fell to my lot to witness.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am afraid I have trespassed on your time and patience too long; this is my first attempt at coming out in the composition line, so you must excuse a rough yarn. If you think it worthy a place in the pages of the *Sporting Review* I shall be proud of my handy-work, if otherwise, you may consign it to the flames without any fear of offending

USSUL COLE.

SPORTING GALLERY.

WILLIAM GREY, ESQ., C. S., No. XXIV.

HERE is a gentleman who neither hunts nor shoots, nor races, nor writes for us! How comes he then in our Sporting Gallery? A question which no one connected with the Calcutta Turf for some years past will find any difficulty in answering. Mr. Grey is here as an old and excellent Steward, as an active Member of the Turf Club Committee, as a very judicious Handicapper, and as one of the most learned of our circle in the Laws of Racing. These are his credentials. Without some such able coadjutors we could not get on satisfactorily: we should be all abroad. When we find a man thus evincing his attachment to the noble sport without indulging in its greatest excitements, one who devotes himself, so to say, to the theory, leaving the practice to others, who does not combine in himself the legislative and the executive, he is amongst the most valuable friends the Turf can possibly possess, for he is a living argument to confute those Sectarians who proclaim that, like pitch, it cannot be touched without defilement.

The magnificent humbug who not long ago splenetically threw his baton further than he could recover it, in an excellent parting address to the Army, has been unjust to the Turf. He speaks of the facility of obtaining money afforded by the Banks, as "encouraging those vices which are the most mischievous, especially racing, a vice always accompanied by gambling and extravagance." This is not true. There are many, very many, who love the Turf, who are on it, or who support it, and who are never guilty of any gambling whatever. It is a pity the objurgation was not confined to card and billiard playing and extravagant living,—a greater pity, that opportunities for making public examples of confirmed gamblers have been disregarded on the most frivolous pretences. But to return to Mr. Grey. Our friend has earned the confidence of the whole of our Racing men, by the dispassionate manner in which he considers every matter of business brought before him, by the knowledge he brings to bear on all contested points, and by the rigid impartiality with which he disposes of them. We shall have a dozen new Stables before we meet with another non-racing man, taking the same interest in the Turf, and as valuable in the qualifications we have recorded.

A. E.



HOG HUNTING IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF INDIA.

THE morning of the 10th of February 184— was foggy and raw. The tents were carefully closed and their white inmates slumbering quietly within; shivering kitmutgars were preparing coffee, and bearers were stretching boots and cleaning spears—when G.'s noisy horn sounded loud over the stillness, and a vigorous Tally-ho! from W. made all start from their beds. "There goes a hog by Jove," says W., "and here am I in pyjamahs; breakfast—hazerey—get up every body." A jolly-looking face appears poking through a division of a tent—"Take it quietly, don't be rash. F. says 'it is the middle of the night;' have a good breakfast first, and then if I don't show you some first-rate sport in the B. jungle, my name is not Bucking R." (Convenient letter B. may stand for Behiacurranpore, Buckra, or Bissuntpore.)

Breakfast is announced, as substantial and sumptuous a meal as could be wished for, but every one comes in at his own time, and eats it his own way. The Squire is temperance itself. Bob, Punch and S. make bacon and eggs, and every thing they can lay their hands on, look foolish. F. and R. do not appear so early. B. recommends a start, and the elephants and spare horses move towards the jungle, and the fun begins.

B. mounted on the Prince, a roan Waler, well up to his heavy weight, is putting the line of twenty elephants in order. His judgment, knowledge of country, and powers of saving a horse, enable him always to hold a good place, though his weight, above fifteen stone, is much against him. Bucking R. and F. now come up, R. on Marbles carrying, goodness knows why, a spear—"I always like to be prepared; though much too wise to trust myself in close quarters with a hog. Home, sweet home, must be kept in mind." "Do begin at once," says F., "half keep one side, half the other." Accordingly the Squire in a light blue flannel shirt, mounted on the steadiest of horses, who knows a tally-ho! as well as his master, and actually at the cry of sow, shows his disappointment, and prefers biting at an elephant to getting out of his way—the Squire then and Donald on the Thunderer, much faster than he looks, with F. and B. take one side. Punch on Pon-me-honor, long Bob on short-tailed Nimble, wearing the identical pair of boots in which one of his ancestors perished, fighting for Charles II. on the field of Worcester, S. on a very showy little brown

Arab, and one or two others, taking the remaining side. Crash goes the jungle. "Pataea do" shouts Punch, and in about ten minutes after, a whole rush of pigs disperse on the maidan. Away go all, and soon separate. F., Bob, and the Squire have a good scrimmage after a game little three-year-old. Bob after some hard spurring, gets the spear, F. first charge and the Squire's unnerring hand rolls him over dead on the plain. "You don't mean to call that thing a first spear; do you, Bob? Why, old Nimble begins to funk," says F.—"First spear, I should think so, don't you wish you had got it yourself." Punch with his usual skill and luck, got away all alone with the largest, and spearing him in some heavy ground, left him on his side with the spear clean through him, thinking him *hors de combat*. Punch dismounts, takes the spear out, when, lo! the boar regains his legs, looking a perfect tiger. Punch wisely begins to retreat and the hog goes straight at staunch Pon-my-honor, who stands firm and gives a snort that stops the hog for an instant, and enables Punch to mount and deal the death-blow: up comes R. just as it is all over. "There's a hog for you, ten years old, if he is an hour. Don't you try that game again, Mr. Punch." Poor Pon-my-honor, when shall we see your equal in the field,—perfection in every point, steady as a rock. Thy death was that of a noble steed. A hidden nullah at Amptollah hurried thee from the field of thy glory, but thy name will live while any of the T. C. are to be found in India.

A little brandy and soda water is disposed of, and the elephants go to another patch of jungle, R. on the back of one of them; soon his loud voice announces, "an enormous boar to the left: ride like fury." Every one appears to be doing his best, F. leads and closes, and separates to the wonder of all, muttering—"Sow, by George!" B. and S. hardly believe it and take a little extra out of their nags, before they are content. As they return towards their hatties, Donald appears in sight from another quarter, looking very contented. "Where have you been," says the Squire. "Killed a very fine og." "Hang it, you never gave a tally-ho!" says Punch. "Not so heasy to [illegible]hout at that here pace, Hi can tell you," says Donald. "[illegible]ho is for tiffin, come along," says R.; "here is a lovely tree to sit under; just let me brew a little imperial, I have ordered some simpkin and hock and lots of ice to be ready. Here come the tiffin-bearers. Sheik, give the hatties some food, and be ready by half past-three o'clock."

Thick blankets are spread upon the ground, large baskets of all sorts of edibles placed in the centre. A general attack is

commenced; a scarcity of tumblers appearing, large pewter mugs pass from one to another. R.'s imperial—a delicious compound of champaign, hock, sherry, soda-water, mint, lemon peel and ice, goes round, its effect appears in the general hilarity. F., Donald and W. sink gently to repose, and the others chat quietly and enjoy their cheroots, till S., who has most undoubtedly been fast asleep till that moment, shouts at the top of his voice—"It's past ½ past 3, and the hatties are all ready, don't let us stay all day here. The Bēnt jungle by the nullah is to be beaten, and is full of hogs."

The elephants begin to beat again, but the men, inattentively scattered about, are only properly stirred by the sight of three pigs disappearing in the opposite jungle, who quietly slunk away at the one end as the elephants entered the other; before long the shouts of the mahouts announce more game in front, and a sounder breaks away in one direction, and a hog by himself takes towards the village; S. close at his heels, manages to kill him in a deep tank, horse and hog both swimming, and disappoints Donald, who was waiting for him to cross the road, but only finds the villagers about to carry away the dead hog. F. and Punch account for a very nice hog selected from the sounder.

The denseness of the jungle renders the beating difficult; evening approaches, and the party return to the tents well satisfied with the day's sport. Dinner is done ample justice to. R. brews fresh imperial, Bob concocts a mull, sings the loves of Lubin and Mary; the Squire leads in "A southerly wind and a cloudy sky;" parties drop off one by one and reach their beds without tumbling over the tent ropes I hope, and thus ends what may be called a good day at the T. C.

Let us now take a look at some of our friends in another part of India. On the cool shady borders of a large tank, three white tents shine in the setting sun, and four European gentlemen are lazily enjoying their cheroots and sipping their brandy and water. H., a light weight, is informing L., a handsome, good-natured griff, whom he is going to initiate into the mysteries of hog hunting, that cheroots and brandy are not the best things for calming the nerves and keeping the head cool. L. replies—"As you do not smoke, you can't to appreciate the delights of this Manilla, but learn the art, it soothes a man under disappointment, it would just suit you when you see little Stinger [illegible] your Faux-pas to-morrow." "We shall see; the race is not always to the swift, but I recommend you to hold [illegible]ger more together than you generally do." Dinner is discussed, and T. who heads the party, states he has

good khubber from the old nullah, and recommends speedy retirement and early rising. Spare horses and beaters start at day-break, and our friends follow after breakfast; L.'s dress is quizzed and his hat exchanged for an English hunting-cap, bound round with an infinitude of light muslin. As the party near the hunting ground, cultivation ceases; the ground is hard, covered with stones, and uneven. The nullah is an almost dry water-course, whose sides are thickly edged with high grass for more than two miles. T. places L. and H. on the right side, so as to give them every chance, and asks F. to ride close to the water, and report what crosses to the other side. About a hundred beaters are then put in line, with flags to keep them level with each other, and tomtoms "chullo." The grass seems alive, though nothing can be seen but the little flags waving over it. Who can shout like a native of the Deccan? Unlike the Bengallees they take great interest in the sport and beat their best.

H. felt his girths, looked at his curb, and took his spear, which was about ten feet long, tapering to nearly the thinness of a finger, the blade fixed to the large end and as sharp as a razor. L. mounts Stinger, who is jumping about, gets the spear between his legs, and breaks the bamboo. H. gives him another and is instructing him in the method of handling it, when a shout attracts his attention, and a fine hog breaks cover and trots towards the open: quicker than thought, Stinger bounds towards the hog; in vain H. shouts—"Stop, stop." Nothing stops but piggy, who seeing a horseman much too near to be pleasant, rushes back into the jungle, and L. had a good mile of hard running before he could return to hear the reproaches of all, for heading the hog. "Never mind," says T., "we must do our best, but such a chance you will not see again to-day." The sulky hog, however, broke through the beaters, and nothing but sows and little squeakers were turned out. They had just determined on a last trial to beat the right side, when F. caught a glimpse of the hog crossing the water to the left. A halt was called, and the beaters were entering the grass on the left of the nullah, when a scout arrived nearly breathless, saying that "a suer about the size of an elephant with tusks to [illegible]ch" was crossing the open plain. All were at speed in a moment, and clearing the jungle, they saw their old friend, far ahead indeed, but still far in the open. "Go your best," says F., "but stick close to the jungle whatever you do." A pretty race along the open, L. or rather Stinger leads. "Now at him," says H.; up to this time Sus Aper had been gently trotting. Now, hearing the horses, he takes his

own line of country and puts forth his powers of speed. Turf disappeared, rocky hard ground took its place, stones of all sizes rolled and rattled about feet and fetlocks, H. came heavily to the ground, no one looked behind. Piggy still far in front, the ground compelled the horses to slacken their pace; rocks and stones allow the hog to continue his, but his wind is gone, his mouth foams, and the snapping of his teeth is heard. A smooth bit of ground appears. L. crosses full in front, narrowly escapes a collision, plants his spear firmly in the ground, lets go and turns his horse in time to see T. receive a royal chargé, send three feet of bamboo right through the brawny shoulder, turn the hog on his back, and withdraw the spear. Verily, T., it was neatly done, but long practice alone hath made thee perfect, great is thy skill with the long tapering spear.

The hog staggers to his feet, but in an instant F.'s spear passes through his heart, and without a groan, gnashing his tusks streaming with blood, he stretches his limbs in death. The first spear is T.'s, the death-blow was given by F., but none so happy as L., who swears "two inches lower and the hog had been mine." All the horses were Arabs, stout and hardy. The death of the first hog concluded the morning's sport. Our huntsmen enjoyed tiffin, cheroots, and a nap in a convenient shed; the beaters retired to a little village and regaled themselves with rice and passed the hookah, and at three all took the field again.

The left side of the nullah was now beaten; as they approached the end, a sounder broke away, and being allowed to get well out from the jungle, each chose his own pig, H. killed an old boar, L. bagged a sow after a long run, but T. and F. I am afraid rode jealously after a two-year-old boar, whose head was straight towards a village. F. over-rode him, owing most likely to a cheer from T., who was close behind. Ten minutes were lost in the village, when piggy was described far out on the other side; away went both horsemen at racing pace, but on that rocky ground F. fell head over heels. T. passed, and ranging alongside, thrust his spear through the hog's body, entering behind the shoulder and coming out in the neck, killing at once. On returning, he found [redacted]tting down, much stunned, almost speechless, his horse no [redacted]re; a litter of bamboos was formed and F. was carried to the tents by the beaters; no bones were broken and he soon recovered. The party broke up and returned next day.

Here the party consisted only of four people; the beaters, though much superior to the natives of Bengal, cannot with all their exertions turn hogs out of thick jungle in the style

that even eight or ten elephants accomplish with ease. Great care and great practice is necessary to ensure a correct use of the long spear, and even then I cannot see that it has any advantage over the short, unless the power of killing a running-away hog first blow, and thereby stopping all chance of a scrimmage, be called an advantage. The Deccan country is very hard to ride over at any pace; but the dangers are evident, and may be in a great measure avoided by a good eye and careful hand; in a Bengal plain, the holes are hidden, and it would require a clairvoyant to show where they lurk. Our south-western friends may perhaps surpass us in perseverance; our ground requires less nerve to cross, but our hogs are larger and fight till the last drop of their blood is expended, and they are met in close combat in a manner which requires great steadiness in horse and rider.

We have been present at a day's sport some twenty or thirty miles south of Calcutta, let us take a peep to the northward some two hundred miles and see how they carry on the war there. Where can we find such an opportunity for observation as was offered by MASTER MATTHEW in his late splendid hog hunting entertainment? Will he pardon my presumption in daring to approach a subject which he has already treated in such a masterly manner, and allow me to relate the events of one out of the many famous day's sport, enjoyed during that memorable fortnight; if so, I will try and describe the events of the 10th of March.

No early rising characterised the proceedings of this party. After a sumptuous and quietly despatched breakfast, the host led the way towards the best jungle, seated on a small elephant, and commanding a noble line of nearly fifty of those splendid animals whose proceedings in the jungle he has so graphically described; about a dozen first-rate sportsmen from all distances had flocked to this meeting. No finery appeared in dress, nothing but workman-like men and horses—men whose feelings were entirely in the sport and who understood it thoroughly.

I cannot refrain from speaking of one or two, as briefly as possible. There was Punch again, from Calcutta, with his well flounced sola topee, and his flannel shirt and red waistband, mounted on Tartar, with Badger as his second horse, two nags not to be surpassed in India. Barbatus, with the *piebald pony*, a horse of nearly sixteen hands, well up to his heavy weight and a good steed besides. A tall gentleman from Yorkshire with three good Arabs. The magistrate and S. with two good Arabs each, and Togy and Dal, and Harry, and many

others staunch and true. A little patch of grass on the way to the ground held a hog, who had a quarter of a mile only to get safe, and found no little difficulty in doing even that. We now came to the pet piece of null jungle, and the elephants were put in line. "Now then," says Togy, as he mounted Red Gauntlet, "there are a few regular stinkers in here, and you must push 'em along sharp, and give 'em one or two stunning prods, and no mistake about it." Scarcely were the elephants fairly within the jungle, ere the shouting from the mahouts and the inmates of the howdahs set all on the *qui vive*. At once the whole maidan seemed covered with hogs. Two loomed large and strong by themselves, and trotted slowly forward, challenging the combat. Every horseman was engaged, a large party made for one of the monsters. The magistrate speared him rather behind, a well planted spear brought him up for a time, when he charged desperately, and shaking the spear out of his body, again fled over the plain at speed: when next stopped, he fought like a tiger, charging over and over again, smashing spears with his teeth and the force of his attacks as if they were reeds, inflicting a long gash on the quarter of the magistrate's horse, and dying at last without a groan. His eye looking as angry and as proud, as if "he still could set his teeth and send to darkness all that stopped him."

Punch killed the other large one, though he and others had no small trouble with him. S. and Harry slew a third, and when the riders returned to the elephants, five fine hogs had been killed, and Togy's proposal for a "a drop of stuff" was at once responded to. The same jungle was beaten twice again yielding good sport each time. Harry distinguished himself at the death of a very fine fighter, and when he could do no more and all the spears had broken, rode at least two miles to get a fresh spear, which he handed to his companion, who had drawn first blood, and who at last killed the hog. On examination the hog's skull was found split for two inches, and he had the blades of two spears hidden in his body, but still managed to keep his legs and his life until the arrival of the fresh spear.

On the way home, a very fine boar was ridden by Punch into the very grass from which one had been turned out in the morning and had managed to save his bacon. This one, however, Punch speared in the grass, though the hog cut his horse severely on the quarter; it charged every one that approached and gave great sport while in the jungle; but as the elephants came up, it took to the open again and charged at the first hattie it saw. The elephant curled up its trunk and disappointed the boar, who jumped at the trunk, but his enemies were

round him and he died without a groan, making up a total of fifteen in one day—all large good hogs. Punch had the honour of killing five to his own spear, and every one in the field had been delighted with the sport. Many similar pleasant days were passed at that party, on one of which nineteen hogs were killed; but enough of slaughter for the present, there will always be abundance of sport and writers too if required in Bengal, so adieu!

HOG SPEAR.

OUR LAST SONEPORE.

DEAR ABEL,—We laboured sedulously, not for days, but for weeks, to induce some, who breathe and can boast of free agency, to visit the Sonepore Meeting of 1850, a meeting now gone from us; and how were our endeavours repaid? Verily, the mountain was long in labour, but brought forth nothing! So be it. Those who despised to participate in what we conceive is a rational enjoyment, and fancy that racing leads to corrupt youthful morals, and is a cruelty of great magnitude, inasmuch as it compels the straining to exhaustion of the powers of a living animal, may feast on the remark, that they have lost a treat, and that the world will graciously leave them to hoard up opinions, which are peculiar, and which can tend to no real benefit.

Many, who have considerately let slip such sentiments as these, are the first to allow that the racer is a beautiful creature; and of them we would ask how, without race meetings, can such arrive at perfection? It requires but little logic to shew, that as by science, from air and water, valuable agents have been produced, so by science and perseverance has the racer been brought to his present form. And we must not stop. The Flying Dutchman has been called equal to Eclipse. But we know not what Flying Dutchman is. He has, with one exception, won as he pleased; and though he has been styled the beau ideal of a racer, yet other Dutchman will arise to eclipse his performances, and to shew that in the matter of racing even, we progress.

A watchful father once instructed a youthful son to this effect, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and to carry out this principle, which is a right good one, it is clear,

that if racing is to exist, it should be of the right sort. Though we ourselves deprecate the keeping of large stables, because, in a measure, it entails a needless expense, yet the matter of profit and loss more materially affects the owner, and is not likely to be rectified by the absence of a few parties, who suppose that by discountenancing sport, a cure may be effected: give purses, aye liberal ones, and let there be undeniable blood, worked up into proper form, to contend for every thing. There is less of cruelty, and less chance of it being produced when horses fall into experienced hands. It is when the half-bred, or thorough-bred, falls into the hands of a novice, or would-be trainer, that we witness the ills that flesh is heir to; and yet those who can condemn the one sport, in which the veritable racer takes first place, can praise the other, bringing before us the semblance of a racer only (goaded and belaboured to go donkey pace,) because such being stripped of vicious tendencies, is legitimate fun!

The Romans, we know, had their *Circus Maximus*. We of the 19th century have, in our native land, our Hippodrome. In the former there were chariot and horse races, of which the Romans were extravagantly fond. But we are told, that the speed of the courser, or the dexterity of the rider was of secondary consideration, that the dress was the attraction! "Nunc favent panno, pannum amant" says Pliny. With us "tempora mutantur"—speed and skill are our aim! Without these, we do not reckon upon sport; and though the dress prevail as a sign, yet it is a sign only; and while each colour may have its partisans, still contention makes no way, nor is tumult heard of, save it be the shout, which accompanies the winner to victory. But enough of comparisons. Let us all have but one motto in future, and let it be this:—"With one heart."

The pages of your maga., Abel, have told us, who were the owners of stables in '50. But the public, we think, would like to know where such owners trained, and what are the advantages offered at each training ground. Strange to say, that no two owners trained on the same soil. Mr. Charles placed his stud under Joy, at Chuprah. Mozufferpore found favor with Mr. Holdfast, who entrusted his string to Barnes. Mr. Fitzpatrick preferred his own course at Patna, and had Stubbs to superintend. Mr. Monghyr kept near home, at the station of that name. Mr. Mortlock too gave the preference to his own fields, while Glanywern did a little duty here and there, ending his career finally near Poosah. At Chuprah, Patna, and Mozufferpore, the courses are good. The last

named, used to have the call; but a treacherous stream, so we are told, deprives the residents, yearly, of a small portion, and it will soon therefore, we fear, be numbered among the things that have been. The second is beautifully even; but is rather too short, being only about 1¼ miles in length, and the first has the disadvantage of being at certain seasons very hard. But for country courses, they are all deserving of attention, being always available for galloping purposes; and in the vicinity of each, will be found stables equal to any in India, and model stables for those aspiring to a turf fame. The three first owners, above alluded to, have also permanent stables at Sonepore, a sure index we hope of their intention not to desert our neighbourhood. With a perfect fill, however, of their own sod, all, as if with one accord, met at Sonepore, early in November, and then gave us a sure insight into the result of those events, which we purpose to chronicle.

On the morning of the—but it is unnecessary to mention the date of our advent—we were awoke by the din and hum of those myriads of worshippers, who must have another try at the cleansing properties of the waters of old Gunga-ji, and not unmindful of Wordsworth we exclaimed :—

> Now fixed amid that concourse of mankind,
> Where pleasure whirls about incessantly,
> And life and labour seem but one, I filled
> An idler's place.

Those only who have witnessed a "Hungama," or "Bulwah," with its accompanying hula! hula! or who have watched the mode, in which a body of natives perform together any work, can be sufficiently alive to the fact that this, as it were eternal warfare, is but the symbol of fellowship, without which, work could not proceed. We believe fully that the mouth was given for purposes of speech, and we confess that we like to find it made use of; but we protest against such perpetual clamour, which ceases not by day nor night; and would advise the magistrate of that ilk, if he has not the power to reduce it within bounds, to suggest that a short paragraph be introduced into the next criminal code, to the effect that all natives thus found acting in concert (!) will be subject—to the law of Chloroform.

Having seen stewards brought to the collar, and aging disposed of, we found speculation stalking abroad, and opinions changing with unusual rapidity. There were some who revelled in the idea that Mr. Holdfast's horses were quite unfit—aye, who talked of the young lot, as being herring-gutted

brutes! and there were others who having brought a little loose cash to convert, we suppose, into a small fortune, lost no time in giving forth odds, not justified apparently by the state of the market. How both parties fared, we need not stop here to explain. The reader can guess, and they will remember. We at once hurry on to the Ordinary, which it was to be hoped would become the place of resort. We, Abel, have here no Town-Hall to boast of, nor can we say the night was a bumper one, still when the room became tolerably filled, the name of each horse engaged for the morrow, was bandied about, for good and evil, in true shuttlecock-fashion. The declared starters having been registered by the Secretary, you have now a fair list :—

FIRST DAY.

For the Sonepore Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs. R. C.

Mr. Holdfast's	b. a h.	*Do-the-Boys*,	8st. 12lbs.
Mr. Charles'	b. a. h.	*Goodwood*,	8st. 12lbs.
Mr Fitzpatrick's	g. a. h.	*Mameluke*,	8st. 0lbs.
Mr. Monghyr's	b. a. h.	*Shereef*,	9st. 3lbs.

For the Sonepore Colonial Stakes, R. C.

Mr. Holdfast's	b. v d l. g.	*Vandieman*,	7st. 12lbs.
Mr. Charles'	b. n.s w h.	*Physician*,	8st. 12lbs.
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g. n.s w. g.	*Faughaballagh*,	7st. 12lbs.
Mr. Charles'	b. n s w. m.	*Monuella*,	8st. 0lbs.

For the Durbhunggah Cup. R. C.

Mr. Holdfast's	c. c b. g.	*Pretender*,	8st. 4lbs
Mr. Charles'	g. n.s.w. g.	*Boomarang*,	8st. 4lbs.

For the Sweepstakes for all Arabs. One mile.

Mr. Holdfast's	b. a. h.	*Do-the-Boys*,	8st. 2lbs.
Mr. Charles'	g. a. h.	*Don Juan*,	9st. 3lbs.

For the Syud's Plate for all Maiden. One half mile.

Mr. Holdfast's	b. v.d.l. g.	*Vandieman*,	8st. 1lb.
Mr. Monghyr's	b. a. h.	*Shereef*,	9st. 3lbs.

And this having been read over by Mr. Hawke, in his own lively strain, in the presence (as the *Englishman* would say) of a few of the favoured service, a goodly sprinkling of those, who for the occasion would be of the same cloth, planters, adventurers, visitors, owners of horses, and trainers, he said, "gentlemen, with your leave, a Lottery!" A would-be Mr. Davis, by way of feeling the pulse of the public, delivered himself, at the same time, of what we thought various and tempting odds; but it was clear that money was not in free circulation; gold mohurs, that beautiful coin of our realm, were not in favour, and an eight rupee chance, more suited to the taste of present turfites (?)—was subsequently bolstered up

into a fifty gold-mohur lottery, in which the winner of the Colonials sold for ten gilders! Having nothing ourselves, at parting, to chalk up in our register, we retired certain, after all our excitement, of a night of repose. But the peculiarly dry cough, if we may so call it, of chowkeedars, added to the incessant hubbub above described, which continued until morn, made us unwillingly agree to renounce sleep at Sonepore.

We have you now reader at the scales; and all preliminaries have been disposed of; the bugle has sounded to horse, and out they have come. Expectation is at its height. The stand is filled almost to the overflowing. The judge is at his post, (a straight pole, Abel, and nothing else, which admits of his seeing round the corner) lots have been drawn, places taken, the word off proclaimed, and the horses, save one, are off; our Dent at the same moment having taken a spring with them, and settled down to its onward movement. That one, and the owner at its head, are transfixed! 'No start,' say a hundred voices—'come back,' cries the owner; but they are off. Now would have been the time for a flag; but protest is of no avail: they are off, Do-the-Boys leading and striding leisurely along, and in this way they pass the winning post; time being 3-14. The least that can be said of this affair is, that it was *ab initio* a bungling transaction: but as I would rather at any time taste the scum first and the cream afterwards, than be indulged with the same *vice versa*, my taste was gratified.

Young Turfite, in his last paper, after being prepared to back the watch at 3-10 *versus* the Arabs, for the Derby, attempted to persuade the public that for the Colonials, Vandieman was the nag. Physician, however, had a strong party, and it was generally believed he was capable of doctoring successfully any antagonist. To the more knowing, it was clear that he was short of work, and though he looked large enough to cut down all by his stride within ¼ of a mile, yet we pinned our faith to the Vandiemaner more and more and felt confident of his success. To the eye he is a racer all over, the only doubt, the most fastidious can have, is as to his blood. But we must not dwell longer on appearances, all are at the post, and are off at the word, and in a cluster, until they near the 1½ mile, when Physician takes a lead. Along the back of the course he maintains it; but at the half mile from home our favorite shewed in front, and ran home an easy winner in 3-6; last 1¼ mile 2-26. Faughaballagh preferring the country to the course, broke away from his rider, and landed him in a field, after shewing some excellent qualities for a hunter, and a temper of which he had previously given some symptoms.

Though the time of the last race was not equal to that of Pretender's year, yet it could have been made to approach it very nearly, and it was good enough to rouse up those feelings, which had received a shock from the result of the Arab race: such indeed were fairly resuscitated, when it became bruited abroad that for the Cup, we should have a struggle, and the fastest time on record! Pretender, steered by his trainer, now took his preparatory canter, and looked as fit as it were possible to make him; while Joy on Boomarang followed, apparently full of hope; but it was short lived! Pretender seemed fit to win a kingdom; and his sporting owner, had he been present, would have risked it on him without doubt, could the chance have been offered. A breath might have been heard, as the old Platers neared the starting point, and when they came to it, they shot off; Pretender taking a lead which he maintained throughout, not, however, without dint of the persuaders: our Dent had not been asleep—when the 1½ mile had been accomplished, the time was registered 2-50, and on the judge's *fiat* being made known, the time became 3-1, and no mistake!

All this was indeed matter for talk. Though luck was going one way, yet who could say that it was not well deserved, and the cream of the thing was still in store! We do not blame those who fancied that the Plater must have the best of the sweepstakes, still Do-the-Boys was considered to have foot, and he had a lump of weight to receive, which is, at all times, of advantage. A beautiful start was soon altered into a race, in which the bay took a lead of at least two lengths, and when the word "now" fell upon our ear, the ½ mile post was passed and the time pronounced 53 seconds. Do-the-Boys still held his own, and at the same pace swung round the last turn. Here Joy tried to run up to him; but could never fairly get to his head. It was safe to be a good thing; and with the exception of an occasional hustle, there was no sign that either were in difficulty. As they passed the stand, it appeared either's race, yet with Joy on Don Juan he would have been a bold man who could have said it would not be his; both boys, however, were steady, and having apparently made themselves up at the same moment for a final rush, their whip arms were lifted and applied simultaneously. As true as steel, both horses sprang to the lash; but the bay's head was in advance, and he was proclaimed the winner, by half a head, in 1-52! The finish of this race might be talked of, without shame, at Newmarket. Better riding could scarcely have been given to us, nor could Voltigeur and Flying Dutchman's* dead heat

* Our correspondent must mean Russborough.

for the Leger, have excited a greater sensation than did this game struggle, between the late winner of the Calcutta Champagne and our Derby champion !

For the Syud's Plate there could be no race, Shereef had to put up his full weight, having been deprived of the chance of getting an allowance as a loser, and Zohrab had gone wrong in his last trial; Vandieman therefore had an easy gallop, which he was not required to do better than in 3-3.

Our first morning of glorious sport over, left but one sting behind, in the shape of a dreary prospect for the future. With the two best maidens, and the Plater of the meeting, in Mr. Holdfast's stable, what was to be expected but an easy victory for them in each succeeding race ? All ordinaries were at an end, yet there was too much sociability abroad to permit of our flagging. The Muses were courted with great zeal, and we vouched for it that Terpsichore received her full share of worship.

On the 2nd day, we had firstly the Chumparun Cup, for which Pretender walked over: the Welter, for which Boomarang followed suit and the Doomrawan Cup for which Vandieman may be said to have cantered over, as he had no difficulty in beating Catharine of Arragon in 3-10. R. C.

And this brings us to the 3rd day, on which there was no sport. Pretender won the Civilian's Cup; and must have done so, even had young Zohrab not bolted. It has been said that his bolting was brought about by a dog being on the course. We should say, however, that the fault was much more to be attributed to the rider, who certainly did not shine on Faughaballah either in his race, or in his gallops. For the maiden country breds there were no entrances; and the Modenarain Cup was walked over for by Zohrab.

We are thus hurried on to the 4th day, and the Behar Turf Club Cup, which Young Turfite said Pretender would win. He has become a true prophet. Boomarang, at even weights, could expect no more than to run second, and this he did in 3-54. For the Maiden Handicap there were not three subscribers, and the purse consequently reverted to the fund; and for the 3rd race, entrances were only made with a view to the Calcutta allowance: there was therefore no race nor the semblance of one.

One race only is left to be noticed, and this is the Hutwah Cup, a handicap for all horses, 2 miles, and which it was presumed would give sport. We confess we were disappointed to discover, that the horses had not been more evenly weighted. Mr. Holdfast with a choice of evils before him, the Waler having to carry 8st. 8lbs. and Pretender 9st. 12lbs. *versus*

Boomarang 9st., preferred starting Vandieman. It was, however, of no avail. The race is soon told, Boomarang took a lead, which he kept throughout, being no where approached, and won without great difficulty in 3-55.

There were some blind enough to back the young horse, though he was carrying 4lb. over his weight for age, and giving 7lb. to the Plater, and who were willing to believe that the above was a judicious handicap. The manner in which the race was run, must have satisfied the handicappers of their error of judgment, and it ought to be a warning for the future—not to dwell so much upon probabilities, but to make actual performances the basis of a decision.

But let us not murmur. Even this race was ended with a cheer, and there was endless amusement supplied (to make up for the dearth of good sport during the last two days) by the substitution of a hack stakes! For these we had gentlemen in every species of garb; and if we mistake not, we saw one rider perambulating the stand, in his shirt sleeves, apparently unmindful of his whereabouts, and unconscious of his being out of the saddle! To describe such sport, we conceive to be unnecessary. There was certainly no new performer in the pig-skin, who merited commendation, though there were several who seemed to have taken lessons from the performances of Firefly's rider at the last meeting. And to hack races were added races on foot, hurdle races,and jumping stakes of all kinds: music continually, dancing perpetually were sought for. The good things of life too, were profusely consumed; the ringing laugh and the well-told tale were in free circulation. Soneopore never wore a brighter appearance; and verily the encampment was, from first to last, a moving scene not to be forgotten.

At mid-day of the 21st, came the election of stewards for next year. Though the choice men of the public have been selected, yet we have doubts whether they call themselves thoroughly fitted for the post, from their knowledge of racing: and why, might we ask, should stewards thus have been chosen, contrary to the spirit and intent of the Behar Turf Club rules, which confines the selection to its members, and makes the fourth steward an honorary member? This Club, from the paucity of its members, stands a fair chance of being ere long defunct; and we must say, we cannot but approve of the withdrawal of those, who consider that, based as it now is, upon no fixed rules, it should be dissolved.

Though many gentlemen and would-be jocks desire, for the future, a large sprinkling of races for amateur riders, yet we

believe we can say that a prospectus will be forthcoming worthy of the consideration of such men as Messrs. Holdfast and Charles. We wish we could register among the number of our friends, Mr. Return; perhaps, next year, he may be induced to see what can be made out of Sonepore, and though we may not blame him for making the most of his Paharpore Meeting, still we would rather that he thought it worth his while to engage his clippers, for the 5lbs. allowance, in a fair contest with such antagonists as Pretender and Boomarang, than that he should be contented with giving them ½ mile spurts against horses unknown to fame. At all events, we must hope that, in this respect, there will be some change insisted upon by the Calcutta Turf Club. Let a graduated scale be fixed of 2 and 5lb., if no better mode of bringing horses together, on equal terms, can be devised, say 2lb. for those horses starting after October 1st, and 5lbs. for those engaged after the 1st of November at a given distance from the Presidency. It is ridiculous to suppose that horses running late in November, some 300 miles from Calcutta, can be considered fit to contend a month afterwards, on even terms, with those who, in October, are having their gallops on the Calcutta course. But enough of all this. We take leave, Abel, of this, and of all other subjects for the present.

Before doing so, however, we must offer to Messrs. Holdfast and Charles especial thanks for the aid they gave in bringing about the past meeting. Let us hope they will return to us, and make the next even more worthy of record. Of those fair ones so nearly allied to the Graces and Muses, who honored us with their attendance, and without whose presence any meeting must be tame, we would exact a promise to re-visit Sonepore in 1851, were it not that we think we have already a guarantee to be judged of by this simple fact—that when festivities were said to be over, they could not tear themselves away from the scene of their joy and clung to it as to a fond child, whose interests it has become necessary to watch over and to cherish.

YOUNG TURFITE.

HINTS ON SHIKAR.*

Second Day.

Sahib, Sahib, get up! It is four o'clock, and Booden Khan says that you have two coss to go, before you reach the hills where the neelgae and saumbur are.

Hand me the watch; yes, it is quarter to four o'clock; give me my shikar traps, make me a cup of tea, boil three or four eggs, and tell them to saddle the Yaboo. You must send me some luncheon to any shady place in our beat, that Booden Khan may tell you of; and, above all, tell the chokra to put the soda water and milk punch† to cool, the instant he arrives on the ground.

Now then Booden Khan, which direction are we going in?

Towards those hills you see a-head of us.

Well, as it will take some time to reach them, I may as well, as we go along, derive some information anent shikar matters from your sage counsel; and, first of all, can you tell me how it is, that some people who can hit the bull's eye in a target every shot, make but a small bag in the jungle?

Sahib, it can be accounted for in many ways, but I need only enumerate the qualifications required to make a good shikaree, to show you that although a man may have some of them, it requires the whole to make a successful sportsman, viz., good sight, good hearing, good nerves, patience, practice, but, above all, good temper; a man without the latter might as well stay at home; for he gets irritated at some trifle, blusters at his coolies, thereby frightening away half the janwars in the jungle, and unsteadying his nerves. In my opinion the words "shikaree" and "ushrauf" are synonymous, for a man cannot be a *real sportsman* without being the latter, at least in nature.

* Continued from No. XXIII. of the *India Sporting Review*.

† I do not think it is out of place to give the recipe for milk punch here; it is a light drink that can be taken without any bad effects, even under exposure to the sun, and a wine glass full to a bottle of soda water is a very grateful draught—champagne in a small way.

Milk Punch Recipe.—Six bottles of arrack, six of water, two of syrup, one of lime juice, well strained. Thirty lime rinds steeped in one of the six bottles of arrack 2½ days. Four nutmegs pounded very fine, three if large. Mix all together; then add three bottles of milk boiling hot; stir it about a short time; cover it close; and let it stand one hour. Then strain it through a flannel bag, and bottle it quick as it runs: in three days it is drinkable; but the longer kept, the better it becomes.

Those that dislike the flavour of arrack, can substitute brandy or rum, but I will not then vouch for its being harmless.

Your opinion is just, Booden Khan, and now I want to speak to you about another subject, which has often puzzled me not a little, viz., how native shikarees procure shot, living as they often do, far away from any town in which it is sold.

Why, very often they use small round stones, others again flatten a bullet and cut it up into slugs, and those that want to be very particular make their own shot.

How do they make it?

They use a machine something like the lime squeezer I saw upon your table, saving that there is an oblong hole cut in the centre, so as to admit of a card, about the size of a playing card, being held between it when shut. The card is perforated with holes to the size of the shot required, and the card placed with the jaggedy side of the holes upwards; and by the way I should have mentioned, that the upper part of the shot-making machine is considerably deeper than the lower, so as to hold the lead. Powdered salamoniac is then sprinkled over the card, to prevent its being burnt by the hot lead, and the shot-maker stands prepared with a small hammer in his right hand, and the shot-making machine held over a tub of water in his left. A second person heats the lead, cleans it and takes the scum off, and taking it off the fire, proves its heat with a piece of paper, and when it merely scorches the paper slightly, he pours it into the shot-making machine. The shot-maker instantly commences striking it close to the handle with his hammer, and so continues until all has gone through, or the lead cools, in which latter case the machine is instantly turned over, and the lead allowed to tumble into the water to save the card from being spoiled.

Well, to a person who wished to be economical or who could not procure shot any other way, your receipt would be worth knowing, but the process is very tedious, besides I cannot imagine the shot being made round.

No; I must allow that it is not quite as round as yours; but now dismount, and we will ascend this hill and look about us. See there are two neelgae under that "mahee ka jahar," one a blue bull too, and there to the right are five or six saumbur, two of them "baraderas," as they are sometimes called—game, but more especially neelgaes, generally abound where you find the "mahee ka jahar" plentiful; but we will remain here and watch the saumbur, for there is no chance of getting near them in the open ground they are now in. I will in the mean time give you a few hints as to the mode of getting up to them when they ascend one of the surrounding hills, which they are

sure to do. I need scarcely tell you, that you must advance with the wind in your face, and keep your eyes about in every direction, so as to see them the instant they rise up, for they always lie down in some shady place; next recollect, as in this instance, in places where they are not much hunted, if you stand still the instant you see them, they will continue gazing at you, and you may select and fire as deliberately as you like. If however you happen to stumble on them lying down, do not fire unless you get a fair shot, for after going seventy or a hundred yards, they will stop to see what it was that disturbed them, and if you are stationary, it will be some time before they see you, and you may take a dead shot at them. The same rule is applicable to almost every animal come upon suddenly in places where they are not much hunted. In running straight from you, recollect that on even ground, unless very near, your bullet will not reach a vital part, and although you know you have hit, if the jungle is thick, you will have the poor satisfaction, or I should rather say unpleasantness of knowing that you have sent a fine animal into the heart of the jungle to be devoured by wild dogs. Should you find a tiger, bear, panther, or such like enemies of mankind, fire at him when and where you can with safety to yourself, and glory over having hit him, for it is a meritorious act to exterminate them; but on the other hand, firing at animals out of range, provided for our food, &c., cannot be too much condemned. Many Europeans suppose that natives shoot for the pot, and do not like wasting their ammunition, but believe me this is an error; those, of course, who can make their livelihood by it, do so. But a real shikaree would be ashamed to have it said, that he merely wounded an animal Such things will occasionally happen, but it is but rarely, for he blends his judgment with humanity, and never fires out of range. We must now be moving, for I see the saumbur are going up the opposite hill. Ha! here are the fresh foot-marks of a neelgae; he must be on before us.

Let him go; I would disturb the saumbur if I fired; and a neelgae's skin is not worth anything. But how do you know the difference between a neelgae and saumbur's foot-marks?

Very easily. One is pointed at the toe, and the other is rounded off. Now we must cease talking, and step as lightly as you can, for those ammunition boots of yours, make a great noise, and let me advise you when in the jungle, to use more flexible soles to your shoes. Hush! There is a splendid "Bara Singa" about a hundred yards in front of us.

Where! where! I cannot see him.

You have not got your jungle eyes as yet; however, they will soon come with a little practice. Now look where I point between those two large trees.

I see him now.

Bang.

He is off, Sahib, but I heard the bullet strike him. Ha! he gave a sort of stagger as he topped the hill, let us run up quick, and I dare say you will get another shot at him. He went over this very spot, but I do not see him any where. Do you hear that moaning noise in the valley below us? There it is again. He is dying, come along. See the grass how it is levelled here, he must have slid down this steep hill. There he is, true enough, lying on his back, stopped in his fall by that tree, and I am just in time to "zubban kurro" him, for there is still a little life remaining.

How is he to be got out of this place, surrounded as it is with hills, and not a Bandy road of any description.

You are right, Sahib, a Bandy cannot come within half a coss. We must send Noor Hamed to skin and quarter him, and some coolies to carry the head, skin, &c., to the Bandy; but before we go, we must take the precaution to cover the body over with boughs, to scare away the wild dogs, and in addition, I will tie up my "cumur-bundh" and allow it to float over him, for otherwise he would be half eaten by the time we come back.

How is it, that covering the body over with boughs of trees scares away the wild dogs; and, by the way, where are they? for I have not seen one the whole morning.

Although you do not see them, I dare say there are fifty within half a mile of us, and I fancy they do not touch any janwar so covered, supposing it to be a trap to catch them. I have often left the body of a saumbur, &c. a whole night, merely covered with boughs, and the next morning found it untouched.

I have heard that saumbur bark when they are frightened at any thing—is that the case?

No; they make a very startling noise to persons unacquainted with the sound, but it does not at all resemble barking. I would call it trumpeting.

Well, I feel rather thirsty; where can I get some water?

You will get some good water on the way to the place I sent the horse and coolies. There you may see the spot close to that black rock.

Very nice clear water indeed!

Stop, Sahib, do not drink without first rinsing out your mouth well. It prevents any bad effects from drinking cold

water when you are heated. There, you have dropped a bullet, and by the way, it has just struck me that yours are too soft, for I think you make them merely of lead.

Yes, they are made solely of lead. For my smooth bore I sometimes use brass bullets, but they would not answer for my many-grooved rifle, besides having the objection of being so much lighter than lead.

But why use brass ones at all? one bullet of solder to twelve of lead will answer the desired purpose for a rifle, and scarcely diminish the weight; and for a smooth bore one to nine.

Your knowledge anent Shikar matters is not to be doubted, but do you know from your mode of speaking, and regular performance of the "Sijdhan," I am led to believe that you are also a downright "Deen dhar."

No, no, Sahib, I am not; but in what respect is a man better than a dog, if he does not say his prayers.

There is much truth in what you say, and indeed it convinces me that we Christians often call a man *a new light*, with little more reason than I had for calling you a *downright deen dhar*.

F. Y.

In the "Editor's Note Book" of the last *Review*, I see that Abel East complains of the silence of the handlers of the rod, and as I think every sportsman ought, if possible, to respond to such a call, I will even give an account of an hour's sport morning and evening, which I had on the 19th May, 1849, in the Panch Nuddee, near the village of Muchagora, midway between Seonee and Chinduarrah, in the Nagpore country. The place for fishing is in a deep pool about two miles south of the village of Muchagora; and by the way I should premise, that some few days before hand, the friend with whom I went, had written to Durria Sing, the puttah of the village, to have the pool baited, and which precaution I recommend all going there to take, for in the parts of the pool not baited, we could not get a bite—but to proceed. We left our tents in the morning and found two men sitting on the rocks, throwing in gram and pieces of dough, to a shoal of fish which were greedily devouring everything that came in their way. Well, we soon put our rods together, and one of the baiters put a large lump of dough on the hook, chucked it into the middle of the shoal of fish, at the same time throwing in a handful of gram, and notwithstanding the slap in the water, more like what would be caused by pitching in a stone than anything else, the bait was immediately seized by the ravenous devils, and suffice it

to say, I landed a 2½, 4½, 3½, 7 and 6-lb. Mahseer, and had I not lost several, owing, I found afterwards, to the hooks having been tied in England many years before, I would have killed as much more. What my companion caught I cannot precisely say, not having made a note of it in my shikar book, but as well as I can recollect, his basket was as good, if not better, than mine. Like everything else, catching fish so easily and without the least skill, quite glutted one, if I may use the expression. No doubt we had the fun of playing them, but a three-pound trout at home would have afforded much greater sport. I should have mentioned that no lead was used, and if the bait was not seized by the time it sunk a foot or so, it was withdrawn. I may also mention, that I lost several, consequent on the Mahseer getting under large rocks or stones, I would therefore strongly recommend fishermen taking clearing rings with them. Blaine, in para 3037 of his *Rural Sports*, gives a drawing of the improved clearing ring, which is so simple, that I got a native to make me one of iron from the mere drawing. In some brushwood on a high bank in the middle of the river, we found a tiger, and by the way he put one of our beaters *hors de combat.* On the Seonee side there are bears, neelgai, pig, &c., but the unclean animal is in such a hilly country, that he is perfectly safe from the spear.

F. Y.

THE TAPIR.

In the last number of the *Sporting Review*, page 133, the Editor quotes Fairfax's translation of the *Jersualem Delivered*, and referring to the line,

"When the slie beast Tapisht in bush and brire,"

observes that the "slie beast" is the Tapir, of which the Editor had previously made mention. Query.—Was the Editor gravely joking? or was he nodding, after the fashion of good old Homer, who "aliquando dormitat?" As I fancy Abel East would rather plead guilty to the charge of "nodding" than to that of uttering a grave joke, that is, a heavy one, I presume he was misled by the similarity of sounds into confounding *Tapisht* with *Tapir*, whilst in a state of nod.

For my own part, being of a sceptical disposition, and not

liking to take such a thing on trust, as that Tasso was acquainted with the Tapir, I turned up the original passage which occurs in canto 7 verse 2. When I say the original, I mean the Italian version, of which I happen to possess a copy, or at least such portion thereof as the worms have not consumed. In the original, no *Tapir* nor *Tapisht* is mentioned, but simply "la fera," which I presume may mean any wild animal. Then, says, Mr. Abel East, what is *Tapisht?*

Well, I may guess, but I will not absolutely affirm, that Fairfax intended to anglicise the French word *tapisser*, and that he meant by *tapisht*, to express that the "slie beast" was ambushed in a place hung, or thickly covered, with "*bush and brire.*" I submit this with all deference to Abel East's consideration, begging him further to say when the "Tapir" was first described? and whether it was within the bounds of possibility that Tasso could have heard of the animal by that name, or even his translator Fairfax? I may as well quote the passage in the original to save those who have not a copy the trouble of a Tapir hunt:—

"Qual dopo lunga e faticosa caccia
Tornan si mesti ed anelanti i cani
Che la fera perduta abbian di traccia.
Nascosa in selva dagli aperti piani;
Tal, &c."

Yours faithfully,

QUERY.

☞ Yes; we think it quite within the bounds of possibility that Tasso had heard of the Tapir, but we have little doubt QUERY has given the right interpretation of the word. Perhaps we rather jumped to our conclusion from the word being printed with a capital T. However, we are happy to have been wrong since it has given our correspondent something to write about. If he behaves at all handsomely, he will find a subject for himself in time for our next number.

A. E.

SELECTIONS

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SELECTIONS AND SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Page.

Terrier 227
Sporting Scenes and Country Characters 244
Breeding and Training for the Turf 251
English Drama 262
The Racing in July 271
The Racing in August 287
Turfiana 300
French Knackers ; or, Horse Abattoir 316
Waifs and Strays 317
Recreations of Christopher North 337
Salmonia : or, Days of Fly Fishing 346
Wanderings in some of the Western Republics 364
The Racing in September 376
Rifle Shooting 390
Cricket Matches :—
- Calcutta Cricket 392
- Second Match. 393
- Cricket at Benares 394
- The Agra Cricket Match 396
- Cricket Match at Rawul Pindee—H. M. 53rd vs. the Station . . 400
- Delhi Cricket 401
- Wuzeerabad Cricket Match 402
- Dugshai Cricket Match 404
- Cricket at Umballah 405
- Cricket at Umballah 410
- Cricket Match at Allahabad 413
- Cricket Match at Cawnpore 414
- The Return Match 418
- Delhi Cricket Match 422
- Cricket at Lahore 423

Prospectuses of Races to come :—
- Mozufferpore Races 427
- Closed Nominations for Umballah Meeting,—1851, up to 10th November, 1850 . . . . . *ib.*
- Nominations for Lucknow Races 429
- Calcutta Races 430
- Prospectus of the Jessore Sky Races, 1851 431
- Jullundur Doab Races, 1851 433

SELECTIONS

AND

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

TERRIER.

THE terrier (among naturalists) like the pointer, seems to have been produced without any definable origin; but certain it is, the peculiar breed passing under this appellation must have been carefully cultivated and equally adapted to the particular sports they are so individually eager to pursue. It is but natural to conclude, the name of the terrier must have been derived from the avidity with which he takes the earth, particularly when in pursuit of his own game, and that is, vermin of every kind without distinction. To the fox, badger, pole-cat, weasel, rat, and even the poor domestic cat, the terrier is a most implacable enemy; in addition to which instinctive inveteracy, they naturally endeavour to find and pursue game with the same alacrity as those dogs more immediately appropriate to the sports of the field.

Terriers of the best blood, and most determined ferocity, are now, by the prevalence of fashion, bred of all colours, red, black (with tanned faces, flanks, feet, and legs), and brindled sandy; some few brown pied, white pied, and pure white; as well as one sort rough and wire-haired, the other soft, smooth, and delicate, the latter not much inferior in courage to the former, but the rough wire-haired breed is the most severe biter of the two. And this breed has been so enlarged, and repeatedly crossed in-and-in with the bull dog for the favourite sport of badger-baiting with the lower classes, that they are increased in size, strength, and stimulus for that particular purpose, since the more inhuman practice of bull-baiting has been upon the decline. The genuine and lesser breed of terrier is still preserved uncontaminate amongst the superior order of sportsmen, and constantly employed in a business to which his name, his size, his fortitude, persevering strength, and invincible ardour, all become so characteristically and truly subservient, that he may justly be said "to labor cheerfully in his vocation:" this is in his emulous and exulting attendance upon the fox-hounds, where like the most dignified and distinguished personage in a public procession, though *last*, he is not the *least* in consequence. Since the truly ecstatic and exhilarating sport of fox-hunting is so deservedly and universally popular in every county where it can be enjoyed, these sagacious,

faithful, courageous little animals have become so high in estimation, that few stables of the independent are to be seen without them. The white pied bitch is the dam of a wonderful progeny, most of whom have been sold at high prices (seven recently for one and twenty guineas), and these are as true a breed of the small sort as any in England.

No fox-hunting establishment is ever considered complete without a brace of well-bred terriers in the field; and it is generally observed, that one is larger and stronger than the other, for this the reason is self-evident, that in a small earth where the former cannot enter, the other may. From the moment of throwing into covert with the hounds, these diminutives are incessant and indefatigable in their exertions to be up with, and near to, the busiest of the pack during their endeavours to find; and when once the clamorous volley has declared the game on foot, and the fleet pack are carrying the scent breast high at their utmost speed, these instinctive devotees to the sport are seldom far behind, and the first short check is sure to bring them in. When the fox is supposed to have run to earth, then the terrier is brought into use, it being his particular province to ascertain it; this is done by the terrier's taking the earth (which he does with the utmost eagerness), where, if the fox has entered, he attacks him under ground, and by the baying of one at the other, the ear will soon be informed whether the fox lays deep, or the earth is continued near the surface, by which those who are employed in digging him out, are enabled to proceed accordingly.

Proprietors of fox-hounds are exceedingly nice in their selection of terriers, and equally emulous upon the superiority of their qualifications; size is not so indispensible as strength, but invincible fortitude must be equal to both. The black, and black-tanned, or rough wire-haired pied are preferred, as those inclining to a reddish colour are sometimes in the clamour of the chase, or by juvenile sportsmen mistaken for, and halloo'd off as a fox. As frequent occasion will occur of again adverting to the terrier with hounds, it becomes applicable to take a more extended view of him in his diversified occupations. The great estimation he is held in at present from the prevalence of fashion, and the extent of his utility, has given him a universality of request, and rendered the very name of terrier an object of anxious acceptance. In addition to their superior and more dignified office with the hounds, they become eminently useful in the inferior, but entertaining sports of badger-hunting, badger-baiting, rat-catching, vermin-killing, and other pursuits, in which by their owners they are frequently employed.

Badger-hunting not being at all calculated to afford the least amusement to the superior classes, is only occasionally pursued by rustics of the lower order, as it can merely be enjoyed by moon-light; the badger, from his natural habit of seclusion, being seldom, if ever, to be found above ground by day. In this sport (if it can with consistency be termed so) those who pursue it are obliged to oppose

art to cunning, and endeavor to obtain, by stratagem, what they find it impracticable to effect by strength. At a late hour in the evening, when the badger is supposed to have left his earth in search of food for his support, some of the party proceed to place a sack at length within the burrow, so invertingly constructed that the mouth of the sack directly corresponds with the mouth of the earth, in which position it is secured by means of a willow-hoop, which, from its singular pliability, is particularly adapted to the purpose. This part of the business being completed, the parties withdrawn from the spot, and the signal whistle given, their distant companions liberate and lay on the dogs, encouraging them through the neighbouring woods, coppices, shaws, and hedge-rows, which the badgers abroad no sooner find, than being instantly alarmed, and well knowing their inability to continue a state of warfare so much out of their own element, they naturally fly to their domestic earth for shelter; where arriving, oppressed with fear, and without an alternative, they rush into the sack; and being entangled by the rapidity with which they enter, and the twisting of the sack in their struggles to retreat, they are speedily secured by those who are fixed in waiting near the spot for the purpose.

If, by the ill-instruction, deficient fastening, or accidental falling of the mouth of the sack (which is sometimes the case), he enters his earth with safety, digging him out is not only a very elaborate attempt, but with an uncertain termination; for the badger possessing instinctively much art, ingenuity, and perseverance, has generally formed his retreat with no small strength resulting from natural fortification: to render which the more probably tenable against the premeditated attacks of constant and implacable enemies, it is most frequently formed amongst the roots of some old oaken, or ash pollard, in the banks of moors, or rushy unfrequented ground; or underneath a hollow tree, from amidst the large and spreading roots of which, the burrows run in such remote and ramified directions, that his assailants are compelled by loss of time and labour to relinquish the pursuit and abandon the contest. It being the opinion of rustics in general, probably founded upon experience, that in a light and sandy soil, badgers by burrowing, can make way as fast from their pursuers, as the latter erroneously conceive they are gaining ground upon them; and to this, perhaps, it is owing, there are so many drawn battles between the pursuers and the pursued.

Badger-baiting, as it is most truly and emphatically called, is a sport of different description, and exceedingly common in every part of the country where they can be procured, in the way already described; but more particularly with butchers, and the lower orders of society in and around the metropolis, for whom a constant supply of bagders, from the woods of Essex, Kent, and Surrey, are sure to be obtained. Indeed, to so great a pitch of celebrity had this sublime amusement some time since attained in the neighbourhood of Islington and Tottenham Court Road, that the magistrates most laudably

exerted themselves to put an end to a business of brilliancy, which brought together an infinity of the most abandoned miscreants with their terriers and bull dogs from every extremity of the town. To these dreadful and inhuman scenes of bear and badger-baiting with the most ferocious dogs, till the animals were quite exhausted, succeeded dog-fights, boxing-matches, and every species of the most incredible cruelty, under sanction of the knights of the cleaver; till, by the persevering efforts of the more humane inhabitants, and the spirited determination of the magistracy, the practice seems totally abolished, and likely to be buried in a much wished for oblivion.

Mr. Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," says, the baiting the badger with dogs, is a cruelty usually confined to the vicious and inhuman, who delight in seeing an innocent animal surrounded by its enemies, and which, although torn from his haunts, where his gallantry might possibly repel his assailants, and although oppressed by numbers, defends himself from their combined attacks with wonderful activity and effect. He is so rapid in his motions, that the dogs are often desperately wounded on the first assault, and compelled to relinquish the contest. The looseness of the badger's skin, enables it to turn easily round when seized, and gives it an opportunity of wounding its adversaries in their most tender parts; and the thickness of the skin, added to the length and coarseness of the hair, defends it much from the bites of the dogs, no species of which will fight the badger so resolutely and fairly as terriers, of which there are two kinds, the one rough, short-legged, long-backed, very strong, and most commonly of a black or yellowish colour mixed with white; the other is smooth haired, and beautifully formed, having a shorter body, and more sprightly appearance, is generally of a reddish brown colour, or black with tanned legs; both these sorts are the determined foe of all the vermin kind, and in their encounter with the badger, very frequently meet with severe treatment, which they sustain with great courage; and a thorough-bred, well-trained terrier often proves more than a match for his opponent.

The above writer recites, in the same work, a singular instance of ferocity and affection which occurred some years since, and which he thus authenticates. After a very severe burst of upwards of an hour, a fox was, by my own hounds, run to earth at Heney Dove-house, near Sudbury, in Suffolk; the terriers were lost, but as the fox went to ground, in view of the headmost hounds, and it was the concluding day of the season, it was resolved to dig him, and two men from Sudbury brought two terriers for that purpose. After considerable labour the hunted fox was recovered and given to the hounds; whilst they were breaking the fox, one of the terriers slipt back into the earth and again laid; after more digging a bitch-fox was taken out, and the terrier killed two cubs in the earth; three others were saved from her fury, which were begged by the owner of the bitch, who said he should make her suckle them; this was

laughed at as impossible, however the man was positive and had the cubs; the bitch-fox was carried away and turned into an earth in another country. The terrier had behaved so well at earth, that I some days afterwards bought her, with the cubs she had fostered; the bitch continued regularly to suckle, and reared them until able to shift for themselves; and what adds to the singularity is, that the terrier's whelp was near five weeks old, and the cubs could but just see when this exchange of progeny took place. A circumstance nearly similar occurred at the Duke of Richmond's, at Goodwood, 1797, where five fox-cubs were nurtured and suckled by two fox-hound-bitches.

As a remarkable instance of courage and fidelity in a terrier, the following is extracted from a periodical publication of 1796;—"One evening last month, as a young gentleman, of the name of Hardie, was passing through St. Andrew's Square, Glasgow, on his way home to his father's house, in Charlotte Street, he was stopped opposite the north-west corner of St. Andrew's church, by a man armed with a large stick, who seized Mr. Hardie by the breast, and striking him a violent blow on the head, desired him instantly to deliver his watch; as he was preparing to repeat the blow, a terrier belonging to Mr. Hardie sprung at him, and seized him by the throat, and Mr. Hardie, at the same moment, giving him a violent push, the fellow fell backwards and dropped his stick, which Mr. Hardie immediately seized and ran off; the terrier soon after followed him home, bearing in his teeth, as a trophy of his courage, nearly half the front of the man's waistcoat, in the lining of which half-a-guinea was found carefully sewed up. The waistcoat was of coarse woollen-stuff, with a black stripe, much worn and tattered, not at all corresponding with the elegance of the walking-stick, which had a gilt-head, and contained a handsome small sword."

The following, as a proof of the sagacity and maternal affection of a terrier bitch, is literally copied from one of the Bath papers, where the fact is well authenticated:—"One day last week, a gentleman, in this neighbourhood, ordered one of the litter of four puppies to be thrown into a pail of water, which was done; it was kept down by a mop, and remained under water a considerable time, appearing to be dead; it was then thrown into the dust-tub, and covered with ashes. In two mornings after, the servant discovered that the bitch had still four puppies, and amongst them was the one which it was supposed had been effectually destroyed. It was conjectured, that in the course of a short time the dam had, unobserved, raked her whelp from the ashes, took it to her litter, and had, probably, by means of her own bodily warmth, and the gentle friction of her tongue, restored it to life. As a proof of its identity, the three others were black, and all dogs, this was black and white, the only bitch-whelp of the litter."

As an instance of sagacity and recollection, the following has, most probably, never been exceeded. The writer, for more than

twenty years past, has never been without a brace or brace and a half of terriers in possession; about three years since, having then a small cottage at Maidenhead Thicket, where he had horses getting into condition for the hunting season, two of his terriers (Doxy and Gipsey), sisters, were left with the horses and stable-lad in the country, Brushef, the son of Gipsey, returning with the writer to his residence near town. In about ten days after which, the dog was not to be found, and it was naturally concluded he had been made free with by some of the fraternity of canine free booters with which the metropolis and its environs so plentifully abound; particularly as he is of the first blood, and one of the handsomest dogs in the kingdom. This happened on a Thursday, his loss was announced, and a reward offered in hand bills the same day, but to no effect; on the Saturday following, every expectation of recovering the dog having nearly subsided, the writer made an excursion to the country to observe the improving state of his horses, where he was unexpectedly saluted by his trio of terriers; Brusher having, it seems, undertaken spontaneously, and alone, a journey of thirty miles to pay a visit of compliment to his mother and aunt; and, upon the writer's return, it was proved the dog stopped more than an hour on the Thursday in his way down, and obtained fragments of food in the kitchen of the inn where it was always the custom of the owner and his family to take refreshment in their journies to and from town.

In the month of August, preceding the above, (the season being exceedingly sultry,) the following inexplicable circumstance occurred with the same dog. Riding about the middle of the day, which was most intensely hot, on to Windsor by the way of Staines; just in passing the bridge by the powder-mills upon Hownslow-heath, the dog being just at the heels of the horse, broke into the most miserable, distressing, and incessant howl, holding up at the same time, in seeming agony, his right fore-foot, as if he had sustained some severe injury in that part; which was by no means likely, it being upon a fine sward of grass. The writer instantly dismounting, proceeded to examine the part; in the midst of which the dog broke away with the same continued howl, and over the heath, till coming to a stream of water, he declined crossing it, and returning obliquely into the turnpike-road, continued at his utmost speed by all he met, and on to Bedfont, where he leaped into one parlour-window of the Spotted Dog, and out at the other. The writer's coming immediately up in pursuit, the leaping in and out at the windows was communicated by Harvey (the landlord), his waiters, and ostlers, who were all in consternation, looking after what they called, and what the owner then really believed to be, "a *mad dog*."

It did not, however, prove to be so; the writer continued his enquiries of all he met, but to no purpose, the dog had quitted the road between Bedfont and Staines, nor could any trace of him be discovered. As a *mad dog* the writer described him, with his marks,

collar, and other distinguishing traits, at the different turnpikes and gates he passed through in that neighbourhood, begging he might be killed if possible, without farther ceremony, to prevent a chance of mischief. The writer continued two days in the country, and in four days after his return to town, he received a letter from a gentleman at Hayes, in Middlesex, containing information, that a terrier of such a description having a collar, with the name and residence of the writer, had come upon his premises, and had been by his order taken care of, till the dog was sent for, or disowned; a messenger was instantly dispatched, and returned with the dog safe and well in the evening, and he is, at this moment, so in the presence of the writer. It has been asserted by rustics (probably without any proof whatever), that dogs sometimes encounter temporary phrenzy from a kind of tooth-ache, occasioned by running on a journey with their mouths open against the wind; whether the above singular circumstance originated in that cause, or a too great flux of blood to the brain from the increased circulation and violent heat of the weather, it has not been found possible to ascertain, the dog having never experienced a relapse, or been subject to any kind of fits whatever. Of this breed, or rather of this family, it may not be inapplicable to mention, that although the two bitches are not only sisters (but of one litter), Doxy will take the water as well as a water-spaniel; while neither Gipsey, or her rough son, Brusher, will take it at all, unless in pursuit of vermin by *scent*, or in *view*.

The great variety of sports to which the terrier becomes appropriate, presented a doubt in what way their propensities could be best depicted; this has been now done to display the ferocity, the energy, and the determined perseverance of the individuals engaged, who having disturbed and caught scent of a polecat, are equally eager in the pursuit; which in the eye of the judicious and experienced sportsman, must lay claim to admiration. The two terriers nearest their game had caught *view*, which the mortified countenance of the white terrier demonstrates to have been a suddenly *lost*; whilst the third is anxiously and earnestly exerting all his powers to ascertain, *by scent*, the course of the chase. Determined as the terrier is in the pursuit of his object, and possessing the power of maintaining a certain pace for a long continuance, yet *speed* is not one of its most distinguishing properties, a trial of which was made against time for a considerable bet in 1794; where the dog, which was small, ran the first mile in *two* minutes, the second in *four*, the third in *six*, the fourth in *eight*, and the fifth and sixth in *eighteen* minutes; and afterwards ran the same distance (six miles) in *thirty-two* minutes.

As the badger is the animal by which the superior excellence of the terrier is proved, and so remarkable for the sport he affords to the unpolished and unrelenting multitude in every part of the country where it can be found; so an adequate description of its powers become the more necessary, that the nature of the conflict

may be better understood. It is observed, by a writer of some celebrity, that no animal has suffered more from vulgar prejudices than the badger; harmless in his nature, he seems to have had the character of ferocity given to him, merely because he is a beast of great strength, and is furnished with strong teeth, as if formed to live by rapine; he is, however, found to be an animal perfectly inoffensive, he is charged with destroying lambs and rabbits, but roots, fruits, grass, insects, and frogs, are his food. Nature has denied the badger the speed requisite to escape its enemies by flight, but has supplied it with such weapons of defence that scarce any creature will venture to attack it; few animals will defend itself better when attacked, or bite harder when brought into action; it soon comes to bay, and fights with a most determined obstinacy; the badger is exceedingly tenacious of life, and, in some respects, almost invulnerable, yet a very moderate blow on the *snout* is mortal to him, as well as to the otter.

The length of the badger is usually about two feet six inches, exclusive of the tail, which is barely six inches long, and covered with long hairs, the same colour as those of the body; the weight from fifteen to thirty pounds. The eyes are very small, the ears short and rounded, the neck thick, and the shape of the body clumsy; which being covered with long coarse hairs, like bristles, adds to its awkward appearance; each hair next the root is of a dirty yellowish white, the middle is black, and the extremity grey, from whence arose the simile "as grey as a badger." It has thirty-four teeth, six cutting, and two canine teeth in each jaw, the upper and lower have each five grinders; the nose, chin, and lower sides of the cheeks are white; each ear and eye is inclosed in a pyramidal bed of black, the base of which incloses the former; the point extends beyond the eye to the nose; the throat and under parts of the body are black; and this is a singularity peculiar to the badger, for all other animals have the hair of a lighter colour upon their bellies than upon their backs. The legs and feet are black, very short, and strong; each foot is composed of five toes, those on the fore-feet are armed with long claws, well adapted for digging its subterraneous habitation, where, although there is but one entrance from the surface, it forms several apartments, into a selected one of which, in the breeding season, grass is conveyed with the mouth to form a bed for its young. It confines itself to its earth during the day, seeking food only by night; and is so cleanly that it never submits to the excrementitious impluse of nature in its own burrow; and it is universally reported, as well as generally believed, the fox avails himself of this niceness to his own advantage, by rendering the spot offensively uninhabitable to the badger, he soon secures uninterrupted possession himself. In action the badger, like the bear, treads entirely on his heel, which brings the belly almost in contact with the ground. Immediately below the tail, between that and the anus, there is a narrow transverse orifice, from whence a white substance continually

exudes of a very fœtid smell; and this seems peculiar to the badger, and the hyæna.

Certain speculative writers have, with a greater attention to the fertility of invention, than any respect to truth, held forth a seemingly plausible description of two different and distinct kinds, under the denomination of dog and hog-badgers; the former asserted to have had feet resembling a dog, those of the latter *cloven*, exactly similar to those of the hog. To strengthen this hypothetical recital, they are said to subsist upon different kinds of food; that one eats with eagerness any kind of flesh and carrion as a dog, and the other roots, fruits, and vegetables as a hog. This may, however, with justice, be considered the effect of fiction, or of a too enlarged imagination, as the existence of only one sort of badger is admitted amongst us, with such trifling difference only in size, or gradational shades of colour as may happen from age, the peculiar soil of any particular county, or other such collateral circumstances as may, probably, add something to the size in one part of the kingdom, or vary a shade or two in the colour of another. And this opinion is confirmed not more by the investigation of the most accurate inquisitants, than by the remarks of Buffon, who unequivocally asserts, "that the badger not only admits of *no varieties*, but does not even approach to any other species."

This animal breeds but once a year, which, like the fox, is in the spring producing four or five young at a time, and these, if taken young, may be easily tamed, will associate with dogs, and follow the person who feeds them. In this state they eat almost every thing that can be offered to them, sleep a great deal, by which means they get fat with but little food, and, for the same reason, they with ease can support hunger, not leaving (particularly when snow lies on the ground) their earths for four, five, or six days together. Their fat is in high estimation with rustics for ointments and salves. The skin, dressed with its hair on, is used for pistol-furniture, and the highlanders make their pendant pouches of it; the hair is also made into brushes to soften and harmonize the shades in painting, which are called sweetening tools.

The pole-cat is a species of vermin, partaking, in some degree, of the figure and propensities of the martin and the ferret, or rather between both. It is smaller than one, and considerably larger than the other, is an inhabitant of low and lonely coverts not far distant from remote farm-houses, to the poultry, eggs, and dove-houses, of which they are constant and destructive enemies. The effluvia, or rather stench, arising from their bodies, is so truly offensive, that it has, time immemorial, laid the foundation of the well-known proverbial expression of "stinking like a pole-cat."

The martin (or marten), another species of vermin equally attracting in their scent to fox-hounds and terriers, is also a native of similar coverts, inferior in size to the domestic cat, but longer in the body and neck, having a head and tail, in a great degree, correspond-

ing in shape and make with the fox, but not so sharp pointed in the ears. This is the most beautiful, and most destructive to pheasants of the British beasts of prey ; the martin is about eighteen inches long, the tail ten or even twelve, if measured to the end, where it is thickest and darkest ; the head is small and elegantly shaped ; the eyes are lively, and all its motions agile and graceful ; the back, sides, and tail, are covered with a fine thick ash-coloured down at bottom, with long hair intermixed of a bright chesnut, tipt with black, giving a darkish brown appearance to the whole. The head is brown, with a slight tinge of red ; the legs and upper side of the feet chocolate, and the under parts are covered with a thick down similar to the body ; the feet are broad, the claws white, large, and sharp, but incapable of being dilated or sheathed at pleasure ; they are, nevertheless, admirably calculated for climbing trees, in which they principally reside, and by ascending these, preserve themselves from the pursuit of their enemies. The throat and breast are white, the belly of the same colour as the back, except in being a few shades lighter ; but it is well known, amongst gamekeepers and woodmen, that martins vary in their colours (inclining more or less to ash colour), according to the age and gender, or to the season of the year in which they happen to be killed or taken.

These animals live upon poultry, game, and birds ; most probably the casual food of the fox is taken by the martin also. As by their wonderful agility in climbing, they are a most perpetual and destructive enemy to pheasants ; so by their scent they are frequently the cause of much mortifying disappointment to a numerous field of expectant sportsmen. For when found in covert amongst the bushes, the general burst of the finding hounds is as great as when a fox is unkennelled ; and so continues, till being closely pressed, some friendly tree (probably clothed with ivy) suddenly terminates the deceptive chase.

The skin and excrements of the martin have an agreeable musky effluvia, free from that disgusting rankness which distinguishes the pole-cat, and some other species of the same genus ; the fur is of some value, and much used to line or trim the gowns of magistracy. It is a confirmed inhabitant of the woods which it never leaves, and in winter frequently shelters itself in magpie nests, breeds in the hollow of trees, and brings from four to six young ones at a time ; they are brought forth with their eyes unopened, but soon arrive at a state of perfection ; the female is furnished with very little milk for her size, but amply compensates for this defect in nature by bringing home eggs and live birds to her offspring, thus early initiating them in a life of carnage and plunder by which they are to subsist : so soon as the young are enabled to leave the nest, they are led by the dam through the woods, where the birds instinctively recognize their enemies, and fail not to attend them as they do the fox, with every mark of terror and aversion. When taken young, the martin is easily tamed, and soon becomes familiar and playful;

its attachment, however, is not to be relied on if it gets its liberty, for it will immediately avail itself of that liberation to regain its natural haunts, from whence no expectation need be entertained of its return. Mr. Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," mentions a farmer, of Terling, in Essex, who was famous for taming this animal, and who seldom had less than two; and that some few years since, one used to run tame about the kitchen of the Bald Faced Stag Inn, on Epping-Forest.

The scent of the martin, as before observed, is remarkably sweet and attracting to hounds, and is, where they are plenty, certainly the best game that young fox-hounds or terriers can be entered at; as by running the thickest bushes it can get through, it induces the dogs to run covert with eagerness, which is of infinite service to them. They are, however, not to be found in any great plenty, except in well wooded countries, particularly in the large woods near Rayleigh, in Essex, and the fox-hunting parts of Hampshire. The domestic-cat turned wild from farm houses, and remote cottages near to coverts, are supposed to do equal mischief to game, with many sorts of vermin naturally savage and bred in the woods; it being upon well authenticated record, that in Moulsham Thrift, a large covert belonging to Sir H. St. John Mildmay, Bart., sixteen of these animals were killed by a pack of fox-hounds in four days, when drawing for fox.

Terriers (as well as spaniels) are frequently used in rabbit-hunting and shooting, both which, in countries where they are plenty, is found excellent diversion: particularly in a few of those months when, by legislative restriction, the pursuit of better and more attractive game is prohibited. Terriers thus employed take covert with the eagerness and impetuosity of a fox-hound; encountering every obstacle, and surmounting every difficulty with an avidity beyond description. From their invariable propensity to hunting remote and sequestered spots, their energetic spirit, and invincible ferocity, as well as their instinctive susceptibility of scent, they are entitled to priority in all sports where those qualifications tend to constitute the aggregate of perfection.

The rabbit is well known to bear some degree of similitude to the hare in its formation, but no proportional nutritive excellence as a luxury for the table They are of two kinds, denominated wild and domestic; the latter being produced in hatches, and bred exceedingly tame, lay no claim to sporting investigation. Those produced in a state of nature, and at all times and seasons exposed to the open elements, are much inferior in size, and many shades lighter in the colour of their fur than the hare, to whom they have an innate and invincible aversion; which, in fact, has every appearance of being instinctively reciprocal, as they are seldom or never found in the constantly frequented purlieus of each other. The animal, in its originally wild and uncultivated state (not being part of or appertaining to a warren), stands in a high degree of estima-

tion upon the score of private property to those upon whose lands i may be found ; but is considered of very little intrinsic value, and is, in general, killed, or taken, as a matter of casual and public right, by individuals of every class who happen sportingly to find them ; not being included in any of the recent acts of parliament for the preservation of game, although they were originally included, under the denomination of " Coneys," in most of the former records, which, though at present unrepealed, are seldom resorted to for legal information.

Warrens in which rabbits are propagated for the purposes of emolument, are protected by the laws in an equal degree with every other species of property whatever ; as they are found by long experience, and the most accurate calculations, to prove the most prolific and most profitable animal of any that contributes to human subsistence. These warrens are common in different parts of the kingdom, but more particularly in Yorkshire, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Lincolnshire, by some of which the metropolis is supplied (during the proper seasons) for its almost incredible consumption. Rabbits are prolific beyond conception ; they propagate so rapidly, and increase so largely, in parks, and upon many forms of a light soil, and woodland country, that they become exceedingly destructive by their numbers, and render occasional reduction, or extirpation, a matter of necessity upon the score of self-defence ; in which case, rabbit shooting becomes a most pleasing diversion. This sport is enjoyed with either terriers, or spaniels ; a brace, or leash of which being turned into the bushes, hedge-rows, or underwood of small coverts, are hardly ever without a rabbit on foot ; when by securing a favourable situation, the sport is almost incessant; but it must be a very quick and good shot to prove successful, for their motions are so rapid, their turns so short, and their jerking twists and throws so sudden, that they present but a very uncertain mark for a young, or inexperienced sportsman.

The natural history of the rabbit is, by no means, inapplicable or unentertaining particularly to the ruminative mind of rational or philosophic investigation. The ancients animadverted largely upon their prolific powers, and descended to a series of multiplied proofs to justify and demonstrate facts, which would otherwise have never been believed. Pliny, in his remarks upon the fertility of animals, observes, that nature has been benignly kind to man, in causing those to be the most prolific, who are the least capable of doing mischief, and are the most profitable and nutritious for his food and support. The instances he produces are the pigeon and the rabbit ; the former of which, he asserts, may increase, within the space of four years, to fourteen thousand, seven hundred, and sixty pigeons from a single pair ; and that rabbits, who are known to begin breeding soon after they are six months old, and continue so to do for seven months in every year, will (if five young are allowed at each birth, and three of each five to be females), within the same

space of four years, produce the astonishing number of four hundred, seventy-eight thousand, and sixty-two rabbits from the original single pair.

Under a progressive ratio so truly astonishing, much mischief to agriculture might be dreaded, but that so infinite an increase must be very materially checked by the constant public consumption, as well as by the counteracting arts of birds and beasts of prey, who must, of course, make considerable havoc amongst them. Notwithstanding these certain and invariable modes of reduction, it is recited, by both Pliny and Strabo, that their constant increase became such a nuisance to the inhabitants of the Balcaric Islands, that they were absolutely obliged to solicit from Augustus the assistance of a military force for their extermination. The island of Minorca is reported, by different writers, to be singularly remarkable for its growth of rabbits, but with this mortifying addition, that instead of contributing as food to the support of the inhabitants, the flesh is so rank, that it can be rendered of no utility; and, to prevent the land from being over-run with them, the people are called upon by the governor to give their joint assistance two days in every year for their destruction.

In many parts of England, warrens are numerous, and well preserved, more particularly in Yorkshire, where they plentifully supply the markets of York, Hull, and other neighbouring towns; the skins are an article of considerable trade with the furriers at Stanford-bridge, and Malton, by whom they are consigned to the large hat-manufactories of Manchester and the metropolis. The flesh of the rabbit is almost universally acceptable, as it is remarkably nutritious, and easy of digestion; a proper food, therefore, for invalids and valetudinarians; but the most delicious and best flavoured are those bred wild in coverts, where the surrounding enclosures afford a choice of food, which does not happen in warrens, where neither turnips, nor any of the artificial grasses being sown, they have no alternative to one single kind of pasture. Warreners, in some counties, are called warren-farmers, whose premises are of great extent, and their rent from two to three and four hundred pounds a year; the stock upon which are so completely private property, that various clauses of numerous acts of parliament are still in force for their protection, and the summary punishment of offenders against the statutes in such case made and provided. These warren-farmers are always liable to considerable losses from epidemical disorders, which, in unfavourable seasons, frequently break out, and make dreadful havoc amongst the stock; and this morbidity is generally more fatal in a wet and dreary than in any other season.

A writer of recent date, makes mention of a Sussex gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Chichester, who has tried the experiment of cutting rabbits, and found it so very much increase their size, that, at six months old, when prepared for the spit, he has known many exceed six pounds and a half in weight. He describes it as a most

profitable practice; the operation is performed when six or seven weeks old; and, he positively declares, that in three hundred he never lost one. In a perfect demonstration of the utility of this practice, he has frequently left one or two of a litter in their natural state, and has uniformly found that those which were cut, were, at seven or eight months old, nearly double the weight of the others, although partaking of exactly the same food. and all running about together. This has been likewise tried on an extensive warren, with the same prospect of success and utility; and it is an improvement well worth the early attention of those who are interested in the protection, increase, and bulk of so useful an animal.

In the northern parts of the kingdom, such land as is appropriated for warrens, produces an annual average rent of from ten to twelve shillings an acre, but then it contributes to the sustenance of sheep as well as rabbits; and experience has, at length, proved, that there is an evident disadvantage in stocking a rich soil with rabbits, as a flush of grass, after a dry season, is found to throw them into a flux which carries them off in great numbers. The formation of a warren requires a little consideration and circumspection; the rabbit, in making its burrow upon level ground, cannot proceed without some difficulty, as in making the excavation, all the dislodged mould must be brought to the surface; on the contrary, if the establishment takes place on the side of a hill, the patient labourers proceed with greater energy, and much less chance of disappointment; for the declivity affording a ready fall for the earth as it appears upon the surface, it may be fairly termed work down hill, and there are, probably but few, if any, sandy or other light soiled hills, which would not be more profitable as a rabbit warren, than under any other course of husbandry whatever. The accuracy of taking stock upon warren-farms betwixt an incoming and outgoing tenant is matter of the utmost admiration; for those appointed to arbitrate, attend for some days the appearance of the rabbits at the mouths of the burrows at the earliest dawn, and the dusk of the evening (as they shew themselves but little during the day), and the judgment formed from this ocular proof of the apparent number is said to be so well calculated, that, upon the destruction of many warrens, it has been established, beyond doubt or controversy, to have been made with a precision and equity almost incredible.

Notwithstanding the superficial similitude between the hare and the rabbit, yet nature has placed an insuperable bar to their perfect resemblance, in not allowing an intermixture, or even an association, to which they mutually discover the most invincible aversion. There is, likewise, a wide difference in their habits and their palpable propensities; the rabbit lives in holes in the earth, where it produces its young and retires from the approach of impending danger; whilst the hare prefers the open fields, and solely relies upon its speed for safety. This innate precaution in the rabbit seems to imply a degree of sagacity superior to the hare, for the structure of

both is nearly the same, and equally enables them to secure a retreat beneath the surface of the earth ; both seem timed to the extreme, but the talents of one being weaker than those of the other, he contents himself with a seat upon the ground, where he remains perpetually exposed ; while the rabbit, endowed with superior instinct, provides for himself an asylum in the earth. Their labour so industriously persevered in, seems unquestionably the effect of forecast, since domestic (or tame) rabbits never give themselves the trouble of digging ; from the same forecast it may be fairly presumed it is, that domestic fowl are so exceedingly careless in the formation of their nests, being equally sheltered from the inconveniencies and dangers to which wild birds, as well as wild rabbits, are continually liable. By various experiments it is, at length, demonstrated, that when an attempt has been made to replenish a warren with domestic rabbits, both they and their offspring remain, like hares, upon the surface ; and that they never begin to dig holes for their protection, until they have endured many hardships, and passed through several generations.

It has been observed by Doctor Darwin, in his remarks upon the instinct of animals, in giving notes of alarm to each other, that as rabbits cannot easily articulate sounds, and are formed into societies that live under ground, they have a very particular mode of making the communication. When impending danger is threatened, they thump repeatedly upon the earth, with one of their hind feet, in such rapid succession, that it produces a vibrative sound capable of being heard at a considerable distance by animals near the surface; which would seem to bear the appearance of an artificial signal, not more from its singularity, than its aptness to the situation of the animals concerned. The life of the rabbit generally terminates in the eighth or ninth year ; they begin to procreate at about six months old, and carry their young for thirty days. In consequence of the buck's inveterate aversion to the offspring, the doe frequently kindles in the most remote and sequestered spot she can select, preparing a receptacle for her young, composed of the fur plucked from her own body, and blades of dry grass, which, by warreners, is called rabbit's nest; in this she continues to suckle and superintend them at early morn, and late in the evening, for the first five or six weeks, at which time they are fully enabled to provide for themselves. During the first three weeks, the aperture of the burrow is carefully closed by the hind-feet of the dam, to prevent the chance of their being destroyed by vermin ; but, from which time, the hole is daily more gradationally opened as they become enabled to get out and feed upon the grass, when the antipathy of the buck no longer exists, and they gradually glide into all the comforts of society.

Although, as has been before observed, the rabbit is not included on any of the late restrictive acts of the legislature for the killing or the preservation of game ; and are held in very trifling estimation,

upon the score of private property, when found singly in an individual state of liberty, and are killed without a fear, or chance of offence, or penalty; yet they have been thought of sufficient importance, by the representatives of the people, to be included in the statutes, made for the special protection of private property (when preserved and propagated in a body), as some kind of preventative to the nocturnal depredations of the unprincipled and itinerant poacher; the following laws are still in force, and occasionally resorted to. By an act in the reign of James the First it was enacted, if any person shall, by night or by day, unlawfully enter into any park, or ground inclosed with a wall, pale, or hedge, and used for the keeping of coneys, and unlawfully hunt, take, chase, or slay, any coneys within such park, or ground, against the will of the owner, and shall be thereof convicted, at the suit of the king, or the party, at the assizes, or sessions, he shall suffer three months' imprisonment, pay treble damages and costs to the party, to be assessed by the justices before whom he shall be convicted, and to find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years, or remain in prison till he dees.

And, by a subsequent clause of the same statute, it is farther enacted, if any person, not having hereditaments of the value of forty pounds or not worth two hundred pounds in goods, shall use any gun, bow or cross-bow, to kill coneys, or shall keep any engine, hayes, nets for rats, or coney-dogs, (except such as shall have grounds inclosed, used for the keeping of coneys producing the annual value of forty shilings if let); any person having hereditaments of the yearly value of one hundred pounds in fee, or for life, in his own right, or in the right of his wife, may lawfully take from such offender all such dogs or engines, and keep the same to his own use. And, by an act of Charles the Second, it is further enjoined, that any person killing, or taking in the light, any conies upon the borders of a warren, or other grounds lawfully used for the breeding and keeping of coneys (unless such person be the owner of the soil, or lawful possessor of the ground whereupon such coneys shall be killed, or be by him employed), shall, upon conviction, be subject to such satisfaction to the parties aggrieved as the justices shall award, and also pay to the overseers of the poor, a sum not exceeding ten shillings, or, in default thereof, to be committed to the house of correction for a term not exceeding a month.

In a different clause of the same act, it is farther recited, if any person shall, at any time, wrongfully enter into any warren, or ground lawfully used for keeping or breeding of coneys, though the same be not inclosed, and shall take chase, or kill any conies, against the will of the owner, or occupier, not having lawful title so to do, and shall be therefore convicted within one month after such offence, by confession, or oath of one witness, before one justice, he shall yield to the party grieved treble damages and costs, and suffer three months' imprisonment, and so long after till he find sure-

ties for his good behaviour. By an act of George the Third, it is enacted, that if any person shall enter into such warren, or grounds, in the night time, and take, or kill any coney, against the will of the owner, or occupier of the said ground, or shall be aiding and assisting therein, and be convicted at the assizes, he shall be transported for seven years, or suffer such other punishment, by whipping, fine, or imprisonment, as the court shall award. And, in a subsequent act, if any person being armed and disguised, shall appear in any warren or place where hares or coneys are usually kept; or unlawfully rob any such warren; or shall, though not armed and disguised, rescue any person in custody for such offence, or procure any person to join him therein, he shall be guilty of felony without benefit of clergy.

Thus far upon the sports in which the terrier is occasionally engaged, and the various uses to which custom has rendered him appropriate; little instruction is requisite for the particular time or age at which dogs of this description may be entered at their game, whatever kind it may be; those well bred, become naturally addicted to pursuit, and stand in no need of strenuous excitement, or powerful instigation. Those who value their terriers will never prostitute their courage, and check their instinctive energy and fortitude, by permitting their young dogs to be entered at a badger, they have not the power, nor can they understand shifting like old ones, and if of high blood, would, most probably, go undauntedly up to the badger, and be terribly mangled, if not ruined; for which reason it is evidently most prudent to let them be entered at young foxes, or a less destructive species of vermin where it can be conveniently accomplished.

Amidst the great number of prosecutions and convictions which have been brought before magistrates, as well as into the courts of law (many of which will be introduced in the course of the work), the following is, perhaps, the only one where the terrier has been the instrument of unintentional mischief, pecuniary loss, and mental disquietude: Two gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Hampton having dined together with one of the keepers of Hampton-court Park, and the latter suspecting that some well-known poachers would attempt their depredations in the Park that evening, left the company rather unexpectedly and likewise left behind him a favourite terrier, which was sleeping under a chair in the room where they had dined. Upon the departure of the gentleman (the dog being then roused), they were requested by the landlord of the inn to leave the game keeper's dog at his house in their way home; to this they readily consented, and in passing through a paddock belonging to Bushy-Park, the terrier leaped upon a hare in her form, and having killed it, one of the gentlemen immediately took it up, and placing it upon his walking-stick, proceeded with it across his shoulder, little likely to anticipate, by the force of imagination, what was to ensue. They had not proceeded far when they were met by

one of the keepers of Bushy-Park, who, stimulated by what he thought a conscientious discharge of his duty, after taking their address, laid an information before a magistrate of the county of Middlesex ; who (from the hare being found in the possession of one, aided by the other,) felt himself warranted in fining the former twenty, and the latter ten pounds, notwithstanding the keeper swore he left his dog behind him by accident, and the landlord of the inn corroborated the circumstance with his deposition, that he requested the gentlemen to take the terrier along with them, which they had not the least previous intention of doing." The question naturally arising out of this singular case is, whether the result did not exceed the intentional spirit, if not the letter of the act, and constitute what a senator of much celebrity recently termed "a vigour beyond the law ?"—*Sportsman's Cabinet.*

SPORTING SCENES AND COUNTRY CHARACTERS.

THE WHIPPER-IN.

INTIMATELY associated with the important post of the huntsman, is that of the whipper-in. In fully and effectually performing all the duties which belong to his office, in giving the highest degree of satisfaction to all, and in raising his own reputation amongst the followers of the hounds, he must bring to the task no small portion of personal exertion. His labours, indeed, are very severe, when the hounds, from the great extent of the covers, or some other unavoidable circumstances, are not in their proper position; and it is especially requisite, that, in addition to his qualities as an excellent rider,—possessed, like the huntsman, of nerve, skill, and resolution, —he should display incessant perseverance. Like him, also, he must be continually upon the alert; and ever watchful, cautious, zealous, and untiring in his vocation, with the view of making the run as perfect and as gratifying as possible.

Each pack of foxhounds has two whippers-in—sometimes three—to afford their aid to the huntsman on all occasions; for it is as necessary that they should act in concert, as it is needful that the hounds should run compactly together. The whipper-in is attired in the same manner as the huntsman, with a scarlet coat, black velvet cap, bearing also in his hand a long and powerful whip. On the days on which there is no hunting, he exercises his horse, or attends on foot with the huntsman,—the hounds on those occasions being taken out for air and gentle exercise. He has besides to ride to the earth-stoppers, to inform them when the hounds are coming, that all the earths may be stopped. In proceeding with the pack to the appointed

place of meeting, one of the whips goes before, and the other keeps behind the pack, which closely surrounds the huntsman. By this arrangement, the hounds are kept together, and the gates are more conveniently opened. As soon as the huntsman casts the hounds into cover, one whip is placed on one side of the wood, and one on the other, where they are all silence and attention. He marks whether the fox breaks cover, and the hounds go away; and is particularly cautious that the fox is not headed. Some of the hounds will perhaps follow a hare. In that case, they are stopped, and whipped back into the wood. If a hound gives mouth in the cover at a hare, he rates him soundly for this error. In case a brace of foxes should start up, and the pack become divided, he proceeds to whip off one section of the pack, and compel them to follow that which is taken away by the huntsman. If a single fox is found, the huntsman goes away with the hounds, followed by one of the whips; and the other stops behind to bring up the tail hounds. This requires very great exertion, especially if the cover be extensive. He is then obliged to ride very hard to bring up the stragglers, which he rates pretty soundly, and makes the best of the way he can after the main body of the pack, which has already gone away to a considerable distance; and to reach them requires no small share of skill and exertion. If he is left so far behind as to be beyond the reach of the cry of the pack, he must scheme as well as he can to catch them. When the hounds come unavoidably to a check, the exertions of the whipper-in are then particularly useful in keeping the hounds together for the huntsman to make his cast. When a check occurs, the whipper-in who is following with the stragglers, is enabled to reach the pack and to increase its strength; and thus, running compactly together, the energies of the whole field are brought into play, which, after a brilliant run, are crowned with perfect success, to the high praise of the pack, the skill of the huntsman, and through the labours and unceasing attention of the whipper-in.

It is not, however, during the run only that the exertions of the whipper-in are required. To perform his duty well, his labours must be incessant. If, after drawing the cover, no fox is found, the huntsman blows his horn or halloos "Come away!—come away!"—sounds which are well known to the main body of the pack, and they immediately obey the summons. Still, if the cover be large, the whipper-in must bring up those which have been hunting wide, and rate them severely for their transgression, in order that, getting the hounds in one body, the huntsman's next cast may be more effective. In short, throughout the whole of the day's proceedings, the exertions of the whipper-in never cease. But this continual exercise, while it makes him perfect master of his business, schools him for the summit of his ambition,—the post of huntsman. It is said that a good poacher makes a good gamekeeper. The same rule applies to hunting. A good whipper-in makes a good huntsman:

for effectually to have performed the duties which appertain to that office, he brings with him ample experience under all circumstances; whether these regard the difficulties of the cover, the slyness of the fox, the character of the country, the capabilities of the hounds, the difficulties of a check, or all the many unavoidable casualties which arise in the course of a brilliant or an unfavourable run.

The best whipper-in that ever mounted a horse, or followed a pack of hounds; the brightest example in the way of his arduous calling; the most perfect pattern to all his successors,—was the celebrated Tom Moody, the hero of the famous hunting song which bears his name: and it will not be deemed out of place here, to say a few words about so extraordinary a character. Many were the echoes which his shrill, matchless voice awakened in valley and hill, in copse and woodland; many the hearts which he animated in the chace; many the almost insurmountable dangers and difficulties which he overcame to the astonishment of the whole field, until his name, esteemed and honoured by all has become, among the lovers of the chace, as familiar as household words.

Tom Moody was a poor boy, the son of a poor widow. He was born at Broseley, in Shropshire, near the residence of Mr. George Forester, of Willey, who then hunted the Shropshire country. Tom, when a lad, was employed by a maltster of the name of Adams, who resided at Broseley, to carry out malt. Among the customers of this maltster was Mr. Forester. One day, Tom—who little knew how much would hang upon the events of that day—had taken two sacks of malt upon the back of a horse to Willey, which he carefully delivered. In returning home, he came to a gate adjoining the park, and tried to leap his horse over it. He made many attempts, and failed; but, determined to accomplish his purpose—evincing, at the same time, the resolution and energy which distinguished his future career—he at length succeeded, and rode his horse clear over the gate. This extraordinary proceeding on the part of a mere boy, was accidentally witnessed by Mr. Forester. He was struck with his courage and perseverance, and made immediate enquiries who the lad was. He was told that it was the maltster's boy, and that his name was Moody. Mr. Forester, having marked him for his own, sent a messenger to ask Adams if he would part with the boy; and that he wanted to see him at Willey. The maltster complied; but when his mother learnt that Mr. Forester wanted to see him, she was sorely afraid that Tom had been committing himself, and trembled for the consequences. The result was that Tom was engaged as a stable-boy; and, from his attention to his business, his courage in riding, and that extreme good nature and kindness which always accompanied him, he was eventually made whipper-in, and placed under the direction of John Sewell, the huntsman. He was delighted with his post; and performed its duties in a manner so satisfactory, not only to his master, but to every one who hunted with the hounds,

that the fame of Tom Moody, as the best whipper-in in England, spread far and wide. And Tom was, undoubtedly, the best whipper-in that ever mounted a horse. Like him, no one could bring up the tail end of the pack from the closest, the most extensive cover; like him, no one could surmount obstacles which appeared terrific to attempt; like him, no one could preserve that equanimity of temper and of bearing, which drew about him the hearts of all; like him, no one could sustain the long burst of a long chace; like him, no one could manage his horse in such a manner as to present the circumstance, that, however difficult may have been his position, however numerous the obstacles which presented themselves,—there, at the death of the fox, with every hound well up, and without tiring his horse, was Tom Moody!

Unfortunately, the brightest day is liable to be dimmed by some obscuring cloud. Tom Moody—the "observed of all observers" in the chace—respected by all who shared in the pursuit of the fox, for his uniform civility and good nature, even when the chance of success seemed hopeless, and disappointment the unavoidable consequence—Tom Moody was addicted to deep drinking. Famed in all the country around, and respected by all who witnessed the display of his many good and superior qualities, his good nature paved the way for this sad and daily growing evil. Tom, however much he might have drank, was himself again whenever he got astride his horse; and, under these circumstances, was never thrown, and never fell off. For some reason or other, he was induced to leave his post at Willey; and for two seasons engaged himself to Mr. Corbett, of Sundor, near Shrewsbury. At the expiration of that period, he returned to his old situation under Mr. Forester, with whom he continued to live for the remainder of his days.

Tom Moody stood about five feet eight inches high. He was a strong muscular man; and possessed extraordinary personal courage and untiring resolution He was much marked with the small-pox; and had eyes as small and as quick as a ferret. He was a very superior horseman; and possessed a voice so shrill that his view-halloo could be heard at a mile's distance. Though addicted to liquor, he was the best tempered fellow in the world, and uniformly civil and obliging to everybody. He never reached, nor, indeed, did he wish to reach, the post of huntsman. He was never married, and could neither read or write.

When Mr. Forester gave up his hounds, poor Tom Moody was completely worn out with hard work and hard drinking; but continued to live with his old master at Willey. At length, he was taken dangerously ill, and took to his bed; but he did not lie above three weeks, when death closed his career. When he found that his end was approaching, he expressed a wish to see his old master. When Mr. Forester approached his bedside, he said, knowing not that his end was so near, "Tom, what dost thou want?" "I have," replied the feeble sufferer, "a favour to beg of you, sir, which is the last I

shall ever crave." "Well, what is it, Tom?" He rejoined,—"My time here won't be long. When I am dead, I wish to be buried at Barrow, under the yew-tree in the churchyard there; and to be carried to the grave by six earth-stoppers; my old horse, with my whip, boots, spurs, and cap, slung on each side of the saddle, and the brush of the last fox when I was up at the death at the side of the forelock, and two couples of old hounds, to follow me to the grave as mourners. When I am laid in the grave, let three view-halloos be given over me; and then, if I don't lift up my head, you may fairly conclude that Tom Moody's dead." He expired shortly afterwards, in the forty-first year of his age; and his request was followed to the very letter. The reader who is acquainted with the famous song which bears his name, will mark how correctly the writer has adhered to the actual circumstances.

Beneath the yew-tree in the churchyard of Barrow, rest the bones of honest Tom Moody, who was honoured for his matchless skill and resolution, and esteemed for his civility and good nature.

The kindness of a Gloucestershire gentleman, who "knew Tom Moody well," enables us to insert a letter written by his master a few days after his death:—

"Dr Chambers,—On Tuesday last, died poor Tommy Moody (as good for *Rough and Smooth* as every enter'd Wildman's Wood)—He died *brave* and *honest*, as he liv'd—Belov'd by all—Hat'd by none that ever knew him.—I took his own orders as to his Will, Funeral and every other thing that could be thought of. He died sensible, & fully collected, as man ever did, & in short died *Game*, at ye last—For when he could hardly swallow, ye poor old Lad took ye farewell Glass, *For success to Fox Hunting and his por old Master* (as he term'd it) for ever—I am sole Executor, and ye Bulk of ye Fortune is left to me—Six and twenty Shillings, real and bona fide *Stirling Cash*, free from all incumbrances, after every debt, discharg'd to a Farthing——. Noble deeds for Tom, you'll say. The poor old Ladys at the Ring of Bells are to have a knot *each* for Remembrance of ye poor old Lad.

"Salop Papers will show you ye whole ceremony of his Burial—but for fear, you should not see that Paper, I send it to you, as under—

"*Sportsman attend.*—On Tuesday, 29th Inst., was buried at Barrow, near Wenlock, Salop, Thomas Moody, ye well known Whipper-in to G. Forester, Esq.'s Fox Hounds for 20 years—He had every Sporting Honour paid to his Memory.—He was carried to ye grave by a proper number of Old Earth Stoppers, and attend'd by many other sporting Friends, who heartily mourn'd for him.

"Directly after the Corps, followed his old favourite Horse (which he halways called *his old Soul*) thus accoutred —carrying his last Fox's Brush in ye front of his Bridle—with his Cap, Whip, Boots, Spurs and Girdle, across his Saddle. The Ceremony being over—he (by his own desire) had three clear, rattling View-Halloos given him over his Grave: and thus ended ye Career of Poor Tom, who liv'd and died an *honest Fellow*, but alas! a *very wet one*.

"I hope you and Family are well, and you'll
believe me, much yours,
"G: Forester."

"*Willey, 15th December*, 1796."

THE EARTH-STOPPER.

Preparatory to the enjoyment of fox hunting, the business of the earth-stopper is of the greatest importance; as, without due care in the performance of his duty, a good run cannot be obtained. His occupation, indeed, is not one of the most agreeable description, and the extent of his labour is little known; yet, in producing good sport, he is an essential agent.

For the purpose of effecting the preparatory duty of earth-stopping, the manager of the hounds applies, at the commencement of the season, to the keeper, who sometimes fulfils the duties of the office himself,* or he engages a substitute,—generally an agricultural labourer upon whom the fullest reliance can be placed. The keeper receives a small salary; and must be diligent in his attention that the earths are properly stopped, and at the proper time, and opened on the following afternoon or evening. Previous to a day's hunting, intimation is conveyed to the earth-stopper, by one of the whips, that the earths must be stopped on a certain night,—the one immediately preceding the day when the hounds are expected.

The foxes generally leave their earths about ten o'clock at night, in pursuit of food. If, however, the weather be extremely boisterous and stormy, they will not leave the earths. Foxes will travel to a great distance if game be scarce in their own neighbourhood. The hen-roosts of the farmer are then often visited, as well as the out-houses where ducks and geese are kept; and if they have been left in an insecure state, a rich booty is obtained; for an old fox, like your ancient alderman, has no objection to a goose or a turkey at Christmas. If, however, game is plentiful—and, in that case, he evinces his superior judgment—he flies, to that in preference. Foxes will not trouble themselves much about hares, if rabbits be plentiful; but they seldom return home without a supply of some description, particularly when they have cubs. Even before sunset, they are extremely bold if pressed by hunger, and have been known to seize fowls belonging to the farm in the immediate neighbourhood of a cover.

The natural gorse, no doubt, forms the best fox cover; but, as Mr. Blaine observes, it is slow of growth, and does not suit all soils. He therefore recommends Mr. Cradock's plan, of forming artificial covers where there is a deficiency of gorse; for which purpose, a piece of dry land, lying well to the sun, and from two to three acres in extent should be fixed upon. Here, some very strong black thorns are stuck into the ground, and plashed, and laid down within about two feet of the surface. In a very short time, if the land is strong, the thorns will be almost hidden by grass and weeds, and the foxes will make their runs and kennels under them.

About eleven o'clock at night, the earth-stopper leaves his cottage, wrapped snugly in an old great coat, and provided with a spade and lantern. Thus equipped, he sallies forth, and takes the nearest direc-

tion to the covers. Unlike Puck, the "merry wanderer of the night," he enters the wood with great caution, and "treads softly that the blind mole may not hear a foot fall," lest Reynard, who is remarkably quick of hearing, should mark his approach and return, as he would do, to the earths before he arrives. This occupation is not unattended with much inconvenience and some danger; for he must go out at the proper time, whatever the state of the weather; and he is liable to be assaulted by poachers, who can mark his approach by the light he carries. In order to avoid an attack of this nature, a dark lantern, with the shade turned, is sometimes used, until he enters on the intricate paths of the wood.

The earth-stopper must be possessed of nerve and fortitude. There is something extremely solemn in entering a large wood at the "witching time of night, when churchyards yawn." The winds, whistling through the leafless branches, utter an awful dirge; or breathe, through a mass of Scotch firs, a low, hollow, and sepulchral moan. As he proceeds, he hears now and then a rustle among the underwood; but he is not startled by the sound, knowing that the noise is made by hares and rabbits, alarmed at his approach; and as, with the assistance of his light, he threads the intricacies of the dense mass, his ear is often assailed by mysterious noises, by the "Ho-ho-hoo-o! Ho-ho-hoo-o!" of the owls,—a sound not very musical at that time of night, and calculated to startle the unaccustomed ear; and to cause, amid the thick darkness, an indescribable thrill to run through the whole frame. On reaching the earths, he proceeds to work by the dim light of his lantern. The holes are stopped with bundles of sticks, large stones, or old gate-posts, previously provided for the purpose. Upon these he throws a considerable quantity of earth, so that the foxes on their return cannot effect an entrance. The earth-stopper then proceeds to the earths situated in other directions, until the whole are, in like manner, effectually stopped. He is fully acquainted with all parts of the woods; and, by the assistance of his lantern, he is enabled to return home by the nearest route. Stopping, perhaps, for a moment to listen, he hears the foxes barking at each other, at a considerable distance, particularly during the month of February, and knows that they are shut out from the earths,—that there will be a gallant run the next day,—and that the whole field will be convinced that he has done his duty. A suitable recompense will be the consequence. Thus, after the labour of several hours, and before "the morning opes her golden gates," the earth-stopper reaches home and retires to bed, perhaps weary enough. But,—

> "Weariness
> Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
> Finds the down pillow hard,"

An old game fox, thus shut out from his abode of security, knows what is coming; and, as he is reluctant to leave home, he resorts to

means of eluding the vigilance of his pursuers. He secretes himself in some secluded part of the cover; in the thick hedge-row; or in the turnip-fields, until the hounds rouse him from his lurking place; but when hard pressed, he is compelled to flee from his home perhaps never to return.

Nothing is more annoying to the genuine fox hunter than the unnecessary or careless destruction of the object of his pursuit. Many foxes fall a sacrifice to the practice of the rabbit-catcher, who sets his traps in the rabbit-holes. By these and similar practices, the foxes in some situations have been wholly destroyed, to the great mortification of the owner or follower of hounds. In some counties, however, the covers have been stocked by the owner of the estate making earths for their reception in the most appropriate parts of the wood. These, at the sides and at the top, are formed of stones, trenches being branched out at the extremities in several directions, for the more perfect security and accommodation of the inmates. A number of cubs are then procured from a country where they abound. These are secured in the summer, and placed in some suitable outhouse, and are regularly fed and provided with water. In the course of August, they are taken to the earths thus formed, where a supply of water is provided for them, as well as food; and when they refuse these provisions, it is evident they provide for themselves.

At the termination of the season, an entertainment is given, called the fox dinner. This meeting is invariably a merry one: the health of the owner, and success to the pack, are cordially drunk; and the evening is spent in that free, hearty, convivial, and harmonious manner, which belongs to the character of the English fox hunter.—*Sporting Scenes and Country Characters.*

BREEDING AND TRAINING FOR THE TURF.

TRAINING GROUNDS—TRAINERS, THEIR DUTIES, &C.—MR. HOLCROFT'S DIARY OF HIS EARLY LIFE AS A STABLE-BOY—ANECDOTES, &C.

We have before observed that the training stables should be in the immediate vicinity of large open downs, as well for the benefit of the air as for the sake of a suitable training ground. The more extensive these downs, the better, as affording greater variety of ground and preventing the necessity of constantly using the same portion; a practice which much injures the surface for galloping. When, however, this cannot be avoided, rolling, at a proper time, may be resorted to with advantage.

Mr. Darvill is of opinion, that it is not so much the hardness of the ground, as the uneven surface of it, that occasions horses to break down; and that small mole-hills and cart-ruts, are the princi-

pal causes of this injury. This is reasonable enough ; but, at the same time, the bad effects of galloping horses over the hard, flinty soil which the principal training grounds of the south of England become in summer and autumn, are too well known to require further explanation.

We are, however, happy in being able to state that a remedy has been found which, to a great extent, if not completely, remedies this evil, and which has the advantage of being both cheaply and easily obtained. The material we allude to is common tan, which may be obtained from the tanner's yard, sometimes for the trouble of carting, but always for a few shillings a load, and which, having been exposed for a few days to the action of the sun and air, should be spread over the turf, which should be afterwards rolled.

The original proprietor of the Hippodrome was the first who perceived and availed himself of the advantage of this dressing, having used it with the most complete success on his race-course at Notting Hill, the soil of which consists of clay which is baked excessively hard, and subject to crack in warm weather. It appears that when he first contemplated using tan, every person to whom he mentioned his intention, endeavoured to dissuade him, particularly the farmer to whom he had let the grazing of the Hippodrome ; the objection urged being, that it would " entirely destroy the grass." He, therefore, tried it on a small scale before venturing further.

His first experiments proving that this objection did not hold, he used it in large quantities, and found that it produced the following advantageous results, viz : by acting as a network over the roots of the grass, it protected them and the surface of the soil from the sun, and prevented cracks. In the next place, it formed an elastic carpet which completely prevented that jarring to horses' legs which had been previously much complained of ; a relief which appeared perfectly astonishing to the rider coming from the common ground on to the soil thus prepared, and which may be said to give the sensation of riding on a Turkey carpet, as compared to a stone pavement. Lastly it *promoted the growth of the grass.*

We believe that although the gentleman above alluded to, has entirely retired from all concern in the Hippodrome, the use of tan is still continued there with success; and we feel confident that, before long, we shall see it used on many other race-courses and training-grounds, particularly those of a clayey or chalky soil, as is the case with nearly all those in the south of England.

Although a considerable portion of the downs in the vicinity of Newmarket have been enclosed for many years, enough remains to afford both race-courses and training-ground of great extent and variety. The horses standing at the west end of the town, are generally galloped and sweated on that part of the heath where the courses are situated ; for which there is ample space along the flat by the side of the ditch, and home up Cambridge Hill, or over the flat,

coming home round the turn of the lands on the lower side of the Beacon Course, without touching the running ground. The principal training-ground for the horses that stand at the east end of the town, is the Warren Hill on the road leading to Bury.

Next to Newmarket, the downs of Epsom and Ascot may be said to be the principal training-grounds of the south of England. These, however, we have sufficiently described in our chapter on race-courses; we will, therefore, proceed to notice the principal training-grounds in the north, which, from their soft elastic surfaces, are better adapted for horses that are in strong work than those of the south.

Yorkshire contains the four best training-grounds in the north of England. Of these, the most extensive is Black Hamilton, on the high road leading from Thirsk to Helmsley. Notwithstanding that the soil is a strong, stiff clay, this ground gallops well,—the turf being very much intermixed with moss, which prevents it from becoming hard, and preserves it elastic even in the driest weather.

Langton Wolds, the next ground, is extensive, contains every variety of surface, and is principally covered with short heather, intermixed with moss, affording a fine springy turf for galloping. These wolds, or downs, are divided into the training-ground and the race-course, by the high road leading from the town of Malton, the latter laying on the right of it; and the only drawback on them is their difficulty of access from the training-stables.

The Middleham Moors, divided into the upper and lower moor, is the third training-ground, and is open to the same objection as the Whiteclift Moors, on the score of not containing sufficient space; the upper moor contains the best galloping ground. The Whiteclift Moors, about two miles from the town of Richmond, are likewise divided into higher and lower moor. The latter is the race-course, and is within a mile from the town.

These may be said to form the principal training-grounds in England, as no first class horses are trained on any other. Of course we do not include in this sweeping clause, the training-grounds of noblemen and gentlemen who train at home. These are, however, strictly private, being in their own parks.

The best training-ground in Ireland, and perhaps in Europe, is the Currah of Kildare, a fine open heath, of nearly five thousand acres of elastic turf. This we have sufficiently described in our chapter on race-courses.

In Scotland, by far the best ground is Gullane Links, to the east of Edinburgh, and close to the sea. It consists of a large tract of sandy soil, thickly covered with moss, and is moist and elastic in the driest part of the season. From the circumstances of its absorbing the heaviest rain in a few hours, it is equally available for galloping in the wettest weather.

Having touched, so far, on what suggested itself as an outline of training, we will now proceed, on the same plan, to treat of the

qualifications, whether natural or acquired, necessary to form a good trainer.

In no calling of life is shrewdness and caution more required than in the trainer; in fact, without these requisites to start with, a man might as well attempt to scale the moon as to do any good on the turf. In addition to these indispensables, he should be of the strictest integrity: which, sooner or later, amply repays its possessor, by obtaining for him the confidence of his employer and the public. He must also be sober, that he may always have a clear head to study and attend to the various tempers and constitutions of the horses placed under his management, so as to do the best with them in training, and afterwards run them to the best advantage. Finally he must be close to all the world, except his employer, concerning the secrets of the stable.

As the trainer is expected to know every thing relating to a race-horse and to the turf, his apprenticeship to his calling cannot begin too early in life. The knowledge we allude to, may be briefly defined under the following heads, which are not unworthy the attention of those noblemen and gentlemen on the turf, who may not be ashamed of learning.

In the first place, the trainer should acquire a competent knowledge of the Stud-Book, so as to be able to advise and guide his master in the purchase of brood mares, the selection of stallions, or even the purchase of young horses to run. This has reference to their selection with regard to pedigree, or what is commonly called fashionable or running blood.

From actual observation, in preference to theory, he should endeavour to make himself a good judge of the formation and action of a race-horse. The very nature of his calling of course gives him abundance of opportunity of doing this.

The racing calendar should be his constant study and companion; its laws, rules and regulations of racing, he should have at his fingers' ends, and he should know, with accuracy, the running of all the horses of the day, the length of the courses they run over, the weights they carried, and the opponents they defeated.

He should keep a strict account of the expenditure of the stable, with a view to economy, and to correct prices, and should endeavour to obtain as much knowledge as possible, to enable him to judge of the quality of every article which enters it, especially the corn, hay, &c.

In the stable, his whole energies should be devoted to the one great object of getting his horses in the best possible condition to bring to the post; and as this cannot be accomplished by following to the letter any system which has been laid down, he must call to his aid all that own knowledge and experience, matured by constant and severe reflection, may suggest.

Among the divisions of practical training which especially require the attention of the trainer, the trials of race horses require parti-

cular notice; for unless the greatest care be taken in selecting a horse of known public running, and in proper condition at the time, the nicest skill in regulating the weights, according to age, fixing the distance, &c., and putting up the best jockeys, will not prevent the trainer and his employer from being misled by the result.

We cannot do better than quote the words of a well known writer on sporting literature, with reference to this subject.—Speaking of trials, he says, "There is no contrivance by which more money can be thrown away, than in the so called trials. The trial horse is often stale, and with hardly a leg to stand on, at high weights, and perhaps on a course which does not suit him, if brought out against a young one, in the highest possible train, fresh, and ready to fly out of his skin, and a light weight on his back. The old one, whether it be his forte or not, must make the play; and, as naturally may be expected, the young one runs up to the old one like a shot, as the trainers say; he is accordingly backed heavily, and on the day, gets a comfortable beating, to the very great surprise of those in the secret. This is not always the case, but I fear too frequently it is. Another evil in the usual mode of trying is, that boys, not jockeys, are put up in trials, by way of greater secresy: as if a trial ever yet was kept quite a secret.*"

Numerous are the cases in point, which might be cited in support of the truth of this position; but the recent one with Mr. Harvey Coombe's Cobham, is still fresh in the memory of the public. This horse, which rose to be first favourite for the Derby, entirely from his success in private trials against horses of established repute, could not run a yard in public.

* The following anecdote, for which we are indebted to the New Sporting Magazine (vol. xiv, p. 171), is an admirable illustration of the last remark, and, at the same time, a specimen of turf stratagem. "About a fortnight before the St. Leger, 1836, a trial took place in one of the leading stables in the north, and the 'favourite of the summer' having been found wanting, another goodly animal was placed in the enviable position of 'first favourite.' The result of the trial was duly forwarded to a gentleman in the town of great influence in the sporting circles, and was supposed to be known to him only. This gentleman happened to be rather late in his attendance at Tattersall's, and upon his arrival there, how great was his surprise to find that Mr. G——x had, by some means or other, profited largely by the knowledge of the trial, thereby preventing the party getting on at all. The gentleman having written to the 'Brothers' and informed them of this untoward event it was upon strict, though secret inquiry, found that the trial had become known through a lad in the stable, a relation of a celebrated trainer at Newmarket, who was in some degree connected with Mr. G.——x's turf speculations. And now, the *cure*. A day was fixed for another trial between the horses, and unknown to any of the lads, the winner of the previous trial was made to carry a heavy saddle about 14lb. weight. This just reversed the thing. As soon as the post allowed, the news of this trial reached Newmarket, and was duly forwarded to the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, where Mr. G——x resides. It only remains to state, that the party connected with the northern stable, completely succeeded in the manœuvre, Mr. G——x got quit of his fancied 'good and safe things,' and in return, was pretty freely dosed with a kind of *gladiator sauce*. In the sequel, however, these doings did not pay for the trouble, as the 'favourite' came off but second best.

We have given the methods of private trials, and the regulations concerning them, laid down by the Jockey Club, in a previous part of this work; all, therefore, that remains for us to add on this point, is to recommend to the trainer the careful perusal of that part of Mr. Darvill's excellent work on racing, which treats on this subject, and in which he will find proper directions for trying horses of every age, and of every description of temper and constitution.

In addition to mere works of reference on racing, and the best works on the training and management of race-horses, the trainer should furnish himself with the works of our best veterinarians, and make himself thoroughly conversant with the different symptoms, modes of treatment, remedies, &c., which they explain and recommend. A catalogue of such works can be readily obtained from any of the booksellers who deal in works on sporting subjects, and we would advise that the following works should, at all events, form part of the selection, viz:—The works of Mr. John Lawrence; Mr. Percival's Elementary Lectures on the Veterinary Art, his Anatomy of the Horse, and his Hippopathology; the Veterinarian, by Messrs. Percival and Youatt, from its commencement in 1828, up to the present day; Mr. James Turner's work on the Navicular Disease; and all the works of Mr. D. P. Blaine, who is, perhaps, without exception, the first veterinary surgeon of the present day.

If, in addition to a careful study of these and other similar works, our trainer could find time to attend some lectures, with dissections, either at the College in London, or elsewhere, he would find himself a considerable gainer by the time so bestowed.

In conclusion, we must mention as certainly not the least important of a trainer's duties, that by every consideration, whether a strict regard for his employer's interest, or in a moral point of view, he is bound to make the lads under him as happy as circumstances will permit, and to take every opportunity of instructing them in the duties of their situation.

When we consider that nearly all our best trainers and jockeys began life as lads in a racing stable, the manner of living, and everything connected with these youths becomes a matter of interest. We shall, therefore, make no apology to our readers for giving the extracts with which we shall conclude this chapter. We must, however, previously give a list of the principal trainers of the present day and, as correctly as our memory serves us, the names of their most influential employers.

Boyce; employed by the Duke of Rutland, Mr. Wigram, and the Hon. G. Byng.
Cooper; Lord Lichfield, Gen. Yates, and Col. Leel.
John Day; Lord G. Bentinck, Mr. Etwall, and Mr. Wreford.
Death; Captain Gardner.
Edwards; Lord Tavistock and Lord Albemarle.
Johnson; Lord Kelborne.
Marson; Captain Daintree and Mr. Watt.
Pattit; Lord Orford and Mr. Thornhill.
Prince; The Duke of Portland and Mr. Greville.

PERREN ; Gen. Grosvenor.
RANSON ; Lord Jersey.
ROGERS ; Mr. Warrall, Mr. Hussey, Mr. Goddard, and Mr. C. Wilson.
ROBINSON ; Mr. Theobold, Mr. Holbrook, Mr. Cook, and Mr. Osbaldeston.
JOHN SMITH ; the Duke of Cleveland.
SCOTT ; Lord Chesterfield. Lord Westminster, Col. Anson, Mr. Bowes, Mr. Hebden, Mr. G. Clark, and Mr Eddison.
SERWOOD ; Sir Gilbert Heathcote.
TURNER ; Lord Exeter.

The extracts we alluded to above, are from the memoirs of the late Thomas Holcroft,* written by himself, and continued to the time of his death, from his diary ; with notes and other papers by the late Wm. Hazlitt.†

Born of obscure parents, Holcroft's childhood was passed in such utter poverty, that even the situation of stable-boy was deemed an important change for the better ; and although that part of his diary which describes his life in this humble situation may be looked upon by many of his readers with contempt, to the sportsman it must ever be full of interest ; for not only does it afford a complete picture of the order of the day of that era in the racing stables, but at the same time gives us a complete insight into the life and characteristics of the stable-boy, from the pen of one in every way qualified for the purpose.

During the races at Nottingham in 1760, Holcroft's youthful mind was strongly taken with the excitement of these amusements. In his own words :—

" These different incidents had raised a strong desire in my mind to be better acquainted with a subject that had given to me, and as I thought to every body, so much emotion, and I began to consider what might be done. At that time I was rather a burthen to my father than a help. I believe I assisted him a little in mending shoes, but my asthma, till very lately, as well as my youth, had prevented my making much progress. At one time, indeed, I had been persuaded, though much against my will, to become apprentice to a stocking weaver ; but this, I forget how, broke off, at which I was very glad ; I did not like stocking-weaving.

" The question now occurred to me whether it would be possible for me to procure the place of a stable-boy, at Newmarket. I was at this time, in point of clothing, in a very mean, not to say ragged condition, and in other respects, was not much better off. The stable-boys I saw at Nottingham, were healthy, clean, well fed, well clothed, and remarkable rather for their impudence, than seeming to live under any kind of fear or hardship. Except their impudence, I liked every thing else I saw about them ; and concluded, that if I obtain so high a situation as this, I should be very fortunate.

* The principal works of this celebrated dramatist and author, are the comedies of " The Road to Ruin " " The Deserted Daughter," " Duplicity," &c. His best prose works are his " Travels in France." " Anna St. Ives," and " Hugh Trevor."

† Memoirs of the late Thomas Holcroft, in 3 vols., edited by Wm. Hazlitt, published by Longman and Co., Paternoster Row, 1816.

" These reflections preyed so heavily upon my mind, that I was at last induced to mention them to my father; and he having a predilection for every thing belonging to horse, and therefore, a high respect for this, the noblest state of that animal's existence, fell into my views, and only feared that they could not be accomplished. He resolved, however, that trial should be made; and, after inquiring among the jockeys, thought it advisable to apply to a Mr. Woodcock, who kept stables four or five miles from Newmarket, where he trained horses entrusted to his care. Mr. Woodcock examined me, asked my age, found I was light of weight, and, I suppose, liking the answers I gave to his questions, to our very great joy, agreed to take me upon trial.

" In the course of my life, there have been several changes that, each in their turn, greatly affected my spirits, and gave me advantages far beyond what I had ever before enjoyed. Of these gradual elevations, this was the first. I should now be somebody. I should be entrusted with the management of one of that race of creatures that were the most admired and beloved by me: I should be well clothed, wear a livery, which would shew I belonged to one of the great: I should not only have food enough, but of that kind which was highly relishing to the appetite of youth; and, in addition to all this, should receive an annual stipend. I jumped, as it were, from a precarious and mean-existence, where I could not tell what worse might happen, into a permanent and agreeable employment. I had only to learn to ride, and perform the duties of a stable-boy, of which I had no fear, for I supposed them far less difficult than I afterwards found they were.

" The grooms that resided at, and in the vicinity of, this famed town, are all, more or less, acquainted with each other; and on Mr. Woodcock's recommendation, I was put under the care of Jack Clarke, who lived with Captain Vernon, he having luckily a led horse, which I was to mount.

" The day of parting with my father, and of beginning our journey, was an anxious one. He could not too emphatically repeat the few well-meant precepts he had so often given me, nor I too earnestly assure him, I would love and obey him all my life. Notwithstanding his severity, he was passionately fond of me, my heart entered into the same feelings, and there was great and unfeigned affection between us.

" As is the custom in travelling with trained horses, we set off early, and walked without hurry. When we stopped to breakfast, the plenty of excellent cold beef, bread and cheese, with the best table beer, and as much as we pleased, gave me a foretaste of the fortunate change I had made. This, indeed, exceeded my utmost expectations—I was entering upon a new existence—was delighted, full of hope and cheerful alacrity, yet too timid to be presumptuous."

The next extract is full of interest; nothing can be more touching than the language in which the author contrasts his life as a stableboy with that he had previously led.

"There are few trades or professions, each of which has not an uniform mode of life peculiar to it, subject only to such slight variations as are incidental and temporary. This observation is particularly applicable to the life of a stable-boy.

"All the boys in the stable rise at the same hour, from half-past two in spring, to between four and five in the depth of winter. The horses hear them when they awaken each other, and neigh, to denote their eagerness to be fed. Being dressed, the boy begins with carefully clearing out the manger, and giving a feed of oats, which he is obliged no less carefully to sift. He then proceeds to dress the litter, that is, to shake the bed on which the horse has been laying, remove whatever is wet or unclean, and keep the remaining straw in the stable for another time. The whole stables are then thoroughly swept, the few places for fresh air are kept open, the great heat of the stable gradually cooled, and the horse, having ended his first feed, is roughly cleaned and dressed. In about half an hour after they begin, or a little better, the horses have been rubbed down, and re-clothed, saddled, each turned in his stall, then bridled, mounted, and the whole string goes out to morning exercise; he that leads being the first: for each boy knows his place.

"Except by accident, the race-horse never trots. He must either walk or gallop; and in exercise, even when it is the hardest, the gallop begins slowly and gradually, and increases till the horse is nearly at full speed. When he has gallopped half a mile, the boy begins to push him forward, and without relaxation for another half mile. This is at a period when the horses are in full exercise, to which they come by degrees. The boy that can best regulate those degrees among those of light weight is generally chosen to lead the gallop; that is, he goes first out of the stable, and first returns.

"In the time of long exercise, this is the first *brushing gallop*. A brushing gallop signifies that the horses are nearly at full speed before it is over, and is commonly made at last rather up-hill. Having all pulled up, the horses stand some two or three minutes, and recover their wind; they then leisurely descend the hill, and take a long walk; after which they are brought to water. But in this, as in every thing else (at least as soon as long exercise begins), every thing given to them is measured. The boy counts the number of times the horse swallows when he drinks, and allows him to take no more gulps than the groom orders, the fewest in the hardest exercise, and one horse more or less than another, according to the judgment of the groom. After watering, a gentle gallop is taken, and after that another walk of considerable length; to which succeeds the second and last brushing gallop, which is by far the most severe. When it is over, another pause thoroughly to recover their wind is allowed them, their last walk is begun, the limits of which are prescribed, and it ends in directing their ride homewards.

"The morning's exercise often extends to four hours, and the evening's to much about the same time. Being once in the stable,

each lad begins his labour. He leads the horse into his stall, ties him up, rubs down his legs with straw, takes off his saddle and body clothes ; curries him carefully, then with both curry-comb and brush, never leaves him till he has thoroughly cleaned his skin, so that neither spot nor wet, nor any appearance of neglect, may be seen about him. The horse is then re-clothed, and suffered to repose for some time, which is first employed in gratifying his hunger, and recovering from his weariness. All this is performed, and the stables are once more shut up, about nine o'clock.

" Accustomed to this life the boys are very little overcome by fatigue, except that early in the morning they may be drowsy. I have sometimes fallen slightly asleep at the beginning of the first brushing gallop. But if they are not weary, they are hungry, and they make themselves ample amends for all they have done. Nothing perhaps can exceed the enjoyment of a stable-boy's breakfast: what, then, may be said of mine, who had so long been used to suffer hunger, and so seldom found the means of satisfying it? Our breakfast consisted of new milk, or milk porridge, then the cold meat of the preceding day, most exquisite Gloucester cheese, fine white bread, and concluded with plentiful draughts of table beer. All this did not overload the stomach, or in the least deprive me of my youthful activity, except, that like others, I might sometimes take a nap for an hour, after so small a portion of sleep.

" For my own part, so total and striking was the change which had taken place in my situation, that I could not but feel it very sensibly. I was more conscious of it than most boys would have been, and, therefore, not a little satisfied. The former part of my life had most of it been spent in turmoil, and often in singular wretchedness. I had been exposed to every want, every weariness, and every occasion of despondency, except that such poor sufferers become reconciled to, and almost insensible of suffering, and boyhood and beggary are fortunately not prone to despond. Happy had been the meal where I had enough; rich to me was the rag that kept me warm ; and heavenly the pillow, no matter what, or how hard, on which I could lay my head to sleep. Now I was warmly clothed, nay, gorgeously, for I was proud of my new livery, and never suspected there was disgrace in it ; I fed voluptuously, not a prince on earth perhaps with half the appetite, and never-failing relish ; and instead of being obliged to drag through the dirt after the most sluggish, obstinate, and despised among our animals, I was mounted on the noblest that the earth contains, had him under my care, and was borne by him over hill and dale, far outstripping the wings of the wind. Was not this a change, such as might excite reflection even in the mind of a boy ?"

The following description of what the author calls the " grandeur of alarm " in the horse, is particularly happy.

" I once saw an instance of what may be called the grandeur of alarm in a horse. In winter, during short exercise, I was returning

one evening, on the back of a hunter, that was put in training for the hunter's plate. There had been some little rain, and the channel, always dry in summer, was then a small brook. As I must have rubbed his legs dry if wetted, I gave him the rein, and made him leap the brook, which he understood as a challenge for play, and beginning to gambol, after a few antics, he reared very high, and plunging forward with great force, alighted with his fore-feet on the edge of a deep gravel-pit, half filled with water, so near that a very few inches further he must have gone headlong down. His first astonishment and fear were so great, that he stood for some time breathless and motionless; then gradually recollecting himself, his back became curved, his ears erect, his hind and fore-leg in a position for sudden retreat; his nostrils from an inward snort, burst into one loud expression of horror; and rearing on his hind legs, he turned short round, expressing all the terrors he had felt by the utmost violence of plunging, kicking, and other bodily exertions. I was not quite so much frightened as he had been, but I was heartily glad, when he became quiet again, that the accident had been no worse. The only little misfortune I had was the loss of my cap, and being obliged to ride back some way in order to recover it."

We conclude these interesting extracts with our author's version of the anecdote of the racer, Forester :—

"When I had been about a year and half at Newmarket, Captain Vernon thought proper to match him (Forester) against Elephant, a horse belonging to Sir Jennison Shafto, whom, by the bye, I saw ride this famous match. Forester, therefore, had been taken up, and kept in training a sufficient time to qualify him to run this match; but it was evident that his legs and feet were far from being in that sound state which such an exertion required, so that we concluded that he must be beaten, for the reputation of Elephant arose out of his power rather than his speed.

"Either I mistake, or the match was a four-mile heat over the straight course; and the abilities of Forester were such, that he passed the flat, and ascended the hill as far as the distance post, nose to nose with Elephant; so that John Watson, who rode him, began to conceive hopes. Between this and the chair, Elephant in consequence of hard-whipping, got some little way before him, while Forester exerted every possible power to recover, at least, his lost equality; till finding all his efforts ineffectual, he made one sudden spring, and caught Elephant by the under jaw, which he griped so violently as to hold him back; nor was it without the utmost difficulty that he could be forced to quit his hold. Poor Forester, he lost; but he lost most honourably! Every experienced groom, we were told, thought it a most extraordinary circumstance. John Watson declared he had never in his life been more surprised by the behaviour of a horse."—*History of the British Turf.*

ENGLISH DRAMA.

" Hard is his lot that here by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,
The stage but echoes back the public voice,
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we, that live to please, must please to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die."

Dr. Johnson.

Of the first origin of the drama among the Greeks and Romans, we have already spoken in our fourth chapter, where we have shown that it had its source in the public games and religious festivals, at which it was customary to celebrate the life and exploits of the deity or hero in whose honour they were instituted. It is not our purpose to enter into the much-agitated controversy concerning the origin of the modern drama in Europe; for whether it arose in France or Italy, among the troubadours of Provence, or the shepherds in Calabria, it will be sufficient for our purpose to contend that it was a distinct species of itself, and not a revival of the ancient drama; that it was of Gothic rather than of classic birth; and that it ought not, therefore, to be bound by the rules or compared with the merits of its Grecian predecessor. Had Shakspeare been circumscribed by the ancient dramatic laws, of which he was probably ignorant, and which he certainly did not mean to follow, we should have had cold and tame imitation, instead of the fiery flights of original genius; and the dramatic glory of England wolud have suffered a lamentable eclipse.

Nothing, indeed, is more superfluous than our inquiries into the origin of great and useful inventions; nothing more vain than the keen contests among rival nations for the honour of their first discovery: for the principles of human nature being the same in all parts of the world, there may be often coincident productions at the two extremities of the globe, absolutely identical in their general nature, and yet both fully entitled to the merit of being original. Imitation is not less inherent in our nature than the passions; and if these were the sources of poetry in general, the former must in all ages have given rise to dramatic representations. It is natural for indolent persons, who have no resources in their arts of learning against the tediousness of life, to delight in assuming fictitious characters, as we see children at school fond of acting kings and

heroes, and of rudely dramatising the stories which have made the most vivid impressions upon their fancy. What thus began in amusement was soon found to be susceptible of a much higher and nobler application. As example is the strongest and most effectual manner of enforcing the precepts of wisdom, it became manifest that a just theatrical representation might be rendered a humanizing and instructive academy; with this special advantage, that the young spectator might contemplate a picture of human nature, and learn the manners of the world, without encountering its perils.

" Even some of the inspired writings have been considered dramatical by very pious persons. The illustrious Bossuet divides the Song of Solomon into various scenes; the Book of Job, equally valuable for its great antiquity and for the noble strain of moral poetry in which it is composed, has been esteemed a regular drama; and Milton tells us that a learned critic distributed the Apocalypse into several acts, distinguished by a chorus of angels. Gregory of Nazianzum, a poet, and a father of the church, persuaded the people of Byzantium to represent on their theatre some chosen stories of the Old and New Testament, and to banish from their stage the profane compositions of Sophocles and Euripides. The Jews themselves had the stories of the Old Testament exhibited in the dramatic form; part of a Jewish piece on the subject of Exodus is preserved in Greek iambics, written by one Ezekiel, who styles himself the poet of the Hebrews."*

A custom of representing at every solemn festival some event recorded in Scripture, became almost general nearly at the same period, in the south, the west, and even in the north of Europe; in the two latter of which divisions the poems of Gregory and the language of the Greeks were wholly unknown; so that neither can have borrowed their mysteries from Constantinople. In both these instances they probably originated in the pious desire of disseminating a knowledge of the Bible, at a time when the mass of the people were unable to read, and when even those who possessed that rare qualification, could not betake themselves to the Scriptures, since they were mostly restricted to the Latin Language. Although the clergy in many instances opposed themselves to any version of the sacred writings in the vulgar tongue, they do not seem to have objected to the translating into action, or dramatising such portions of them as were most susceptible of being thus illustrated. Of these pious, or as we should now rather say, profane performances, the church was the theatre; the ecclesiastics themselves, or their scholars, were the performers; and it appears that they were not altogether disinterested teachers, nor content with such scriptural knowledge or

* The principal characters of this drama are Moses, Sepphora, and *ὁ Θεος ἀπὸ βατου*, " God speaking from the bush." Moses delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is changed into a serpent upon the stage.—See *The Origin of the English Drama, by Thomas Hawkins*, p. 5.

moral instruction as could be thus conveyed, since they derived a pecuniary profit from their exhibitions. These were termed mysteries and miracles, because they inculcated the profound doctrines of Christianity, and represented the miracles wrought by the great founders of the faith and their successors, as well as the sufferings of the martyrs.

No other species of drama was known at Rome and Florence in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The passion of our Saviour was performed in the Coliseum ; and if their music at that period had been as perfect as it is now, if the poetry of so awful a piece had been composed by a Metastasio, and the choral part by a Pergolesi, the effect upon a devout people, who are at the same time passionate admirers of music, would have been profoundly impressive ; while the stupendous extent of the building must have presented a still grander and more august spectacle than our commemoration of Handel.

It is generally imagined that the English stage rose later than the rest of its neighbours ; and yet nothing is more certain than that we had theatrical entertainments almost as early as the Conquest, if we may believe Fitz Stephen, who in his *Descriptio nobilissimæ Civitatis Londoniæ*, says, " London, instead of common interludes belonging to the theatres, has plays of a more holy subject ; representations of those miracles which the holy confessors wrought, or of the sufferings wherein the glorious constancy of the martyrs did appear." This author was a monk of Canterbury, who wrote in the time of Henry II. ; and as he does not mention these representations as novelties, for he is describing all the common diversions of the time, we can hardly fix them later than the Conquest, which we believe is an earlier date than can be claimed for such entertainments by any of our continental neighbours. The first play of this kind specified by name is understood to have been called St. Catherine,* and, according to Matthew Paris, was written by Geofrey, a Norman, about the year 1110, and performed in the abbey at Dunstable. In Chaucer's time the miracle-plays were exhibited during the season of Lent, when a sequel of Scripture-histories was sometimes carried on for several days. At Skinner's Well, near Smithfield, in the reign of Henry IV., we read of a drama which lasted eight days, beginning with the creation of the world, and containing the greater part of the history of the Old and New Testament. This must have borne a close analogy to the well-known mystery entitled *Corpus Christi* or *Ludus Coventriæ*, the Coventry play, transcripts of which, nearly if not altogether, coeval with the time of its representation, are yet in existence. Three persons, speaking alternately, delivered the prologue to this curious play, which began with the creation of the universe, and ended with the last judgment.

* Quendam ludum de Sancta Katerina (quem miracula vulgariter appellamus) fecit.—Vitæ Abbat., p. 35, as cited by Strutt.

Sometimes, however, the mysteries consisted of single subjects, and made but one performance. Strutt mentions two of these mystery-plays, which he discovered in the Bodleian library at Oxford; one on the conversion of St. Paul, the other the casting out of the devils from Mary Magdalene. Notwithstanding the seriousness of the subjects selected for these performances, and the sacred character of the building in which they were usually displayed, it seems clear that they were not exhibited without a portion of pantomimical fun, to make them palatable to the vulgar taste; and, indeed, the length and dulness of the speeches required some such assistance to enliven them though they were in general much shorter than the modern plays. Beelzebub was the principal comic actor, assisted by his merry troop of under-devils, who, with a variety of voices strange gestures, and contortions of the body, excited the laughter of the populace. "It was a pretty part in the old church plays," says Harsenet in his Declaration of Popish Impostures, 1603, "when the nimble Vicewould skip up like a jackanapes into the devil's neck, and ride the devil a-course; and belabour him with his wooden dagger till he made him roar; whereat the people would laugh to see the devil so vice-haunted." Nor can there be any doubt that these profane mummeries were represented under the express direction of the clergy; for in the year 1378, the masters and scholars of St. Paul's school presented a petition to Richard II., praying him "to prohibit some unexpert people from representing the history of the Old Testament, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great expense, in order to represent it publicly at Christmas." How long these mysteries continued to be exhibited cannot be exactly determined; but the whole period of their continuance may be termed the dead sleep of the muses, both here and abroad.

In Italy they prevailed long after the revival of literature; for the classic models were known to the learned only, and it was necessary to gratify the people with subjects adapted to their capacity. One would scarcely have believed that when Tasso had written his Arminta, and furnished the noblest hints for tragedy in his Gierusalemme, the most ridiculous farces should still be exhibited at Milan; and that when Guarini had introduced a chorus of shepherds in his *Pastor Fido* the people of Italy should still be fond of seeing the Seven Deadly Sins dance a saraband with the evil spirit.

Of the absurdities and ignorance displayed in these rude plays, the reader, who may not have consulted them, can scarcely form a notion. In a mystery named *The Slaughter of the Innocents*,* Hebrew soldiers swear by Mahound or Mahomet, who was not born till six hundred years after. Herod's messenger is named Watkin; and the knights are directed "to walk about the stage, while Mary and the Infant are conveyed into Egypt." Yet notwithstanding the egregious blun-

* Printed in Hawkins's *Origin of the English Drama.*

ders and anachronisms, there is some kind of spirit in the character, and elevation in the language of Herod, who thus announces himself:

> Above all kinge's under the clouds christall
> Royally I reigne, in welthe withouten woe ;

lines in which the reader will observe a specimen of the alliterative metre invented by the northern bards, and so long a favourite ornament of our English poets.

One of the first improvements on the old mystery was the allegorical play or morality, so termed because the subjects consisted of moral reasoning in praise of virtue and condemnation of vice. The dialogues were carried on by such characters as Good Doctrine, Charity, Faith, Prudence, Discretion, Death, and the like, whose discourses were of a serious cast; while the province of making merriment for the spectators descended from the Devil in the Mystery, to the Vice or Iniquity of the Morality, who usually personified some bad quality; and even when the regular tragedies and comedies were introduced, we may trace the descendants of this facetious personage in the clowns and fools by which they were so frequently disgraced. That this motley fool should be admitted into the finest tragedies of Shakspeare, only proves how indispensable it had been rendered by the false taste of the age. Something of design, however, appeared in the Moralities: there was a fable and a moral; a sprinkling also of poetry; but not unfrequently they were still devoted to purposes of religion, which was then the paramount object of attention. In the more early days of the Reformation it was so common for the partisans of the old doctrines (and perhaps also of the new) to defend and illustrate their tenets by dramatic representations, that in the 24th of Henry VIII., in an act of parliament made for the promoting of true religion, we find a clause restraining all rimors or players from singing in songs, or playing in interludes, anything that should contradict the established doctrines. It was also customary at this time to act those moral and religious dramas in private houses for the edification and improvement, as well as the diversion of well-disposed families, for which purpose the appearance of the *dramatis personæ* was so regulated, that five or six actors might represent twenty characters. A more particular knowledge of these performances, any further than as it serves to show the turn and genius of our ancestors, and the progressive refinement of our language, is so little desirable, that the loss of the materials which might furnish fuller information is hardly to be regretted.

Even at the time when these mysteries and moralities were in vogue, there were secular plays and interludes acted by strolling companies, composed of minstrels, jugglers, tumblers, dancers, jesters, and similar performers, whose exhibitions were much relished, not only by the vulgar, but by the gentry and nobility. The courts of the kings of England, and the castles of the barons, were crowded with

these itinerants, who were well received and handsomely rewarded, to the great annoyance of their clerical rivals, who endeavored to bring them into disgrace, by inveighing against the filthiness and immorality of their performances, reproaches which seem to have been but too well merited. There existed, then, in Europe, at the opening of the sixteenth century, two distinct species of drama; the one formed upon the ancient classic model, and confined, like the sacred dialect of the Egyptian priests, to men of learning; the other merely popular, and of a Gothic original, but capable of great improvement, which now began to manifest itself. Being intended to divert as well as instruct the populace, the moralities contained a good portion of drollery and humour, with some rude attempts at wit, which naturally led the way for comedy. The first dramatic piece deserving this name was *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, written in 1551, and said, in the old title pages, to be "made by Mr. S——, master of arts, and played on the stage in Christ's College, in Cambridge." There is a vein of familiar humour in this play, and a kind of grotesque imagery, not unlike some parts of Aristophanes, but without those graces of language and metre for which the Greek comedian was eminently distinguished. The prevailing turn for drollery was so strong, that in order to gratify it, even in the more serious and solemn scenes, it was still necessary to retain the Vice or Buffoon, who, like his contemporary, the privileged fool, was to enter the most august presence, and vent his humour without restraint. Shakspeare's clowns, as we have already intimated, were successors of the old Vice, and our modern Punch may be deemed a representative of the same personage in dumb show. We have a specimen of the former character in the old play of Combyses, where Ambidexter, who is expressly called the Vice, enters with an old capcase for a helmet, and a skimmer for his sword, in order, as the author expresses it, "to make pastime."

After these moralities come what are termed interludes, which made some approaches to wit and humour. Many of them were written by John Heywood, jester to Henry VIII. Moralities, however, were still occasionally exhibited; one of them, entitled *The New Custom*, was printed so late as 1573. At length, after various modifications and improvements, they assumed the name of masques, which, in the reign of Elizabeth and her successor, became the favourite entertainments of the court.

Now might the dramatic muse be said to be fairly awake, for in the reign of Henry VIII. we appear to have had several writers of comedy. Richard Edwards, born in 1523, being both an excellent musician and a good poet, wrote two comedies, one called *Palemon and Arcyte*, in which we are told a cry of hounds in hunting was so well imitated, that the audience were extremely delighted: the other was termed *Damon and Pythias*. Soon after comedy had appeared, tragedy began likewise to be revived, but it was only among the more refined scholars that it at first retained any resemblance to the clas-

sic model. For the more popular audiences it was debased with an intermixture of low, gross humour, which long continued under the name of tragi-comedy. Our poets were mostly content to imitate the old mysteries, in giving only a tissue of interesting events without any artful conduct of the fable, and without the least regard to the three great unities. These compositions they called histories, and they would probably have long continued the only specimens of our heroic drama, if a few persons of more refined taste had not introduced legitimate tragedy in the ancient form, intended at first for private and learned audiences at the inns of court, or the universities. It was for a grand Christmas solemnity at the Inner Temple in 1561, that the tragedy of *Ferrex and Porrex* was composed by Thomas Sackville, afterwards Lord Buckhurst, assisted by Thomas Norton. As a favourable specimen of this production, we extract the lines in which Prince Ferrex imprecates curses on himself, if he ever meant ill to his brother Porrex :—

> The wrekeful gods pour on my cursed hede
> Eternal plagues, and never-dying wars !
> The hellish prince adjust my dampned ghoste
> To Tantal's thirst or proud Ixion's wheel,
> Or cruel gripe to gnawe my growing harte,
> To durynge tormentes and unquenched flames,
> If ever I conceived so frale a thought,
> To wish his end of life, or yet of reign.

This play, the first dramatic piece of any consideration in the English language, is not void of blemishes ; but the language is in general dignified and perspicuous, some of the speeches are genuine specimens of English eloquence, and the account of Porrex's death is very much in the manner of the ancients. It was a model which our first dramatic writers would have done well to follow ; but as they unfortunately aimed no higher than at present applause and profit, they were content to pander to the taste of a rude and ignorant audience, and the theatres continued to exhibit pieces much more in the Gothic form, than according to the chaste models of antiquity. How imperfect they were in all dramatic art, appears from an excellent criticism of Sir Philip Sidney on the writers of this period, who, however, instead of benefiting by his advice, endeavored to render their pieces as attractive as possible, by adorning them with dumb shows, choruses, and other devices. In spite of all defects, we had made a far better progress at this time than our neighbours, the French ; and were at least upon a footing with the other nations of Europe.

About the year 1589, *The Spanish Tragedy* was written by Kyd, and *Soliman and Persida* seems to have been composed by the same author. Though not entirely free from pedantry and affectation, a fine spirit runs through these productions, and the character of

Basilisco is very well supported ; and, if Kyd's play was acted before Shakspeare's Henry IV. (for they were both printed in the same year, 1599), it should seem to be the original of Falstaff. These tragedies are written in blank verse, intermixed with some passages in rhyme. where we sometimes find a smooth couplet not unworthy of Dryden, :

> Where bloody furies shake their whips of steel,
> And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel.

About the close of the sixteenth century a sacred subject was again delivered in the dramatic form, from the story of David and Absalom being wrought into a tragedy by George Peele, a very ingenious writer and a flowery poet. This piece abounds in luxuriant descriptions and fine imagery, the author's genius seeming to have been kindled by reading the Prophets and the Song of Solomon. He calls lightning by a metaphor worthy of Æschylus—" the spouse of thunder with bright and fiery wings :" nor is his description of David less worthy of admiration :

> Beauteous and bright he is, among the tribes—
> As when the sun, attir'd in glittering robes,
> Comes dancing from his oriental gate,
> And, bridegroom-like, hurls thro' the gloomy air
> His radiant beams.

There are many passages in this play of which Milton need not have been ashamed, and which, perhaps, he had read with pleasure, especially the Prologue, which is the regular exordium of an epic poem.

Such was the state of the English theatre, when all at once the true drama received birth and perfection from the creative genius of Shakspeare, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and others, upon whose merits it is unnecessary to enlarge. The former, in particular, by the charms of his versification, the beauty of his speeches and descriptions, and the surprising vigour of his original and unassisted genius, exalted the English stage to so high a degree of perfection, that it rivals or surpasses the classic models of ancient Greece and Rome. But though he outshines all his contemporaries, he has not altogether extinguished them. Enough of their productions remains to prove that they constituted a very brilliant and wide-spread gallery of dramatic talent. " He overlooks and commands the admiration of posterity," says an admirable critic ;* " but he does it from the *table-land* of the age in which he lived. He towers above his fellows in shape and gesture proudly eminent ; but he was one of a race of giants, the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful, and beautiful of them ; but it was a common brood. If we allow, for argument's

* The late Mr. Hazlitt, in his *Lecture on Dramatic Literature*, *p.* 8.

sake, that he w[illegible]n himself equal to all his competitors put together, yet there was more dramatic excellence in that age than in the whole of the period that has elapsed since. If his contemporaries with their united strength would hardly make one Shakspeare, certain it is that all his successors would not make half a one. With the exception of a single writer, Otway, and of a single play of his *(Venice Preserved)*, there is nobody in tragedy and dramatic poetry (I do not here speak of comedy) to be compared to the great men of the age of Shakspeare, and immediately after. They are a mighty phalanx of kindred spirits, closing him round, moving in the same orbit, and impelled by the same causes in their whirling and eccentric career. The sweetness of Decker, the thought of Marston, the gravity of Chapman, the grace of Fletcher and his young-eyed wit, Jonson's learned sock, the flowing vein of Middleton, Heywood's ease, the pathos of Webster, and Marlow's deep designs, add a double lustre to the sweetness, thought, gravity, grace, wit, artless nature, copiousness, ease, pathos, and sublime conceptions, of Shakspeare's muse. For such an extraordinary combination and development of fancy and genius, many causes may be assigned; and we may seek for the chief of them in religion, in politics, in the circumstances of the time, the recent diffusion of letters—in local situation, and in the charcter of the men who adorned that period, and availed themselves so nobly of the advantages placed within their reach."

This was indeed a dramatic era, since the writers for the stage, numerous and fertile as they were beyond all precedent, seem to have been hardly able to supply the demands of a people who must have been almost universally devoted to the entertainments of the stage, if we are to judge by the number of play-houses then supported in London. From the year 1570 to the year 1629, no less than seventeen had been built; and as the theatres were so numerous, the companies of players were in proportion. Besides the children of the chapel, and of the revels, we are told that Queen Elizabeth established, in handsome salaries, twelve of the principal players of that time, who went under the name of her majesty's comedians and servants. Exclusively of these, many noblemen retained companies of players, who performed not only privately in their lords' houses, but publicly under their licence and protection.

Abuse soon flowed from this universal and unrestricted indulgence in the pleasures of the stage. The great inns, being converted into temporary theatres, became the scenes of much scandalous ribaldry and shameless dissipation, of which Stow has left us a record in his *Survey of London*. Speaking of the stage he says, "This, which was once a recreation, and used therefore now and then occasionally, afterwards, by abuse, became a trade and calling, and so remains to this day. In those former days ingenious tradesmen and gentlemen's servants would sometimes gather a company of themselves, and learn interludes, to expose vice, or to represent the noble actions of our ancestors. These they played at festivals, in private houses, at wed-

dings, or other entertainments; but in process of time it became an occupation: and these plays being commonly acted on Sundays or festivals, the churches were forsaken, and the play-houses thronged. Great inns were used for this purpose, which had secret chambers and places, as well as open stages and galleries. Here maids and good citizens' children were inveigled and allured to private and unmeet contracts; here were publicly uttered popular and seditious matters, unchaste, uncomely, and shameful speeches, and many other enormities. The consideration of these things occasioned, in 1574, Sir James Hawes being mayor, an act of Common Council, in which it was ordained, That no play should be openly acted within the liberty of the city, wherein should be uttered any words, examples, or doings of any unchastity, sedition, or such like unfit and uncomely matter, under the penalty of five pounds, and fourteen days' imprisonment: that no play should be acted till first permitted and allowed by the lord mayor and court of aldermen; with many other restrictions. But these orders were not so well observed as they should be; the lewd matters of plays increased, and they were thought dangerous to religion, the state, honesty, and manners, and also for infection in the time of sickness: wherefore they were afterwards for some time totally suppressed; but upon application to the queen and council, they were again tolerated, and the following restrictions: "That no plays be acted on Sundays at all, nor on any holiday till after evening-prayer; that no playing be in the dark, nor continue any such time but as any of the auditors may return to their dwellings before sunset, or, at least, before it be dark, &c." But all these prescriptions were not sufficient to keep them within due bounds, but their plays, so abusive oftentimes of virtue, or particular persons, gave great offence, and occasioned many disturbances, when they were now and then stopped and prohibited."—*Smith's Festivals, Games, and Amusements, Ancient and Modern.*

THE RACING IN JULY.

BY CRAVEN.

"Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti."

HORAT. *De Arte Poetica.*

WHETHER the year 1850 be or be not the middle of the nineteenth century, it is a point of time which may conveniently form a starting-post for the purposes of retrospective and prospective thought. How fares it at these presents with the theory and the fact of life? Are the children of this generation wiser than were their fathers? and

shall knowledge keep pace with the hour, as the present passes onward into the future? Of some such sort as this would be the musing of philosophy and of practical policy. Similar contemplation is profitable in relation to the entire economy of moral and material being. But—

"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum."

Still, albeit our modest Muse lays no claim to the glories of the midnight oil; though it may not be urged that our—

"Meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell;"

nevertheless there come within the province of our reflections questions which concern the students of lighter lore. For instance, there exists a very popular prejudice, which assigns degeneracy to the horses of the modern turf. It would be to no purpose to institute an inquiry into the origin of this "myth" There it is—"which nobody can deny"—one of the conventionalisms generally accepted, wholly irrespective of proof, *data*, or the testimony of "competent false witnesses." The Olympic heroes of "the good old times" (an epoch which no one will confound with the classic age)—are Childseers, surnamed "Flying," and Eclipse. Partly in discharge of a promise made last month, and partly for the intrinsic interest of the theme itself, with the reader's leave we will break a lance with these doughty champions.

It so fell out that a short time since, the merits of Flying Childers and Eclipse formed the subject of a conversation between the writer and Mr. Herring, the celebrated animal painter—the Rubens of the British racer. It soon became obvious that the artist was "speaking by the book." That authority, in form of a copious and very interesting MS. of his own writing, Mr. Herring was kind enough to place at my disposal, and from it the following characteristic biographical *memoranda* are collated. It will not be out of place to introduce them here, where "all who run may read."

Few people, perhaps, are acquainted with the racing career of Flying Childers—it commenced in the spring of 1721 and closed in the autumn of 1722, during which interval he ran twice. The following two performances are all of which any record is in existence..... Newmarket, April 16th, 1721, the Duke of Devonshire's b. h. Childers (the term Flying is not used), by Darley's Arabian out of Betty Leedes, by Careless, beat the Duke of Bolton's Speedwell, 8st. each; four miles; five thousand guineas, h. ft.... October, 1722, the Duke of Devonshire's Childers, seven years old, beat Lord Drogheda's Chanter, twelve years old, 10st. each; six miles..... Both these races were matches, and form the catalogue of Flying Childers's achievements, who made his *début* on the course at six years old, and took his leave of it in the succeeding season. "Lawrence," observes Mr. Herring, "in his *History of the Horse*, falls into an error in

describing Flying Childers as a chestnut horse—he was a dark bay." His statement, that according to tradition the horse was not at first trained for the turf, but that his speed and power were discovered in the course of a very severe run with foxhounds, Mr. Herring does not so summarily dispose of. He says, "This I will not attempt to contradict. Mr. Leonard Childers used to assert confidently that he was merely used as a hack to carry the letter bag between Cantley Hall and the post-office at Doncaster. An intimate friend of the Mr. Childers who bred this flying son of Betty Leedes, however, having on several occasions had opportunities of observing his superior action, suggested the propriety of putting him into training a course which for some time was not adopted. The friend continuing incessant in his importunity, the hackney was at length sent to Newmarket—with what fortune we have seen. Mr Leonard Childers was accustomed to say, he did not deny the statement that the animal had been hunted, but that he had never heard of it till he read it in Lawrence's history. The record of the squire is more worthy than that of the historian, for the late Leonard Childers was an enthusiast in all that related to horses, and there can be little doubt of his having carefully investigated all that concerned so renowned a branch of his equestrian genealogical tree." These are scanty materials for so eminent a biography.

We proceed with our extracts from Mr. Herring's MS.:

"Eclipse, it would seem, ran his maiden race at Epsom, April 2nd, 1769, and won a £50 plate, being then five years old; four-mile heats, carrying 8st.; and beating, at two heats, Gower, five years old, who was distanced in the second heat. Gower ran but twice, and was beaten both times. Ascot Heath, May 29th, Eclipse won the Noblemen and Gentlemen's Plate of £50, 9st. 3lb.; beating Cream de Barb at two heats; two miles. Cream de Barb ran eleven times and won five. At Winchester, June 13th, Eclipse won the King's 100 gs., 12st.; four-mile heats; beating Slouch, Chigger, Juba, Caliban, and Clanvil; the last two were distanced in the first heat. Slouch ran three times, and was twice beaten; Chigger ran fifteen times, and was ten times beaten; Juba ran five times, and was beaten four; Caliban ran eight times, and was beaten four; Clanvil ran but twice, and was beaten both times. At Winchester, June 15th, £50; Eclipse walked over. At Salisbury, June 28th, Eclipse walked over for the King's 100gs. At Salisbury, June 29th, Eclipse won the City Plate, being a large silver bowl, and 30gs. added: 10st.; four-mile heats; beating Sulphur. Sulphur was but 14 hands one inch high, and ran nineteen times and was beaten nine. At Canterbury, July 25th, Eclipse walked over for the King's 100gs. At Lewes, July 27th, Eclipse won the King's 100gs.; 12st.; four-mile heats, at two heats; beating Kingston, who ran three times and won once. At Lichfield, September 19th, Eclipse won the King's 100gs.; 8st. 7lbs.; three mile heats, at two heats; beating Tardy, who ran eight times and won four. At Newmarket, April 16th,

1770, Eclipse, six years old, 8st. 7lbs., beat Bucephalus ; 600gs. to 400gs. Bucephalus ran three times and won twice. At Newmarket, April 19th, Eclipse won the King's 100gs. ; 12st. ; four-mile heats, R.C. ; beating Pensioner, Diana, and Chigger. Pensioner ran five times, and was beat each time ; Diana only started in this race ; Chigger ran fifteen times, and won but five. At Guildford, Eclipse walked over for the King's 100gs., June 4. At Nottingham, July 3, Eclipse walked over for the King's 100gs. At York, Aug. 20th, Eclipse walked over for the King's 100gs. At York, Aug. 23rd, Eclipse won the Gt. Subscription of £319 10s. 8st. 7lbs. four miles ; beating Tortoise and Bellario, 9st each. Tortoise ran twenty times, and won nine, and walked over twice ; Belario ran forty times, and won sixteen, and walked over once. At Lincoln, Sept. 3rd, Eclipse walked over for the King's 100gs. At Newmarket F. O. M., Oct. 3rd, Eclipse won £150 ; 8st. 10lbs. ; B.C. ; beating Corsican. Corsican ran twelve times, and was beaten nine. At Newmarket, Oct. 4th, Eclipse walked over for the King's 100gs."

O'Kelly's famous courser, like Flying Childers, kept the turf only two seasons. It will be seen that he appeared eighteen times—running for ten events, and walking over for eight. Contrast his career with performances of some animals of our own day—the catalogue does not purport to be an accurate synopsis of contemporary returns abridged from the Book Calendars.

Catharina, by Whisker, ran *one hundred and seventy one* races, winning seventy-six times, and running second thirty-five—sixty-three of her races were heats.....

Isaac, Zohrab	ran	90	races.
Potentate	„	87	„
Euphrates	„	82	„
King Cole	„	69	„
Independence	„	67	„
Barny Bodkin	„	66	„
Bees Wing, Modesty, Ascetic	„	65	„
Slim, Ratcatcher	„	64	„
Bodice, Adrian	„	63	„
Caliph, Sunbeam	„	62	„
Red Rover	ran	61	races.
Olympia, Burletta, Shadow	„	59	„
May Flower	„	57	„
Mentor	„	55	„
Serpent, Laburnum, Bravo	„	54	„
Northenden, Miss Kitty Cockle	„	52	„
Birdlime, Fortunio	„	51	„
Bellona	„	50	„

"Lawrence asserts," observes Mr. Herring, "that Eclipse won eleven King's plates, the weight for ten of which was 12st., the remainder 10st, : whence he derived his information it is not for me to say, but that he is considerably in error it is not very difficult to prove—unless he calls walking over winning. He only *won* four King's hundreds—three at 12st, four-mile heats, and one (at Lichfield) 8st. 7lbs., three-mile heats : he *walked over* eight King's plates." There is an old saying "tell me who you go with, and I'll

tell you who you are." In letter and spirit this is pat to our purpose. Examine Eclipse's *company*, and you may form a fair estimate of his *quality*. Neither the portrait of Eclipse by Sartorius, nor that by Stubbs, conveys to the eye the idea of an animal of great physical powers. In both he is represented with light thighs and arms, weak hocks and knees, and anything but muscular gaskins. An anecdote in strict keeping shall close our extracts, it is *apropos* of a brother of the brush above alluded to.

"Speaking of Stubbs, I was once asked by Sir T. S." (Sir Tatton Sykes?) "did I recollect him; I replied, 'no,' as he died about the year I was born. 'Well,' said Sir T., 'when I was at Oxford, we had a very ugly man in the college I was in; he was tall and anything but prepossessing, having an extravagantly large head, which certainly don't help to set off a plain face. The fellow's vanity led him to fancy that he should look well upon canvas. To this we all of course assented—I mean we, his brother collegians. Now it so happened that Stubbs was at this time practising his calling at Oxford, and to him we referred the man with the ugly mug—little supposing that he could paint the human face divine. To Stubbs he went, and the preliminaries arranged, the artist demanded how he desired to be pourtrayed? In what guise he wished to meet immortality? This was a poser. Requesting time to answer so momentous a question, he once more had recourse to *his friends*. We told him that the matter admitted of no question; that as a student of *Alma Mater*, it became him to be drawn in canonicals. Thus crammed he returned to the limner—'Paint me,' said he, 'in my canonicals,' 'In your canonicals,' rejoined Stubbs, thoughtfully, 'in your what? eh? ah—yes—I see, sir; *you mean in your hood and body clothes*.'"

* * * * *

For the current season, so far as it has gone, many of the principal meetings have fallen, singularly *mal apropos* for the monthly periodicals. As it was with Epsom in reference to our June number, so it was with Newcastle as related to that for July. This influential northern tryst did not terminate till the 27th of June, the last being the important day. A brief notice of it, however, is absolutely necessary to keep entire the chain of our turf record: the epitome will not venture out of bounds.

"Sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum:
Illuc, unde abii, redeo."

The weather was fair, but not so the average of the attendance. The scene opened with ominous languor, supported by a walk over for the Tyne Stakes, by Wish. The second year of the First Triennial Produce, 27 subscribers, brought four to the post. Baroness backed against the field: 5 to 2 against The Prior of Lanercost

—the winner by half-a-head, the favourite second. The Hunter's Stakes—amateur—7 subscribers, came off a trio. The Little Queen, 6 to 4 on her, won in a canter. The Convivial Stakes, 22 subscribers and eight runners, broke the ice. Vanguard won, and Sir Charles Monck's victory elicited a manifestation ; he, the horse—as indeed his master—was the favourite. The Maiden Plate, the Sweep won in three heats, in a field originally half-a-dozen in amount.

Tuesday mustered a far more goodly company than its predecessor —your handicap is the bait that kills. The racing opened with the Tyne Stakes for two years old, 13 named, whereof five went. England's Glory won by a length—this colt is by Clarion, or Emilius ; now Emilius won the Derby in 1823. The Ladies' Plate, a quartet at the post, was won by Tommy Lye—on Pot Luck..... The Northumberland Plate, the issue which had drawn all this host together, as every body knows is a market handicap, on which popular traffic is wont to be lavish. It had 69 nominations, some dodges, some devilments, and was on the whole a very proper thing of its kind. Seven ran, with 5 to 4 on one—hight Elthiron—*and he won.* In a field of sixty-nine race-horses weighted by a person of knowledge and experience, with a view to place them all upon the scene at *equal* main and chance—such *odds* were startling : under such circumstances for a favourite to win looks very like a miracle; but then the favourite belonged to the proprietor of a stud whose stable arrangements enable him to " do as he likes with his own." Lord Eglinton's Elthiron was a winner by a head—a brilliant finish —Roland second..... For the Queen's Plate two went—all manner of odds, from 3 to 7 to 1 on Legerdemain, who was beaten by half a length by Sweep.

Wednesday came in " heavily with clouds," and progressed similarly—with *ennui.* The North Derby was run a match between Michael Brunton and a colt by St Martin, out of Rebecca ; the former won cleverly by a length ; the latter was backed at 2 to 1 on him. A Free Handicap of 10 sovs., with 50 added, 12 subscribers ; Maid of Masham ran at 5 to 4 against her, and she won by half a length—miracles *will* never cease. There were five runners. First year of the Second Triennial Produce Stakes, 17 subscribers, run a match. Azeth, with 7 to 4 on him, waited till close at home, where he came, and in a beautiful struggle won by a head. The Corporation Plate, another match, Achyranthes won in two heats. The Aristocratic *Welter* Stakes Tommy Lye won in three heats, with Miss Lottery, and the list was run out. If Mr. Lye be the Newcastle idea of ponderous live lumber, I think we could astonish their northern notions with a south country sample of "welter," about as " aristocratic."

The Cup day maintains its Olympic *prestige* by " coaly Tyne ;" it is there the racing holyday—as elsewhere. The skiey influences were especially favourable, and it was a characteristic *finale* to a national

sporting gala. The Members' Plate opened the sport—four starters—5 to 4 against Maid of Team Valley. The favourite was a clever winner by three lengths—"cruel coffee for the fielders"—*haud meus hic sermo*. Eleventh year of the Gateshead or Lottery Stakes, 15 subscribers. Four contested for this prize—Æsculapius backed at even: however, he ran "boots," the winner being Mickleton. The Grand Stand Stakes, with 50 added, a dozen nominations paraded a field of seven. A two-year-old of Mr. H. Stebbings's, called The Cutler, won cleverly by a length, but the company was not a distinguished one. The Gold Cup Stakes, 10 sovs. each, p. p. and 50 added—*the* race of the day—was run a match between Canezou and Achyranthes—5 to 1 on the mare. The filly made the running till close at home, when Holmes brought out Canezou, and won by a neck. The Lottery Handicap had four starters—even on Miss Lottery, However, she lost, in consequence of being last, and Valentine won, being first by half a length. There were three heats for the Innkeeper's Speculation Plate, which Pot Luck had the best of—and the curtain descended.

From this calendaric detail it is somewhat of a relief to turn to theory—and Stockbridge. I pass Macclesfield and Bibury without more mention than this allusion to their chronological position. True, Stockbridge and Bibury are identical as far as regards locality—but no farther.....

"But I'm again at my old lunes, digressions."

A reference to the Derby betting in the last number of this work will instruct the curious, should they not have known it before, that during the month of June, Grecian was first favourite for that event to occur in the year 1851. Well, it was understood this great creature would make his *début* at Stockbridge, in a certain chicken sweepstakes, whose venue was as aforesaid: and such was the fact. The Thursday's list contained two events—the first a Produce Stakes, for which Deicoon, of Epsom memory, walked over: and a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, of which last Grecian formed an item. They laid 3 to 1 on him against the field of half-a-dozen—a moiety, however, being in John Day's stable. He won "in a common canter by three or four lengths." So said the official returns, June 27th, 1850. Anon the comment will be read. Friday's running at Stockbridge demands a brief recapitulation. The second year of the First Triennial Stakes, 36 subscribers, brought out a trio, consisting of Compass, Cariboo, and Sweetheart. They laid 5 to 2 on Cariboo, and Compass beat him "cleverly by a length"—I write by the book, that no offence may issue. The first year of the Second Stockbridge Triennial Stakes, 37 subs., had half-a-dozen runners. The odds were 9 to 2 on Payment, and this well-called young one kept the word of promise to the hope..."she won in a canter by a couple of lengths." A Sweepstakes, in heats, won by

West Indian, and a match for £50, won by Athelstane, wound up the bill of fare.

Newmarket July Meeting fell on Tuesday the 2nd ult., and two following days. Its first feature was that once again you made the modern Elis through that old familiar "Pike" which occupies the passage of the classic "Ditch." The Chesterford branch of the Eastern Counties Railway has perished for the lack of sap—want of "*sap*" has been the cardinal failing of the generality of lines, whether "trunks," or "branches." The posy of a London *terminus* is that of Dante's *Purgatorio—voi che entrate lasciate ogni speranza.* If you have doubts upon the subject, select the 5 P. M. express train of the South Western line, any Saturday in the season, and while your luggage is being deposited at the entrance to the first-class department, *call for the porter;* observe, *the* porter, not *a* porter—do you conceive ?..... The Middle Meeting, as the natives have it, is never very famous for sport; nevertheless it always possesses some interest, "more or less:" this year it was "less." As it is wise to profit by occasion, the little fact there is to "note" may peradventure be made some amends for by "comment." Is the saying sooth which declares that "coming events cast their *shadows* before ?" Can it be that ill omens announce evil days at hand for Newmarket ? In the return of the race for the July Stakes, it will be seen that the result of the first attempt was a dead heat between the Stockbridge flier and a filly of Sir Joseph Hawley's—"said to be moderate." *Apropos* of this surprise, the gentleman who writes the leading articles on the turf in a leading sporting paper thus speculates—"I don't of course pretend to say how much Grecian was affected by the difference of ground—his first essay having been upon his own dung-hill, viz., *the soft ground* of Stockbridge, *where not a sheep is allowed to crop a blade of herbage*, while on this occasion *his feet had to rattle over the hard surface of the 'blasted heath.'*" What think ye of that, members of the Jockey Club, and the Stewards? What think ye, Messrs. Keepers of the Match Book, Judge, Starter, Clerk of the Scales, and Groom of the Course—"*rattle over the blasted heath*"—an earthquake can't be far off.....

It was known at this time that John Scott had bought Clincher—people said for Mr. Henry Hill. That however was contradicted; but that Clincher had been transferred to the great northern stable was a *fait accompli.* The attendance on the heath at the late hour at which the racing commenced was very limited, and almost wholly confined to proprietors of horses and "professional" gentlemen. The first event was a Handicap Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, &c., &c.; New T. Y. C., 9 subs. Eight went, at 3 to 1 against Newport, 4 to 1 Wallflower, 4 to 1 Diligence, and 6 to 1 The White Lady. It was what a handicap is meant to be—a "rattling" (for the future the word must be tabooed at Newmarket) dashing finish, all of a ruck. Diligence first, a neck before Slang, who beat The White Lady by a head, who beat Wallflower by a length—and so forth. Next came

The July Stakes. For this cream of two-year-old races there were 36 named, and of these five showed at the post. The betting out-Heroded anything within memory in reference to the question at issue. The odds, after many fluctuations, settled down at 3 to 1 on Grecian, 9 to 2 against the Venus filly—Sir Joseph Hawley's, and 100 to 7 against Phlegra. A filly of Mr. Rolt's, called Ingratitude, went off with the lead, presently giving way to the cracks, and now the race may be regarded as a match between these two. Grecian led, making his own running up the rise, two lengths before the mare. Here, however, Templeman came—caught the horse down the fall, the pair closing the chair stride for stride—Alfred Day by dint of whalebone at the very last length contriving to make a dead heat of it, not without swerving against his antagonist. For the second heat they laid 11 to 8 on Grecian. Alfred Day now waited till they were within the ropes, then made his effort, and won cleverly by two lengths. A match having paid, the list was at an end. How far the day's work is likely to benefit the Derby favourite may be gathered from the following *data*, suggested by the gentleman whose views of the heath have already been given..... "As the old system is still persevered in, of allowing the heath to be cropped by sheep, so that the very roots of the scanty herbage are exposed, if not torn up, we need not be surprised that the burning rays of the late unclouded sunny weather have baked the Flat, and even most other parts of the heath, *as hard as a stone*.".....

Wednesday was the superlative of an off day. The dust smothered you ; the dulness incited to suicide : the sport was a bad burlesque. The latter opened with a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, New T. Y. C., *three subscribers* (deductions included about a dozen pounds for the winner.) Mr. Stephenson's "colt by Dromedary, dam by Mulatto, out of Lunacy," won. It would save much time and space to give this anonymous animal a designation which should come within a line of Long Primer. A Fifty Pounds Plate, for all ages above two years-old—"to start at the starting-post of the Two Middle Miles, and to run to the end of the Round Course, one mile, six furlongs, and 178 yards"—there's a history of a course. A trio went for this, with 8 to 1 on jolly old Collingwood. He won. Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two-year-olds ; last half of Bunbury Mile, 5 subscribers. They all went, Harp the favourite, at 9 to 4 against her. She had the best of the spurt by a length, Lord Exeter's colt by Venison, out of Ratan's dam, second. The winner ran in Rogers's name, and was ridden by his son. The Town Plate of 50 sovs., "The Perram Donation," for three years old ; last mile and a distance of the B. C. Lord Exeter's Preslaw won, beating a brace, whereof St. Fabian was the second, at 7 to 4 on him.

Thursday, to mend matters—and it *did* mend them—was a regular dog-and-cat day, downright rain and no misunderstanding. The feature of course was the Chesterfield Stakes—may they long survive!—the memorial of a turf career, which if it could not command

success, most certainly endeavored to deserve it. The list began with a match for £200, 50 ft., across the Flat. Peasant Girl, 8st 4lbs., and 6 to 4 on her, beat The Arab, 8st. 7lbs.—"easily by half a length." A Handicap Sweepstakes of 15 sovs. each, for all ages, two-year-olds excepted, New T. Y. C., 6 subscribers. The odds made The White Lady the fancy, at 5 to 2 against her, the others at various prices. For the course, it was a hollow affair, California winning by two lengths in a canter. The Chesterfield Stakes, with 43 subs., *post varios casus*, came off in a field of nine. As the rule is in most *cases* of the sort, a great many were "put in the hole," and a few into the "pot," to keep till they are wanted. The latest betting was 7 to 4 against Ariosto, 2 to 1 against Teddington, and 3 to 1 against Miserrima. The first of the running was of a miscellaneous character—the lot all of a ruck. Then Turtle made play, with both Ariosto and Teddington too close to be pleasant. At the ropes the tug of war began, of which Teddington had the best, beating Ariosto by a neck, Turtle and three or four others well up. There being no race for the Garden Stakes, this closed the Middle Meeting.

Carlisle, Tiverton, Lancaster, and Tenbury races also took place during the first week of July. They were good provincial merry-makings, but, in a sporting point of view, would have been much better had the system of heats been less closely adhered to. Leather Plating, under the most favourable circumstance, is far from a mirror of chivalry; with that devil's device, the heat "*à discretion*," it is a racing thimble-rig—"heads I win, tails you lose."

Liverpool July Meeting occupied the second week of the past month. It is not well placed, in a chronological point of view: as regards topography, it is the *ideal* of turf perfection. Horses wanted for Goodwood in about a fortnight are not likely to show on the bank of the Mersey; but, then, that noble estuary is a highway from Erin and Scotia to the course of Aintree. On the occasion with which I am about to deal, the attendance, at all events, left nothing to be desired by those who have pleasure or profit in a crowd. In a sporting point of view, the meeting was a great fact; as regards business, the interest was limited to one event. On Wednesday, the 10th ult., the summer races commenced with the Croxteth Stakes, and a field of four. Strongbow, with 6 to 4 on him, won by six lengths; Alp second, not being "persevered" with, when it was of no use. The Nursery Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, 16 subscribers, brought half-a-dozen to the post. The odds were 2 to 1 on Sir Joseph Hawley's filly, by Bay Middleton, out of Venus. This accounts for the other half score paying *all* forfeit, and taking the precaution of saving incidental expenses by remaining in the stable. It was a very easy victory, the favourite winning by a length, Knook Knoll second. First year of a Post Produce Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, for foals of 1847, to run again in 1850, &c., &c., 6 subscribers; had a trio at the "*post.*"

They laid 5 to 4 on Hernandez; and Hernandez took the lead and kept it, and won, thereby showing that "they" were right. By this time the position of the "fielders" had become rather critical. Second year of a Post Produce Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, 9 subscribers. This was run a match between Cranberry and The Italian, 6 to 4 on the latter. The favourite had all the first of the race to himself; but close to home he "shut up," or failed, and Cranberry past the "post" first by a head. The Bickerstaff Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year olds, &c., &c., of the four nominations had but a pair "to the fore," as Paddy says: these were The Jester and Witchcraft, 5 to 2 on the latter. But "they" were wrong, for the former won by three lengths, and the Ring was itself again. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for two year-olds, induced three of the score named to try their luck. The Knight of the Garter was backed at 6 to 4 on him. He was last, however, Harpsicord winning, with Pirouette next him. A Plate of £50, for three year-olds and upwards, was run for by four, 6 to 4 on Kennington. He won cleverly by a length. A Match for 200 sovs., h. ft., for two-year-olds, Lord Glasgow's colt, by Don John, out of Miss Whip, received, and the list was run out.

Thursday, the Cup anniversary, was a bumper—flowing over. The trains arrived at the course in rapid succession with their thousands, and the road poured in its multitudes. During the early morning, Liverpool reminded you of Greenwich Fair. The *concourse* was immense. Business, however, was flat, and, as will presently be seen, "unprofitable" to the profession. Should Goodwood and Doncaster "follow suit" with Epsom and Liverpool, the "talents" will be hard set to find "a *leg* to stand upon." It was a glorious dusty afternoon when the fun began on Aintree, with a Free Handicap of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for three-year-olds and upwards, &c., &c., 14 subscribers. The field, like all its predecessors, was "short," but half-a-dozen showing. California was backed at 7 to 4 against her, which she honored by winning by a length A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each. 2 ft., with 30 added, for all ages, 12 subscribers, produced the first "ruck" of the meeting. Half a score went, and Taly ran away with it. She was therefore claimed for £50, and, being a three-year-old, carrying 6st. 11lbs., the pretensions of her companions "may be more easily imagined than described." The Derby Handicap, 25 subscribers, had half-a-dozen at the post. They made Elthiron the favourite at 2 to 1 against him, "and so they ought to did," for he came when he was wanted, and won "very easily by a length." We have now arrived at the traffic detail: at the great betting race of the meeting—The Liverpool Cup, of 200 sovs. in specie, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each; 15 ft., &c., &c., 126 subs., 77 of whom declared..... Few readers of these pages will need being told that for a considerable interval preceding the issue, the public had insisted upon making Windisch-

gratz a "pot" for the Liverpool Cup, not because of anything he had achieved on the course, but in consequence of certain *on dits* in circulation, and very general acceptance, touching this member of the *Jeremy Diddler* family. "To draw a conclusion from the horse's public performances," observes one of the critics..... "to draw a conclusion from the horse's public performances at Bath this season, he had no more chance at Liverpool than a donkey would have." Fair sir! the case is *apropos* of donkeys. It has been canvassed upon the "principle" of handicapping. The *principle* of handicapping! the editor puts *that* into the bottom of his Balaam box. Of the forty-nine left in, eight came to the post; the betting being 2 to 1 against Windischgratz, 7 to 2 against Cockermouth, 9 to 2 against The Maid of Team Valley, 5 to 1 against Vampyre, and 8 to 1 against Juggler. The event calls for short introduction. So soon as it pleased the favourite to "come" and win, he did so, the race being his own from the first stride to the last. The motto of a renowned Scottish house suggests excellent council to the turfite. "I bide my time," should be the posy of all those who contemplate *doing* well in the handicap. Cockermouth was four lengths behind the "crack," the others "in a concatenation accordingly!!" Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, for three-year-olds and upwards, Strongbow won, beating Legerdemain and Hope, who allowed him to walk over for the second heat. He was backed at even. The Grosvenor Stakes for three and four-year-olds, 3 subscribers, Uriel walked over for. For the Foal Stakes, 100 sovs., h. ft., 4 subscribers, Mildew received; and Crotchet having done the same in the Match for 200 sovs., h. ft., with Lord Caledon's colt, by Simoon, out of Lady Caroline, the day's diversion closed.

Friday put forth a programme upon a lavish scale: it points to the inconvenience of the prologue. The racing began with the Liverpool St. Leger, of 25 sovs. each, with 100 added for three-year-olds, 21 subscribers; only a trio met for this pretty little picking, the betting 6 to 5 each against Chatterbox and Italian, and 7 to 1 against Michael Brunton. The Irishman won by two lengths in a canter, after a waiting race, by no means a national propensity. The Aintree Stakes, handicap, of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, for two and three-year-olds, 12 subscribers, had a field of half-a-dozen; they took 7 to 4 against Tightwaist, and she won easily by a length, Tommy Lye being pilot. The Grand Stand Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 50 added, for three-year-olds, mustered 7 subscribers and 3 runners; the betting was 3 to 1 on Probity, which turned out a mistake, as Mr. Pillings' filly, by Auckland, out of Atalanta, won in a canter by four lengths. The Stanley Stakes, of 15 sovs. each, 10 ft., for two and three-year olds, 8 subscribers, came off a trio; they laid 6 to 4 on Harriot, and she beat Tightwaist, second, by a neck, Jester last, not more than a length behind her. One Hundred Sovereigns—given by the hotel keepers—added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, for all ages, 4 subscribers;

this strong list only sent 8 representatives to the issue. Belus was backed at even against the field, and after others at miscellaneous odds came Uriel—boots—8 to 1 against him. It was a race between Uriel and Alonzo, in the end won cleverly by the former by a length. The Knowsley Dinner Stakes, of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, 8 subscribers, brought out three; they laid 5 to 2 on Bee hunter, and after a slashing finish with Chatterbox, he just won on the post by "a short head." The Bentinck Testimonial, a Handicap Stakes of 15 sovs. each, 5 ft., with a piece of plate of 100 sovs. value added, for all ages, 7 subscribers; 5 made up the field, 6 to 5 being the odds against Vampyre and 9 to 2 against Alp; Abbess made the running, as if to try how fast and furious she could go; of this it came to pass that ancient Lye, who was on the waiting dodge with Alp, passed the post first, when the Abbess had no more go left in her. A "Selling" Stakes of 5 sovs. each, with 30 added, for three-year-olds and upwards, 5 subscribers, had three at the post; they wagered 3 to 1 on Clara, but Magician won by five lengths, and wound up the Thursday's engagements. Thus closed a meeting, among the most characteristic features of which was the good old English hospitality that prevailed in the "noble homes" of the neighbourhood.

Nottingham Races took place on the 16th and 17th. They ruled according to the average of the times, showing the turf at a considerable premium. The limits of these racing *resumés*, however, do not admit of more than mere allusion to the hosts of provincial races which occur at this season, or a passing word upon the notabilities that "star" among them... ..Mr. Ford's Payment astonished the natives in the Two-year-old Stakes, which of course she won as she pleased. The Nottingham Handicap—the investment of the meeting—of the 62 animals named, had 8 at the post; Mr. Wrather's Maid of Masham winning a length in advance of Maid of Team Valley. The sport was ample, the two days furnishing ten items, including the walks over. Salisbury Races fell on the 18th and 19th; they were good, and, as the published account of them announced, "The subscription book for 1851 has received several names, and we are in hopes of seeing Salisbury placed in the first class of provincial meetings."

Stamford came out on the 17th and 18th ult. with great *éclât* The list was a "stunner," as a fast man of authority declared, and the patrician tryst at Burleigh put it on the scene in the style of Goodwood as it is, and Heaton Park as it used to be. Moreover, it was honored with the presence of "most of the leading members of the Ring!" What more glories are in store for Stamford Races? The sport calls for a short bill of particulars. It commenced with the Stamford St. Leger, a sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., with 25 added, for three-year-olds, 11 subscribers; a trio came to the post, at the head of which was Officious, in the betting with 2 to 1 on her, and won the race by a length. The Hunters' Sweepstakes may pass *sub silentio*. The Burghley Stakes, handicap, with 47 nomina-

tions, had eight runners; the odds were 5 to 2 against Wanota, 7 to 2 against Jelly Fish, 5 to 1 against The Gent, 6 to 1 against Brandyface, and 6 to 1 against Little Jack; it was a scurry of great interest, Little Jack only beating the favourite on the post by a head. The Gold Cup, of 100 sovs. value, &c., &c., 13 subscribers, produced a quartette, with Little Jack first in the ring at 6 to 4 on him; this price, however, did not suit such of the "leading members" as happened to lay it; the race, which was a very poor one, ended in favour of The Gent by three lengths. Besides these specimens there were many other events of account—and no heats. May the example speedily become a precedent as binding as were the laws of the Medes and Persians.....Madsfield, Ipswich, Barnstable, had also their meetings about this time—the height of the Olympic season. But beyond a statement of that fact these presents may not go.....

Winchester Races occupied Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23rd and 24th. In chronological arrangement they fell upon an evil time, the week immediately preceding Goodwood being about the worst of the fifty-two which could have been assigned them. "To guard against a second failure," we are told, "it has been suggested, that in future the meeting shall take place on the Thursday and Friday in the Bibury week." No doubt this would be a more promising epoch. But "to attain this object it will be necessary to prevail on the Bibury Club to commence their racing on Tuesday." It is to be hoped the plan will meet with no opposition, albeit there is a but in the way. The occasion under notice was sadly barren of sport. Tuesday opened with the Great Produce Stakes of 50 sovs. each, &c., for which Sergius walked over. Then came the Original Hampshire Stakes, and of the 10 subscribers a quartette to the post; the Wren was first favourite at 7 to 4 against her, 2 to 1 against Self-defence, and 3 to 1 each against Woodsprite and Quiver; the latter, however, won cleverly by a length, the Wren last, never having "shown" in the race. Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas for three-year-olds and upwards, was won in two heats by Confidence, backed at even. This closed the first day's list. Wednesday's sport began with the Two-year-old Stakes, 7 subscribers, and five runners; they laid 7 to 4 against Catalpa, 5 to 2 against the filly out of Margellina, and 4 to 1 against Iracundus; the finish, a very severe one, lay between Catalpa, Iracundus, and the Margellina filly, the favourite winning ultimately by a head. The Winchester Stakes paraded four, and, at the end of two heats, fell to the prowess of Miss Larkaway. The Foal Stakes—three nominations, and all at the post, even on Ranger—Sergius won in a canter by a couple of lengths; and the City Members' Plate of 50 sovs. having been secured by Woodsprite, after three heats, the meeting terminated. It will be seen there is ample room for improvement in future anniversaries.

During these same two days Chelmsford Races were also held. Report represents them to have come off with considerable *eclát*. The

fields in some cases were quite startling; for instance, eleven ran for a sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each with fifty added—won in two heats by Grasshopper. Her Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas drew four to the post; and in two heats fell to the lot of the Gent. Then followed the Hyland Stakes, 8 subscribers, and seven in the field. After a false start, and a wrangle, the race was won by Thorogood Sam: one wonders who may have been his godfather. The Stewards' Plate of 50 sovs. produced three heats; The Ballet Girl the best of the three. Wednesday furnished three events, and four races, but not of sufficient account to claim separate notice. Besides these meetings, there were races at Wenlock, near Guildford. At the latter sporting rendezvous the list contained one event, thus alluded to in a journal of the 28th ult.:—

"The annual Guildford farce was played on Friday (the 26th), when, thanks to the supineness of the Master of the Horse—(wherefore thanks?) another of Her Majesty's Plates was thrown away in the presence of a small company, and to the gratification of none but the self-elected steward, and the owner of the animal which happened to be fortunate enough to have his head first at the winning-post. How much longer will this monstrous piece of humbug be tolerated? Confidence was the name of the animal which 'was fortunate enough to have his head first.'"

As already intimated, Goodwood Races fall so as to prevent any report of them being given in this number. A reproach of being without all reference to them, however, must not be hazarded, and therefore the following notice of the good things they have in store is subjoined, copied from the columns of a sporting contemporary.—

THE "GOODWOOD CUPS."

The three "cups" for the approaching races at Goodwood are of a character, both as sporting prizes and as works of art, that can bear comparison with any which have hitherto been produced. They show an advance in good taste, greatly to the credit of the sporting community, and to the progress of the artists and manufacturers employed in their designs and fabrication. Two of them have been manufactured at the well-known establishment of Messrs. Hunt, Roskell and Co., of Bond-street, and one at the establishment of Mr. Hancock in Bruton-street and Bond-street. The first of these three "cups" is a copy from the Etruscan. It is a vase of the purest antique shape, and of the most classical proportions; the bands and decorative relievos are ingenious, composed of all such things as are to be found in connection with the management and economy of the stable, viz., ears of oats, blossoms of clover, curb-chains, platted straw, horse-shoes, rakes, prongs, &c., so disposed and connected, that they take the place of the usual wreaths of leaves, &c., by which the antique vases are encircled. The handles of the vase are formed by sea-horses, whose tails are so disposed as to entwine the upper portion, whilst the stem or support of the vase is made

by figures of centaurs. The whole is supported on a square plinth of silver, beneath which is a base of ebony. This cup is purely a racing cup, everything about it being equestrian, and having a relation to the race-course. It does great credit to the good taste of Sir George Hayter, and is an original piece of art, and a variety in the character of racing prizes that will give satisfaction to all. The second cup, manufactured at Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's, is entirely after a design of Mr. Alfred Brown, an artist whose name in connection with works of this sort has been repeatedly before the public and who has been gradually, but at the same time steadily, improving in his profession since he first became known to the public. The present "cup" is of the dish like or Tazza form, measuring in circumference nearly five feet; it is supported on a stem representing a palm-tree, the fan-like leaves of which are spread beneath the Tazza, and add greatly to the beauty and elegance of the appearance. It stands two feet six inches high, the base or ground being supported by three feet, all of silver, there being neither plinth nor ebony base. On the ground are two equestrian statuettes representing Alexander the Great and the Spartan Craterus attacking a lion, as related in the life of the monarch by the historian Plutarch. The figures are finely modelled, the attitudes of the men, horses, dogs, and lion being full of life and spirit, and telling the story of the adventure as completely as such a story can be told by an artist in sculpture or silver. The "cup" is meant to form an ornament for a table or sideboard. The third "cup," from this manufactory of Mr. Hancock, is of a different class of art. It is, in fact, an elaborate group of statuettes in burnished and frosted silver, designed by M. Freret (the horse by Mr. M'Carthy), and representing the Sheriff of Nottingham, an equestrian figure, Robin Hood, the outlaw of Sherwood Forest, Little John, his companion, and a couple of blood-hounds. The outlaw is in the act of shooting at the popinjay, or pigeon fastened to a pole, and the other figures are bending their eyes to see the result of his attempt. The story has been told by the minstrel of the days of Richard the First, and may be found in Dr. Percy's collection of old English ballads; but the sport was at least fifteen hundred years older, and is thus set forth in the poem of Virgil, which Dryden has well translated :—

"A fluttering dove to the mast's top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance;
Then all with vigour bend their trusty bows,
And from the quiver each his arrow chose.
Hippocoon's was the first, with forceful sway
It flew, and whizzing cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the mast, the feather'd weapon stands.
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands,
And the tree trembled.

Then Menesthius to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above;
But made a glancing shot, and missed the dove:
Yet missed so narrow, that he cut the cord
Which fasten'd by the foot the flitting bird.
The captive thus released, away she flies,
And beats with clapping wings the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurylas stood:
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped;
The fatal message reached her as she fled:
She leaves her life aloft, she strikes the ground.
And renders back the weapon in the wound."

London Sporting Review, for August, 1850.]

THE RACING IN AUGUST.

BY CRAVEN.

Sic laudamus equum, facilis cui plurima palma
Fovet, et exultet rauco victoria Circo."

JUVENAL.—*Sat. viii.*

THE great Olympic tryst—which commenced on the 30th of July, and extended over the first two days of the past month—stands, and most appropriately, at the head of "the racing in August." It was the forty-eighth anniversary of Goodwood Races: was it also the climax of their fortunes? That its advent was flat and unprofitable cannot be gainsaid. That its progress lacked the order and *éclât*, once the characteristic of that meeting, is a point upon which opinion was unanimous. Was this a natural consequence of culmination? and, as many an inauspicious augury declared, is the star of Goodwood on the wane? The *locale* of this princely pleasure resort is to the reader of these pages "familiar as household words." Again and again it has been my gracious office to speak of it as prodigal of beauties, met with in no other domain in England:

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine."

For this reason the occasion at issue requires but a brief preface. Would it had been of better promise.....

London has begun to leave town at the date of the great Sussex Meeting, and the adjacent watering-places were ready with their tribute. Cavalcades of cockneys, rampant from the brine, and ravenous for anything dissimilar to their accustomed *course* of life, were

"up and at" it. The provinces purvey their quota of the curious in courtly pastimes. Caledonia comes to sun herself by the pleasant Wight, and Erin sends her sons with their "saddle-bridle," and now and then a smart nag to boot—"Whack! rowdy dow".....Thus you see there is "fun in the country," when things get slow in the capital; and there was hardly a site whereon its disciples took more delight to congregate than the velvet downs which sweep in flowery freedom hard by the noble home of the Lennox. Why do I speak of this in the past tense?.....

Tuesday, the 30th, as aforesaid, dawned cheerfully for this weeping summer; but the social atmosphere at and around Chichester, if not absolutely gloomy, was anything but such as compliments a festival. Arriving at the course, you felt "what a falling off was there:" you missed the marshalling of the master hand; and you met those whose presence called to your thought Byron's

"What business had they there *at such a time?*"

On every hand prevailed denunciations which related to the *unsettled* state of the betting market. Among the eminently "scarce" are said to be the dealers in "lists" and "sweeps"—those who "*sold doves!*" Chance comforted me with one who had just fallen into the clutches of the Philistines—that is to say, who had run against a brace of creditors....."It's no use," ejaculated the debtor, anticipating the interrogatory—"It's of no use: I aint got it; isn't that enough!" *Per Contra Creditores.* "Enough!"—and here they lifted up their lungs like a wilderness of famishing wolves: "Enough, and something to spare! It's too much, ye cannibal! Where's the money we paid you to lay us the odds, ye man-eater? Give it back, or we'll have the marrow out of your bones!" whereupon they deposited him on the sward, with his stern to the daisies. "I've only got three sovereigns!" cried the supine....."Catch a hold of his choker, and give it a twist or two!" shouted *Creditor* No. 1 to *Creditor* No. 2. "Four!" uttered a gasp. "Try another squeeze, Bill!".....I thought it was now time to be gone, and as I hastened from the scene of action, I heard, in the direction of the spot I had left, the word "Five!" hissed out in the last agonies of strangulation.....Still, albeit there was matter for objection, there was much to admire and to eulogise. The Grand Stand is the *beau ideal* of such a "messuage." The centre and cynosure of a most miscellaneous association, still no sound or sight of offence frights its fair company from their propriety. Its motto is "*Procul apro-cul este profani,*" extending the application as well to the ring within, as to the ragamuffins without. The lawn, or parterre, or whatever it is pleased to call itself, which skirts the building to the south, is as private and exclusive as the most *ultra* fastidious could require. No course in England presents an *ensemble* so becoming, so distinguished for hilarious decorum, and the absence of all boisterous and objectionable license and disorder, as that of Goodwood. Foul folks

resort to it, no doubt—unclean creatures, that scent the prey afar off —vultures *implumes*. But they do not practice their obscene calling "before high heaven" as at Ascot—the "field of the cloth of gold," appointed for interviews between the sovereign and the subject of this land. I write it far more in sorrow than in anger, but I write it in sad earnestness; and the hope that so crying a scandal may be abated. Rarely, if ever, have I attended a meeting upon the Royal Heath, at which I did not hear and see that which has made my blood freeze for shame of my species.....

"Now for our mountain sport." The bell has rung, and the course has cleared itself: the metropolitan "police" do not keep the ground here; and the only persons seen to encumber it are its proper constables. The curtain draws up for the conventional Craven Stakes—the prelude here and elsewhere, with slight exception. This chicken handicap—the stake being but "a fiver"—with £50 added, 9 subscribers, brought out eight, Cariboo, the favourite, at 2 to 1 against him. The line run over—the Craven Course. In front lay Woodlark, clear of her horses, till they drew near home, when Tommy Lye brought up the Maid of Team Valley, attended by Cariboo. The Maid, however, was the best and beat the Derby nag by half a length. Post Sweepstakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds, &c., &c. Craven Course. 3 subs. For this, which was run a match, between Bee-hunter and Nutshell, they backed the former at 2 to 1. I copy the return from the Sheet Calendar of the 7th ult.:—

"Lord H. G. Lennox's The Bee-Hunter 1
Lord Exeter's Nutshell .... 2"

"Won easily by fifteen lengths." Now is this meant literally? Is it intended to convey as a fact that the distance between the horse as they past the post was not fourteen lengths; neither sixteen lengths, nor any geometrical part or parcel or space, but only fifteen lengths? By what process was the interval—if the term may be applied to material quantity—which separated them calculated? What *is* a length?.....Here I laid down my pen, and went over *The Laws and Practice of Horse Racing* for an answer, beginning at page 1 and finishing at page 127—for there's no index to the book, the more's the pity. Captain Rous hasn't a syllable about it. The Racing Calendar is in a similar category. It furnishes the "Lengths of the Newmarket and other Courses," but not a word concerning "lengths" in reference to the relative positions of horses in a race. This is written in no carping spirit; but now is the wide-awake era of the turf. We are fast coming to half pounds, and probably ounces, in our handicap system. It wont do for the sober calendar to speculate in the myths of space Imagine the effect of "won easy by fifteen lengths!" on some honest matter-of-fact clerk of a county course preparing to handicap Nutshell for the Town Plate. ....."Let's see? my wig! fifteen lengths! why that's a distance

and a half, or thereabouts. I'll stick 'un in at a feather."……The Inn-keeper's Plate of 50 sovs., &c., &c., T. Y. C., mustered eight at the post. The filly by Cowl, out of Calandine, was at even against the field, and all the others were at odds of one sort or other, save Meridian, a German, the property of Count Hahn. The despised, however, speedily opened his eyes of the talents by taking the lead, keeping it, and winning in a canter, " by four lengths." I write by the calendar. The Lavant Stakes, 50 sovs. each, 30 ft., for two-year-olds, half a mile, 16 subscribers. This afforded a quartette; the odds 5 to 2 on Sir Joseph Hawley's filly by Bay Middleton, out of Venus. It is rather a close thing between the favourite and Turtle, the latter winning, between the stand and home, by half a length. A slice of luck for the Goodwood Stable. The Gratwicke Stakes, of 100 sovs., h. ft., for three-year-olds, a mile-and-a half, 38 subscribers, was run for half-a dozen. Hardinge, at 5 to 4, led in the market, and probably had the effect of making the field as select as it was. The race, however, was all one way, and that not the " line " counted on. Musician took a steady lead, ran a steady speed, and won cleverly by a length—Hardinge being the second; Deicoon " boots." His was the " coon" they made the shindy about at Epsom. The Ham Stakes, of 100 sovs., h. ft., for two-year olds, &c., T. Y. C., 36 subscribers. Half a-score shewed for this pretty bit of picking—one of the Goodwood team, Hernandez, being the best liked, at 7 to 4 against him. This was a sort of Derby trial, on a small scale, and so forth—" the less said the soonest mended. " They also backed Donnie Dundee at 5 to 1, Black Sea at 6 to 1, the Ban ditto, 7 to 1 Coticula, 8 to 1 Knook Knoll, Anspeach ditto, 10 to 1 Christina—nothing else mentioned. As customary the Exeter's colours, blue and white stripe floated in the van. Phlegra, for so the noble marquis's filly is called, went off in front, and finished there, beating the favourite by a head, and Bonnie Dundee the same distance behind the second. This was *the* race, as regarded excitement, of the day. A Sweepstakes of 300 sovs., for four-year-olds, h. ft.—the owner of the second received back his stake—course about three miles five furlongs, twelve subscribers. This came off a match between the Flying Dutchman, his last appearance upon any course, and Vatican—12 to 1 on the Dutchman. I need hardly say he won "by ten lengths" according to the Calendar. It was the opinion of many good judges, that Lord Eglinton's Flyer could have distanced his adversary as easily as he beat him. It would have been a brilliant finish of a racing career, without any modern parallel. Moreover, it would have been £300 in his noble master's pocket. Case No. 2, in the book calendar, has no reference to the conditions of this race, which are " the owner of the second horse to receive back his stake." Had Vatican been distanced, there would have been no second horse—consequently, no deduction from the stakes. Henrietta beat Chaplet, both two-year olds, the winner receiving 3 lbs. a match, T. Y. C., for 100 sovs.,

by three lengths; and the Bognor Stakes, not having filled, the day's sporting list was brought to an end.

Wednesday was a fair but not a fine day—what is summer without sunshine? The surpassing view which, in clear weather, is spread before those who look from the downs of Goodwood was shut up in a dense mist, (and the prospect was *mist*,) by those who anticipated a survey of the gorgeous panorama. The attendance was a very low average compared with former years—but mutability is life's moral—well is it for such as read it to their learning. The list contained nine events, of which seven "came off," as the phrase goes. The sport was very complex, commencing with a sweepstake of 100 sovs. each, h. ft, for three-year-olds—one mile; five subscribers. This was disposed of by permitting The Bee hunter to draw his stake and Mildew to receive the remaining three forfeits. Match for 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft., Lord Henry Lennox's William the Conqueror, with 6 to 4 on him, beat Sir Robert Pigot's Moultan by three lengths. The Stewards' Cup, of 300 sovs. value, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5 sovs., T. Y. C., 41 subscribers. This was a race for a very beautiful trophy, besides £205 in sterling money. The field was a monster one, five-and-twenty to the post! There was a good lot backed, the favourite being a German bred horse, high Turnus's, at 3 to 1 against him—short odds about a foreigner. The ceremony of starting was very imposing, and very ably managed, the field getting off as a well-drilled troop of dragoons dash into the charge. As they passed the stand, going out, the favourite took the lead at a business-like pace—in like manner he cleared it coming home, winning by three lengths. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, with fifty added, for three-year-olds and upwards—Craven Course—three subscribers, *proh pudor!*—Quiver won, 5 to 2 on her, and then came the race of the day, if not indeed of the meeting, the Goodwood Stakes. It is hardly necessary here to detail the *et cætera* of this event. There were 139 subscribers, and a muster of seventeen at the post. The odds were 5 to 4 on Windischgratz! so that the nature of the speculation needs little comment. Snowstorm found a solitary enthusiast here and there that took 7 to 1 about him; and a nag, called for the convenience of quotation, "Wont-you-come out-to-night," had backers at 12 to 1. Certain others at long prices, but of no account at these presents. The changes and chances of the race were about equal—there were, as regarding the issue, none at all. The crack at the start lay in the front rank, always able and willing to leave them in the rear. This he did when they rounded the turn to the left going out. Here he was clear of his horses, now one "coming" and now another, but never near the leader. As they passed the stand for home, little Mann set his steed going in earnest, and landed him a winner by three lengths—the animal with the five fathoms of name being second. This clever Windischgratz is a good general. The Eglinton Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, with 100 given by Lord Eglinton, for two-year olds, T. Y. C., and four subscribers, came off *a quatuor*. Teddington was first in the ring at 6 to 4 against him; Buckhound

5 to 2; and Phlegra 5 to 1. The two outsiders of the market had the race between them, the filly winning by a length. The Cowderay Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 40 added, for all ages, T. Y. C., nine subscribers, drew together five—the favourite at 5 to 4 against her, being one of the Goodwood division—the filly by Don John, her dam by Dr Syntax; 3 to 1 was betted against Cora; 7 to 2 against Vigilant; and 4 to 1 Hazy. This was a very pretty scurry, won by Cora by a neck—the crack and Vigilant making a dead heat of it for the second place. Match for 100, h. ft., Craven Course—Jock of Sot 9st. 4lbs., beat Beebee Bunnoo, 7st. 8lbs., by half a length in a fine race, The Drawing Room Stakes, twelve subscribers, 25 sovs. each. The Bee-hunter walked over for and the sports of the day closed.

Thursday, the Cup Day.—This, like similar occasions at Ascot and elsewhere, was the gala of the meeting. The attendance was a multitude, and despite an undeniable shadowing of its quondam brilliancy, it was a noble festival. In "pomp and circumstance" it was such as its predecessors have been for the last dozen years. The sports, without introduction, must tell their own tale. It opened with a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, for two-year-old fillies, T.Y.C, three subscribers. This came off a match between Coticula, with 3 to 1 on her, and Barcelona. The favourite lay astern till they closed the stand, when she went to the front and won easily by two lengths. A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each for three-year-olds, two miles, four subscribers. This was another match with another 3 to 1 on the crack—Cariboo against Cranberry. The betting was quite correct, the pet winning by half-a-dozen lengths. A Selling Handicap of 50 sovs., &c., &c., for three-year-olds and upwards, half-a-mile, eleven subscribers, had eight runners. Ploughboy was the pick of the market at 5 to 4 against him; 4 to 1 against sister to First Chance, and higher odds against a few others, backed "just for a shy." After a rattling spurt with the favourite, the race was awarded to the filly by Touchstone, out of Potentia, by a head. The Racing Stakes, 50 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, one mile, sixteen subscribers. Four came to the post for this sporting event; 5 to 2 on Pitsford, 3 to 1 against William the Conqueror, and none else fancied. The play up to the distance was made by William, here joined by Pitsford, but without, however, losing his lead. Abreast of the ring the final struggle commenced, and the award was "William the Conqueror by a head." On returning to scale, Alfred Day, who rode Pitsford, objected to William the Conqueror, on the ground that he had twice crossed him in the race. The matter was therefore referred to the stewards, and they awarded as follows:—"We are of opinion that William the Conqueror swerved against Pitsford before passing the post, and thereby prevented Pitsford from winning. We therefore decide that Pitsford is entitled to the stakes.

(Signed) EGLINTON and WINTON.
JOHN VILIERS SHELLEY."

Upon the declaration of this award Lord Henry Lennox stated that it was his intention to submit to the Jockey Club the propriety of adopting a rule that none but the judge should be permitted to occupy his box while in the discharge of his duty, "A rule, which at this nor other meetings, has been sufficiently attended to!!"..... I am sorry that any thing capable of being construed into dissatisfaction or disapprobation should have been thrown out against so earnest and upright a public servant as Mr. John Clark...The Sussex Stakes of 25 sovs. each, for two year-olds, T. Y. C., nine subscribers, came off a match between Sir R. Pigot's colt by Faugh-a-Ballagh, dam by Bran, and Sir Joseph Hawley's Merry-peal; the former the favourite at 7 to 5 on him. This view was a correct one, for he won easily by two lengths. And now comes the great issue of the day. The Goodwood Cup, value 300 sovs., the rest in specie, &c., &c., two miles and a half, 23 subscribers. It is late now to enter into the whole of the *vexata questio* connected with this event, and for reasons that need not be more particularly alluded to I have an objection to offer my opinion upon it, or even to state the case in my own words. I therefore take the liberty of copying the report given in *Bell's Life* of the 4th ult. The field consisted of eight animals, as it will be seen, of very various pretensions.

Lord Stanley's Canezou, by Melbourne, 5 yrs., 9st 7lb	F. Butler	1
Mr. Greville's Cariboo, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb	Charlton	2
Mr. Pedley's Cossack, 6 yrs., 9st. 2lb	Templeman	3
Lord Chesterfield's Stultz, 6 yrs., 7st. 12lb	Flatman	0
Mr. Lister's Knight of Gwynne, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb	Dockeray	0
Capt. Aschdall's Windischgratz, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb	Wakefield	0
Count Kinsky's br. m. Maria Mont, 6 yrs, 6st 8lb	Rodney	0
Lord Eglinton's Probity, 3 yrs., 6st 4lb	Peacock	0

"Betting: Even on Windischgratz; 2 to 1 against Canezou; 8 to 1 against Cossack; and 20 to 1 against Stultz, Cariboo, Probity, and Maria Mont. Cariboo, who was started to make play for Canezou, took up the running directly after starting, followed by Probity and Maria Mont, Stultz fourth, the Knight of Gwynne and Canezou next, Cossack seventh, and Windischgratz last; the pace moderate. In turning out of the course, Cariboo increased his lead considerably, Probity lying second, and Stultz third, there being a space of five or six lengths between the latter and second body of horses, in advance of which laid the Knight of Gwynne and Maria Mont, Cossack following the mare, the favourite last In this way they rounded the extreme turn, but on re-appearing, Stultz was second, Probity third, and Canezou fourth: Cariboo still having a strong lead, and the favourite still lying off. In rising the hill the lot behind Stultz began to close up, and in turning into the straight running the latter was headed by the mare, Cossack immediately after, on Stultz breaking down, taking the third position. At the distance the race was virtually over, the mare taking up the

running, and winning very easily by two lengths, Cariboo beating Cossack by a length. Windischgratz persevered to the end, and finished a bad fourth, Maria Mont being fifth, the Knight of Gwynne sixth, Probity seventh. Stultz was pulled up immediately after breaking down."

"As usual, the favorite (Windischgratz) attracted all the attention, and when, upon looking him over, the horse was generally considered to look bright and well, he found increased support at odds on him. Canezou, however, did not lack friends, and her appearance on the course was as favourable to her backers as they could desire. I confess it required, after her Ascot exhibition, some convincing proof of the mare's improvement, before I could place that confidence in her on this occasion which her stable were evidently ready to do. I did not anticipate that she would be able to give the young ones the weight she had to do, nor am I satisfied that Canezou could have effected her take but for circumstances which favored her undertaking. I take it for granted that Windischgratz was by his previous day's exertions out of all form, for he took no part in the cup race, and ran—if what we saw was his true form—like a thoroughly bad horse! It is impossible that he can have been himself. *Cariboo, another young one, made all the running, and was, in the face of every one, pulled up to allow Canezou to win.* There is no doubt that Cariboo ran to serve Canezou, but no one in the ring dreamt that the former was to be stopped to let Canezou go in before him, or otherwise, the moment it was known that Cariboo was to start, that horse would not, as he was, have been backed for hundreds by men who thought his chance a good one. Under the circumstances, a declaration should at least have been made that Cariboo was started to make running only for Canezou, which latter was to win if she could; that would have been perfectly fair, and would at least have saved the anathemas, 'loud and deep,' given utterance to at the termination of the race."

According to this journal, "*Cariboo was, in the face of every one, pulled up to allow Canezou to win.*".....Cariboo is the property of Mr. Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council, and Canezou belongs to Lord Stanley, both gentlemen being members of the Jockey Club. At page 22 of the last volume of the Book Calender, (vol. 78), there is the subjoined "order." "At a meeting of the Jockey Club held on Thursday, in the second October Meeting, 1838, *which was very numerously* attended, it was *unanimously* resolved—That it is the opinion of the club that it is necessary to declare *their extreme disapprobation of horses being started for races without the intention on the part of their owners of trying to win with them.*".....The reader will make his own comment upon these *data*. It may perhaps assist him in arriving at a conclusion to observe that Captain Rous, in his treatise on "The Laws and Practice of Horse Racing," makes no

mention whatever of this "*unanimous*" resolution of the Jockey Club, although *the other* "*resolution*" passed at the same meeting is given in full, *literatim et verabtim*—"all standing".....The Duke of Richmond's Plate, handicap, two miles, had a field of nine. Wallflower the favourite at 2 to 1 against her. The crack won in a canter as she pleased. The Molecomb Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds, T. Y. C., fifteen subscribers, had three at the post. The betting was 3 to 1 against Hippolytus, 4 to 1 against Hurry Scurry, and 5 to 1 against Teddington. The finish was a pretty set-to between Hippolytus and Teddington, of which the latter had the best on the post by a head. Hurry Scurry, after showing as much temper as she could, fell backwards upon her jockey, Flatman, but fortunately without doing any grievous mischief. A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, with 30 added, for all ages T.Y.C., ten subscribers, brought out half-a-dozen, Woodlark being the fancy of the ring at 5 to 4 against her; she was, however, beaten by a head by Diligence, in a very resolute set-to for victory. The Anglesey Plate, amateur riders, was won in a field of seven by Quiver by a head, ridden very artistically by Mr. Percy Williams. Claymore having received in a match for 200 sovs., h. ft., from Mimosa, the curtain fell.

Friday, as the Italian proverb runs of the medal, had its "reverse." The list was very good—the weather was very bad. William the Conqueror having received in a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., Craven Course, three subscribers, the racing commenced with the Nassau Stakes, of 50 sovs. each, for three-year-old fillies, &c.—one mile, sixteen subscribers. The odds were 2 to 1 on the Countess, 3 to 1 against Nutmeg, and 5 to 1 against Harum Scarum. This trio constituted the field, and after as exciting a finish as ever was seen, the Judge gave it a dead heat between the three. For the second attempt they laid 5 to 4 each against the Countess and Nutmeg, and 4 to 1 against Harum Scarum. Nutmeg had it all his own way, taking the lead and keeping it, and winning cleverly by a length—the other two running a dead heat for the second place, and the 100 sovs. attaching to it. The Settrington Stakes, of 25 sovs each, 10 ft., for two-year olds, T.Y C., seventeen subscribers, was another trio. They laid 5 to 4 on the filly by Bay Middleton, out of Venus; and 6 to 4 on the colt by Faugh-a-Ballagh, dam by Bran, out of Active. The latter cut out the work at good earnest speed, and won in a canter by a couple of lengths. The Chesterfield Cup handicap, for all ages, from three years old and upwards, Craven Course, 32 subscribers. Fourteen went for this, Turnus, the pick of the basket, at 2 to 1 against him, 4 to 1 Wallflower, 5 to 1 Don John, ditto Officious, 7 to 1 Strongbow, 8 to 1 Mildew, 10 to 1 Thornhill, and ditto the Swede. The favourite led from end to end, and won cleverly by a length. Officious was second. Great confusion and consternation fell upon the ring in consequence of Officious being telegraphed to start at the last mo-

ment, and Harum Scarum's number being taken down. Disorder is the badge of the Harum Scarum tribe—

" Rorum, Scorum,
Sunt Divorum,
Harum—Scarum—divo,
Tag-rag, merry-derry,
Periwig and hat-band ;
Hic, hoc, horum genitivo !"

The Richmond Stakes, of 25 sovs. each, 10 ft., for three-year-olds. Three-quarters of a mile, 28 subscribers, came off a match between Musician and Compass ; 5 to 4 on the latter. The non-favourite had it all to himself, however, and won very cleverly by a length. Thrown into desperation by his defeat, Compass flew at his antagonist and tried to eat him.....A Sweepstakes, of 10 each, for three-year-olds and upwards, half-a-mile, seven subscribers. They laid 6 to 4, Ploughboy beat the three that showed against him, and so he did in a canter by three lengths. The Goodwood Nursery Stakes, handicap, 15 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 200 added—one mile, 35 subscribers. Nine thought this worth trying for: albeit Phlegra was backed at even to win. She did win, but it was a very close shave at the finish with Thorough-good-Sam, who was only beaten by a neck. He did not run, however, quite as honest as his name implied. The Queen's Plate, of 100 guineas, Queen's Plate Course, produced four runners—though at one time the odds were 6 to 1 on the Gent, the opinion being nothing would show against him but Athelstane. Eventually Nutcracker and Escape were telegraphed, but they might as well have staid where they were, the Gent casting over, Athelstane walking in after him, and the others not taking the trouble even to perform that slight service. The March Stakes, of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds and upwards, three-quarters of a mile, gentlemen riders, nine subscribers, brought five to the post. They laid 5 to 2 against Woodlark, the same about Honeycomb, and 3 to 1 against Joc-o-Sot. It was a pretty scurry, won by Woodlark cleverly by a length. A Sweepstake of 5 sovs. each, for two-year olds, half-a-mile, four subscribers, being walked over for by Vigilant—the bill of the play was run out.....One word in the way of moral, and then adieu for awhile for Goodwood ! The four days dealt a heavy blow, and great discouragement both to the proprietors of lists and sweeps, and the public their patrons. The result was a rout amongst the former, and, as a natural corollary, the knaves had the best of the fools. The big wigs " levanted :" the scum "bolted"—both to return when it suits their " books." I see as regularly as I visit Newmarket or any other of the great racing marts, hail fellow, well met with "the nobs," one whom I heard, a learned judge, very energetically desire to lay his hands upon, that he might have the pleasure of transporting him ! Where is the Œdipus shall read this enigma—is it not hopeless ? "do you give it up ?" NO !

The Provincial Meetings, which intervene between Goodwood and Brighton, however locally interesting, were not of sufficient turf importance to call for a record of their details in this work. We will therefore pass on to the marine metropolis and its equestrian pageant, celebrated on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of the last month. Brighton Races for several years have been in that which naturalists call the dormant state, whereof their late anniversary let us hopefully believe was the chrysalis. Instead therefore of investigating the causes of the apathy and indifference, to say nothing of the active hostility, which at one time threatened the existence of the turf in connexion with the pleasure appliances of that queen of watering places, we will tell of the coming events which now cast their effulgence before. Foremost is the racing club which has sprung up under such promising auspices; and then there is the determination to erect a new grand stand, the profits of which, after reimbursing the expenses, will be placed to the credit of the race fund. The course is the most characteristic and picturesque of any in our island—the locality for recreative objects one of the best—it is not to be doubted that now the tide has set in being taken at the flood it "will lead on to fortune!" The sport on the first day was plentiful, but did not rule high in a turf average. It began with the Trial Stakes, a mile, five subscribers. All the lot went, and the Moor won in a canter by a length. Then came the Marine Stakes, of 20 sovs. each, h. ft., with 100 added by the railway directors, for two year-olds, &c., T. Y. C., 17 subscribers. Seven raced for it, the betting being 7 to 4 against Buckhound, 4 to 1 Catalpa, 5 to 1 Entre-nous, and 7 to 1 Exeter. As Buckhound, according to the returns, carried 8st. 10lbs., whereas his weight according to conditions should have been 8st. 13lbs., he was *hors de combat* under any circumstances. It seems strange that so good a chance was thrown away for want of a precaution that any stable-boy should have been capable of providing. The result, however, negatived any question or wrangle that might have come of it, for Catalpa won easily by a length—the others finishing "all of a ruck." The Brighton Stakes, of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., &c., with 100 added by the town-handicap, Old Course, 48 subscribers. Betting 11 to 8 against St. Rosalia, 7 to 2 Colmar, 5 to 1 Fernhill, 6 to 1 Bacchanalian, 8 to 1 Minimum, and 10 to 1 the Swede. With a bad start, and St. Rosalia in the van, the affair commenced. This she kept for better than a mile, and then surrendered the lead to Minimum. At the distance Fernhill came up, caught the "little un" and going by, won cleverly by a couple of lengths. The tail was as long as a comet's. The Hotel Keepers' Plate, of £50, handicap, one mile, fifteen subscribers, brought half-a-score to the post. Quiver was the favourite, at 3 to 1 against her, and a lot besides found backers at various figures. They came closely packed to the distance, where Cora fell. This made more room for the rest, and Newport and Quiver then went to work—the mare winning by half a length. The Town Plate, of 50 sovs, three

sovs. entrance, New Course, nine subscribers, brought out eight, and at the end of three heats became the property of Michael Brunton. Thursday set in with storm, and rain, and mist, and so it continued to the end of the chapter or list. This was a very full one, seven races, one of them heats, and the promise of large fields. As nobody saw any of the racing, it is not an easy thing to write its record. It began with a walk over for the Pavilion Stakes, followed by a race for the Stewards' Plate, of 50 sovs., for all ages, T. Y. C., twelve subscribers. Eight went—2 to 1 against Iracundus, 5 to 2 Ploughboy, and others at miscellaneous prices. Ploughboy, it was said, went off in front; at all events he finished there, winning by half a length; another tail, whereof the tip was invisible. The Railway Plate, of 100 sovs., added to a Handicap of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds and upwards, Bristol mile, fifteen subscribers. Eight ran; 5 to 2 against the Moor, 4 to 1 Compass, 4 to 1 Cayenne, and 10 to 1 each Glen Saddel and Valentine. When they hove in sight, the favourite was first, and so continuing, he won by a couple of lengths. The Brighton Cup, of 100 sovs. in specie, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, &c. The Old Course—ten subscribers. The field, however, mustered only a trio, the odds 6 to 4 against St Rosalia, 7 to 4 Dark Susan colt, and 2 to 1 Borneo. The first to loom through the fog was the favourite and she won by a length. Mr. Etwall's Thistlewhipper colt beat Mr. Dorien's Chaplet, a match for £100 a side, half a mile; and then came the Licensed Victuallers' Plate of 50 sovs., New Course, seventeen subscribers. Now, asking pardon for the digression, what *is* a Licensed Victualler? Is he somebody who does not sell victuals at all, but only drink? What are gin palaces? are they shops of "victuallers," and places where one can get a rump steak? If otherwise, would it not be "less Irish," and more appropriate, to call the £50, given by the hotel keepers', a "*plate*," as at present; and the £50, contributed by the Licensed Victuallers," a "*cup?*" To return to the issue in hand, nine went for it, and it was won by Sir William Booth's Retail...!

The Sussex Plate, of 50 sovs., &c., Bristol mile, fourteen subscribers, produced ten runners, and three heats, whereof Second Chance had the best. This closed the professional portion of the meeting. Friday was devoted to amateur racing, to the especial Olympic Gala of the Club. It was a very gratifying beginning of a national union, which I trust most cordially may go on and prosper.....

York Races commenced on Wednesday the 21st, and extended over the usual three days. The weather was very unpropitious, and consequently the Meeting was shorn of its accustomed *eclât*. In fact, it was far from a brilliant anniversary of the Olympics at sporting old Eber. There was a "case" to move the blood under the low temperature of the skiey influences, and that was all. The backers of Canezou, upon the merits of public running, had something to warm them, if nobody else had. Business opened with the Dundas

Stakes, run a match between old Collingwood and Radulphus—won by the former, with 6 to 1 on him. The Yorkshire Oaks brought half-a-dozen to the post—Britannia the winner. A Produce Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, for three-year-olds, three subscribers, was another match, which The Italian, with 5 to 1 on him, won in a canter. Uriel carried off the Queen's Plate; and Azeth, with 4 to 1 on him, did the same by the Colt Sapling, beating Dancing Jack in a canter. Trickstress won the Prince of Wales Stakes; and then came a brave bit of burlesque. The Ebor St. Leger commenced in a walking match between William the Conqueror, Mark Tapley, and Pilgrim. When they began to gallop, William led the van, and finally won, only beating Mark, however, by a short head. Scarborough walked over for a £50 match, and Raby did the same for the Knavesmire Stakes—The Dutchman paying, seeing that the "tottle of the whole" was but £40 and *infra dig.*

Thursday was "cold and showery." Mildew walked over for the Bramham Park Stakes, and Uriel won the Chesterfield Handicap in a canter. The Filly Stakes came off a match between Tiff and Lady Eden. This was a close thing, won by the former by half a length. The old Three-year-old Produce Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., 13 subscribers, Mildew, with 2 to 1 on him, won. The distance was two miles: not enough, however, to choke off the nag with the broken wind. The County Plate, Harriet, the favourite, at 2 to 1 against her, won in a canter by three lengths; and then came the great issue of the meeting—the Great Ebor Handicap of 200 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, &c., &c., 93 subscribers, and 32 acceptances. For this, after her Goodwood victory (or suppose we say, after carrying off the Goodwood Cup) Canezou became a leading favourite, at about 5 to 2 against her. At the eleventh hour, however, she was found wanting: she was "scratched," and then a lot, at good round betting prices, solicited the market. The field consisted of eleven, Champion and Collingwood having the call at 7 to 2 against either. Mark Tapley was at 5 to 1. The race was run very truly—the finish a very severe one—Mark having the best of it by a length, Clothworker second. The Lottery Plate Gladiole won. The Surrey Anglesey Handicap—amateur—Fleur-de-Seine won "in a canter, by fifty lengths"—"and there an end."

Friday's racing opened with The Consolation Scramble—a mighty mob, of which Cauliflower was the best. The Great Yorkshire Stakes Pitsford won in a field of half-a-score, with 2 to 1 on him. The Selling Stakes—eight runners—was another triumph for "Cauliflower." The Gimcrack Stakes—two years old—Aaron Smith won: Scarborough did the like by the Members' Plate; and with the Queen's Plate for mares, walked over for by Priestess, and the Convivial Stakes ditto by Azeth, York August Meeting was brought to "*finis.*" And here, for reasons already anticipated, ends the notice of the August Meetings generally.—*London Sporting Review, for September* 1850.

TURFIANA,

BY THE DRUID.

Five "lish like hizzies" kilted themselves up to compete for the gown piece; after a severe contest, the prize was awarded to "Penrith Lass," of Hesket, who proved herself not only the soundest in wind and limb, but the quickest and nimblest in the foot; "Bouncing Gin," of Caldbeck, was second; "Black Bess," of Hesket; "Noted Sally," of Greenrigg; and "Mary Lifter," of Sebergham, not placed."

Cumberland Paper.

Statistics of the Turf—Race-horse Prices—Chesterfield—Blood Stallions—Performances of their Stock—Highflyer—Venison—Lanercost—The late Mr. Ramsay: Anecdote of him—First Two-years-old Race—Touchstone—Bay Middleton—Velocipede—Melbourne—Quick Races—Mistake at Goodwood—Epirus—Mundig and other stallions—Lilliputians—Mr. Lye—Van Tromp's running—Flying Dutchman: his Derby race—Canezou's Leger race—Grecian—Cossack—Ghillie Callum's legs—The Two-year-olds of 1850—Race Meetings; their prosperity or depression—North *versus* South, *alias* Wetherby *versus* Topham—Absurdity of the Prejudice—Doncaster race attractions—Low Handicap Stakes—George Nelson—A few instances of "Wasting"—Remarks on Riding—Young Jocks—Likely Leger Starters: Glance at them—Conclusion.

If we were asked to define the expression, "The Turf of Great Britain," we should say that it was a vast institution, consisting, in round numbers, of about 320 owners, 140 trainers, 100 regular race-courses, and 160 jockeys, riding all weights from 8st. 4lbs. to 3st. 7lbs., the lowest weight at which "*W. Plumb alias The Giant*" of Epsom, announced himself, in the latest edition of Ruff, as qualified to steer for Lord Strathmore and other feather-weight admirers. Taking the average of the '46 season, we should also say that about 1,610 horses were put in training, who ran, received forfeit and walked over for some 1,520 races and matches. Adopting the same calculation, we should say that stakes with all their deductions amount annually to about £208,000, without taking any note of the value of the vases, cups, and challenge whips. Added to this, there are about 80 blood stallions of repute as racing sires, or retired racers, and perhaps 1,000 racing brood mares, of whose produce from 800 to 850 colts and fillies, of which neither sex has any very decided preponderance, are annually registered in the "Stud Book." As we never yet set foot in the Emerald Isle, we are leaving its turf statistics untouched, and will merely observe that Crown patronage to the turf is pretty evenly distributed, as while she has had 17 Queen's plates accorded to her, England and Scotland enjoy 35.

Touchstone, we are, or at least were told, is priceless; and the heaviest sum that occurs to us at this moment as having been *bona*

fide paid for an elderly race-horse, is the £4,200 which Lord George Bentinck gave for Bay Middleton, in the hopes of keeping his "game leg" in subjection, till he had won the Wellington Shield; and the £3,465 which was 19 years ago well and truly paid for the luckless *Felt by Langar*, after he had won the Doncaster Two-year-old Stakes. The price paid by Mr. Meiklam for the yearling Snowstorm, to wit £787 10s., is about the heaviest, if our memory serves us, that has been given for a "bit of young stock" for some time past. Colonel Anson was pretty lucky last year, in securing from £500 to £400 for three of his young things.

As a general thing there is a strong growing feeling against high-priced stock. Of late years, the "old song" division have generally turned up trumps, so much so, that we almost regard it as a bad omen for the future, when we see a high figure scored against a lot at a breeder's sale. It is useless to multiply instances of what "fashion" does for a stallion, and how very much prices are guided by it without rhyme or reason. Chesterfield, although half brother to Crucifix, became carrion on a pastureless moor, and no one laid it to heart, simply because his son, The Hero, and Alfred Day had not begun their 1846 starring expeditions.

Nearly all the principal blood stallions had some winners fathered on to them last season, though according to our calculations, only two dozen of them had twelve races credited to the fruit of their loins. They were as follows, and we have marked with an asterisk such of them as we believe to be "gone dead" or gone abroad;—

	Races.		Races.
Venison ...	... 51	Bay Middleton ...	... 19
Lanercost ...	.. 45	Cotherstone ..	.. 18
Touchstone ...	.. 44	The Provost ...	... 18
* Gladiator ...	... 30	* Velocipede ...	.. 18
* Sheet Anchor ...	... 26	The Doctor ...	... 18
Don John ..	... 23	Hetman Platoff ...	... 16
* The Saddler ..	... 23	Inheritor ...	.. 15
Harkaway ...	.. 23	Melbourne ...	... 15
Pantaloon ...	... 22	Voltaire ...	... 15
Sir Hercules ...	... 22	Charles XII. ...	... 14
Slane ...	... 22	Irish Birdcatcher ...	... 12
* Jereed ...	... 21	* Priam ...	... 12

So far this season, Nos. 2, 3, and 4 on this list are again at the head of the poll, while the Venisons have by no means been lucky. None of the modern stallions can approach in this species of scoring to the celebrated Highflyer, who begot no less than 470 winners during the 14 years he was at the service of the public, in spite of the 51gs. charge per mare which his owner made with success during his last two or three seasons.

Venison seems to be rather going out of repute as a stallion, as since the days of Alarm nothing of any sterling repute has owned him as a sire. He was himself a remarkably stout enduring animal, and his stock seem generally to take after him. Distance lends enchantment to their windpipes. Vatican is perhaps the best animal "out"

by him at present, in spite of his nasty temper, whenever he catches a sight of Field Marshal Hibburd and his "flag-steward." We thought he would have broken a man's skull in at Ascot, as he struck the rail with a thunder crack within three inches of his head.

For some time after the advent of his almost invincible 1847 trio, to wit, Van Tromp, War Eagle, and Ellerdale, Lanercost was bracketted with Touchstone at the head of the profession, but of late his popularity has been on the wane. His stock are generally fine sound brown animals, with perhaps a tendency to be ewe-necked; but they do not generally "pay," as their prime, like the young Saddlers, never seems to be attained till the two heaviest engagement seasons are past. We believe that many of them have been wholly laid aside as sluggish, and as "slow as a man," whereas if they had been persevered with, they would have proved very remunerative: like their father, they are generally up to a good weight, and fond of a distance. He was one of the most sluggish animals in existence, and we well remember one morning in 1840, observing William Noble pounding away at him in his exercise sheets to get him to canter at all. His efforts excited the amusement of some non-professional friends among the bystanders, on seeing which, he jocularly told them that he would let any one of them mount, and bet heavy odds *they* could not get him out of a walk. The death of his then owner, Mr. Ramsay, has inflicted a sad blow on "The Turf, the Chase and the Rod," in Scotland. Although of late years the "green body and yellow sleeves" has been comparatively seldom seen on the racing cards (only one race-horse, Lizars, has been disqualified by his death), he stuck manfully to his two other cardinal points. We remember a remarkable instance of his generosity. After Lanercost had defeated Beeswing for the Newcastle Cup one year, in one of those contests which used to set "canny Newcastle" and "merrie Carlisle" fairly by the ears, he observed a pale-faced little man giving way to the most frantic expressions of delight, as the horse returned to scale, and in fact performing some sort of Ojibbeway dance round him; he immediately inquired who that "crazy fellow" was, and was informed that he was only a racing enthusiast from C——, rejoicing at the triumph of his county. On hearing this, he had the curiosity to accost him, and eventually set him up in a first rate inn, and became a steady friend to him ever after.

The career of Touchstone since he was allowed, like a jock after the Houghton meeting, to run to fat, has been most fashionable, and this year the three most titled ladies of the turf, Beeswing, Alice, and Crucifix (Lord Clifden should christen one of her infants Gilcrux, *vide* Lewis's Top. Dic.), with some thirty or forty others have smiled on him. Somehow or other nearly all his progeny seem to be blessed with infirm legs, which require a fearful amount of propping up with bandages from their early years. Owing to this, his son Surplice's power of locomotion has left him altogether; and it is a sad pity that they did not put him to the stud in the

spring of '49, when they found that these infirmities were crowding thick on to him.

Velocipede, we believe, is dead. Queen of Trumps was his *chef de œuvre*, and Maid of Team Vally, who was won by her present owner in a raffle, and is to our minds by far the prettiest animal on the turf, also owns him as her sire. Speed rather than bottom has been the predominant characteristic of his stock, thus indicating their descent from the slashing Roman-nosed Blacklock.

Bay Middleton, on the strength of the Dutchman's running, changed his locale from Doncaster to Stockbridge. As a general thing we prefer the mares got by him to the horses, and some of them, Rachael for instance, have turned out most wonderfully useful animals, both for hunting and steeple-chase purposes, as well as for those of the turf. To our minds the idea which prompted Mr. John Hutchinson, and (with the peace of Dr. Pusy be it spoken) the Reverend — Goodricke, first to run horses at two-years-old, somewhere about 1780, has been a lucky one for the young B. M.'s. We cannot help thinking that the leg infirmity of the father has descended upon the children, as many of them seem to us to have, when foals, a contraction just above the coronet of the near front foot, which although it is not so apparent when they get a little age on them, makes us somewhat suspect their soundness. As a general thing his stock take very much after him in look, besides inheriting his brilliant turn of speed.

The Coronations have not been particularly lucky, and we are not aware that the horse has had many very good mares, perhaps from a slight feeling against his Sir Hercules blood, which strikes us as well as others to be a trifle jady, in spite of all its speed. The C.'s seem to take after their sire, and have the same deep "chaps" and pointed nostrils, which does not make them difficult to distinguish in a crowd.

Since his stately daughter Canezou began to repay John Scott's attentions, Melbourne has had a wonderful number of good mares. What he will "beget on their bodies," as the lawyers say, remains to be seen; for our parts we do not fancy him much, as he always gives us the impression of a slack made horse.

Pantaloon, since he left the Eaton stud, has been remarkably successful in Lord John Scott's hands, and his get are generally smart runners, though none of them of late years equal Satirist, who was sold far too cheap. "Little Elthiron," as Fobert calls him, either out of sheer affection, or contra-distinction to the Goliath-like Dutchman, is, however, decidedly No. 2.

A season or two ago, Irish Birdcatcher was all the rage among breeders, and some of the best mares in the country were sent to his harem at Easby Abby. We do not know why he quitted those quarters, but certain it is that Pyrrhus the First, who succeeded him, has had a very poor season of it in comparison. His father Epirus, whose vision haunts us yet, as he came galloping in with his horses at the

St. Leger, after depositing "Black Bill" with a broken collar bone in the middle of the course, gets remarkably pretty stock and speedy into the bargain. The velocity with which his son Pitsford came through his horses after mounting the hill at the Derby, was, we think, the most tremendous we ever saw, not even excepting that at which Officious got over the first quarter of a mile for the last Ascot Vase, or The Traverser, Vulture, and Semiseria respectively attained to at Newmarket, when they defeated Alarm, Grey Momus, and Queen of the Gipsies in matches.

Red Deer's foals are remarkably large and fine, and the horse himself has very much thickened, and looks very different to the dull lop-eared animal he was towards the end of his three-years-old racing season.

Ithuriel, who ought to have at least "frightened" this pair in the St. Leger, has, barring Azeth, had no great luck. We think we never saw any horse run so raw and awkward as he did for the Gratwicke Stakes. It was in this race that the eight contending jockeys disputed as they went up to the post as to which was the G.S.C., and as the then "clerk of the course and starter," was not a very bright genius in racing matters, he was unable to settle the matter, and hence three "took up" one turn and five up the other, each division pounding away as if for life and death. Lord George was dreadfully outraged, and stood for some minutes in the weighing house, which was then directly opposite the grand stand, with his eye steadily fixed on Sam Rogers, who seemed fairly to wince under his gaze, and but once uttering in slow cutting tones—"*Rogers, I didn't expect this.*" Many believed at the time that this circumstance determined Lord George more than ever to try and get at the bottom of the Ratan affair. Deserved as the punishment for that offence was, every one connected with the turf was rejoiced when it came to an end, as it would have been a sad pity if a man with such "hands" on a horse, had devoted them in future (so the Cambridge wags used to say) to making confectionary in King's College kitchen, with whose Soyer he claimed kindred.

The dreadful temper of Mundig, which was said to be some shades savager than that of The Bard and Zohrab, put him out of favour, and he vanished to the continent, but not without sowing some splendid specimens of hunter's broadcast in his travels about Northamptonshire and Leicestershire, as well as that extraordinary eighteen hand specimen of the Duke of Bedford's, yclept Magog, who seemed like an importation from Brobdignag, as we once remember to have seen him looming into sight, above the then foggy Newmarket horizon, with Teddy Edwards on his back, and rolling about in hopeless difficulties before he had got well to the cords. We do not know where this monster is at present located, or whether he is not a eunuch. He was then said to be intended for the use of the "Bedford tenantry," one of whom bred Retail, and received a handsome silver cup from his grace as a new year's gift in consequence.

Jumping does not seem to be an inherent quality in the stock of

many horses; in fact, with the exception of the majority of the young Mundigs and Presidents, we do not remember any that seemed to have that taste bred in the bone.

Harking back for a moment, we may observe that while Magog was the largest race-horse out in any century, Mickey Free was perhaps the smallest that ever trod the turf in the eighteenth, while the smallest that was ever out, was Sir Charles Bunbury's gr. h. Gimcrack, who only measured a quarter of an inch over fourteen hands, and yet won twenty-five races under the high weights that were in fashion in his day, between which and the present some four score years intervene.

Like Priam, Cotherstone seems only to get good fillies; while Slane is a very deserved favourite, as, like their father, his stock can go all distances. Don John has got some nice things, but, like Launcelot, we have heard that it was some time before he would look at a mare. The young Simooms are few in number, but generally "clippers."

The Provost always struck us during his racing career as a bit of a cur when any hard work was to be done, and we never could understand why a certain nobleman should have put so many of his somewhat chicken-hearted mares to him one season.

Inheritor does not look like a horse calculated to get "flyers," though as fine a model as ever was seen for a hunter sire. He was as honest a racer as ever looked through a bridle, and we shall not forget in a hurry seeing Harry Edwards (of whom Tommy Lye used to say that "*he would rather ride against the devil if he really meant winning*") handle him for the two cups at the Liverpool July meeting in '37. His late "stable-chum," The Doctor, is fast rising in reputation, and a beautiful bloody-looking piece of ebony he is, and one who always ran as true as steel. A struggle for the Queen's Plate at Carlisle, four miles over a course nearly knee deep in water, gave him a dressing which we do not fancy he ever quite got over, although he defeated Deception the next season. This race at Carlisle, like American steam boat trips, generally "*eventuates a spanker.*" While the "four miles" was still unrepealed, Mr. Lye ran a dead heat for it on Sampson, and only won the next go by half a neck, and at the late races the same little hero, who has scored sixteen winnings already this season, won after three two mile heats on Flash; "a head," "a head," and "half a head," being the respective fiats of the judge.

We seldom see finer looking young things than those got by Hetman Platoff, and some of them, like Cossack, have a good notion of using their feet, though we have observed nothing yet to convince us that, like the Dutch burgomasters and their chubby vrows, they are overburthened with "bottom." Hetman always struck us as being for a four-years-old one of the very best of weight carriers, and right bitterly were his powers taxed in this respect. Some animals are uncommonly touchy on this point, and we do not fancy that Beeswing ever felt really comfortable with an ounce above 9st, or 8st. 18lbs. on

her back. Hetman, as a four-years-old, seemed to play with 9st. 7lb. and if the stable had not previously put their money on Charles XII. we fully believe he could have won the St. Leger easily in 1839. Cardinal Puff was his predecessor at Tickhill Castle, but by some strange fatality mares perpetually missed to him, although his haggard look at the end of the season seemed flatly to intimate that he had done his best for them.

Charles XII., although his stock fetched fearfully long prices at a sale of his owner's yearlings in '46, is not very fashionable. His running was in and out; his hair often "looked every way for Sunday," and in short, he was a very difficult animal to keep in anything like form. The Goodwood course seemed to suit him best, and we think that we never saw a horse take such a length of stride, and yet go so easily as he did in his memorable 1000gs. a side match against that then "illustrious maiden" Hyllus, although he changed legs very mysteriously about a hundred yards from home.

We have heard good judges speak of Picaroon as one of the prettiest horses in Yorkshire, and we should fancy that Van Tromp is, and will be for some time to come, the premier in that country. The manner in which he made his own running for the Ascot Cup, stamps him as one of the gamest horses in existence. Notwithstanding the pluck he then showed, it is said on pretty good authority, that he all but ran a cur for the Goodwood Cup the preceding year. Considering the state of the ground all that dreadful week, and the four-mile race he had had with Cossack on the Tuesday, it is no wonder that he should have wanted to shirk a second dose. Even that "king of the mud-turtles" (as Wright of the Adelphi would say), Chanticleer, pulled up quite leg-weary after winning the Stakes, and could not raise a canter as he wended his way next afternoon to the Cup starting-post, and we have been told that the exertion of running second, slow as the pace was, fairly blinded the French horse Armin. It is said that the remembrance of this fact deterred Lord Eglinton from entering The Flying Dutchman for the late Goodwood Cup, in which he would have had to carry 9st. 6lb., as he knew that even with that "steadier" a fond public would have backed his Eclipse junior, and he would, with his usual kind consideration, have not felt himself so much at liberty to draw him, even if he had run a severe race for the 300gs. stakes. Lord Stanley and Lord Eglinton stood up almost side by side, on a bench in the Steward's Stand, at Ascot, during the decision of the momentous question; the former peering very anxiously through his spectacles, and the latter all smiles and confidence. It was told as a good joke that Lord Stanley had directed Butler to "draw it as fine as possible," while Lord Eglinton assured his friends, as Payment cantered away from Prestige the day before —"*You'll just see The Dutchman do the same to Canezou to-morrow.*"

We fancy that Canezou is a very fair cup mare, but nothing very much out of the way, still our firm impression is that, in spite of her throwing a plate near the Intack Farm, if Butler had been

allowed to ride her his own way, and not been expressly ordered to force the running about two distances from home, she would have won the St. Leger.

The result of the stable orders was that the sluggish nature of Surplice got thoroughly roused; whereas, if the mare had waited on him till nearly the finish, Nat might never have got the steam thoroughly up, and have just been defeated by a turn of speed. One could hardly fancy that this Surplice is the same melancholy cripple who appeared on "the *blasted* heath" this year, only to cause £300 to pass without a struggle from Lord Clifden and his heirs for ever. It was about as melancholy as the Attila *versus* Chatham exhibition in '43, when the only bets before the humane compromise which took place at the post, was as to which would break down first. But to return to The Dutchman. We by no means coincide with those thick and thin partisans of the "tartan," who will swear he "has never been extended," as we believe that owing to the heavy state of the ground he only *just* won the Derby, and that if Tadmor had not been disappointed, and Hotspur came to the start leg weary and mud-crusted, he would only have been third, in spite of the reported warning of his lordship to all at Spigot Lodge whom it might concern, that he would sell his stud unless he won. It is said that young Prince, who lost the Eglinton riding for giving private information about the horses intended for Goodwood that year, won a very handsome amount on this race.

The most ridiculous cock-and-bull stories have been told about Hotspur. One was that Whitehouse privately unshipped some half a stone of shot ballast before the race, and had it handed up to him in a pocket handkerchief as he returned to scale; and the other was, that the horse was not the same which ran as Hotspur at two years old. After the Running Rein *alias* Maccabeus exposure, it was not likely that his owner (let alone all higher considerations) would have run such a risk; and besides this, Marlow, who had won a two years old race on him at Bath, very quickly affirmed his identity when the question was put to him. Many still assert that The Dutchman never won the Derby at all, and ground their assertion on the fact that Nat, who was only half a length behind, felt so sure that Whitehouse (who did not know his own number on the telegraph) had won, that he rode up to him and congratulated him; and there is a story that Marlow when appealed to by them jointly for his opinion, said, with a melancholy air—"*I really don't know, but I think it's a dead heat.*"

The Era gives the following graphic description of Grecian, the crack Derby candidate of next year—"He is a bright chesnut, standing fifteen hands two inches in height, strongly resembling Cossack in appearance, but rather more lengthy; he has a fine head, well set on, his shoulders and arms are unexceptionable, and his thighs and hocks are good, although the latter, at first glance, would seem disposed to throw a curb, and there is an appearance of weakness at about the pasterns." We trust he may be more fortunate than

Cossack has been, seeing that since the Derby a paltry £75 walk over, and £300 as Leger "second money," is all that has been credited to that hero in the "Racing Calendar." It is thought that he has never got over his dead heat with Canezou at Ascot. His feet are about the smallest we ever saw; and, while on the subject of legs, we may remark that we seldom remember seeing any animal endowed with such long pasterns as Ghillie Callum, from which he, no doubt, derived his great speed and extreme tendency to break down. There is no doubt that owing to an accident, and subsequent apprehension on this head, he had a thick internal lining of fat when he was stripped for the Derby, which thus made his position of sixth out of twenty-four an exceedingly creditable one. It is a sad pity that they pulled him out for the Ascot Derby, as the Heath was in some parts very like "hot bricks;" but the Duke has been unlucky this season, and was evidently loath to throw any chance away. Ghillie's legs are said to be the flattest boned ones ever seen, and a sporting captain (so the story goes) got permission to measure them to decide a bet.

There are a great many nice two-year-olds out this year; Payment decidedly the fastest of them. Neasham, a Catterick winner, we are told by a rare Yorkshire judge, is a very fine colt, and we never saw a sweeter goer than the Venus filly. Her stable companion, The Ban, is a low lengthy animal, very different in make to the dumpy Teddington. Hernandez is about the finest looking animal among them, and he has already cleared off £525 purchase money, with something to spare. Bonnie Dundee, who is rather a heavy style of animal, ought to have won at Goodwood, but he was sadly in want of another pipe-opener or two to get him up to concert pitch. Hippolytus is said to be one of the best tried young horses Lord Eglinton ever had, and with such an eminent pace-tutor in the stable, Fobert is not likely to make a very great mistake. The Black Sea sadly disappointed us; he is pretty in front, but weak in his hinder regions. New-market has hardly turned out a fortunate animal (bar Rhedycina), young or old, this year. Mr. Ford's lot we look upon as a Derbyshire importation; would that their winnings could have been effected under the guidance of Nat, in the once highly favored "red and blue sleeves!"

Turning from race-horses to race-meetings, it may be remarked that like all other things going, they have their especial seasons of depression and prosperity, and seem to sway about incessantly from one state to the other. Coventry is now completely below zero, and Northampton, thank to Lord Spencer, is at its culminating point. Out of a miserable little steeple-chase meeting, the Doncaster Spring is fast creeping into one of considerable importance, and as the northern trainers have made it the condition of their hearty support that it should come off in the middle of March, the week before Warwick, it will, with a steeple-chase each day by way of seasoner, form a worthy pioneer to the racing season. The bad race-course at Warwick militates slightly against its success; to this Mr. Merry's unwearied exertions are a considerable counterpoise, though they are somewhat marred by the

non-appointment of a professional starter like Mr. Hibburd, who has a thoroughly practised eye, and will stand no nonsense from jockeys. The dissatisfaction about the last Metropolitan Handicap, although it proved baseless, renders it doubtful whether the "licensed victuallers" will shell out again. If they do, it seems more than probable that they will choose their own handicapper, or stipulate that a committee of three or more of the most sporting of their fraternity should have the privilege of revising the weights before publication. This latter compliment was paid to the Sheffield and Rotherham licensed victuallers at the last Doncaster Spring Meeting, and gave much satisfaction. Catterick Bridge is going down the hill in spite of its Revival Stakes, and the "Wallace" affair, which the Duke of Leeds and Mr. Hudson have taken up in the most temperate spirit, will infallibly give it another decided shove. Malton is a very rising meeting, while that at Burton Constable seems to have gone to "kingdom come." Derby and Sutton Park rear a very fair front in spite of their legal difficulties; while Beverly seems to have a surplus sufficient to raise the "green-eyed monster" in the bosom of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Since Mr. Merry's horses have been withdrawn from their quarters at "Gullane N.B.," and Mr. Ramsay virtually retired from the turf, the Scotch meetings have sadly fallen off in interest. The death of the "rough and ready," but kind hearted Mr. H. Johnston, has also left another gap in the racing community of the "land o'cakes," and hence the once famed Kelso meeting consisted last year of *one* "*walk over*." The Newton Meeting is hardly what it used to be, either in the quality of its racing or the number of its attendant "Lancashire witches;" and Newcastle has mostly plenty of entries, which are wonderfully reduced when the saddling bell rings. Stockbridge earns much of its popularity from the certainty of seeing John Day's full string out on parade, and Nottingham and Stamford seem to have taken a new lease. Guildford races are a great mystery, and there is a sad "twist" in the Grantley management which has led to the burning of the wooden Grand Stand, and the limiting of the sports to a solitary Queen's Plate. Thanks to Mr. Topham's handicapping and tact, Chester must always continue "great and glorious," though it is a pitiful race-course.

There is no doubt that the English turf is fast becoming divided into two halves. The one consisting of the Jockey Club and its adherents, who advocate the handicapping abilities of the Messrs. Weatherby, and other influential turfites who are supposed to review their handicapping labours, and the north countrymen, who believe in Topham and other northern handicappers. The secret prejudice entertained by each party against officials not of their own country, is very strong, and we think unjust. We remember at Manchester last year, that two racing men, one a great authority in turf matters, declared that they would not support the races, nor act as stewards, if Mr. Topham was the handicapper; sagaciously assigning as a reason

against him, that the Chester Cup handicap was "*made for Joe o' Sot*," and would not be convinced by the matter of fact answer of Mr. Bake—"*But then——Joe o' Sot did not win.*" The north countrymen, on the other hand, declare that Doncaster must go to rack and ruin as long as the Messrs. Weatherby conduct the handicaps, and will have little to do with it accordingly. A reflection and a reference to Ruff should convince any dispassionate man that this *cross* feeling (excuse the pun) is very unjust and baseless. Looking at the last two handicaps for both the Chester and Liverpool cups, which were made by Mr. Topham, we find that the *two* first horses for the Liverpool cup last year, and the *three* first this, all belonged to the "southern division;" and the same may be said for the two first in the last Chester Cup. Turning to the other side of the question, any one who chooses to look at the results of the Goodwood and Ascot Stakes, Ebor Handicap, Great Yorkshire Handicap, and the two Cambridgeshire and Cæsarewitch Stakes for a few years past, will find that the "northern division" have had quite full their share of luck.

Thanks to the exertions of Lord Henry Lennox, Goodwood still continues the "prima donna" of race-meetings, but we fancy that its growing celebrity and proximity in point of time, have acted rather as a check upon Liverpool, which in spite of Mr. Topham's exertions, shows a slight cow-tail tendency. The only drawback to York is its course, which, if there has been much rain, becomes transmuted about the Bishopthorpe Turn, into a complete morass. Radcliffe, Reading, and Lincoln, are decidedly improving meetings, but the same can hardly be said of Richmond, Wolverhampton, Northallerton and sundry others on the eastern side of our "tight little island."

We are convinced that many meetings damage themselves by fixing the stakes for their leading handicap too high. Not long ago we heard a bevy of trainers very good-naturedly intimate to a racing committee of a spring meeting, that if they made this race a "*ten sovs., five sovs. h. ft., and three sovs. if declared*," they would do their utmost to bring horses; but would not consent to one the slightest higher in its terms.

Ascot is not progressing in the number of its entries though the stand receipts at the last meeting were the largest ever known, in spite of the absence of Royalty, which casts a sad blight over a Vase and Cup day. *Like all other meetings it was dull this year.*

Doncaster seems at last, after the most vigorous efforts on the part of her sporting burgesses, to have put her racing affairs into the way in which they should go, and there is no doubt that the restoration of the 25 sovs. p. p. system in the Leger, by a steady adherence to which for 55 years that race attained a world wide celebrity, will very much enlarge the field. Once fairly set on a sound footing, no races would surpass Doncaster in popularity; as the morning sales of blood stock in front of the Salutation, and the animated concentration of nearly all the sporting characters extant, from the titled "owner" to the seediest and most mysterious of touts in the Betting Rooms, and the

High Street, or the theatre at night (a thing which cannot happen at Goodwood and Ascot, where race lovers have to separate and bivouack here, there, and every-where), lend the meeting a peculiar interest which even inferior bills of fare have failed to quench. Since the last meeting, George Nelson, who lived (as Bendigo has determined to do) "like a little gentleman," at Tickhill, only some seven miles from the Moor, on his £200 "royal jockey annuity," has gone like Scott, Conolly, and Pavis to his last account, and the members of his noted "Fleet," (who must one and all have drunk nearly enough to float a gun-brig in their time), have been dispersed by the magistrate—vicar of the place—like Wycliffe's bones, unto all hands.

Experience seems to prove that "wasting" is nowise inimical to health as jockeys, unless they take very great liberties with themselves, generally live to a green old age, and sometimes continue in the pigskin till nearly the last; Frank Buckle for one, was three score and five before he rested from this description of labour. Owing, however, to the non-existence of handicaps in those "brave days of old," men had not the temptation to play tricks with themselves, by trying to ride at too low a weight. George Franis, as a clad, was one of the most energetic of sweaters, and we remember his fairly tearing himself to pieces to try and ride 5st. 8lbs., on a deceitful three-years-old rip (The Ruler, we believe), belonging to Mr. Eddison, and obliged to carry 2¾ lbs. of overweight after all. How Hesseltine and Holmes, with their comparative length of limb, could contrive, once or twice at least within the last ten years, to ride "La Sage Femme, 7st. 7lbs," and "John Harris, 7st. 9lbs." respectively, is to us a *physical* philosophy problem, which has no solution. Young Stephenson, Lord Clifden's present trainer, who is no chicken in size, was an extraordinary spectacle with his loose coat hanging about him before he stripped to ride 8st. 4lbs., in his jockey days. W. Boyce, too, who used to make such merry work on Flame when he was a youngster, always appears very much punished to ride 8st. As a general thing, jockeys seem at a pinch to be able to scale 3lbs. below their professed "lowest riding weight;" and even that prince of north country jocks, Job Marson (whose lucky star is now, we are glad to see, in the ascendant, as he has won every third race or so he has ridden this year), although registered in this respect at 7st. 12lbs., rode three and won two races at the '49 Goodwood meeting, at 7st. 9lbs.

Somehow or other we cannot help thinking that the standard of racing age weights are generally fixed about 3lbs. too low. The simple scale of the Goodwood Cup weights seems much better than the Ascot ones, as the three years old at the former place carry 7st. 4lbs., or 8lbs. more, thus giving the honourable association of Lye, S. Mann, Chapple, Wakefield, and other venerable little "fathers of families" a chance of a mount, instead of throwing so much good work into the hands of mere youngsters, who know no rent and tax sorrows. The same remark would apply to "two

and three years old" races, the weights for which would be much better fixed at 7st. 7lbs., and 9st., than beginning at 6st. 7lbs., as they generally do; as it especially requires an experienced man to keep a two years old well together, and teach their sprawling legs the way wherein they should go. Authorities differ on the subject, but he always thinks that 21lbs. is as much as a three years old should give to his juniors in a race of this description, especially towards the close of the season.

We never saw the conception of "as weak as a cat," so completely embodied as it was in old John Day, when from some mistaken notion of duty, he reduced himself, five years age, to ride 8st. 1lb. on Wilderness, for the Ham Stakes.

Templeman has been wonderfully lucky for Sir Joseph Hawley, and his other masters, in every kind of race, but his forte is the two years old course, and we seldom, if ever, saw any one bring home a two years old in such a vigorous style as he did Cranberry in the Chesterfield Stakes, or nurse a beaten horse so successfully for a rush on the post, as he did the British Yeoman in the Doncaster Two Years Old.

Robinson's handling of Rathmines last year was a perfect masterpiece, but his seat now gives us an idea of weakness.

If Yorkshiremen are to be believed, Butler, artiste as he usually is, made a sad mistake on Nunnykirk at York, in not trying to go up to the leading horses till the pace was first rate, and thus pumping all the wind out of his sable piece of horseflesh in the attempt. Since that little *contretemps* "the ring" has been sadly prone to pick holes in his jacket.

Bartholomew, who is fast working his way into the first rank, has had much better luck since his Burleigh jacket was sent in. It struck us, however, that he rode rather wild at the Derby, when he found Mildew was beginning to fail.

Chapple looks as if he had been melted down and cast afresh this season; and "The Vicar," now that "heats" are so nearly obsolete at all good meetings, must be expecting the end of the world, or some other great shock to the British constitution.

Crouch is the "man-boy" of the modern turf; but his exhaustion from riding 6st. 10lbs. on Cockermouth, at Chester, shewed that the principle of "Oh, that this my solid flesh would melt," can be carried to an excess by no man.

The turf was never better off for light weights, none of the riding above six stone seven, who finish with all the coolness of veterans. Young J. Mann riding a dead heat with, and then extinguishing his parent Samuel, at Hampton, was quite a unique sight.

Contrary to expectation, the Leger seems likely to become a good betting race. The field will, we fancy, be selected from the following eighteen, the last five very doubtful: Voltigeur, Cantab, Clincher, Mickleton, Pitsford, The Nigger, Beehunter, Damask, Windischgratz, one of Green's Marchioness D'Eu, another Irisher, Bolingbroke,

Wallace, The Italian, Mildew, Knight of Avenel, and one of Lord Exeter's. Under the able coaching of Radolphus, the Derby winner is said to be doing capital work, and his noble owner has acted very wisely not to damage his chance for the Leger by facing a field for a tempting £1,550 stake at York, with an unpleasant 7lb. extra. Voltigeur is by no means a nice horse to look at, he is too stallion-like about his head and neck, and too high on the leg, and whether it is from the peculiar set on of his tail or not, his hind quarters give us an idea of undue lightness. In spite of these foibles, he has a beautiful "packed up" way of going, and a delicious temper. We cannot fancy that the horse was in first-rate trim at the Derby, as he is fully believed to have had an accident some three weeks previous, and to have thus been thrown back at a most critical time. He no doubt ran raw, got nearly on to his nose by striking his front and hind feet together as he made the turn at Tottenham Corner, and required some strong refreshment with the prickers to make him look alive. As we rather suspected that there were one or two "soft gentlemen" among the favourites, we did not go into the Grand Stand for that race, but took up our station about two distances from home, at the trying point. Although Clincher and Pitsford were both very handy, a glance at Job Marson, who sat as cool as a cucumber, convinced us that he had the race perfectly safe, and certainly never did horse win easier. Like The Dutchman we expect to see him in finer form at Doncaster, where Cantab will no doubt be started to cut out the running: this horse is, we hear, to be cut at the end of the season, if he shows such temper again in public as he did at Chester. It is said that Voltigeur keeps the whole stable in plenty of private work (as like Springy Jack he is a desperate one to gather beef), and certain it is, that the "red spots" have only appeared on four race courses this year. Seven or eight is, however, the very outside of the Earl's stud, as the leggy Ellen Middleton has been enjoying the society of Ratan of late. It seems difficult to imagine anything else, than that the Richmond band will be engaged to play "See the Conquering Hero comes," when Robert Hill and his dusky pet arrive at Richmond station from Doncaster. It was all that Rowton could do in 1829 to beat his father Voltaire by a neck and shoulder, and his half-brother, Charles XII., prefaced the way for him eleven years ago. Still, he will have some stiff work cut out for him.

A great mystery hangs over the ownership of Clincher. It was once fully believed that he was still the property of Lord Airlie, who felt some delicacy at removing him from Wadlow's charge, and that he had consequently been transferred to John Scott under colour of a sale. It is difficult to see why Lord Airlie should be anxious to part with the horse, and still more difficult to understand why he would not boldly do what he liked with his own. The impression now is, that there is a *temporary* firm formed, consisting of Messrs. *Harry Hill*, *Pitsford*, *Clincher*, & *Co.*, to which John Scott, and John

Day, junior, are joint secretaries. Cyprus is now a good connecting link between the two. Clincher's large make ought to enable him to run a very great deal better over the flat than he did up and down the Epsom hills, where a horse has hardly time to get a pull. A great deal of money was put on him both at Ascot and Goodwood. His stable companion Mickleton, seems to be coming into form again, and runs all the better for being lusty; Mr. Bowes, his owner, never looks near the turf now, but we hear lives almost entirely in France, leaving all his turf concerns in his trainer's hands.

The Nigger has been unfortunate this year; at the Derby he was as dead as a stone, and Nat had fairly to rouse him with the spurs to get him into a canter, although he finished very gamely. Since then he has, we believe, been very much off. If Kent can get him up to the mark, he and Nat ought to show very good fight, and at least get a place.

Beehunter is said to be a sure starter. He is a fine-framed slashing horse, and a good deal more game than some people fancy; but as he has been in work since the early part of February, he must be considerably "used up," and he looked it too at Goodwood.

The Mildew party are "very fond," but we have yet to be convinced that the chesnut can "live" when the pace is a "cracker."

Respecting Damask, "slience sublime" is preserved, through we should not be surprised to see "Adam Glen" have a shy with him. He has not shown once this season, and if his Wanota trial is to be depended on, he must have some running about him, and an extra pull by reason of freshness. The receipt of £100 forfeit from a "dead-un" of Lord Glasgow's, and a third place to little Jack in the "last three miles of the B. C.," constitute the "sum total" of his public achievements. It seems, however, just doubtful whether his nominator will not scratch him, to pay off Mr. A. G. for his Ascot decision.

The once great "B. Green" stable may furnish an animal, but it is just 6 to 1 (Prior and Michael Brunton are out of the question) against any one not in the confidence of the stable laying his finger on the identical one. It is "Ichabod, Ichabod," with this stable, unless England's Glory keeps up his Newcastle form.

Windischgratz is an ugly leggy horse, and will we fancy find his level when he has to carry on his trade in the teeth of a more formidable weight-tariff than he has been accustomed to. Unless the party really wished to throw him well back in the Leger betting, it is difficult to see why they started him for the Goodwood Cup, after his rousing gallop for the Stakes on the previous day, which made him sadly leg-weary.

The Curragh gossips *did* rave about King of Oude, and pass by the pretensions of Conveyor and Marchioness D'Eu. We hope their owners will put up English jockeys, or at least not one of the Lilly and Foley *genus*, whom Mr. Watts has been importing of late with such *signal success*. The Marchioness for our money.

Bolingbroke is a certain starter, and will it is said be steered by William Boyce. At the Derby he was no doubt quite short of work, in spite of all the trumpet-blowing of the Palace stable. He strikes us as being a very narrow-chested horse, and likely to be blessed with a good turn of speed on the flat, but we doubt his ever being the Bolingbroke of '49. The mile Don Stakes seems more to be his forte, wherein he will have to meet the misanthropic Deicoon; The Italian, and Mildew. The Italian is not himself, and we doubt whether he will be so thoroughly again this season: he is as nice and compact a horse as ever walked, but his two years old life was not one of ease, and such treatment will tell, if not on the legs, on the constitution. We fancy that there is much truth in Mr. Hudson's assertion, that he could have beaten him this year with Wallace at Catterick, and we only trust this money matter may be so settled that the latter may take a start at Doncaster.

Lord Exeter's luck has been something so wonderful at Goodwood, that we should not be surprised, if for the fun of the thing, he started Nutmeg. The coach-horse-looking Knight of Avenel is very "unhealthy" in the betting; last year the stable had very great Derby hopes with him, but his legs appear to have gone sadly wrong. He is, we should fancy, a very powerful game horse, if this infirmity could be surmounted, but we can give no guess as to whether he will make a public appearance this year. This stable has been singularly unlucky with its three year olds. But for his leg Mavors ought to have been very forward at the finish for the Derby; and Probity has kicked her unfortunate groom-boy into another world and seems likely to make no atonement for this untoward event by bringing anything into the Eglinton exchequer. His lordship is, however, well supplied with two year olds, numbering in all about eight, without Van Tromp's young brother De Rayter, who has been disabled ever since he was a foal. As, however, we must have pretty nearly disabled our readers by this time, we will pull up, and bid them good bye for the present, with the hopes that they may win their expences to Doncaster and back, and have a little surplus for a trip to the three October Meetings.

P. S.—We have good reason to believe *that Clincher is not in good order at the present date*; in fact, John Scott's stable have been sadly bothered by illness. Lord Stanley and Lord Eglinton agreed after the Goodwood Cup that their horse and mare should meet for the Doncaster Cup, where the mare will be in at only 2lbs. better terms with her opponent than she was at Ascot: as, however, the mare lamed herself on the 16th ult., it just seems unlikely that either of them will start. The horse we are told on good authority will never appear after this season.—*London Sporting Review, for September* 1850.

FRENCH KNACKER'S, OR HORSE ABATTOIR.

THE flaying establishment of Montfauçon, near Paris, is probably the most curious example in the world of the manner in which materials that are commonly thrown away, and scarcely pay the costs of removing them, may be turned to profit. The first person who instituted an establishment, on a considerable scale, for the profitable employment of what are commonly regarded as the waste part of dead animals, was the son of the celebrated Cadel de Vaux. That was in the year 1816. There are now two at Montfauçon, one of these establishments belongs to a M. Dussaussais, and the other to a Company. Some of the horses are dead when they are received, others are brought to be killed on the spot. The following is a brief estimate of the profits arising from the different parts of one horse. The mane and tail produces about 1*d.*; the skin from 9*s.* to 10*s.* English; the shoes for old iron and the nails about 2*d.*; the hoofs when rasped sell to the comb makers and manufacturers of sal-ammoniac and Prussian blue for about 1*s.* 5*d.*; the fat is carefully collected: it is used in various ways, and fetches about 5¾*d.* per pound. A horse yields on an average, eight pounds, worth about 4*s.* Well-fed horses will yield, however, as much almost as sixty pounds, bringing therefore nearly 30*s.* The flesh is used in various ways. A horse has from three to four hundred pounds of flesh, which yields a profit of from 30*s.* to nearly 40*s.* The sinews are sold to the glue-makers; a horse yields about one pound of dried tendons, which fetch about 2¾*d.* Of the bones 350,000 pounds are annually sold; the remainder serves for fuel; the pound of bones sells for about a farthing English, and as a single horse produces ninety pounds of bones, the profit is about 1*s.* 11*d.* The bones would, however, yield much more if they were ground in mills as is done in Auvergne and Strasburgh. The hundred weight of bone-meal, an excellent manure, fetches nearly 7*s.* 6*d.* The small intestines are wrought into coarse strings for lathes, &c. In this manner it will be perceived that the various parts of a dead horse, converted into articles of trade and consumption, yield, according to a calculation which has been made, when of middling quality, 2*l.* 13*s.*; and when very superior, nearly 5*l.* A dead horse is bought at first for from 9*s.* to 13*s.* 6*d.*; to which add from 4*s.* 6*d.* to 6*s.* as wages for the collector and labourers; still there remains a profit of about 36*s.* to the establishment. It is stated that there are thirty-five horses, on an average, every day, or 12,775 every year, brought to Montfauçon from Paris and its vicinity: this altogether affords a profit of about 23,000*l.* sterling per annum.—*Sunday Times, July* 28.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN.

A curious trial took place not very long ago to determine whether a particular person were a *Gentleman* or not? It arose out of the following circumstances:—A match had been made to run some horses, which were to be ridden by *Gentlemen*. On the day appointed, the race took place, and was won by a horse ridden by a person upwards of 70 years of age, an old sportsman, but who, according to the feelings (not to say prejudices) of the other parties, did not come up to *their* ideas of a *Gentleman*. The prize therefore was disputed, and the dispute brought into open Court. I was not present at the trial, but the report of it soon after passed through my hands; and though I cannot undertake to give it exactly, some circumstances struck me so forcibly, that I believe I may venture to vouch for their truth. Those who had made the match, and some who rode, were young men of very large fortunes, and to mend the matter, M. P.'s, which, being interpreted, means *Members of Parliament*. They were of course all subpœnaed as witnesses on the trial.

Unfortunately the cause did not come on so soon as was expected, and, after all, in the evening of the day of trial, at an hour when all the young M. P. witnesses, having finished their libations at the hotel, came into Court by no means so sober as the Judge. They came in also just as they had ridden into the town in the morning, *booted*, *spurred*, *splashed*, and *dirty*.

Vexed at having been kept waiting longer than they expected, and impatient to be gone, they behaved very rudely to the *Judge*, the *Jury*, and the *Council* for the defendant. The latter, who rose afterwards to one of the highest stations in Westminster Hall, and to the dignity of the Peerage, began with very gravely stating to the Court that he was afraid he must throw up his brief, for though he came into Court fully persuaded that his client was a *Gentleman*, he now despaired from what he saw of being able to prove him so; for as the other parties, from the very nature of the case, must be presumed to be, beyond all dispute, *proper Gentlemen*, he could only proceed in the way of *comparison*. He was therefore afraid to call the attention of the Judge and Jury to the manners and appearance of *those Gentlemen*, because, if *they* exhibited proper specimens of the conduct and character of a *real Gentleman*, his client was decidedly *not* one.

That *his* habits of life, for instance, were of that *temperate* and *sober* cast, that nothing he was sure would have induced him (but especially at such a time) to drink to such excess as to stupify his understanding and bewilder his senses, which was evidently the condition of all the *gentlemen* in the witnesses' box. Had his *client*

been to attend personally, he was confident that he would have felt such an awe, and respect for the Court in general, as well as for the laws and public institutions of his country, as to have suffered his tongue to be cut out, rather than utter such speeches as had been addressed to the Judge, Jury, and himself, by the *gentlemen* who appeared against him. His client was a man so attentive to all matters of established decorum, that it was most likely, if he had been called to appear before the Court, he would have been seen there in *decent*, *clean*, and *comely* apparel, not in *dirty boots* and *dirty shirts*, and *dirty breeches*, like the *gentlemen* then before them.

To judge then from appearances, and in comparing his client with the *gentlemen* who disputed his right to that apellation, he was afraid he must give way upon those three points, inasmuch as being *sober*, *civil*, and *cleanly*, he could not be *such* a *gentleman* as *they were*.

But there were other traits in his client's character, which, he was afraid, upon comparison with the characters and habits of the *gentlemen* before them, might tend still farther to degrade him in their eyes. His fortune, for instance, was *small*, not exceeding a few hundreds a year, but entirely *unencumbered*, which he was apprehensive might be thought not *gentlemanlike* by many persons of much larger fortunes; nor yet his mode of *spending* his income, for he *never went beyond it*; never squandered any portion of it in *idle*, *useless*, and *unnecessary* expenses; never *gambeld* with it; never *ran in debt*. He bred up his family (three daughters and a son) in a *plain* and *frugal* manner. He was careful to set them the example of a moral and religious life. He *hallowed the Sabbath*, and gave rest to all dependent on him, both man and *beast*. He was careful above all things not to travel on a Sunday to the disturbance of the rest of others and the profanation of the Lord's day; in fine, however *ungentlemanlike*, it might appear to the opposite party, he did not wish to conceal from the Court, that his client was in all respects a *good Christian*, a *good husband*, a *good father*, a *good master*, a *good neighbour*, and a *good friend !*—for, *aftér all*, it was *friendship* alone that had brought him into the predicament in which he now stood—*friendship*, not for the *living*, but for the *dead*. It was entirely in consequence of an old promise to a dead friend, that at 70 years of age, he had acceded to the proposal of *his friend's son*, to ride the race. He need not go further into particulars; he had stated these things exactly as they were, for the information of the Court. What effect they might produce he could not pretend to judge. There were those present who seemed to say that a person of this description did not come up to *their ideas* of a *Gentleman;* it would remain with the Court and Jury to say, whether he came up to *their* ideas of such a character.

I am happy to have to record, that this worthy person so described, was in the fullest manner allowed by the Judge and the Jury to be a proper *English Gentleman*, to the great satisfaction of a most crowd d

Hall, who hailed the decision with the loudest acclamations!—(See *Heraldic Anomalies*, Vol. 2, p. 4.)

GRAMMATICAL SMOKING.

As smoking is an innocent indulgence, and as it is customary with people of all classes to relate the news of the day with cigars in their mouths; and as the generality of smokers make an awkward appearance, in consequence of their ignorance of the theory of punctuation in smoking, the following system is recommended:—

A simple puff serves for a comma.
Puff, puff, a semicolon.
Puff, puff, puff, a colon.
Six puffs, a period.
A pause, with a cigar kept in the mouth, represents a dash——, longer or shorter in continuance.
With the under lip raise the cigar almost against the nose for an exclamation! And to express great emotion, even to the shedding of tears, only raise, as before, the cigar to the end of the nose.
For an interrogation? it is only necessary to open the lips, and draw the cigar round the corner of the mouth.
Taking the cigar from the mouth and shaking the ashes from the end, is a conclusion of a paragraph.
And throwing it in the fire is a final and stylish pause.

Never begin a story with a half-smoked cigar; for to light another while conversing is not only a breach of politeness, but interferes with the above system of punctuation, which destroys all energy and harmony of expression.—*(From a New York Paper.)*

STATE OF MANNERS IN ENGLAND BEFORE 1678.

In the days of yore Lords and Gentlemen lived in the country like petty Kings; had *jura regalia* belonging to seignories; had castles and boroughs; had gallows within their liberties, where they could try, condemn and execute; never went to London but in Parliament time, or once a year to do their homage to the King. They always ate in their Gothic halls, at the high table or orsill (which is a little room at the upper end of the hall, where a table stands) with the forks at the side table. The meat was served up by watch-words; jacks are but of late invention; the poor boys did turn the spits, and licked the dripping for their pains. The beds of the men-servants and retainers were in the hall. In the hall mumming and loaf-stealing, and other Christmas sports, were performed.

The hearth was commonly in the middle, whence the saying "Round about our coal fire."

In the halls and parlours of the great houses were written texts of Scripture, on painted cloths.

The first dish that was brought up to table on Easterday was a

red herring riding away on horseback :—*i. e.* a herring ordered by the cook, something after the likeness of a man on horseback set in a corn salad.

The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter (which is still kept up in many parts of England) was founded on this :—viz. to show their abhorrence of Judaism at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection.

Before the Reformation, there were no poor rates ; the charitable doles given at the religious houses and the church ale in every parish did the business. In every parish there was a church house, to which belonged spits, pots, &c., for dressing provision. Here the house-keepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me there were few or no alms-houses before the time of Henry VIII. That at Oxon, opposite Christ-church, was one of the most ancient in England.

In every church there was a poor's box ; and the like at great inns.

The lawyers say that, before the time of Henry VIII., one shall hardly find an action on the case, as for slander, &c., once in a year *quod nota.*

At the parish priest's house in France, especially in Languedoc, the table-cloths were on the board all day long, and ready for what was in the house to be put thereon for strangers, travellers, friars, pilgrims: so it was here, I have heard my grand-father say, in his grand-father's time.

Public inns were rare, travellers were entertained at religious houses for three days together, if occasion served. The meetings of the gentry were not at Taverns, but in the fields or forests, with their hawks and hounds, and their bugle-horns in silken bawderies.

In the last age, every gentleman-like man kept a sparrow-hawke, and priest kept a hobby, as Dame Julien Barnes teaches us, (who wrote a book of sports in Henry the Seventh's time). It was a diversion for young gentlemen to man sparrow-hawkes and mor-lines.

Captain Silas Taylor says "that in the days of yore, when a church was to be built, they watched and prayed on the vigil of the dedication, and took that part of the horizon when the sun arose for the east, which makes that variation so that few stand true except those built between the equinoxes."

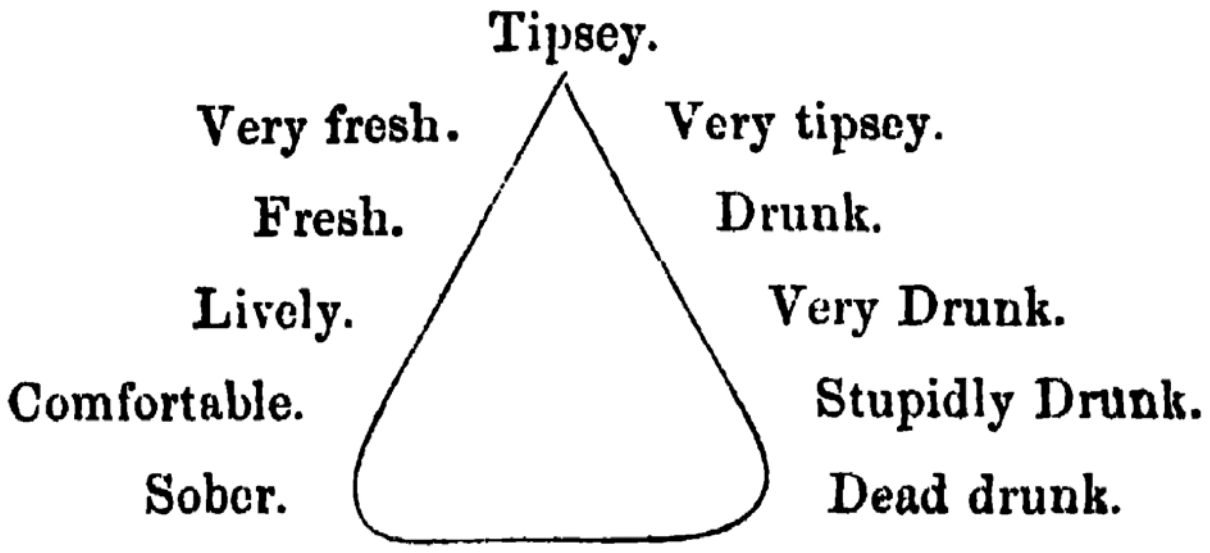
The use of " your humble servant " first came into England in the time of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from "votre tres humble serviteur." The usual salutation before that time was "God keep you," "God be with you :" and among the vulgar, "How d'ye do," with a hearty thump on the shoulder.

Till this time the Court itself was unpolished and unmannered. King James's Court was so far from being civil to women, that the

ladies, nay, the Queen herself, could hardly pass the King's apartment without receiving some affront.—*(From a MS. of Aubrey's in the Ashmole Library, Oxon.)*

THE PYRAMID OF DRINK.

The operation of drink in its various degrees may be represented by a pyramid, thus :



Sobriety.—The sober moments which immediately succeed to dinner are the most miserable in existence. The languor, the sense of utter ineffieacy, mental and bodily, are dreadful. After a few glasses, you ascend the first step of the pyramid, and become *comfortable*. In this state you are not much disposed to talk. There is a tranquil luxury in your feelings, and a reverie comes on, which if you drink no more, is likely to terminate in sleep. A philosopher seldom passes the point except in company.

Drink on and you step up to *lively*. Now you begin to talk, and your remarks are smart and pertinent. You have the reasoning power in high perfection, but aided withal by a happy fertility of illustration. This may be considered as a mental aurora announcing that the sun of fancy is about to rise from the " purple wave."

Fresh.—There is more fire and colour in your ideas now, for the sun has risen. You grow more eloquent and less logical. Your jokes are capital—in your own estimation. Your perceptions are still tolerably clear, beyond yourself.

Very fresh.—Your conversation is more and more highly coloured. Your eloquence is impassioned, and you overwhelm your companions with a flood of talk. You begin to suit the action to the word. Ideas not quite coherent, but language still tolerably distinct and correct.

Tipsey.—Now on the top of the pyramid you being to grow giddy. Gestures very vehement, and epithets much exaggerated. Argumentative, but not rational. Words considerably abridged, and ideas lamentably obscured.

Very Tipsey.—You find out that you have a turn for vocal music and regale your friends with a solo. Speechify in incoherent language, and evince a most decided tendency to mischief and locomotion. Proud as a peacock, stout as a lion, and amorous as a dove.

Drunk.—Perversely quarrelsome, and stupidly good-natured. Dealing much in shake-hands, and knock-downs. Tongue stammering and feet unsteady.

Very Drunk.—Abortive efforts to appear sober. See every thing double. Balance totally lost, you drift about like a ship in a hard gale. Vocabulary reduced to a few interjections.

Stupidly Drunk.—Head and stomach topsy-turvy. Eye fixed and glaring. Utter incapacity of speech and locomotion, accompanied with an indistinct yet horrid consciousness of your situation.

Dead Drunk.—An apoplectic sleep, and confused dreams of the devil, or your creditors.

AN INCONVENIENT CUSTOM.

Were I to designate Jamaica as a community, I would call it a hand-shaking people. I have often laughed heartily upon seeing two cronies meeting in the streets of Kingston after a temporary separation; when about pistol-shot asunder, both would begin to tug and rug at the right hand glove, but it is frequently a mighty serious affair, in that hissing hot climate, to get the gauntlet off; they approach,—one, a smart, urbane little man, who would not disgrace St. James's-street, being more kiln-dried and less moist in his corporeals than his country friend, has contrived to extract his paw, and holds it out in act to shake. "Ah! how do you do, Ratoon?" quoth the Kingston man. "Quite well Shingles," rejoins the *gloved*, a stout red-faced, sudoriferous, yam-fed planter, dressed in blue-white jean trousers and waistcoat, with long Hessian boots, drawn up to his knee over the former, and a span new, square skirted, blue coatee, with lots of clear brass buttons; a broad brimmed black silk hat, worn white at the edge of the crown—wearing a very small neck-cloth, about which shoots up an enormous shirt collar, the peaks of which might serve for winkers to a starting horse, and carrying a large whip in his hand—"Quite well, my dear fellow," while he persists in dragging at it—the other *homo* all the while standing in the absurd position of a finger post: at length off comes the glove—piecemeal, perhaps—a finger first, for instance, then a thumb—at length they tackle to, and shake each other like the very deuce—not a sober, pump-handle shake, but a regular jiggery jiggery, as if they were trying to dislocate each other's arms; and, confound them, they don't let go—they cling like sucker fish, and talk and wallop about, and throw themselves back and laugh, and then another jiggery jiggery. On horseback this custom is conspicuously ridiculous. I have nearly gone into fits at beholding two men careering along the road at a hand-gallop, each on a goodish horse, with his negro boy astern of him on a mule, in clean frock and trousers, and smart glazed hat with broad gold band, with massa's umbrella in a leathern case slung across his shoulders, and his portmanteau behind him on a small pillion, covered with a snow-white

sheep's fleece—suddenly they would pull up on recognizing each other, when, tucking their whips under their arms, or crossing them in their teeth, it may be, they would commence the rugging and riving operation. In this case Shingle's bit of blood swerves, we may assume : Ratoon rides at him—Shingle fairly turns tail, and starts out at full speed, Ratoon thundering in his rear, with stretched out arm ; and it does happen, I am assured, that the hot pursuit often continues for a mile, before the desired clapper-claw is obtained. But when two lusty planters meet on horseback, then indeed Greek meets Greek. They begin the interview by shouting to each other while fifty yards off, pulling away at the gloves all the while, "How are you, Canetop ?—glad to see you, Canetop. How do you do, *I hope ?*" "How are you Yamfu, my dear fellow ?" their horses fretting and jumping all the time ; and if the Jack Spaniards or gadflies be rife, they have, even when denuded for the shake, to spur at each other, more like a Knight Templar and a Saracen charging in mortal combat than two men merely struggling to be civil : and after all they have often to get their black servants alongside to hold their horses, for *shake* they must, were they to break their necks in the attempt. Why they won't shake hands with their gloves on, I am sure *I* can't tell. It would be much cooler and nicer—lots of *Scotchmen* in the community too.—*Blackwood.*

ANECDOTE OF A SPIDER.

Pierce Egan's Book of Sports contains the following anecdote of a spider :—"I found," says the writer, "a spider's nest the other day in the under part of the broad leaf of the striped garden grass. It was covered with a thick silk web, with an opening for the ingress and egress of the mother. On taking off the covering, I found a deposit of eggs, closely packed together, and the whole being about the size of a pea. Having completely exposed the eggs, and put the spider and the leaf to which they were attached under a glass, the spider immediately covered the eggs over with her body, sensible, no doubt, how necessary warmth was to them, and soon began to spin another silk web over them. Nothing could disturb her during this process, and there was no mistaking her affection for, and attention to, her eggs—this she showed in another remarkable way. She shortly after commenced working threads from the leaf to the upper part of the glass, and shortly raised it with its still more valuable deposit from the store—there was no mistaking her motives in doing this. She not only rendered her precious charge more secure than it would have been had it remained flat on the marble, but she was probably aware that the cold from the marble would chill her eggs and prevent them arriving at maturity. The fourth day after I had confined the spider, two of her eggs were hatched. On coming into my room the next morning, neither eggs nor young spiders were to be seen. I was quite sure they could not have made their escape. After minutely examining the spider, I was convinced that not one of

her young had attached itself to her body as had been described by some naturalists. The abdomen of the spider was, however, three times the size it had been the day before, being very much distended and shining, as that of a bee does when loaded with honey. Those who witnessed the altered appearance of the spider were, like myself, convinced that the young had been introduced into the abdomen; and of this circumstance there can be no doubt.—The death of the spider soon afterwards prevented further observations."

ANECDOTE OF A DUELLIST.

At Arnèe, I saw a handsome tomb, erected to the memory of Colonel Harvey Aston,* who fell in a duel with the Major of his regiment. He had seen a good deal of the world before he came out to India, had been a great fox-hunter, a patron of the fancy, a leading member in the sporting circles. He had many good points about him; was generous and brave; but he had a most inveterate disposition to quizzing, which involved him in many personal encounters whereby he obtained the reputation of a professed duellist. He used to tell a story of one of his affairs, which, though not at all creditable to himself, was the best satire on the practice of duelling that can well be imagined. "I was in the theatre one night," said he, "and, seeing a fellow eating apples in the box where there were some ladies, I took the liberty of poking one into his throat with my finger. The man struck me. I knocked him down, and gave him a sound drubbing, (for the Colonel was a famous bruiser.) He called me out. I shot him through the arm; and the fool called that *satisfaction.*" One of the few instances in which he was known to have been right, was on the occasion which proved fatal to him. On receiving his antagonist's shot, which took effect in his body, he staggered a few paces; then, recovering himself, he presented his pistol deliberately at his opponent, and said, "I could kill him," (for he was a capital shot;) "but the last act of my life shall not be an act of revenge!" Words sufficient to redeem a life of error!—*Twelve Years' Military Adventure.*

SCARABŒUS TRIVIALIS.

That very curious insect which may have been long observed in the streets of London, colour blue, fringed with gold, bearing a reed in the right feeler, proboscis red and large, gait strutting and pompous, known by naturalists under the name of *Scarabæus Trivialis*, is, we hear, likely soon to become extinct. This insect is of the same genus as the *Scarabæus Ecclesiasticus*, which indeed it closely resembles in appearance. Swainson has, however, pointed out the difference with his usual acuteness. The head of the *Scarabæus Ecclesiasticus*, as he observes in his Entomological Commentaries, is

* Col. Aston was a native of Cheshire.—Ed.

surmounted by a triangular-shaped organ, of a soft elastic substance, and fringed with the same species of golden lamina, that edge the other parts of the loose robe-like covering; whereas the *Scarabæus Trivialis*, though possessing a similar moveable prolongation of form, has it entirely round. In other respects, too, the same author has observed a difference. The *Scarabæus Ecclesiasticus* is lower in stature, less pompous in demeanour, and is altogether, for a reptile, of a grave and reverend aspect. It is thought by many that the species *Scarabæus Ecclesiasticus* will not long survive its kindred, the *Scarabæus Trivialis.—New Monthly.*

THE SHARK.

There always exists the most lively curiosity on the part of the sailors to learn what the shark has got stowed away in its inside; but they are often disappointed, for the stomach is generally empty. I remember one famous exception, indeed, when a very large fellow was caught on board the *Alceste*, in Anjeer Roads, at Java, when we were proceeding to China with the embassy under Lord Amherst. A number of ducks and hens, which had died in the night, were, as usual, thrown overboard in the morning, besides several baskets, and many other minor things, such as bundles of shavings and bits of cordage, all which things were found in this huge sea-monster's inside. But what excited most surprise and admiration was the hide of a buffalo, killed on board that day for the ship's company's dinner. The old sailor who had cut open the shark stood with a foot on each side and drew up the articles one by one from the huge cavern into which they had been indiscriminately drawn. When the operator came at last to the buffalo's skin, he held it up before him like a curtain, and exclaimed, "There, my lads; d'ye see that! He has swallowed a buffalo, but he could not digest the hide."—*Captain Hall's Autobiography.*

THE WALKING GALLOWS.

Among the extraordinary characters that turned up in the fatal "ninety-eight," there were few more extraordinary than Lieut. H.———, then denominated the "walking gallows;"—and such he certainly was, literally and practically.

Lieut. H.——— was an officer of the line, on half-pay. His brother was one of the solicitors to the crown—a quiet, tremulous, *vino deditus* sort of man, and a leading Orangeman:—his widow, who afterwards married and survived a learned doctor, was a clever positive, good-looking English-woman, and, I think, fixed the doctor's avowed *creed*: as to his genuine *faith*, that was of little consequence.

Lieut. H.——— was about six feet two inches high;—strong, and broad in proportion. His strength was great but of the dead kind, unaccompanied by activity. He could lift a ton, but could not leap a rivulet; he looked mild, and his address was civil—

neither assuming nor at all ferocious. I knew him well, and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty; but so cold blooded and so eccentric an executioner of the human race I believe never yet existed, save among the American Indians.

His inducement to the strange barbarity he practised I can scarcely conceive, unless it proceeded from that natural taint of cruelty which so often distinguishes man above all other animals when his power becomes uncontrolled. The propensity was probably strengthened in him from the indemnities of martial law, and by those visions of promotion whereby violent partizans are perpetually urged, and so frequently disappointed.

At the period alluded to, law being suspended, and the courts of justice closed, the "question" by torture was revived and largely practised. The commercial exchange of Dublin formed a place of execution; even *suspected* rebels were every day immolated as if *convicted* on the clearest evidence; and Lieut. H———'s *pastime* of hanging *on his own back* persons whose physiognomies he thought characteristic of rebellion was (I am ashamed to say) the subject of jocularity instead of punishment. What in other times he would himself have died for as a murderer, was laughed at as the manifestation of loyalty; never yet was martial law so abused, or its enormities so hushed up as in Ireland. Being a military officer, the lieutenant conceived he had a right to do just what he thought proper, and to make the most of his time while martial law was flourishing.

Once, when high in blood, he happened to meet a *suspicious-looking* peasant from county Kildare, who could not satisfactorily account for himself according to the lieutenant's notion of evidence; and having nobody at hand to vouch for him, the lieutenant of course immediately took for granted that he *must* be a rebel strolling about, and imagining the death of his Most Gracious Majesty. He therefore, no other *court of justice* being at hand, considered that he had a right to try the man by his *own opinion*; accordingly, after a brief interrogation, he condemned him to die, and without further ceremony proceeded to put his own sentence into immediate execution.

However, to do the lieutenant justice, his *mode* was not near so tedious or painful as that practised by the grand signior, who sometimes causes the ceremony to be divided into three acts, giving the culprit a drink of spring water to *refresh* him between the two first; nor was it so severe as the burning old women formerly for witchcraft. In fact the "walking gallows" was both on a new and simple plan; and after some kicking and plunging during the operation, never failed to be completely effectual. The lieutenant being, as before mentioned, of lofty stature, with broad and strong shoulders, saw no reason why they might not answer His Majesty's service upon a pinch as well as two posts and a cross-bar (the more legitimate instrument upon such occasions); and he also considered that, when a rope was not at hand, there was no good reason why his own silk cravat (being softer

than an ordinary halter, and of course less calculated to *hurt* a man) should not be a more merciful choke-band than that employed by any *Jack Ketch*, in the three kingdoms.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant, as a preliminary step, first knocked down the suspected rebel from county Kildare, which the weight of mettle in his fist rendered no difficult achievement. His garters then did duty as hand cuffs; and with the aid of a brawny aide-de-camp (one such always attended him), he pinioned his victim hand and foot, and then most considerately advised him to pray for King George, observing that any prayers for his *own* d——d *popish soul* would be only time lost, as his fate in every world (should there be even a thousand) was decided to all eternity for having imagined the death of so good a monarch.

During this exhortation, the lieutenant twisted up his long cravat so as to make a firm, handsome rope, and then expertly sliding it over the rebel's neck, secured it there by a double knot, drew the cravat over his own shoulders, and the aide-de camp holding up the rebel's heels, till he felt him *pretty easy*, the lieutenant with a powerful chuck drew up the poor devil's head as high as his own (cheek by jowl), and began to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart-horse,—the rebel choking and gulping meanwhile, until he had no further solicitude about sublunary affairs—when the lieutenant, giving him a parting chuck, just to make sure that his neck was broken, threw down his load —the personal assets about which the aide-de-camp made a *present* of to *himself*.

Now all this proceeding was very pains-taking and ingenious; and yet the ungrateful Government (as Secretary Cook assured me) would have been better pleased had the execution taken place on timber and with hemp, according to old formalities.

To be serious:—this story is scarcely credible—yet it is a notorious fact; and the lieutenant, a few nights afterwards, acquired the *sobriquet* which forms a head to this sketch, and with which he was invested by the upper gallery of Crow-street Theatre—nor did he ever get rid of it to his dying day.—*From Personal Sketches of His own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

A very fine and interesting specimen of the "Ichthyosaurus" has been liberally lent to the Birmingham Museum of Natural History, by J. Greaves, Esq., of Edgbaston. It was lately discovered in a stone-quarry, near Stratford-upon-Avon. This curious race of animal appears to have been, for many ages, extinct. Specimens of it exist only in a fossilized state. They are found distributed in the strata of the lias and oolitic formations. The term Ichthyosaurus is a compound of Greek substantives; and literally translated signifies Fish Lizard. The animals composing this extraordinary genus possess the snout of a dolphin, the teeth of a crocodile, the head

and breast-bone of a lizard, the swimming paws of a whale, and the vertebræ (back-bone joints) of a fish. The limbs have no distinct radus and ulna (the two bones of the fore-arm), and the humerus (main-bone of the arm) supports a numerous series of polygonal (many-angled) bones. The front extremities are largest. The genus, at present, contains four or five distinct species. We sincerely hope that the public spirit of Mr. Greaves, and other gentlemen who have so liberally contributed to the extension of the Birmingham Museum of Natural History, will be as warmly emulated by our enlightened and scientific townsmen, as it is gratefully felt and acknowledged by the proprietor.—*Birmingham Journal.*

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

When out of covert, the pheasant takes a straight and perpendicular flight, darting like an arrow towards shelter. In this lies the art and mystery of killing him. Here, too, is the difficulty, as a bruiser would say, in judging your distance ere you strike; as it frequently occurs that, like the partridge, he may rise close to you, when, if a young shot, you bang at him *instanter*, and have the pleasure of seeing him fly off in a *canter* (unless, indeed, you are in such a flurry as not to shoot at all), and your charge exploding in an opposite direction. This is the fault of too much haste, which in more affairs than this causes people to overshoot the mark; when, had he waited patiently till the bird darted into straight flying, he would most likely have recovered his self-possession and winged his bird. The female is certainly the easiest to kill, as she dodges in her flight, and this gives you an opportunity of another shy, which the cock does not, his flight being further away. As the pheasant flies rapidly, so is he likewise a steady pedestrian, and will often outstrip a good dog, who is not up to his quickness of foot. The learned in sports tells us, that if this bird is marked down, he cannot easily encounter the fatigue of another flight: but allow me to say it is quite a different motive which makes him refrain from immediate flight; it proceeds from craft or fear, for, like the partridge, early in the season, and when young (for, bear in mind, pheasants have not arrived at their full growth on the first of October), and unaccustomed to the noise of the gun, they will lie concealed until you almost tread them up; but, if shot at a few times, will pretty soon show whether they can fly or not.—*Sporting Magazine.*

A JOCKEY.

The duty of a jockey is to win, and not to do more than win. Half a neck is sufficient where his antagonist is exhausted, and as much judgment is shown in avoiding useless exertion as in making that which is sufficient. The best and most expert jockeys, such as Robinson and Chifney, avoid the use of the whip, if possible. Boys

more readily resort to it, and thereby, sometimes, lose a race that might, otherwise, have been won. When a race-horse is in the fullest exercise of his power, and doing his best, the blow of a whip will sometimes make him wince and shrink; he will, as it were, tuck up his flanks to escape from the blow, and, raising his legs higher up, lose ground instead of stretching himself forth over a larger surface. In this way considerable space may be lost, when nothing is wanting but a quiet, steady hand, and a forbearance from the use of the whip. A curious example of this occurred a few years ago, at Doncaster, in the celebrated race between Matilda and Mameluke. The latter was of a hot and violent temper, and being irritated by several false starts, not only lost considerable ground but a great deal of his strength, at the outset of the race. Robinson was riding Matilda, and saw Chifney on Mameluke pass every horse in succession till he came up with Matilda. At that moment he calculated on Mameluke's strength with such nicety, that he was convinced he could not maintain the effort he was then making. He permitted Chifney, therefore, to reach him, and even to be a little a-head of him, and, so far from whipping Matilda, actually gave her a kind of check. That check,—that slightest imaginable pull,—strengthened Matilda, and, by assisting her to draw her breath, enabled her to give those tremendous springs by which she recovered her ground, headed Mameluke, and won the race for her owner, Mr. Petre. It was in this race that that Scotch gentleman, who had won £17,000 by the issue, went up to Robinson, in the joy of the moment, and gave him £1,000, as a present. Gully, the owner of Mameluke, is said to have lost £40,000 on the occasion, every six-pence of which was punctually and honorably paid.

THE PIG.

There is, perhaps, in creation, no animal which has less justice and more injustice, done to him by man than the pig. Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of his nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for and analyzing his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.

While his faculties are still his own, only observe how, with a bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye; but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally most eagerly, or as we accuse him, most greedily, meet its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed to digestion of

a superabundance of food. To encourage this, nature assists him with sleep, which lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and dies.

It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork.

"There is something so horribly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their notions on all subjects are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village, and the stalking confinement of the sty—between the sound of the dinner-bell and the rattling of the pail—between snoring in an arm-chair and grunting in clean straw—that, when I contrast the "pig's countenance" in the dish, with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it so hard the one should have killed the other—in short, there is a sort of "*Tu quoque Brute !*" moral in picture, which, to my mind, is most painfully distressing.—*An Amusing extract from "Bubbles from the Brunnens, of Nassau.*"

HOW TO FRIGHTEN AWAY THE HICCUP.

But, reader, one word with you first. You have heard, no doubt, of many memorable deeds performed by fire. You have read that somebody set fire to Troy, Alexander to Persepolis, Nero to Rome, a baker to London, and a rascally caliph to the treasures of Persepolis ; but did you ever hear of a man setting fire to his own shirt to frighten away the hiccup ? Such, however, is the climax I have alluded to ; and this was the manner in which it was performed :—"D—— this hiccup," said Mytton, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into his bed :—"but I'll *frighten* it away !" so seizing a lighted candle, applied it to the tail of his shirt, and—being a cotton one—it was instantly enveloped in flames. Now, how was his life saved ? is the next question that might be asked. Why, by the active exertions of his London customer, and of another stout and intrepid young man who was in the room, who jointly threw him down on the ground and tore his shirt from his body piecemeal. Then, here again comes John Mytton. "The hiccup is gone by ——," said he, and reeled, naked, into his bed."—*Nimrod, in the New Sporting Magazine.*

THE VOLTIGEUR BALLAD.

So confident were not only the friends and backers of Voltigeur, but the public generally, that he would win the Leger, that ballads had been actually written and printed in anticipation of his victory; and scarcely had the judge's number, which announced him the winner of the deciding heat, appeared on the telegraph, than a leathern-lunged ballad singer commenced singing "*A new song on Voltigeur, who won the Derby and St. Leger in* 1850!" and in a few minutes disposed of his whole stock of ballad minstrelsy. We cannot pay a very high compliment to the poetic, though we must give credit to the philosophic spirit, which dictated the following doggrel:—

"You sportsmen all both great and small that dwell around this place,
Come, listen to my song, I sing about the St. Leger race,
At Doncaster in 50 when brave young Voltigeur came
And took the great St. Leger, it's an honour to his name.

CHORUS.

So Voltigeur is the winning horse
The truth I do unfold,
He's won the Derby and Leger,
And many a sum of gold."

Sunday Times.]

HOW TO DETECT POISONOUS MUSHROOMS.

A correspondent says:—"Having observed with pain the melancholy loss of life from eating poisonous mushrooms, I venture to send a simple test of the mushrpom, which I had practised for many years, and for which I am indebted to an old herbalist. Before peeling the mushroom pass a gold ring backwards and forwards on the skin of the mushroom. Should the bruise thus caused turn yellow or orange colour, the mushroom is poisonous, but otherwise it is quite safe. I have tried repeated baskets of mushrooms in this way, some turning yellow and others retaining their usual colour, though in all other respects to all appearance the same. Every married woman has a gold ring to test the mushroom thus; or a sovereign rubbed on the mushroom will have the desired effect."—*Ibid.*

AN ECCLESIASTICAL POACHER.

The good-natured, peace-loving inhabitants of a little commune near Bourges believed their curate to be as good a pastor as ever shrived a sinner, but the game-keepers of the neighbourhood believed him to be something more. They had been long indulging in the certainty that the good curate was not only a keen sportsman, but

that he was not wont to trouble the authorities by purchasing a *permit de chasse*. But though certainty had long taken the place of suspicion, they had never succeeded in taking his reverence in the act. He was a match for his watchers. The deadly fire-arms which he carried to all outward sense of sight was nothing but a good stout stick, wherewith the good *curé* was wont to guide his steps, and when the *gardes du champ* heard the report, and rushed to the spot, they only found the holy man leaning on his stick, contemplating the beauties of nature! A few days ago, however, they pounced upon him before he could take up that grave posture, when the parson-poacher gathered his garments about him, leaped into the river upon the bank of which he was standing, and hid his head among the reeds. His pursuers, concealing themselves in more comfortable quarters, waited till the half-drowned priest came forth, when they conveyed him to the prefecture, to do penance for his sin.—*Ibid.*

A SPORTING MONOMANIAC.

For a month past, since the commencement of the shooting season, M. Thibault, the keeper of a large inn at Belle Epine, had suffered from depredations inflicted upon his orchard and his farm-yard. At first he suspected the domestics, but he always found that the disappearance of his good things quickly followed upon the appearance of a guest whose manner proclaimed him a gentleman, and whose dress and whose gun gave unequivocal signs of his pretensions to be considered a sportsman. M. Thibault set a watch upon his customer when next he came, and shortly after having partaken of the good things that were provided for him, he was discovered by the host and two of his neighbours wringing the necks of two rabbits. They attempted to seize him, but he escaped into a neighbouring wood. Two gens d'armes who were set upon his track, found his pocket-book, in which were a game certificate and other papers which led to his identification. It appears that he is an extensive land proprietor in the neighbourhood, and that he is a monomaniac whose peculiar hallucination lies in the belief that he may make whatever of fruit and flesh that lie within his reach his own property without resorting to the trouble or expense of making payment for the same.—*Ibid.*

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION

Was performed by Waters, veterinary surgeon. A setter bitch was brought from abroad by a gent., on the 26th instant, to Waters, with two very large schirrous tumours on her mammæ. He operated on one on the 28th of July, and on the other the 8th of August. The two weighed seven pounds and a half, and

although the bitch was laboring under a chronic affection of the lungs of long standing, she is going on well.—*Ibid.*

NOVEL EQUESTRIAN FEAT FOR 10*l.*

A sporting inn-keeper of Nottingham, a Mr. John Brittle, offered to guide his horse one mile, himself to stand upright on the animal's back, the four-legged beast to have on him but a common bridle, and instead of a saddle a common horsecloth on his back; the pace of the horse to be either a trot, canter, or gallop; he was not to walk any part of the distance.

Mr. Richard Butler, a farmer residing at the village of Ratcliffe, within a short distance of Nottingham, offered to bet 5*l.* to 3*l.*, that Mr. Brittle did not perform the task without his either falling off or dismounting from the horse's back; that bet was taken by Mr. Brittle, and a further sum of 2*l.* each then deposited to bind the match, the whole of the money to be paid over to the winner.

Friday se'nnight was the day chosen for its coming off at the hour of five o'clock in the afternoon, in a meadow belonging to Mr. Butler, of Ratcliffe, whither a considerable number of sporting gentlemen from Nottingham and towns around wended their way.

Dr. Humphries, of Nottingham, was the selected umpire for Mr. Butler, and Mr. Bland, of Nottingham, for Mr. Brittle.

Punctual to the time the horse was caparisoned, and Mr. Brittle on its back, not sitting, but standing, *à la* Ducrow, with bridle in one hand and whip in the other; on the word "off" being given, away went the running horse, his master firmly standing on its broad back, the whole distance being performed without a halt, stumble, or fall, with the greatest apparent ease—time taken, under five minutes.

The stakes were handed over to the winner the same afternoon. Thirty gentlemen of the right sort, ready for hilarity and fun, from Nottingham, Bingham, &c. chiefly, sat down to partake of a substantial spread, provided "as per order," by the worthy host of the Black Lion Inn, Ratcliffe, the evening being spent in pleasing harmony. In the evening, a second match was made by the same parties for a similar sum of money and conditions, to come off within one month.—*Ibid.*

LAWS RELATING TO DEAD HEATS.

The dead heat for the St. Leger between Voltigeur and Russborough has caused much discussion in sporting circles, on the nature of the laws relating to such events. The rules on the subject, as laid down in the "Treatise on Horse-racing," by Captain Rous, are clear and explicit. For the benefit of our sporting readers we present a sketch of such as apply to the questions at issue.

The one most warmly canvassed is that which respects the payment of bets, had the dead heat not been run off. On this point the law admits not of the slightest cavil or debate. It states that—

"All bets between horses that run a dead heat, or between either of them and the field, must be settled by the money betted being put together and divided between the parties *in the same proportion as the stakes shall have been divided.*"

Parties who laid their money on either of the horses that contested for the dead heat against one that was beaten in the race, have experienced considerable difficulty in settling their wagers. On this point the same rule is again unmistakeable, as will be seen from the following extract :—

"If a bet be made on one of the horses that ran the dead heat against a horse that was beaten in the race, *he who backed the horse that ran the dead heat wins half his bet.* If the dead heat be the first event of a double bet, the bet shall be void."

The above rules are indisputable, and are sufficient to decide all questions at issue.—*Ibid.*

PERFORMANCES OF A THREE-YEAR-OLD FILLY.

A filly, fifteen hands high, of a black hue, the property of Thomas Hughes, of Tyddyneywarch, farmer, of Llanfechell, Anglesey, has, in the sight of several spectators, leaped over a river full eight yards wide, clearing both banks thoroughly ; and leaped over a gate of the height of five feet. Her briskness and amazing velocity form a theme for general conversation in the neighbourhood.—*Ibid.*

NEW LEGAL AUTHORITIES.

In a case which was tried yesterday in one of our justices' courts some rather novel authorities were brought forward by one of the learned counsel. "The Court will observe," said he, "that in the case of Shylock v. Antonio, though judgment was rendered in favour of the plaintiff, yet circumstances prevented the execution which had issued from being carried into effect." "What case did the Court understand the gentleman to refer to?" asked the magistrate, slightly puzzled. "Shylock v. Antonio, 2nd Shaks., p. 255. Johnson's edition. The Court will there find the case reported in full." The next authority is of rather more ancient date, it is the case of the King v. Shadrach *et al.*, 1st Daniel's Reports, p. 155. The learned counsel went on to apply the cases to that of his client, but whether the Court considered the authority sufficient we have not yet learned.—*New York Fuzzyguzzy.*

NOVEL CURE FOR HORSE BRUISES.

In the royal stables of Austria, a species of artificial stone called *helistone*, has been used with the greatest success in the reduction of tumours and the curing of bruises and sores caused by the friction of the saddle, collar, or any portion of the harness. This stone is

used in the following manner:—A piece half the size of a nut is pulverized, and put into a small bottle of water, in which it will dissolve in the course of a few hours. Nothing more is required than to dip a piece of clean rag in the solution, and then rub it upon the part affected. In the case of sores from saddlery, the best plan is to lay a rag previously dipped in the solution, upon the live flesh: the dressing to be changed every half hour. The stone is made in the following manner:—Alum, half a pound; sulphate of iron, two ounces; verdigris, three ounces; sal ammoniac, three ounces; sulphate of zinc, three ounces. Beat this together, then put it into a new earthen-ware pan over a charcoal fire, and stir well with a wooden spoon, and when it has become a compact mass, add two drachms of saffron, and one drachm of camphor powder; take it off the fire, and when cooled it will be found to be an homogenous mass.—*Sunday Times.*

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

An interesting quoit feat is appointed to take place at Newmarket, in the course of the ensuing week. Mr. John Henderson has backed himself at 50*l.* to 25*l.* to throw a quoit of two pounds weight sixty yards. Mr. Henderson is to choose the ground, and his opponent the end. The match excites considerable local speculation.—*Ibid.*

EXTRAORDINARY PEDESTRIAN FEAT.

A remarkable pedestrian feat has just been accomplished by Robert Pugh, one of the mountain guides at Dolgelly, Merionethshire, who performed the task of walking from that town to the top of Cader Idris and back four times in 13½ hours. The distance to the summit of the mountain is six miles, and the road is very steep and craggy, and, perhaps, one of the roughest and most toilsome in North Wales. Pugh started at five o'clock in the morning, and concluded his task at half-past six in the evening, having thus accomplished the four journeys within two and a half hours of the stipulated time, the wager, which was for the sum of 10*l.*, being that he could not walk the distance in sixteen hours. The weather was very wet and stormy, yet notwithstanding this drawback, and the arduous toil of the four ascents, the guide did not appear in the least fatigued. The completion of the task was announced by a peal of bells.—*Ibid.*

HURDLE RACE EXTRAORDINARY.

A match for 50*l.* a side, between a bay mare named Miss Fanny and Thomas, the Salopian runner, over a distance of two miles and 50 hurdles, 3 feet 6 inches high, came off on Monday afternoon at Exeter. The spot chosen was a level field, of between four and five acres, immediately behind the Debtors' Ward, St. Thomas, and seve-

ral hundreds assembled to witness the feat. The large quantity of rain which had fallen the previous day, and the heavy showers during the day itself, had rendered the ground damp and more than ordinarily unfavourable to the man, notwithstanding which he found many backers. Round the field at equal distances of 70 feet eight hurdles were fixed, and to complete the distance and the number of jumps required six circuits and two hurdles more. At twenty minutes to four the start was made, and during the first round the horse took the lead, waiting for his opponent very leisurely. At the third jump the man caught his foot, but did not fall. During the second round the man was evidently permitted to go a-head. During the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth rounds the horse led, usually walking, except when put to the leaps. At the first leap of the sixth round the horse knocked down a hurdle, and had to return and go over clear, but it was pretty evident that the man's chance was very small indeed and the mare came in a winner by nearly two minutes. It is right to mention that the mare frequently knocked her feet in going over, but she was ridden with great judgment by her owner, Mr. W. Wilkins, of Mendip, Somerset, at a pace very little above a walk at any time. The whole distance was accomplished in sixteen minutes and a half. The man took his leaps in a style pronounced beautiful by the sporting men present, and was occasionally refreshed with a draught of water. He is a young man under 30 years of age, of spare habit, and, as may be supposed, very agile. The mare is very well, but not thorough-bred.—*Ibid.*

A REGULAR PUZZLE.

In a house not a hundred miles from Booth town are living at present – 1 grandfather, 1 grandmother, 1 father, 4 mothers, 3 sisters, 5 brothers, 6 uncles, 3 aunts, 5 nephews, 6 nieces, 8 cousins, 5 sons, 6 daughters, 1 sister in-law, 1 brother-in-law, 3 granddaughters, 1 widow, and 1 widower—total, 61; and there are only 13 persons in the whole.—*Halifax Guardian.*

ANIMALS SUSCEPTIBLE OF CHOLERA.

The Prussian physicians, in their last report, record the following strange fact:—In Gipps-street a man, whose dog slept with him, died of cholera. A few days afterwards the dog was seized with every symptom of cholera, and also died. His body was opened, and it was, undoubtedly, ascertained he died of Asiatic cholera, which the physicians say he took from his master.—*Sunday Times.*

RECREATIONS OF CHRISTOPHER NORTH.*

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS SPORTING JACKET.—FYTTE FIRST.

Well, then, after cat-killing comes Coursing. Cats have a look of hares—kittens of leverets—and they are all called Pussy. The terriers are useful still, preceding the line like skirmishers, and with finest noses startling the mawkin from bracken-bush or rush bower, her skylight garret in the old quarry, or her brown study in the brake. Away with your coursing on Marlborough downs, where huge hares are seen squatted from a distance, and the sleek dogs, disrobed of their gaudy trappings, are let slip by a Tryer, running for cups and collars before lords and ladies, and squires of high and low degree—a pretty pastime enough, no doubt, in its way, and a splendid cavalcade. But will it for a moment compare with the sudden and all-unlooked-for start of the "auld witch" from the bunweed-covered lea, when the throat of every pedestrian is privileged to cry "halloo—halloo—halloo"—and whipcord-tailed greyhound and hairy lurcher, without any invidious distinction of birth or bearing, lay their deep breasts to the sward at the same moment, to the same instinct, and rattle over the brae after the disappearing Ears, laid flat at the first sight of her pursuers, as with retroverted eyes, she turns her face to the mountain, and seeks the cairn only a little lower than the falcon's nest.

What signifies any sport in the open air, except in congenial scenery of earth and heaven? Go, thou gentle Cockney! and angle in the New River; but, bold Englishman, come with us and try a salmon-cast in the old Tay. Go, thou gentle Cockney! and course a suburban hare in the purlieus of Blackheath;—but, hold Englishman, come with us and course an animal that never heard a city-bell, by day a hare, by night an old woman, that loves the dogs she dreads, and, hunt her as you will with a leash and a half of lightfoots, still returns at dark to the same form in the turf-dike of the garden of the mountain cottage. The children, who love her as their own eyes—for she has been as a pet about the family, summer and winter, since that chubby-cheeked urchin, of some five years old, first began to swing in his self-rocking cradle—will scarcely care to see her started —nay, one or two of the wickedest among them will join in the halloo; for often, ere this, "has she cheated the very jowlers and launched ower her shouther at the lang dowgs walloping ahint her, sair forfaquhen, up the benty brae—and it's no the day that she's gaun to be killed by Rough Robin, or smooth Spring, or the red Bick, or the hairy Lurcher—though a' fowr be let lowse on her at ance, and ye surround her or she rise." What are your great big fat lazy English hares, ten or twelve pounds and upwards, who

* Continued from No. XXIII. of the *India Sporting Review*.

have the food brought to their very mouth in preserves and are out of breath with five minutes' scamper among themselves—to the middle-sized, hard-hipped, wiry-backed, steel-legged, long-winded mawkins of Scotland, that scorn to taste a leaf of a single cabbage in the wee moorland yardie that shelters them, but prey in distant fields, take a breathing every gloaming along the mountain-breast, untired as young eagles ringing the sky for pastime, and before the dogs seem not so much scouring for life as for pleasure, with such an air of freedom, liberty, and independence, do they fling up the moss and cock their fuds in the faces of their pursuers. Yet stanch are they to the spine—strong in bone, and sound in bottom—see, see how Tickler clears that twenty-feet moss-hag at a single spang like a bird—tops that hedge that would turn any hunter that ever stabled in Melton Mowbray—and then, at full speed northward, moves as upon a pivot within his own length, and close upon his haunches, without losing a foot, off within a point of due south. A kennel! He never was and never will be in a kennel all his free joyful days. He has walked and run—and leaped and swam about—at his own will, ever since he was nine days old—and he would have done so sooner had he had any eyes. None of your stinking cracklets for him—he takes his meals with the family, sitting at the right hand of the master's eldest son. He sleeps in any bed of the house he chooses; and, though no Methodist, he goes every third Sunday to church. That is the education of a Scottish greyhound—and the consequence is, that you may pardonably mistake him for a deer dog from Badenoch or Lochaber, and no doubt in the world that he would rejoice in a glimpse of the antlers on the weather gleam.

"Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea."

This may be called roughing it—slovenly—coarse—rude—artless—unscientific. But we say no—it is your only coursing. Gods! with what a bounding bosom the schoolboy salutes the dawning of the cool—clear—crisp, yes, crisp October morn, (for there has been a slight frost, and the almost leafless hedgerows are all glittering with rime;) and, little time lost at dress or breakfast, crams the luncheon into his pouch, and away to the Trysting hill Farmhouse, which he fears the gamekeeper and his grews will have left ere he can run across the two long Scotch miles of moor between him and his joy! With step elastic, he feels flying along the sward as from a spring-board; like a roe, he clears the burns and bursts his way through the brakes; panting, not from breathlessness but anxiety, he lightly leaps the garden fence without a pole, and lo, the green jacket of one huntsman, the red jacket of another, on the plat before the door, and two or three tall rawboned poachers—and there is mirth and music, fun and frolic, and the very soul of enterprise, adventure, and desperation, in that word—while tall and graceful stand the black, the brindled, and the yellow breed, with keen yet quiet eyes, pro-

phetic of their destined prey, and though motionless now as stone statues of hounds at the feet of Meleager, soon to launch like lightning at the loved halloo !

Out comes the gudewife with her own bottle from the press in the spence, with as big a belly and broad a bottom as her own, and they are no trifle—for the worthy woman has been making much beef for many years, is moreover in the family way, and surely this time there will be twins at least—and pours out a canty caulker for each crowing crony, beginning with the gentle, and ending with the simple, that is our and herself; and better speerit never steamed in sma' still. She offers another with "hinny," by way of Athole brose; but it is put off till evening, for coursing requires a clear head, and the same sobriety then adorned our youth that now dignifies our old age. The gudeman, although an elder of the kirk, and with as grave an aspect as suits that solemn office, needs not much persuasion to let the flail rest for one day, anxious though he be to show the first aits in the market; and donning his broad blue bonnet, and the shortest-tailed auld coat he can find, and taking his kent in his hand, he gruffly gives Wully his orders for a' things about the place, and sets off with the younkers for a holyday. Not a man on earth who has not his own pastime, depend on't, austere as he may look and 'twould be well for this wicked world if no elder in it had a "sin that maist easily beset him," worse than what Gibby Watson's wife used to call his "awful fondness for the Grews!"

And who that loves to walk or wander over the green earth, except indeed it merely be some sonnetteer or ballad-monger, if he had time and could afford it, and lived in a tolerably open country, would not keep, at the very least, three greyhounds? No better eating than a hare, though old blockhead Burton—and he was a blockhead, if blockhead ever there was one in this world—in his Anatomy, chooses to call it melancholy meat. Did he ever, by way of giving dinner a fair commencement, swallow a tureen of hare soup with half-a-peck of mealy potatoes? If ever he did—and notwithstanding called hare melancholy meat, there can be no occasion whatever for now wishing him any further punishment. If he never did—then he was on earth the most unfortunate of men. England—as you love us and yourself—cultivate hare-soup, without for a moment dreaming of giving up roasted hare well stuffed with stuffing, jelly sauce being handed round on a large trencher. But there is no such thing as melancholy meat—neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—provided only there be enough of it. Otherwise, the daintiest dish drives you to despair. But independently of spit, pot, and pan, what delight in even daunering about the home farm seeking for a hare? It is quite an art or science. You must consult not only the wind and weather of to day, but of the night before—and of every day and night back to last Sunday, when probably you were prevented by the rain from going to church. Then hares shift the sites of their country seats every season. This month they love the fallow

field—that, the stubble; this, you will see them, almost without looking for them, big and brown on the bare stony up-land lea—that, you must have a hawk's eye in your head to discern, discover, detect them, like birds in their nests, embowered below the bunweed or the bracken; they choose to spend this week in a wood impervious to wet or wind—that, in a marsh too plashy for the plover; now you may depend on finding madam at home in the sulks within the very heart of a bramble-bush or dwarf black-thorn thicket, while the squire cocks his fud at you from the top of a knowe open to blasts from all the airts;—in short, he who knows at all times where to find a hare, even if he knew not one single thing else but the way to his mouth, cannot be called an ignorant man—is probably a better-informed man in the long run than the friend on his right, discoursing about the Turks, the Greeks, the Portugals, and all that sort of thing, giving himself the lie on every arrival of his daily paper. We never yet knew an old courser, (him of the Sporting Annals included), who was not a man both of abilities and virtues. But where were we?—at the Trysting hill Farmhouse, jocularly called Hunger-them-Out.

Line is formed, and with measured steps we march towards the hills—for we ourselves are the school-boy, bold, bright, and blooming as the rose—fleet of foot almost as the very antelope—Oh! now, alas! dim and withered as a stalk from which winter has swept all the blossoms—slow as the sloth along the ground—spindle-shanked as a lean and slippered pantaloon!

"O heaven! that from our bright and shining years
Age would but take the things youth heeded not!"

An old shepherd meets us on the long sloping rushy ascent to the hills—and putting his brown withered finger to his gnostic nose, intimates that she is in her old form behind the dike—and the noble dumb animals, with pricked-up ears and brandished tail, are aware that her hour is come. Plash, plash, through the marsh, and then on the dry furze beyond, you see her large dark-brown eyes—Soho, soho, soho—Halloo, halloo, halloo—for a moment the seemingly horned creature appears to dally with the danger, and to linger ere she lays her lugs on her shoulder, and away, like thoughts pursuing thought—away fly hare and hounds towards the mountain.

Stand all still for a minute—for not a bush the height of our knee to break our view—and is not that brattling burst up the brae "beautiful exceedingly," and sufficient to chain in admiration the beatings of the rudest gazer's heart? Yes; of all beautiful sights—none more, none so much so, as the miraculous motion of a four-footed wild animal, changed at once, from a seeming inert sod or stone, into flight fleet as that of the falcon's wing! Instinct against instinct! fear and ferocity in one flight! Pursuers and pursued bound together, in every turning and twisting of their career, by the operation of two headlong passions! Now they are all three upon her—

and she dies. No! glancing aside, like a bullet from a wall, she bounds almost at a right angle from her straight course—and, for a moment, seems to have made good her escape. Shooting headlong one over the other, all three, with erected tails, suddenly bring themselves up—like racing barks, when down goes the helm, and one after another, bowsprit and boom almost entangled, rounds the buoy, and again bears up on the starboard tack upon a wind—and in a close line, head to heel, so that you might cover them all with a sheet—again, all open-mouthed on her haunches, seem to drive, and go with her over the cliff.

We are all on foot—and pray what horse could gallop through among all these quagmires, over all the hags in these peat-mosses, over all the water-cressy and pud-docky ditches, sinking soft on hither and thither side, even to the two-legged leaper's ankle or knee—up that hill on the perpendicular strewn with flint-shivers—down these loose-hanging cliffs—through that brake of old stunted birches with stools hard as iron—over that mile of quaking muir where the plover breeds—and—finally—up—up—up—to where the dwarfed heather dies away among the cinders, and in winter you might mistake a flock of ptarmigan for a patch of snow?

The thing is impossible—so we are all on foot—and the fleetest keeper that ever footed it in Scotland shall not in a run of three miles give us sixty yards. "Ha! Peter the wild boy, how are you off for wind?"—we exultingly exclaim, in giving Red-jacket the go-by on the bent. But see—see—they are bringing her back again down the Red Mount—glancing aside, she throws them all three out—yes, all three, and few enow too, though fair play be a jewel—and ere they can recover, she is a-head a hundred yards up the hill. There is a beautiful trial of bone and bottom! Now one, and then another, takes almost imperceptibly the lead; but she steals away from them inch by inch—beating them all blind—and, suddenly disappearing—Heaven knows how—leaves them all in the lurch. With out-lolling tongues, hanging heads, panting sides, and drooping tails, they come one by one down the steep, looking somewhat sheepish, and then lie down together on their sides, as if indeed about to die in defeat. She has carried away her cocked fud unscathed for the third time, from Three of the Best in all broad Scotland—nor can there any longer be the smallest doubt in the world, in the minds of the most sceptical, that she is—what all the country-side have long known her to be—a Witch.

From cat-killing to Coursing, we have seen that the transition is easy in the order of nature—and so is it from coursing to Fox-hunting—by means, however, of a small intermediate step—the Harriers. Musical is a pack of harriers as a peal of bells. How melodiously the ring changes in the woods, and in the hollow of the mountains! A level country we have already consigned to merited contempt, (though there is no rule without an exception; and, as we shall see by and bye, there is one too here,) and commend us, even

with harriers, to the ups and downs of the pastoral or sylvan heights. If old or indolent, take your station on a heaven-kissing hill, and hug the echoes to your heart. Or, if you will ride, then let it be on a nimble galloway of some fourteen hands, that can gallop a good pace on the road, and keep sure footing on bridle-paths, or upon the pathless braes—and by judicious horsemanship, you may meet the pack at many a loud-mouthed burst, and haply be not far out at the death. But the school-boy—and the shepherd—and the whipper-in—as each hopes for favour from his own Diana—let them all be on foot—and have studied the county for every imaginable variety that can occur in the winter's campaign. One often hears of a cunning old fox—but the cunningest old fox is a simpleton to the most guileless young hare. What deceit in every double! What calculation in every squat! Of what far more complicated than Creaton Labyrinth is the creature, now hunted for the first time, sitting in the centre! a-listening the baffled roar! Now into the pool she plunges, to free herself from the fatal scent that lures on death. Now down the torrent course she runs and leaps, to cleanse it from her poor paws, fur-protected from the sharp flints that lame the fiends that so sorely beset her, till many limp along in their own blood. Now along the coping of stone walls she crawls and scrambles—and now ventures from the wood along the frequented high road, heedless of danger from the front, so that she may escape the horrid growling in the rear. Now into the pretty little garden of the wayside, or even the village cot, she creeps, as if to implore protection from the innocent children, or the nursing mother. Yes, she will even seek refuge in the sanctuary of the cradle. The terrier drags her out from below a tombstone, and she dies in the churchyard. The hunters come reeking and reeling on, we ourselves among the number—and to the winding horn that echoes reply from the walls of the house of worship—and now, in momentary contrition,

"Drops a sad, serious tear upon our playful pen!"

and we bethink ourselves—alas! all in vain, for

"*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret*"—

of these solemn lines of the poet of peace and humanity:—

"One lesson, reader, let us two divide,
Taught by what nature shows and what conceals,
Never to blend our pleasure and our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

It is next to impossible to reduce fine poetry to practice—so let us conclude with a panegyric on Fox-hunting. The passion for this pastime is the very strongest that can possess the heart—nor, of all the heroes of antiquity, is there one to our imagination more poetical than Nimrod. His whole character is given, and his whole history, in two words—Mighty Hunter. That he hunted the fox is not pro-

bable ; for the sole aim and end of his existence was not to exterminate—that would have been cutting his own throat—but to thin man-devouring wild beasts—the Pards—with Leo at their head. But in a land like this, where not even a wolf has existed for centuries—nor a wild boar—the same spirit that would have driven the British youth on the tusk and paw of the Lion and the Tiger, mounts them in scarlet on such steeds as never neighed before the flood, nor "summered high in bliss" on the sloping pastures of undeluged Ararat—and gathers them together in gallant array on the edge of the cover,

"When first the hunter's startling horn is heard
Upon the golden hills."

What a squadron of cavalry! What fiery eyes and flaming nostrils —betokening with what ardent passion the noble animals will revel in the chase! Bay, brown, black, dun, chestnut, sorrel, grey—of all shades and hues —and every courser distinguished by his own peculiar character of shape and form—yet all blending harmoniously as they crown the mount; so that a painter would only have to group and colour them as they stand, nor lose, if able to catch them, one of the dazzling lights or deepening shadows streamed on them from that sunny, yet not unstormy sky.

You read in books of travels and romances, of Barbs and Arabs galloping in the desert—and well doth Sir Walter speak of Saladin at the head of his Saracenic chivalry; but take our word for it, great part of all such descriptions are mere falsehood or fudge. Why in the devil's name should dwellers in the desert always be going at full speed? And how can that full speed be any thing more than a slow heavy hand-gallop at the best, the barbs being up to the belly at every stroke? They are always, it is said, in high condition —but we, who know something about horse-flesh, give that assertion the lie. They have seldom any thing either to eat or drink; are lean as church-mice; and covered with clammy sweat before they have ambled a league from the tent. And then such a set of absurd riders, with knees up to their noses, like so many tailors riding to Brentford, *viâ* the deserts of Arabia! Such bits, such bridles, and such saddles! But the whole set-out, rider and ridden, accoutrements and all, is too much for one's gravity, and must occasion a frequent laugh to the wild ass as he goes braying unharnessed by. But look there! Arabian blood, and British bone! Not bred in and in to the death of all the fine strong animal spirits—but blood intermingled and interfused by twenty crosses, nature exulting in each successive produce, till her power can no further go, and in yonder glorious grey,

"Gives the world assurance of a horse!"

From the Three Hundred into squadron, or squadrons, and in the hand of each rider a sabre alone, none of your lances, all bear his

breast but for the silver laced blue, the gorgeous uniform of the Hussars of England—confound all cuirasses and cuirassiers!—let the trumpet sound a charge, and ten thousand of the proudest of the Barbaric chivalry be opposed with spear and scimitar—and through their snow-ranks will the Three Hundred go like thaw—splitting them into dissolution with the noise of thunder.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it; and where, we ask, were the British cavalry ever overthrown? And how could the great north-country horse-coupers perform their contracts, but for the triumphs of the Turf? Blood—blood there must be, either for strength, or speed, or endurance. The very heaviest cavalry—the Life Guards and the Scots Greys, and all other dragoons, must have blood. But without racing and fox-hunting, where could it be found? Such pastimes nerve one of the arms of the nation when in battle; but for them 'twould be palsied. What better education, too, not only for a horse, but his rider, before playing a bloodier game in his first war campaign? Thus he becomes demi-corpsed with the noble animal; and what easy, equable motion to him is afterwards a charge over a wide level plain, with nothing in the way but a few regiments of flying Frenchmen! The hills and dales of merry England have been the best riding-school to her gentlemen—her gentlemen who have not lived at home at ease—but, with Paget, and Stewart, and Seymour, and Cotton, and Somerset, and Vivian, have left their hereditary halls, and all the peaceful pastimes pursued among the sylvan scenery, to try the mettle of their steeds, and cross swords with the vaunted Gallic chivalry; and still have they been in the shock victorious; witness the skirmish that astonished Napoleon at Saldanha—the overthrow that uncrowned him at Waterloo!

"Well, do you know, that, after all you have said, Mr. North, I cannot understand the passion and the pleasure of fox-hunting. It seems to me both cruel and dangerous."

Cruelty! Is there cruelty in laying the rein on their necks, and delivering them up to the transport of their high condition—for every throbbing vein is visible—at the first full burst of that maddening cry, and letting loose to their delight the living thunder-bolts? Danger! What danger but of breaking their own legs, necks, or backs, and those of their riders? And what right have you to complain of that, lying all your length, a huge hulking fellow, snoring and snorting half-asleep on a sofa, sufficient to sicken a whole street? What though it be but a smallish, reddish-brown, sharp-nosed animal, with pricked-up ears, and passionately fond of poultry, that they pursue? After the first Tally-ho, Reynard is rarely seen, till he is run in upon—once, perhaps, in the whole run, skirting a wood, or crossing a common. It is an idea that is pursued, on a whirlwind of horses, to a storm of canine music—worthy, both, of the largest lion that ever leaped among a band of Moors, sleeping at midnight by an extinguished fire on the African sands. There is, we verily believe it, nothing Foxy in the Fancy of one man in all

that glorious field of Three Hundred. Once off and away—while wood and welkin rings—and nothing is felt—nothing is imaged in that hurricane flight, but scorn of all obstructions, dikes, ditches, drains, brooks, palings, canals, rivers and all the impediments reared in the way of so many rejoicing madmen, by nature, art, and science, in an inclosed, cultivated, civilized, and Christian country. There they go—prince and peer, baronet and squire—the nobility and gentry of England, the flower of the men of the earth, each on such a steed as Pollux never reined, nor Philip's warlike son—for could we imagine Bucephalus here, ridden by his own tamer, Alexander would be thrown out during the very first burst, and glad to find his way dismounted to a village ale-house for a pail of meal and water. Hedges, trees, groves, gardens, orchards, woods, farm-houses, huts, halls, mansions, palaces, spires, steeples, towers, and temples, all go wavering by, each demi-god seeing, or seeing them not, as his winged steed skims or labours along, to the swelling or sinking music now loud as a near regimental band, now faint as an echo. Far and wide over the country are dispersed the scarlet runners—and a hundred villages pour forth their admiring swarms, as the main current of the chase roars by, or disparted runlets float wearied and all astray, lost at last in the perplexing woods. Crash goes the top-timber of the five barred gate—away over the ears flies the ex-rough-rider in a surprising somerset—after a succession of stumbles down is the gallant Grey on knees and nose, making sad work among the fallow—Friendship is a fine thing, and the story of Damon and Pythias most affecting indeed—but Pylades eyes Orestes on his back sorely drowned in sludge, and tenderly leaping over him as he lies, claps his hands to his ear, and with a "hark forward, tantivy!" leaves him to remount, lame and at leisure—and ere the fallen has risen and shaken himself, is round the corner of the white village-church, down the dell, over the brook, and close on the heels of the straining pack, all a-yell up the hill crowned by the Squire's Folly. "Every man for himself, and God for us all," is the devout and ruling apothegm of the day. If death befall, what wonder? since man and horse are mortal; but death loves better a wide soft bed with quiet curtains and darkened windows in a still room, the clergyman in the one corner with his prayers, and the physician in another with his pills, making assurance doubly sure, and preventing all possibility of the dying Christian's escape. Let oak branch smite the too slowly stooping skull, or rider's back not timely levelled with his steed's; let faithless bank give way, and bury in the brook; let hidden drain yield to fore feet and work a sudden wreck; let old coal-pit, with briery mouth, betray; and roaring river bear down man and horse, to cliffs unscalable by the very Welsh goat: let duke's or earl's son go sheer over a quarry twenty feet deep, and as many high; yet "without stop or stay, down the rocky way," the hunter train flows on; for the music grows fiercer and more savage—lo! all that remains together of the pack, in far more dread-

ful madness than hydrophobia, leaping out of their skins, under insanity from the scent, for Vulpes can hardly now make a crawl of it; and ere he, they, whipper-in, or any one of the other three demoniacs, have time to look in one another's splashed faces, he is torn into a thousand pieces, gobbled up in the general growl; and snug, and smooth, and dry, and warm, and cozey, as he was an hour and twenty-five minutes ago exactly, in his furze bush in the cover—he is now piece-meal in about thirty distinct stomachs; and is he not, pray, well off for sepulture?—*Recreations of Christopher North, Vol.* 1.

SALMONIA: OR, DAYS OF FLY FISHING.

First Day.

HALIEUS—POIETES—PHYSICUS—ORNITHER.

INTRODUCTORY CONVERSATION—SYMPOSIAC.

Scene, London.

PHYS.—Halieus, I dare say you know where this excellent trout was caught: I never ate a better fish of the kind.

HAL.—I ought to know, as it was this morning in the waters of the Wandle, not ten miles from the place where we sit, and it is through my means that you see it at table.

PHYS.—Of your own catching?

HAL.—Yes, with the artificial fly.

PHYS.—I admire the fish, but I cannot admire the art by which it was taken; and I wonder how a man of your active mind and enthusiastic character, can enjoy what appears to me a stupid and melancholy occupation.

HAL.—I might as well wonder, in my turn, that a man of your discursive imagination and disposition to contemplation, should not admire this occupation, and that you should venture to call it either stupid or melancholy,

PHYS.—I have at least the authority of a great moralist, Johnson, for its folly.

HAL.—I will allow no man, however great a philosopher or moralist, to abuse an occupation he has not tried; and, as well as I remember, this same illustrious person praised the book and the character of the great Patriarch of Anglers, Isaac Walton.

PHYS.—There is another celebrated man, however, who has abused this, your patriarch, Lord Byron; and that in terms not very qualified. He calls him, as well as I can recollect, "A quaint old cruel

coxcomb."* I must say, a practice of this great fisherman, where he recommends you to pass the hook through the body of a frog with care, as though you loved him, in order to keep him alive longer, cannot but be considered as cruel.

HAL.—I do not justify either the expression or the practice of Walton, in this instance; but remember, *I* fish only with inanimate baits, or imitations of them, and I will not exhume or expose the ashes of the dead, nor vindicate the memory of Walton, at the expense of Byron, who, like Johnson, was no fisherman: but the moral and religious habits of Walton, his simplicity of manners, and his well-spent life, exonerate him from the charge of cruelty; and the book of a coxcomb would not have been so great a favourite with most persons of refined taste. A noble lady, long distinguished at court for pre-eminent beauty and grace, and whose mind possesses undying charms, has written some lines in my copy of Walton, which, if you will allow me, I will repeat to you.

Albeit, gentle Angler, I
Delight not in thy trade,
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,
So much of mind,
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee, I'm lured to bear
With things that seem'd most vile before,
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest sage might hear.
And with a grace,
That doth efface
More labour'd works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*,
More than the scaly brood *confines*.

Our hearts and senses, too, we see,
Rise quickly at thy master hand.
And, ready to be caught by thee,
Are lured to virtue willingly.

* From Don Juan, Canto xii. Stanza 106.

" And Angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says:
The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook and a small trout to pull it."

Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly, with thee, I pace along,
And of sweet fancies dream ;
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherish'd long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth ;
Because that time upon its stream
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.

C. C. 1812.

And though the charming and intellectual author of this poem is not an angler herself, yet I can quote the example of her lovely daughters, to vindicate fly-fishing from the charge of cruelty, and to prove that the most delicate and refined minds can take pleasure in this innocent amusement. One of these young ladies, I am told, is a most accomplished and skilful salmon-fisher. And if you require a poetical authority against that of Lord Byron, I mention the philosophical poet of the lakes, and the author of

" An Orphic tale, indeed,
A tale divine, of high and passionate thoughts,
To their own music chanted ;"*

who is a lover both of fly-fisking and fly-fishermen. Gay's poem, you know, and his passionate fondness for the amusement, which was his principal occupation in the summer at Amesbury ; and the late excellent John Tobin, author of the Honey Moon, was an ardent angler.

Phys.—I am satisfied with your poetical authorities.

Hal.—Nay, I can find authorities of all kinds, statesmen, heroes, and philosophers ; I can go back to Trajan, who was fond of angling. Nelson was a good fly-fisher, † and as a proof of his passion for it, continued the pursuit even with his left hand. Dr. Paley was ardently attached to this amusement ; so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humour, " My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-

* The Friend, p. 303, by S. T. Coleridge.

† I have known a person who fished with him at Merton, in the Wandle. I hope the circumstance will be mentioned in the next edition of that most exquisite and touching Life of our Hero, by the Laureate, an immortal monument raised by Genius to Valour.

fishing season is over," as if this were a business of his life. And I am rather reserved in introducing living characters, or I could give a list of the highest names of Britain, belonging to modern times, in science, letters, arts, and arms, who are ornaments of this fraternity,—to use the expression borrowed from the freemasonry of our forefathers.

PHYS.—I do not find much difficulty in understanding why warriors, and even statesmen, fishers of men, many of whom I have known particularly fond of hunting and shooting, should likewise be attached to angling; but I own I am at a loss to find reasons for a love of this pursuit amongst philosophers and poets.

HAL.—The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage, in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game, or a fish, with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals, to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its object the same; but that kind of it requiring most art, may be said to characterize man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly, employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its pilosophical tendency,—it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon,—and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily; and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the

gaudy May fly, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine.

PHYS.—All these enjoyments might be obtained, without the necessity of torturing and destroying an unfortunate animal, that the true lover of nature would wish to see happy in a scene of loveliness.

HAL.—If all men were Pythagoreans and professed the Brahmin's creed, it would, undoubtedly, be cruel to destroy any form of animated life; but if fish are to be eaten, I see no more harm in capturing them by skill and ingenuity with an artificial fly, than in pulling them out of the water by main force with the net; and in general, when taken by the common fishermen, fish are permitted to die slowly, and to suffer in the air, from the want of their natural element; whereas, every good angler, as soon as his fish is landed, either destroys his life immediately, if he is wanted for food, or returns him into the water.

PHYS.—But do you think nothing of the torture of the hook, and the fear of capture, and the misery of struggling against the powerful rod?

HAL.—I have already admitted the danger of analysing, too closely, the moral character of any of our field sports: yet I think, it cannot be doubted that the nervous system of fish, and cold-blooded animals generally is less sensitive than that of warm-blooded animals. The hook usually is fixed in the cartilaginous part of the mouth, where there are no nerves; and a proof that the sufferings of a hooked fish cannot be great, is found in the circumstance that, though a trout has been hooked and played for some minutes, he will often, after his escape with the artificial fly in his mouth, take the natural fly, and feed as if nothing had happened; having apparently learned only from the experiment, that the artificial fly is not proper food. And I have caught pikes with four or five hooks in their mouths, and tackle which they had broken only a few minutes before; and the hooks seemed to have had no other effect, than that of serving as a sort of *sauce piquante*, urging them to seize another morsel of the same kind.

PHYS.—Fishes are mute, and cannot plead, even in the way that birds and quadrupeds do, their own cause; yet the instances you quote, only prove the intense character of their appetites, which seem not so moderate as Whiston imagined, in his strange philosophical romance on the Deluge; in which he supposes in the antediluvian world the heat was much greater than in this; and that all terrestrial and aërial animals had their passions so exalted by this high temperature, that they were lost in sin, and destroyed for their crimes; but that fish, living in a cooler element, were more correct in their lives, and were therefore spared from the destruction of the primitive world. You have proved, by your examples, the intensity of the appetite of hunger in fishes; Spalanzani has given us proofs of the extraordinary manner in which a cold-blooded animal, that

has most of the habits of the genus—the frog—persists in some of its actions, under the impulse of the appetities, though a limb or even his head is separated from the body.

HAL.—This is likewise in favour of my argument, that the sensibility of this class of animals to physical pain, is comparatively small.

PHYS.—The advocates for a favourite pursuit never want sophisms to defend it. I have even heard it asserted, that a hare enjoys being hunted. Yet I will allow that fly-fishing, after your vindication, appears amongst the least cruel of field-sports;—I can go no farther; as I have never thought of trying it, I can say nothing of its agreeableness as an amusement, compared with hunting and shooting.

HAL.—I wish that you would allow me to convince you that, for a contemplative man, as you are, and a lover of nature, it is far superior, more tranquil, more philosophical, and, after the period of early youth, more fitted for a moderately active body and mind, requiring less violent exertion; and, pursued with discretion, affording an exercise conducive to health. There is a river, only a few miles off, where I am sure I could obtain permission for you, and our friend Poietes, to fish.

PHYS.—I am open to conviction on all subjects, and have no objection to spend one May-day with you in this idle occupation; promising that you take at least one other companion, who really loves fishing.

HAL.—You, who are so fond of natural history, even should you not be amused by fishing, will, I am sure, find objects of interest on the banks of the river.

PHYS.—I fear I am not entomologist enough to follow the life of the May-fly, but I shall willingly have my attention directed to its habits. Indeed, I have often regretted that sportsmen were not fonder of zoology; they have so many opportunities, which other persons do not possess, of illustrating the origin and qualities of some of the most curious forms of animated nature; the causes and character of the migrations of animals; their relations to each other, and their place and order in the general scheme of the universe. It has always appeared to me, that the two great sources of change of place of animals, were the providing of food for themselves, and resting-places and food for their young.* The great supposed migrations of herrings from the poles to the temperate zone, have appeared to me to be only the approach of successive shoals from deep to shallow water for the purpose of spawning. The migrations of salmon and

* [A fact relative to the snipe may be mentioned, which is in accordance with this view. The snipe is very abundant in Ceylon,—and, there is reason to believe, it never leaves the island, but passes from one side of the island to the other, with the change of Monsoon; the rainy season prevailing on one side of the central mountains, whilst the season of drought prevails on the other side,—so that this bird, merely by crossing the mountains, can always find moisture and suitable food.]

trout, are evidently for the purpose of depositing their ova, or of finding food after they have spawned. Swallows and bee-eaters decidedly pursue flies over half the globe; the scolopax or snipe tribe, in like manner, search for worms and larvæ—flying from those countries where either frost or dryness prevents them from boring—making generally small flights at a time, and resting on their travels where they find food. And a journey from England to Africa is no more for an animal that can fly, with the wind, one hundred miles in an hour, than a journey for a Londoner to his seat in a distant province. And the migrations of smaller fishes or birds always occasion the migration of larger ones, that prey on them. Thus, the seal follows the salmon, in summer, to the mouths of rivers; the hake follows the herring and pilchard; hawks are seen in large numbers, in the month of May, coming into the east of Europe, after quail, and land-rails; and locusts are followed by numerous birds, that, fortunately, for the agriculturist, make them their prey.

HAL.—It is not possible to follow the amusement of angling, without having your attention often directed to the modes of life of fishes, insects, and birds, and many curious and interesting facts, as it were forced upon your observation. I consider you *(Physicus)* as pledged to make one of our fishing party; and I hope, in a few days, to give you an invitation to meet a few worthy friends on the banks of the Colne. And you *(Poietes)* who, I know, are an inititated disciple of Walton's school, will, I trust, join us. We will endeavor to secure a fine day; two hours, in a light carriage with good horses, will carry us to our ground; and I think I can promise you green meadows, shady trees, the song of the nightingale, and a full and clear river.

POIET.—This last is, in my opinion, the most poetical object in nature. I will not fail to obey your summons. Pliny has, as well as I recollect, compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works; but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge; in this mature state, it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost, and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

HAL.—One might pursue the metaphor still further, and say, that in its origin—its thundering and foam, when it carries down clay

from the bank, and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind, affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake in calming and clearing the turbid water, may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the tranquil deep, cool, and unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise and foam. And above all, the sources of a river—which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere—and its termination in the ocean may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to, and lost in, the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it originally sprung.

Second Day.

HALIEUS—POIETES—ORNITHER—PHYSICUS.

TROUT FISHING, DENHAM—MAY, 1810.

Morning.

HAL.—I am delighted to see you, my worthy friends, on the banks of the Colne; and am happy to be able to say that my excellent host has not only made you free of the river for this day's angling, but insists upon your dining with him:—wishes you to try the evening fishing, and the fishing to-morrow morning,—and proposes to you, in short, to give up twenty four hours to the delights of an angler's May-day.

POIET.—We are deeply indebted to him; and I hardly know how we can accept his offer, without laying ourselves under too great an obligation.

HAL.—Fear not: he is as noble-minded a man as ever delighted in good offices; and so benevolent, that I am sure he will be almost as happy in knowing you are amused, as you can be in your sport; and he hopes for an additional satisfaction in the pleasure of your conversation.

POIET.—So let it be.

HAL.—I will take you to the house; you shall make your bow, and then you will be all free to follow your own fancies. Remember, the dinner hour is five; the dressing bell rings at half past four; be punctual to this engagement, from which you will be free at seven.

POIET.—This is really a very charming villa scene, I may almost say a pastoral scene. The meadows have the verdure which even the Londoners enjoy as a peculiar feature of the English landscape. The river is clear, and has all the beauties of a trout stream of the larger size,—there rapid, and here still, and there tumbling in foam and fury over abrupt dams upon clean gravel, as if pursuing natural course. And that island with its poplars and willows, and the flies making it their summer paradise and its little fishing-house, are all in character; if not extremely picturesque, it is at least a

very pleasant scene, from its verdure and pure waters, for the lovers of our innocent amusement.

HAL.—It is ten o'clock; you may put up your rods, or take rods from the hall: for so hospitable is the master of this mansion, that every thing is supplied to our hands. And, Physicus, as you are the only one of our party ignorant of the art of fly-fishing, I will fit you with a rod and flies; and let me advise you to begin with a line shorter than your rod, and throw at first slowly and without effort, and imitate us as well as you can. As for precepts they are of little value; practice and imitation will make you an angler.

POIET.—I shall put together my rod, and fish with my own flies. It may be fancy, but I always think I do best with tackle with which I am used to fish.

HAL.—You are right; for fancy is always something: and when we believe that we can do things better in a particular way, we really do, by the influence of imagination, perform them both better and with less effort. I agree with moralists, that the standard of virtue should be placed higher than any one can reach; for in trying to rise, man will attain a more excellent state of being than if no effort were made. But to our business. As far as the perfection of the material for the angler is concerned, the flies you find on this table are as good as can be made, and for this season of the year, there is no great variety on this river. We have had lately some warm days, and though it is but the 18th of May, yet I know that the May-fly has been out for three or four days, and this is the best period of this destructive season for the fisherman. There are, I observe, many male flies on the high trees, and some females on the alders.

PHYS.—But I see flies already on the water, which seem of various colours,—brown and gray, and some very pale,—and the trout appear to rise at them eagerly.

HAL.—The fly you see is called by fishermen the alder fly, and appears generally in large quantities before the May-fly. Imitations of this fly, and of the green and the gray drake of different shades, are the only ones you will need this morning, though I doubt if the last can be much used, as the gray drake is not yet on the water in any quantity.

PHYS.—Pray can you give us any account of these curious little animals?

HAL.—We ought to draw upon your stores of science for information on these subjects.

PHYS.—I really know nothing of Entomology, but I am desirous of acquiring knowledge.

HAL.—I have made few observations on flies as a philosophical naturalist. What I know I will state at another time. But see, the green drake is descending upon the water, and some are leaving the alders to sport in the sunshine, and to enjoy the pleasures of their brilliant, though short existence; and their life, naturally

ephemeral, is made one of scarcely a moment, by the fishes and birds; that which the swallow or the duck spares, is caught by the fish. The fly is new, and in the imitation, I recommend the olive tint, or what the Irish call the green monkey; that is, an artificial fly, with a wing of dyed yellow drake's feather, a body of yellow drake's feather, a body of yellow monkey's fur, and a small quantity of olive mohair for legs. For myself, I shall fish for some time with a large red alder fly, and I dare say with as much success; that is, with a fly with a dark peacock's harle for body, a red hackle for legs, and wings of the land-rail below, and starling above.

POIET.—The water is quite in motion: what noble fish I see on the feed! I never beheld a finer sight, though I have often seen the May-fly on well-stocked waters.

HAL.—This river is most strictly preserved; not a fish has been killed here since last August, and this is the moment when the large fish come to the surface, and leave their cod bait search and minnow hunting. But I have hardly time to talk; I have hold of a good fish: they take either alder or May-fly, and having never been fished for this year, they make no distinction, and greedily seize any small object in motion on the water. You see the alder-fly is quite as successful as the May-fly; but there is a fish which has refused it, and because he has been feeding, glutton-like, on the May-fly; that is the fifth he has swallowed in a minute. Now I shall throw the drake a foot above him. It floats down, and he has taken it. A fine fish; I think at least 4lbs. This is the largest fish we have yet seen, but in the deep water still lower down, there are still greater fish. One of 5lbs. I have known taken here, and once a fish a little short only of 6lbs.

POIET.—I have just landed a fish which I suppose you will consider as a small one; yet I am tempted to kill him.

HAL.—He is not a fish to kill, throw him back, he is much under 2lbs., and, as I ought to have told you before, we are not allowed to kill any fish of less size; and I am sure we shall all have more than we ought to carry away even of this size. Pray put him into the well, or rather give him to the fisherman to turn back into the water.

POIET.—I cannot say I approve of this manner of fishing: I lose my labour.

HAL.—As the object of your fishing, I hope, is innocent amusement, you can enjoy this, and show your skill in catching the animal; and if every fish that took the May-fly were to be killed, there would be an end to the sport in the river, for none would remain for next year.

PHYS.—The number of flies seems to increase as the day advances, and I never saw a more animated water scene; all nature seems alive; even the water-wagtails have joined the attack upon these helpless and lovely creations from the waters.

HAL.—It is now one o'clock; and between twelve and three is the time when the May-fly rises with most vigour It is a very warm

day, and with such a quantity of fly, every fish in the river will probably be soon feeding. See, below the weir, there are two or three large trout lately come out; and from the quiet way in which they swallow their prey, and from the size of the tranquil undulation that follows their rise, I suspect they are the giants of this river. Try if you cannot reach them; one is near the bank in a convenient place for a throw, for the water is sufficiently rough to hide the deception, and these large fish do not take the fly well in calm water, though with natural flies on the hook they might all be raised.

POIET.—I have him! Alas! he has broken me, and carried away half my bottom line. He must have been a fish of 7 or 8 lbs. What a dash he made! He carried off my fly by main force.

HAL.—You should have allowed your reel to play and your line to run: you held him too tight.

POIET.—He was too powerful a fish for my tackle; and even if I had done so, would probably have broken me by running amongst the weeds.

HAL.—Let me tell you, my friend, you should never allow a fish to run to the weeds, or to strike across the stream; you should carry him always down stream, keeping his head high, and in the current. If in a weedy river you allow a large fish to run up stream, you are almost sure to lose him. There, I have hooked the companion of your lost fish on the other side of the stream—a powerful creature: he tries to make way to the weeds, but I hold him tight.

POIET.—I see you are obliged to run with him, and have carried him safely through the weeds.

HAL.—I have him now in the rapids on the shallow, and I have no fear of losing him, unless he strikes the hook out of his mouth.

POIET.—He springs again and again.

HAL.—He is off; in one of these somersets he detached the steel, and he now leaps to celebrate his escape. We will leave this place, where there are more great fish, and return to it after a while, when the alarm produced by our operations has subsided.

PHYS.—That fish take the artificial fly at all is rather surprising to me, for in its most perfect form it is but a rude imitation of nature; and from the greedy manner in which it is seized, fish, I think, cannot possess a refined sense of smell, or any nervous system corresponding to the nasal one in animals that breathe air: no scent can be given to water by an artificial fly, or, at least, none like that of the natural fly.

HAL.—The principal use of the nostrils in fishes, I believe, is to assist in the propulsion of water through the gills for performing the office of respiration, but I think there are some nerves in these organs which give fishes a sense of the qualities of the water, or substances dissolved in, or diffused through it, similar to our sense of smell, or perhaps, rather our sense of taste, for there can be no doubt that fishes are attracted by scented pastes and scented worms, which are sometimes used by anglers that employ ground-baits; and

in old angling books there are usually receipts for attracting fish in this manner, and though the absurdity of many of these prescriptions is manifest, yet I do not think this proves that they are entirely useless, for, upon such principles, all the remedies for diseases in the old pharmacopœias would be null.*

With respect to the fly, as it usually touches the stream by a very small surface, that of the air bubbles on the fringes on its leg, it can scarcely affect the water so as to give it any power of communicating smell. And as you have seen a ripple or motion on the water is necessary to deceive fishes; and as they look at the fly from below, they see distinctly only the legs and body, which, when the colours are like those of the natural fly, may easily deceive them; the wings which are the worst imitated parts of the artificial fly, seldom appear to them, except through the different refractive power of the moving water and the atmosphere, and when immersed, they form masses not unlike the wings of a drowned fly, or one wetted in rising.

* * * * * *

It is now a quarter of an hour since we left the large pool: let us return to it; I see the fish are again rising.

POIET.—I am astonished! It appears to me that the very same fish are again feeding. There are two fishes rising nearly in the same spot where they rose before; can they be the same fish?

HAL.—It is very possible. It is not likely that three other fish of that size should occupy the same haunts.

POIET.—But I thought after a fish had been hooked, he remained sick and sulky for some time, feeling his wounds uncomfortable.

HAL.—The fish that I hooked is not rising in the same place, and therefore, probably, was hurt by the hook; but one of these fishes seems to be the same that carried off your fly, and is it probable that the hook only struck him in a part of the mouth where there are no nerves; and that he suffered little at the moment, and does not now feel his annoyance.

POIET.—I have seen him take four or five flies: I shall throw over him. There, he rose, but refused the fly. He has at least learnt, from the experiment he has made, to distinguish the natural from the artificial fly.

HAL.—This, I think, always happens after a fish has been hooked with an artificial fly. He becomes cautious, and is seldom caught that year, at least with the same means in the same pool: but I dare say that fish might be taken with the natural fly: or, what is better, two upon the hook.

POIET.—Pray try him.

HAL.—I am no artist at this kind of angling, but Ornither I know has fished in June with the clubs at Stockbridge, where this method of fishing is usual. Pray let him try his fortune, though it is hardly

* [The latter use assigned by the author to the nostrils of the fishes, there is good reason to believe is the true one, their olfactory nerve commonly being large and very elaborately and curiously distributed on the membrane of the cavities.]

fair play ; and it is rather to endeavour to recover your tackle, than for the sake of the fish, that I encourage him to make the essay.

POIET.—Pray make no apologies for the trial. Such a fish—certainly a monster for this river—should be caught by fair means, if possible, but caught by any means.

ORN.—You lost that fish, and you over-rate his size, as you will see, if I have good luck. I put my live flies on the hook with regret and some disgust. I will not employ another person to be my minister of cruelty, as I remember a lady of fashion once did, who was very fond of fishing for perch, and who employed her daughter, a little girl of nine years of age, to pass the hook through the body of the worm ! Now there is a good wind, and the fish has just taken a natural fly. I shall drop the flies, if possible, within a few inches of his nose. He has risen. He is caught ! I must carry him down stream to avoid the bed of weeds above. I now have him on fair ground, and he fights with vigour. Fortunately, my silk-worm gut is very strong, for he is not a fish to be trifled with. He begins to be tired ; prepare the net. We have him safe, and see, your link hangs to his lower jaw : the hook had struck the cartilage on the outside of the bone, and the fly, probably, was scarcely felt by him.

PHYS.—I am surprised ! That fish evidently had discovered that the artificial fly was a dangerous bait, yet he took the natural fly which was on a hook, and when the silk-worm gut must have been visible.

HAL.—I do not think he either saw the gut or the hook. In very bright weather and water, I have known very shy fish refuse even a hook baited with the natural fly, scared probably by some appearance of hook or gut. The vision of fishes when the surface is not ruffled is sufficiently keen. I have seen them rise at gnats so small as to be scarcely visible to my eye.

PHYS.—You just now said, that a fish pricked by the hook of an artificial fly would not usually take it again that season.

HAL.—I cannot be exact on that point : I have known a fish that I have pricked, retain his station in the river, and refuse the artificial fly, day after day, for weeks together ; but his memory may have been kept awake by this practice, and the recollection seems local and associated with surrounding objects ; and if a pricked trout is chased into another pool, he will, I believe, soon again take the artificial fly. Or if the objects around him are changed, as in Autumn, by the decay of weeds, or by their being cut, the same thing happens ; and a flood or a rough wind, I believe, assists the fly-fisher, not merely by obscuring the vision of the fish, but in a river much fished, changing the appearance of their haunts : large trouts almost always occupy particular stations, under, or close to, a large stone or tree ; and probably most of their recollected sensations are connected with this dwelling.

PHYS.—I think I understand you, that the memory of the danger and pain does not last long, unless there is a permanent sensation

with which it can remain associated,—such as the station of the trout; and the recollection of the mere form of the artificial fly without this association is evanescent.

ORN.—You are diving into metaphysics; yet I think, in fowling, I have observed that the memory of birds is local. A woodcock that has been much shot at and scared in a particular wood, runs to the side where he has usually escaped, the moment he hears the dogs; but if driven into a new wood, he seems to lose his acquired habits of caution, and becomes stupid.

POIET.—This great fish, that Ornither has just caught, must be nearly of the weight I assigned to him.

HAL.—O no! he is, I think, above 5 lbs., but not 6 lbs.; but we can form a more correct opinion by measuring him, which I can easily do, the butt of my rod being a measure. He measures from nose to fork, a very little less than twenty-four inches, and, consequently, upon the scale which is appropriate to well-fed trouts, should weigh 5lbs. 10oz.—which, within an ounce, I doubt not, is his weight.

PHYS.—O! I see you take the mathematical law, that similar solids are to each other in the triplicate ratio of one of their dimensions.

HAL.—You are right.

PHYS.—But I think you are below the mark, for this appears to me an extraordinarily thick fish.

HAL.—He is a well-fed fish, but in proportion, not so thick as my model, which was a fish of 17 inches by 9 inches, and weighed 2 lbs.;—this is my standard solid. We will try him. Ho! Mrs. B.!—bring your scales and weigh this fish. There, you see, he weighs 5 lbs. 10½ oz.

PHYS.—Well, I am pleased to see this fish, and amused with your support; but though I have been imitating you in throwing the fly, as well as I can, yet not a trout has taken notice of my fly, and they seem scared by my appearance.

HAL.—Let me see you perform. There are two good trout, taking flies opposite that bank which you can reach. You threw too much line into the water, and scared them both; but I will take you to the rapid of the Tumbling Bay, where the river falls; there the quickness of the stream will prevent your line from falling deep, and the foam will conceal your person from the view of the fish. And let me advise you to fish only in the rapids till you have gained some experience in throwing the fly. There are several fish rising in that stream.

PHYS.—I have raised one, but he refused my fly.

HAL.—Now you have a fish.

PHYS.—I am delighted:—but he is a small one.

HAL.—Unluckily, it is a *dace*.

PHYS.—I have now a larger fish, which has pulled my line out.

HAL.—Give him time. That is a good trout. Now wind up; he is tired, and your own. I will land him. He is a fish to keep, being above 2lbs.

PHYS.—I am well pleased.

HAL.—There are many larger trout here : go on fishing, and you will hook some of them. And when you are tired of this rapid, you will find another a quarter of a mile below. And continue to fish with a short line, and drop your fly, or let it be carried by the wind on the water as lightly as possible. Well, Poietes, what success ?

POIET.—I have been fishing in the strream above ; but the flies are so abundant, that the large fish will not take my artificial fly, and I have caught only three fish, all of which the fisherman has thrown into the water, though I am sure one of them was more than 2 lbs.

HAL.—You may trust his knowledge ; with a new angler, our keeper would be apt to favour the fisherman rather than the fish. But we will have all fish you wish to be killed, and above 2 lbs., put into the well of the boat, where they can be examined, and, if you desire, weighed and measured, and such kept as are worth keeping. No good angler should kill a fish if possible, till he is needed to be crimped ; for the sooner he is dressed after this operation the better ;—and I assure you, a well-fed trout of the Colne, crimped and cooled ten minutes before he is wanted for the kettle or the gridiron, is a fish little inferior to the best salmon of the best rivers. It is now nearly two o'clock, and there is a cloud over the sun ; the fly is becoming less abundant ; you are now likely, Poietes, to have better sport. Try in that deep pool, below the Tumbling Bay ; I see two or three good fish rising there, and there is a lively breeze. The largest fish refuses your fly again and again ; try the others. There, you have hooked him ; now carry him down stream, and keep his head high, out of the weeds. He plunges and fights with great force ;—he is the best-fed fish I have yet seen at the end of the line, and will weigh more, in proportion to his length. I will land him for you. There he is,—and measures 19 inches ; and I dare say his weight is not much short of 3 lbs. We will preserve him in the well.

POIET.—He has hardly any spots, and is silvery all over ; and the whole of the lower part of his body is beautifully clean.

HAL.—He is likewise broad-backed ; and you may observe his few spots are black, and these are very small. I have always remarked, in this river, that the nearer the fish approach to perfection, the colour of the body becomes more uniform,—pale olive above, and bright silver below ; and these qualities are always connected with a small head,—or rather, an oval body, and deep red flesh.

POIET.—May not the red spots be marks of disease—a hectic kind of beauty? For I observed in a very thin and poor fish, and great-headed, that I caught an hour ago, which had leeches sticking to it, a number of red spots, and a long black back, and black or bluish marks even on the belly.

HAL.—I do not think red spots a symptom of disease ; for I have seen fish in other rivers, and even small fish in this river, in perfect

ly good season, with red spots; but the colours of fish are very capricious, and depend upon causes which cannot be easily defined. The colouring matter is not in the scales, but in the surface of the skin immediately beneath them, and is probably a secretion easily affected by the health of the animal. I have known fish, from some lakes in Ireland, mottled in a most singular way,—their colour being like that of the tortoise; the nature of the water, exposure to the light, and probably the kind of food, produce these effects. I think it possible, when trout feed much on hard substances, such as larvæ and their cases, and the ova of other fish, they have more red spots, and redder fins. This is the case with the gillaroo and the char, who feed on analogous substances: and the trout, that have similar habits, might be expected to resemble them. When trout feed most on small fish, as minnows, and on flies, they have more tendency to become spotted with small black spots, and are generally more silvery. The Colne trout are, in their advanced state, of this kind; and so are the trout called in Ireland buddocks and dolochans, found in Loch Neah. Particular character becomes hereditary, and the effects of a peculiar food influence the appearance of the next generation. I hope, Ornither, you have had good sport.

ORN.—Excellent! Since you left me below the weir, I have hooked at least fifteen or twenty good fish, and landed and saved eight above 2 lbs; but I have taken no fish like the great one which I caught by poaching with the natural flies. The trout rose wonderfully well within the last quarter of an hour, but they are now all still; and the river, which was in such active motion, is now perfectly quiet, and seems asleep and most dead.

HAL.—It is past four o'clock, and some dark, heavy clouds are come on,—the fly is off. It is almost the hour for the signal of the dressing bell; and there is nothing more to be done now till evening. But see; our host is come to examine our fish in the well, and to inquire about our sport; and, I dare say, will order some of our fish to be dressed for the table.

HOST.—I hope, gentlemen, you have been amused?

HAL.—Most highly, sir. As a proof of it, there are in the fish-well eighteen good trout,—and one not much short of 6 lbs; three above 4 lbs., and four above 3 lbs. in weight. I hope you will order that great fish for your dinner.

HOST.— We will see. He is a fine fish, and fit for a present, even for a prince—and you shall take him to a prince. Here is a fish, and there another, of the two next sizes, which I am sure will cut red. Prepare them, fisherman. And, Halieus, you shall catch two or three perch, for another dish; I know there are some good ones below the piles of the weir; I saw them hunting the small fish there yesterday morning. Some minnows, ho!—and the perch rods!

HAL.—I am tired, sir, and would willingly avoid minnow fishing after such a morning's sport.

HOST.—Come, then, I will be a fisher for the table. I have one—

and another, that will weigh nearly a pound a-piece. Now, there is a cunning perch that has stolen my minnow; I know he is a large one. He has robbed me again and again; and if I fish on in this way, with the hook through the upper lip, will, I dare say, carry away all the minnows in the kettle. I shall put on a strong small hook, on a stout, though fine gut, with slender wire round the top, and pass the hook through the back fin of the minnow, and try my sagacity against his. Lo! I have him!—and a very strong fish he is, and gone to the bottom; but even though the greatest perch in the river, he cannot bite the gut,—he will soon be tired and taken. He now comes up, and is landed. He must be above 3 lbs.—a magnificent perch! Kill him, and crimp him, fisherman; take our two trout, and the three perch to the kitchen, and let them be dressed as usual. You shall have a good dish of fish, worthy of such determined anglers. But I see one of your party coming up by the side of the river, who seems tired and out of spirits.

HAL.—It is Physicus, who has this day commenced his career as a fly-fisher; and who, I dare say, has been as successful as the uninitiated generally are. I hope you have followed my advice, and been fortunate?

PHYS.—I caught two trout in the rapid where you left me; but they were small, and the fisherman threw them in. Below the weir, in the quick stream, I caught two dace, and what astonished me very much, a perch, which you see here, and which I thought never took the fly.

HAL.—O yes, sometimes; and particularly when it is below the surface: and what more?

PHYS.—By creeping on my knees, and dropping my fly over the bank, I hooked a very large fish which I saw rising, and which was like a salmon; but he was too strong for my tackle, ran out all my line, and at last broke off, by entangling my link in a post in the river. I have been very unlucky! I am sure that fish was larger than the great one Ornither took with the natural fly.

HAL.—Come, you have been initiated, and I see begin to take an interest in the sport, and I do not despair of your becoming a distinguished angler.

PHYS.—With time and some patience: but I am sorry I tortured that enormous fish without taking him.

HAL.—I dare say he was a large fish: but I have known very correct and even cool reasoners in error on a point of this kind. You are acquainted with Chemicus; he is not an ardent fisherman and certainly not addicted to romance: I will tell you an anecdote respecting him. He accompanied me to this very spot last year, on a visit to our host, and preferred angling for pike to fly fishing. After the amusement of a morning, he brought back with him to the house one pike, and with some degree of disappointment complained that he had hooked another of enormous size; which carried off his tackle by main force, and which he was sure must have been above 10 lbs. At dinner, on the table, there were two pikes; one

the fish that Chemicus had caught, and another a little larger, somewhat more than 3 lbs. We put some questions as to who had caught this second pike, which he found had been taken by our host, who smiling, and with some kind of mystery, asked Chemicus if he thought it weighed 10 lbs. Chemicus refused to acknowledge an identity between such a fish and the monster he had hooked; when my friend took out of his pocket a paper containing some hooks and tackle carefully wrapped up, and asked Chemicus if he had ever seen such an apparatus. Chemicus owned they were the hooks and tackle the great fish had carried away. "And I found them," said our friend, "in the mouth of that *little* fish which you see on the table, and which I caught half an hour ago."

HOST.—I answer for the correctness of this anecdote, but I do not sanction its application to the case of our novitiate in angling. I have seen a fish under that bank where he was so unfortunate, which I am sure was above four pounds, and which I dare say was the subject of his unsuccessful experiment.

POIET.—From what our host has just said, I conclude, Halieus, that fish do not usually change their stations.

HAL.—Large trouts unquestionably do not;—they always hide themselves under the same bank, stone, stock, or weed, as I said this morning before, and come out from their permanent habitations to feed; and when they have fled to their haunt, they may be taken there by the hand; and on this circumstance the practice of tickling trout is founded. A favourite place for a large trout in rivers is an eddy behind a rock or stone, where flies and small fishes are carried by the force of the current: and such haunts are rarely unoccupied; for if a fish is taken out of one of them, his place is soon supplied by another, who quits for it a less convenient situation.

PHYS.—So much knowledge and practice is required to become a proficient, that I am afraid it is too late in life for me to begin to learn a new art.

HAL.—Do not despair. There was—alas! that I must say there was—an illustrious philosopher, who was nearly fifty before he made angling a pursuit, yet he became a distinguished fly-fisher, and the amusement occupied many of his leisure hours during the last twelve years of his life. He, indeed, applied his pre-eminent acuteness, his science and his philosophy to aid the resources, and exalt the pleasures of this amusement. I remember to have seen Dr. Wallaston, a few days after he had become a fly-fisher, carrying at his button-hole a piece of caoutchouc, or Indian rubber, when, by passing his silk-worm link through a fissure in the middle, he rendered it straight and fit for immediate use. Many other anglers will remember other ingenious devices of my admirable and ever-to-be-lamented friend.

(They go to dinner.)

* * * * *

The Collected Works of Sir Humphry Davy, vol. ix.]

WANDERINGS IN SOME OF THE WESTERN REPUBLICS.

THE CHILIAN HORSE—ITS CHARACTERISTICS—SANTIAGO TO COQUIMBO—PRIMITIVE MODE OF THRASHING—THE VAMPIRE BAT.

In England, we should call the Chilian horse small, for his average height is from fourteen to fifteen hands high; but he very rarely attains to the latter. I had what was considered a very large black horse, but when I measured him, he was only fifteen hands. Most of the horses have capital points—small head with broad forehead, and well set on; wide chest, slanting shoulder, well barrelled, strong loins, and clean flat legs, short under the knee; good hard feet; plenty of courage, and a constitution of iron—these are the principal features of the breed. One fault the Chilian horse has that is not seen at first, on account of the pains taken throughout the whole country to hide it, and that is, they are all ewe-necked. The defect is hidden by cropping the mane repeatedly when young, and at last, when the horse is broken in, the mane is trimmed or hogged very neatly, and gives an appearance of *crest* to the horse, to which he has not the remotest pretension; but it is not unlikely that this very fault is one cause of the extraordinary lightness in hand, and beauty of mouth, for which the Chilian horse is proverbial.

The distance they can travel for days and days together, with no other sustenance, but what they can pick up during the night on some hill-side, with the bitter winds from the Andes sweeping over them, would rather astonish some English gentlemen, who think their horses would soon go to the knackers, unless they passed the night, after a long journey, in a comfortable stable; yet these horses are ready and fit for their work the next morning.

The reason of such a difference in their relative constitutions is probably this:—in England, we begin to make our horses do more than simply gain their livelihood at two and three years old. At four years old, they generally are at very hard work; before their bones, muscles, and sinews have gained their power and strength, and before their constitutions are fully formed, they soon wear out; and although at seven or eight years of age they have learnt a great deal, yet by that time they are very often sadly in want of a new set of legs. Also, the transition from a warm stable to a cold bitter wind; or, just as bad, from the cold to a hot stable, soon undermines the constitution of a young horse, and are the principal causes of the many ills to which 'horse-flesh is heir.'

They manage these things, if not better, at least differently in Chili. The horse is born and passes all his life in the open air; and mostly for the first four years on the mountains, where the half-wild horned cattle pass nine-tenths of *their* life; and although at the great yearly 'rodeo' he is driven down with the rest to be counted, and on one occasion to be branded, he is scarcely ever

backed and broken in until four or five years of age, and seldom does any hard work until later.

Mares are never ridden in Chili; but roaming about half-wild, impart to their foals their own hardy constitution. Thus the horse has acquired his full growth and strength before he is called upon for great exertion, and *when* he is, his good health and constitution both enable him to perform it, and after a long day's journey to defy the bitter blasts from the snowy Andes. At seven or eight years of age he is considered almost a colt. I have often asked a man the age of his horse, and have been told, 'Oh, quite young; he is only twelve years old.'

Another remarkable point in the Chilian horse is the perfection in which he is bitted, especially for the use of the lasso, which is the case with ninety-nine horses out of a hundred.

A well-bitted horse ought to be able to pull up sharp on the very top of his speed, and make a whole turn round, almost at the same instant, on his own ground. No other horse can do it, for the simple reason that no other nation requires their horses to perform this particular feat; but in Chili it is indispensable. In the great Pampa plains, the horses are very badly bitted, and a Chilian would scarcely accept a Pampa horse as a gift, on account of his wretched mouth and soft feet, and the gauchos on those plains do not want high breaking-in for lassoing on those flats, as there are no obstacles to avoid; but in Chili, if you have a bull at the end of your lasso, and he is tearing down a hill as steep as the roof of a house, without footing for you to settle your horse to *cast* him, you must follow at the same pace until you arrive at a safer piece of ground; but should the bull take one side of a tree on his way down, and your horse not be bitted well enough to make a quick round turn, and enable you to pass the same side as the bull, the tree would take the centre of the lasso, and bull and horse meet face to face; therefore the Chilians are *obliged* to have beautifully broken-in horses.

I can give an instance of this bitting, which I have often seen, tried, and tried myself; indeed, almost all my horses could perform the same feat.

The hide of an ox, freshly killed, and, consequently, slippery, is pegged down to the ground, with hair below and the fresh side above. The horse is galloped on to it at the top of his speed, and, when he feels the check, makes the 'vuelta,' as it is termed, or the entire round on his hind legs, bringing down his fore-feet on the skin, so that he stands exactly as if he had been only pulled up very sharp.

I had generally between twenty and thirty horses for myself and servants for my frequent journeys, and also kept two or three in stable condition for especial occasions in towns; but the latter horses would not stand roughing it, like those which had scarcely ever seen a stable; and yet they managed to keep a fine coat for the greatest part of the year.

From Santiago to Coquimbo is about four hundred and fifty miles

by the road; although, as before mentioned, they are only three degrees of latitude apart; but in some parts of the road, where the mountains approach the sea, it is intersected every two or three miles by tremendous deep quebradas, or ravines, with generally a stream running at the bottom; and though often a rifle would carry and kill sure (if held straight) from side to side, yet the zig-zag descent and the ascent to the opposite side will frequently take half-an-hour and more to perform.

Having often to make this journey, I had, as usual, two modes of doing it: the first mode fast and without luggage; the second far more moderately paced, and with a few laden mules. In travelling fast, neither my servant nor myself carried beyond what our 'alforcas,' or saddle-bags, could hold, and our pillions, or sheep-skins, made our beds.

A young light lad (son of a servant) rode a-head, leading a handsome mare with a bell round her neck, and he regulated the pace by signs from the rear; the other horses then followed at the same pace, and the rear was brought up by myself and servants, spreading sometimes out a little, to prevent the loose horses straggling to the right or left.

We generally started, except when the road was very bad, about an hour before sunrise, and rode the same horses until about eleven o'clock, when, if a favourable spot for lassoing occurred, we rode into the troop, and each lassoed a fresh horse, the tired ones going on with the loose ones.

A day's journey *ought* to be finished by half-past three o'clock, or, at the latest, four in the afternoon, to allow time for the sun to dry the horses' backs thoroughly, before the cold night wind sets in from the Cordillera, which produces bad sores. A lamb, kid, or a few fowls are then purchased, and we sit down to the only meal we have during the day, about sunset. Many persons cannot start in the morning without breakfast, and that may do for slow work, but not for *fast work*. Travellers *ought* to be twenty-five miles on their road before breakfast can be made ready and eaten.

A hearty breakfast before starting only makes a horseman who goes fast, feverish and uncomfortable all the day's ride; but a cigar or two, a crust of bread, and a glass of brandy-and-water at noon, are ample, for a person going his eighty miles a day, until supper. He enjoys his meal as few can enjoy it; he makes his bed generally under the clear sky, and sleeps a sleep that no feather bed could procure him; he awakes the next morning two hours before sunrise, gets his horses collected and in order, and finds himself as fresh as they are.

I have often done the distance between Santiago and Coquimbo, with the same troop of horses, in five or sometimes six days, but without baggage,—though it has taken me ten long days, having with me mules rather lightly laden. I have done the distance in less time, on an emergency. It is generally the custom, when travelling slowly, to ride one horse a whole day, and then allow him two days'

rest, running loose. Gentlemen mostly allow their servants, for a journey of four hundred or five hundred miles, three horses a-piece, and keep five or six for themselves, in case any extra speed be required.

It is astonishing the weight these rather small horses have to carry. Next to the skin of the animal are one or two thick 'sudaderos,' or sweating cloths; over these are four or five pillions, made from the skin of a breed between the goat and the sheep, but not made of such fine skins as the ones over the saddle; then comes the saddle, with its silver cantle and pommel, and heavy, carved box stirrups, and is tightly girthed up Over the saddle are placed the saddle-bags, and over those five or six handsome and valuable pillions. On the top of all is a thin seat of handsomely-dressed leather, or of some wild-beast skin, the whole girthed up a second time with a massive surcingle, to which are attached the iron rings to which the lasso is made fast.

The above weights, together with the very heavy spurs, and in cases where travellers carry gun, pistols, and ammunition, make up a weight unknown to the English horse, that has to travel fast and far. I put into the scales one day every article my horses generally had to carry, and the whole weighed down two hundred and twenty-pounds (Spanish), or above sixteen stone. Only weighing ten stone ten pounds myself, there remained five stone and upwards dead weight; but the reason these animals carry the burden easily, is that it is more equally distributed along the back than with our saddles. Their saddle frames are long, and press equally upon all parts of the tops of the ribs, leaving a clear hollow over the back-bone, and never tire a horse on one particular spot.

Taking every situation in which a horse can be useful into consideration, there is no nation possesses a more useful breed for the purposes for which they are required. The Chilian does not want a cart-horse, nor a race-horse! he wants a serviceable, useful nag; fast enough to overtake cattle or horses, strong enough to pull a bull down in his career, and of a constitution hardy enough to stand the change from a burning hot day to a cold night in the open air,—and the Chilian has *just got what he wants*.

The diseases of the Chilian horse are few; and when stables are used in towns, they are mere sheds, entirely open to the rear. Glanders, farcy, and all contagious maladies, are quite *unknown*, and most of the others arise either from accident or ill-treatment. The principal ones are, 'despechado' (foundered in the shoulder), 'cortado' (broken-winded), and fever in the feet,—mostly caused by riding a poor beast an immense distance without shoes. Colic is often produced by giving horses green food after barley; and sometimes the animals go mad, from eating a herb called 'yerba loca' (mad-grass). I have never seen that disease that is so fatal in English hot stables —viz., inflammation of the lungs—except in one case, and it was found the horse had staked himself; but, with the above exceptions,

the Chilian horse is almost free from the many ills incident to the European animal.

I suspect that the science of thrashing out corn has scarcely advanced a point in Chili, since wheat was first sown there, and that the first farmers must have learnt the mode from the Holy Scriptures. The only improvement is that they work faster than with oxen treading the corn out, for they use horses, or rather mares.

A temporary corral is formed in every field, and proportioned to its size, and the corn piled up in the centre of it. As before mentioned, mares are never ridden except by the very poorest, and the only duty they have to perform, beyond rearing foals and mules, is thrashing or treading out corn. In a large hacienda, perhaps two or three hundred mares are driven down to the vicinity of the corn corral, or 'trillo,' and divided into separate parties to relieve each other. The ground of the corral is mostly chosen for its hard quality, and is often artificially made. The circle next the enclosure is then strewed with the straw in ear, and a division of mares (unshod) are driven in, followed by about half a dozen peons on *horse*-back. The troop are then driven round and round the corral on the wheat laid down; reversing the order of from right to left, to left to right, as much for the sake of getting out all the grain, as for saving the horses a peculiar giddiness. When the first portion of the wheat thus strewed is supposed by the major-domo to be thoroughly threshed, the division of mares is driven out, kept apart and away from water, while another division is being driven in.

In the interval, the corn and broken straw is brushed outwards, and a fresh layer of wheat laid down for the fresh troop of mares, who are driven by fresh peons on fresh horses; for the work at first is really very hard, all the animals having to make a succession of buck-leaps, many times round, before the straw is trodden down enough to gallop smoothly,—and they are not very easy to sit, when the riders are not accustomed to it.

Sometimes the contents of a corral will take two or three days to thrash out; but when the grain is fairly galloped out of the straw, the whole is swept into the centre, and the temporary corral removed; a set of peons are then set to work, for the purpose of separating the grain from the straw and chaff.

This can only be done upon a day when a breeze of wind is blowing; for the peons, standing on the heap, throw shovel-fuls high in the air, but following the course of the wind, as the wind at this time of the year always blows nearly from the south during the day-time, a new pile of pretty clean wheat is formed to lee-ward, and another pile of straw some yards beyond. The straw that has been thus broken by this mode of threshing, looks like chopped straw, in pieces two or three inches long, and serves the purpose that hay does in the north of Europe. Horses in Chili are, if they belong to any person who can afford it, fed, when tied up, on this straw, mixed with barley.

Before leaving the subject of the horse, it would be as well to mention some of his torments, or rather tormentors.

As a colt in the hills, he has only to fear the Puma lion, which beast is scarce; and the condor, which bird is most abundant, but would scarcely attack a colt unless he was bogged. During his life he has little to fear from the 'arana de caballo' (horse-spider), so destructive in Central America; but he has an adversary which, though to the horse not even disagreeable, is very much so to his owner on a journey, and that is, the large vampire bat. This bird, or beast, is common enough in Chili, but whatever rank of the animal creation it belongs to, it has luxurious habits, and chooses its habitation, no doubt, for the same reasons the comfortable monks of yore chose the site of their monasteries—viz., sheltered fertile spots well wooded, well watered, pleasant to the view and affording the food they delighted in.

Should the traveller, at the end of a long day's journey, turn his horses out for the night on a bleak open spot, near the sea-shore or foot of the mountains, from whence the chilly night-winds proceed, he will be pretty sure to find, the next morning, that his animals have not suffered from the vampire; but when he takes up his abode for the night in a pleasant romantic spot, with a clear sparkling stream running close to him, a quantity of fine trees about him, interspersed here and there with wild rocks that seem to have fallen from the skies, he may make up his mind that some of his horses will have been visited during the night, and although the horse cares nothing about the visit, the rider does, for the animal performs his next day's work with difficulty.

The few horses who have full manes are more subject to the blood-sucking of the vampire-bat, in their necks than horses with cropped manes, because the bat gets a slight hold of the mane, and keeping the horse quiet by fanning the head with its wings, runs its beak or rather teeth into some vein, and in a short time sucks an enormous quantity of blood from the poor beast. But the bat often makes its attack from the rear, and hanging on the tail, soon finds a vein to practise phlebotomy upon.

The horse loses a great quantity of blood; for besides what the vampire carries away with it, the animal is streaked down to his feet with clotted blood and a large pool is generally found near him.

I have seldom made a long journey without some of my horses having been thus bled, and have frequently in consequence had to shorten my next day's journey, but these accidents occur almost always in the summer time.

In Central America, the vampire-bat will not only bleed your horses, but I have often found some of my own fowls, that roosted in the open air, dead and stiff on their perches, with the blood so exhausted from the rear by this flying leech, that the flesh was whiter than any fowl I had previously seen; and yet the bird must have

died, since it remained on the perch, insensible that the 'Barber Surgeon,' as some persons call this bat, had the lancet in it.

HORNED CATTLE OF CHILI—THE ANNUAL RODEO—ROASTING A CALF—THE MANTANZA.

I will now try to describe the horned cattle of Chili, and the wild way in which they are treated; and although I am aware all our great breeders would look upon the breed with contempt, still it has, like the horses, very good points, and especially adapted for the country.

In the first place the breed is very hardy, living until four or five years old in a state of wildness; when those who are destined to be slaughtered are put into potreros or meadows, and in three or four months they improve in a wonderful manner; the change from scanty food to good lucern soon tells on the carcase.

As the breed of horses was originally brought from Andalusia, in Spain, so all the cattle of Chili are from South of Spain origin; but they do not in the least resemble the cattle we now see tame in Andalusia, and still less those monstrous horned beasts lately imported from Corruna, with immense horns, very large bone, little flesh, and less fat. The Chilian cattle resemble more the short-horned breed, half-wild, on the sierras, about Ronda, Grenada, and Cordova, in Spain, and are also very like, in some points, the cattle of Fez, Barbary, and Morocco.

Like the last mentioned animals, they are *better bred*; being very light below the knee and hocks—they are small boned, but make flesh much faster than fat; but they fatten also when well fed. During their whole lifetime, except their last fattening process in the meadows, they live on the mountains, are very savage, and are so aristocratic, that they will very often charge a humble pedestrian, though he might be shooting with a 'Joe Manton,' over a brace of English dogs, while they fly from a horseman, most likely on account of the uncomfortable reminiscences of previous falls they had experienced from the lasso. However, as no man ever goes on foot, except now and then a stray Englishman in pursuit of game, and he knows how to defend himself, there is not much harm done by them.

The difference between a rainy year and a dry one is soon known by the appearance of the cattle when driven down to the great corral, at the grand annual 'rodeo;' which being a sort of festival on every estate, both for patron and peon, I will give an account of; although perhaps the ground has been already trodden on, and the trail stale; but I do not relate as a looker on, but as *an actor* on such scenes for some years. I will pick out one of many 'rodeos' to which I was invited, and which I attended.

Three Chilian gentlemen who owned a very large and valuable estate, and who had invariably during three years given my horses the run of their meadows, without which they must have starved,—and also never would allow me to pay anything for their keep,—in-

vited me to a 'rodeo' of cattle. I will describe one, and the same will answer for many, or all, with the sole difference of 'location.'

The kindness of these gentlemen allowing me to send my horses to them, can only be appreciated by one who has twenty or thirty animals to feed, and has nothing to feed them on, within fifty miles. The three brothers had been educated in France, and they were most gentlemanly and of high feeling, both by education and by birth. Everybody who knows the north of Chili, knows to what family I allude; and in describing their 'rodeo,' I only describe what all the neighbouring people, rich or poor, were invited to.

It must be first remarked, that a 'rodeo' of cattle generally takes place in September, and as the 'matanza,' or general killing, usually takes place in January, the cattle chosen for the great annual slaughter enjoy about three or four months in rich irrigated meadows, that they may get well fattened before being killed. A party of about sixteen arrived at the hacienda the previous afternoon, each well provided with lassos, &c. As my horses were all shod, my host promised to provide me with unshod horses the next day; for a shod horse has no chance on the side of a rocky mountain, and horses kept for the hills have hoofs as hard as ebony or iron wood. We dined about five o'clock, and a merry dinner it was; but, beforehand, most of the tenants were mustered on horseback, with the exception of those who lived too far off, and who had previously received their orders. They then divided into many separate parties, and rode off to the summits of the range of mountains that nearly surrounded us. At about eleven o'clock at night, we all went out to the front of the house to see if the parties had arrived at their different posts, and on most of the mountain-tops we saw fires blazing as signals, that they had taken up their positions, and also naturally to keep themselves warm. We then turned in, and turned out early the next morning to secure our horses for the day. We were told, however, not to be in a hurry, for the duty of the tenants and peons before daybreak was to thoroughly hunt and scour all the sides and gullies of the mountains, most remote from the plains to which the cattle were to be driven, and so we had plenty of time for a hearty early breakfast.

A little after sunrise, looking through my small telescope, I could see the various tops of the mountains swarming with cattle being driven slowly down towards the plains below, and our whole party then mounted and proceeded to the large cattle corral, erected in a very wild spot, about five miles from the house. We went rather fast, and found a 'ramada,' or hut, composed of green branches with the leaves on, built for us to live and sleep in for a day or two. Our host said that he could not have a regular house or cottage built there, on account of the 'benchucas,' or large filthy flying bugs that infest all thatched houses in that country; but that he had a fresh ramada built every year, and very pleasant it was. *

* "Benchuca:" I scarcely know if the word is rightly spelt, but it is pronounced as written. These flying bugs are more than an inch in length, the bite is very painful, and when the animal is crushed, the smell is foetid in the extreme.

As we were waiting near the corral, for news from the mountains, another curious thing attracted my attention, and that was a fine calf lately killed, and lying alongside of a pit dug in the ground, looking like a grave. The pit was lined with stones, and a hugh furnace-like fire kindled in it. The calf was then taken to a small stream close by, and the inside cleaned. It was also skinned, except a narrow trip along the spine: it was then brought back to the edge of the pit, and the empty stomach was filled with all sorts of good things. The kidneys, heart, onions, potatoes, chesnuts, salt, peppers, chilis, spices, &c., &c., were all stuffed in, and the hide brought round together again and sewed, or, rather, laced up, along the stomach. The fire was then abated, by throwing green leaves on it, and the calf in its own skin, 'carne con cuero,' was carefully deposited on its back in the pit, the skin acting as the holder and receptacle of the gravy. The whole was then covered with more leaves, and buried completely with earth and stones.

Just as the calf was consigned to his oven, we were called to our saddles by the news that the advanced guard of the herds was debouching on to the plains, and we went to help the herdsmen and peons in their rather arduous task of taking about five thousand half-wild cattle over about six or seven miles of broken plain. The gentlemen *here* are of the greatest use, though they would not be of much service in the slow work of driving the cattle down *to* the plains. The peons' horses are generally rather tired with their mountain work before they get down, and the gentlemen help them on fresh horses, by keeping the wilder animals in order. When one bull dashes out, two of the gentlemen are after him, and not only lasso him, but, unless he is a very handsome animal, tame him for life, and drive him into the herd. When four or five bulls rush away at once, the peons have enough to do to prevent the remainder following them, and the gentlemen hunting in pairs do good service.

These sorts of chases are very exhilarating; for, though there is not much danger, there is just enough to be a little exciting, and I have often known severe accidents.

Two or three steady yoke of oxen are generally sent to head the herd with long wooden yokes on their necks. They answer two purposes; for they lead the way, and persuade the herd to follow them; and also when any animal is very vicious, he is lassoed, and his horns made fast to the yoke between the two tame oxen, who soon bring his spirit down and make him go quietly along. Also, if a run-away bull is particularly obstreperous, when he is thrown, one of his hind legs is made fast to his horns, and he is left on the ground, until a yoke of oxen can be spared to go and fetch him.

After many courses in pursuit of the wilder cattle, the herd at length arrives at the corral; the tame ones go in first, the horsemen form a double line, and at last they are all safe in the interior.

A 'corral' has often been described, but I doubt if Englishmen in general understand what a cattle corral for a 'rodeo' really is. A corral is generally understood to be rather a small enclosure

of some thirty yards in diameter, into which horses are driven, and there lassoed or secured; but a corral destined to receive many thousand head of cattle is a large spot, and although it is considered right to crowd them together very closely in order to prevent riot, yet still some thousands of cattle, packed ever so thickly, will occupy a good space of ground.

The walls of the corrals near the house itself of my friends, were formed of 'adobes,' or large mud-bricks, and these corrals were only meant for horses, and the cattle that were picked out for the great killing in January; but the large corrals for cattle are generally composed of strong piles of wood driven deep into the ground, and connected one with another. It is not easy to judge exactly the size of a plot of ground, but from this corral being about one hundred paces in diameter, it must have been about two English acres, but divided into a large partition and a smaller one, the last being intended for the cattle separated for the 'matanza.'

This separation was to be effected the next day, and is generally performed by gentlemen, aided by the major-domos of the estate. The calves are also separated, placed in a small enclosure, and the mothers allowed to roam about, and feed near them, as *they* are sure not to wander.

It was five or six o'clock in the afternoon before all the cattle were safe, and the gate secured; men were placed at intervals on the outside of the corral, to prevent man or beast approaching to frighten the animals, for sometimes a very slight cause, such as the sight or smell of a fox will produce a sudden panic, and the cattle, wild with fear, will burst all restraints, and gallop away to the mountains.

This panic is a curious thing, for it sometimes seizes a herd without any seeming motive, nor must it be wondered at, as it sometimes attacks the bravest bodies of trained soldiers. During the Peninsular War, one of the finest divisions that ever carried arms was asleep in the wood;—suddenly in the middle of the night, a simultaneous *panic* struck the whole of the men, and it was only by the commanding officer telling a bugler to sound the "alarm of cavalry" that they were rallied.

We then proceeded to the rancho, and sat down to a good, wild, country dinner; for the calf could not be well baked until a late breakfast the next day.—We made our beds with our saddle-skins, and after a cigar and a *night-cap*, were soon fast asleep.

The next morning we all proceeded on foot to the small corral, to brand the calves with the owner's mark, and then returned to the long anticipated breakfast. The fatted calf, baked to perfection, was deposited on the grass, with the legs in the air; we then took our seats all round it; the lacing down the stomach was cut, the hide spread out like a large dish, and some twelve or fourteen large dagger-knives, always carried on the person, soon were cutting away at the *pièce de resistance.*"

The most constant attendant upon city feasts; the most fastidious

follower and admirer of Ude, Carème, and Soyer, would have pronounced this rather large dish undeniably good. Not a single particle of the goodness or flavour of the calf could possibly have escaped through the hide; though done to a perfection, the meat retained all its juices, and we certainly did justice to it. When we had finished, the herdsmen attacked the remainder with their long knives and keen appetite, and the calf (a large-sized one) had its bones literally picked clean. The baked hide and bones were then given to the herdsmen's dogs, and in a very short time the whole of the animal very nearly disappeared. There is nothing (roasted) better than meat sewed up in its own hide, and baked in a pit; from a buffalo's hump to an entire calf it is as superior to any other roast, as turtle is to its imitation. After breakfast, we all proceeded on horseback to the great corral, and into the very centre of the crowd of beasts, for the purpose of separating those chosen for fattening from the remainder.

On such occasions, the major-domos and herdsmen of adjacent estates also attend, to claim any cattle which bear their patron's mark or brand.

Two lines of horsemen are drawn up as regularly as soldiers, and between these lines the animals chosen are driven out, one by one, and into a smaller corral. The master and his major-domo, followed by his guests, ride in among the cattle, and point out one to be separated; two persons immediately place themselves, one on each side of the beast and sticking close to his flanks, force him into the lane of horsemen, who shout out, 'Afuera!'—out! out! The animal, pressed by a horse on each side of him, and also by a few blows from the heavy bridle-whips, or the ends of a lasso, gallops through the lane of horsemen, and dashes into a smaller partition. When the requisite number has thus been separated, the remainder are liberated, and away they scamper to their native hills. The separated ones are left quiet until the others have gone out of sight and scent, and are then escorted to the corral of the hacienda. They are examined, and afterwards turned out into irrigated meadows, full of luxuriant lucern, and soon get into capital condition for the great 'matanza' in January.

The 'matanza' also, is a sort of festival for the peons; and they enjoy the slaughtering of the cattle more than they do the rodeo, as almost all the lassoing falls to them. January is the month chosen for the great killing, on account of its being the hottest and dryest month in the year, and the charque, or jerked beef, gets sooner thoroughly cured.

The cattle meant to be killed are driven into the corral nearest the house (which generally has the curing-yard in the rear) a day or two before, and kept without food, that the flesh may be in better order for curing; and, on the morning of the matanza, long before day-break, some dozens of mounted peons, with their lassos, are waiting at the gate of the corral; while all the females of the estate,

in their best dresses, are watching from the walls and surrounding ranchos.

At the gate of the great curing-yard, where the cutting up goes on, six, seven, eight, or more professed butchers and charque cutters, stand with immense knives in their hands and daggers in their sashes; each butcher is paid according to the number he kills and cuts up.

The owner of the hacienda and his guests take up their position about sunrise, and then the major-domo, accompanied by one or two horsemen, goes into the corral, and turn out just as many animals as there are butchers. These cattle rush out at a furious pace, and immediately a number of peons are galloping after them, two or three lassos sometimes going over each beast at the same time. Each beast is almost sure to have a heavy fall, but he is lugged along to the great gateway, where the butcher awaits him; this man gives the animal two blows with his heavy knife just above the hocks, and thus hamstrings him in both hind legs; pulling out his short, sharp dagger, he runs up towards the head and plunges it into the pith of the spine, which kills the animal very suddenly. He then strips the skin off the face of the beast, for if he had left it for a few minutes, the skin would cool and adhere too strongly to the forehead. A yoke of oxen are ready, attached to a large loose bull's hide; a rope is fastened to the fallen animal's horns; he is dragged on to the hide, and thus conveyed, as on a sledge, to the curing yard: this is done to prevent his own hide being injured.

The carcase at first is only skinned and divided into large joints,—and in a very short time the butcher is again at the gate calling out for a fresh victim.

The matanza ceases every day at about nine o'clock, and the butchers occupy themselves during the remainder of the day in cutting the flesh into thin slices for making charque, or jerked beef. The tallow is melted down for candles; the fat (not the kidney and inside fat) is melted and clarified; it is used all over Chili, instead of butter or lard for cooking. A quantity of coarse soap is made from the refuse; some of the hides are sold for exportation, others go to various uses on the estate and adjacent mines, and the average value of each ox is about twenty-two or twenty-three dollars, but near populous towns, where fresh meat is daily sold in large quantities, oxen will fetch much more.*—*Byam's Wanderings in America.*

* The best bull's hides are generally reserved for making lassos.

THE RACING IN SEPTEMBER.

BY CRAVEN.

"From a board set up by a builder at Taunton: - This desirable frontage to be let on a lease one hundred and twenty-five yards long."

Curiosities of Literature.

"Difficile est proprie communia dicere."

Horat.

"If we didn't come here to better ourselves," says Douglas Jerrold in phrase pat to the downright philosophy of the age, "we might as well have staid where we were." There cannot be a second opinion about it. The condition of the citizen of civilization, who in the nineteenth contury enters on his mission without the wisdom which waits upon occasion, and the subtlety of the serpent, is a thousand times more helpless and hopeless than that of him who is cast upon a desert island *sans* hand or foot, or sight or sense of any kind. Social community is the phase into which the human race resolves itself, after it has escaped from the chrysalis of the Red Man. Its instinct has undergone a change, but its nature is as identical as ever. Before and since the Flood, the law of life was, and is, the same—self. Man, the savage, ate (eats ?) his fellow-barbarian materially—body and bones: man the civilized devours his species morally (and immorally), and consumes its substance; he places to the credit of his proper profit and pleasure his neighbour's house, or his wife, or his ox, or his ass, or anything that is his. He may not indeed lay hands on his brother in civilization, and drag him incontinently out o' doors, but there is no need of violence. The *quid pro quo* being "pleasantly" arranged

"With that sublime of rascals, your attorney,"

a hole is easily picked in a title—"and proved by competent false witnesses." The price of a friend's wife is much more reasonable than it used to be "when George the Third was king." In the good old times prime samples fetched not unfrequently twenty thousand pounds a-piece: now-a-days one-fourth of that sum is the outside quotation. Cash! gentle reader, whether in those "martyr'd saints" the—*per cents*, or

"Land, to hastening ills a prey,"
Where cotton flourishes, and wheat don't pay

—coin, I say, is to modern man what supernatural agency was to ancient romance.....

"Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin's lamp."

What wonder, then, that *auri sacra fames* should be a raging epidemic, or "put money in your purse—honestly if you can—*but put money in your purse*"—the golden rule of the wise in their generation?..... *(Anno Domini* 1850*)*.

According to Viotti, there are but two sorts of performers on the violin—the bad and the good. The aphorism applies to more trades than that of a fiddler. Few of the speculative employments of life admit of mediocrity in the practitioner: it's "death or Westminster Abbey," with most of them. The theme is a delicate one, and, like our Somersetshire friend's advertisement, obnoxious to false construction. *Apropos* of Mr. Disraeli's instance, grotesque as it is, I could beat it with scores that fall into my hands every month. As specimens, take a notice of the "wind up" of the past season with Lord ———'s foxhounds, that reached me professionally.....

"After a racing burst of forty minutes, pug was run into in the open: the noble master gave the 'who-whoop!' 'alone in his glory:' *the hounds ate him before a man in the field could get up.*"..... and "The last day with Sir Richard ——'s flyers" thus constructed by our correspondent from ——— shire: "As the hands of my watch marked noon, a noble dog-fox was viewed away from —— gorse. The gallant master of the pack, on his roan mare, outdid all his former outdoings. *Within the hour they had him in their mouths, and he died the death of the brave.*"

Horace, the most practical philosopher that has enlightened the world, indites as a poetical canon, "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere:*" he might have put it forth as a prose law also. It is not only difficult, but perhaps impossible, to express a common truism gracefully. In the face of this conviction, I have tried to hammer into the heads of the turf that tritest of proverbs, "Honesty is the best policy;" that probity is not a class quality; that it is a game whereat all must play with fair dice, or all will play—who go the hazard—with loaded. I take leave to adduce the latest modern instance in confirmation of this assertion: would I might hope as a moral whose application should not go unheeded!

In the last number of this periodical I copied from a sporting newspaper an account of the race for the Goodwood Cup of this current season. It was there stated—and that statement remains uncontradicted in the columns which gave it a wide circulation—that "*Cariboo was in the face of every one pulled up to allow Canezou to win!*" The writer admitted it was known *in the ring!!*—that Cariboo ran to serve Canezou; but, he exclaims, "no one *in the ring!* dreamt that the former *was to be stopped to let Canezou go in before him.*" I assume, then, as my postulate, that, during the recent meeting at Goodwood, a horse was *in the face of everybody* pulled up to allow another horse in the same race to win.....

On Wednesday, the 4th *ult.*, at the Curragh of Kildare, Her Majesty's Plate of 100 gs., for all ages except two-year-olds brought out three animals—*videlicet*, Captain Grant, Lord George, and Blucher. As they went towards the post to start, Mr. Nolan, the owner of Blucher rode up to his jockey—no unusual practice in giving orders—and told him—I copy from the account of the occurrence in *Bell's Life*

of the 8th ult.—that "his wish was merely to start the horse, and then pull him up, as he was afraid of his off fore-leg." The report goes on to say, "These directions being given just as the horses were called to the post, L. Keegan, the rider of Blucher, most unthinkingly performed, and then walked the horse back in the direction of the Stand-house, where he was taken by his trainer, without the rider going to scale. Such a proceeding of course excited great astonishment, and anxiety to learn the cause, when Keegan, who greatly annoyed at his own thoughtlessness, is not at once dismounting when he received such directions, told the truth and put the saddle on the right horse."……The result was the following announcement from the authorities of the Curragh……

"The Stewards of the Turf Club having inquired into the conduct of the rider of Blucher, in the Queen's Plate on Wednesday, are of opinion that under the 9th Rule of the Queen's Plate Articles" (the Irish Queen's Plate Articles, I suppose), "Keegan be disqualified" (I suppose they mean *is* disqualified) "from riding for Queen's Plates: and further, that we consider the instructions given by the owner of Blucher to his jockey to be highly improper. We are also of opinion that the conduct of the trainer is extremely culpable. ***All bets to stand.***

"(Signed) "THOMAS BURKE.
" "JOHN COURTENAY.
" "WILLIAM QUEEN."

In the next number of the journal referred to above, there appeared the following paragraph:—"The Stewards of the Jockey Club have shown their sense of the disgraceful proceeding at the late Curragh Meeting, by handicapping Blucher for the Cambridgeshire, at 10st." I was not previously aware that the handicap for the Cambridgeshire Stakes was made by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. In *Bell's Life* of the 22nd *ult.*, there was a long and unwise letter from the trainer of the animal, one John Davis by name. The gist of it was that the horse having a queer leg, it was thought imprudent to run him to win, or rather, to try and win. The less turf professionals say about "legs," the better. The issue I presume to suggest for the consideration of the racing public (all "our public," that is to say, at this present writing)—is this: What difference is there in fact and effect between the case of the horse started not to win the Goodwood Cup, and that of the horse started not to win the Queen's Plate at the Curragh of Kildare? Both were "pulled up" to allow another to win: at least, so it is written. Blucher pleads infirmity in palliation: Cariboo, more prudently, holds his peace. But the fact of the "pulling up" is not denied on either side. Now, is it lawful to "pull up" at Goodwood, and unlawful to "pull up at the Curragh?" Are we to go to Lear for a solution? Listen to him:—

"Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear:
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all."

Never ask such a question as "what's in a name?"—inquire of John Davis.....The Right Honourable John Davis, indeed, might have another kind of answer for your learning. "*Heu! Prisca fides.*"..... People can't afford to be over-nice on mere questions of honour just now, whatever they could when the classics were indited. "What's honour?—a trim reckoning?" There's terrible crossing and jostling in the race of life: and it won't do to be distanced for a trifle of principle more or less. Hear Douglas Jerrold, the disciple of proper practical philosophy—"If we did not come here to better ourselves, we might as well have stayed where we were."

Warwick and Leamington Race commenced on the first Tuesday in September, as usual. Considering the patronage which has been so long vouchsafed them, a higher average of accommodation and general *mise en scene* might, without being over fastidious, be expected at that sporting rendezvous. The Grand Stand is eminently inconvenient and ill-suited to its present purpose, and the course also admits of much improvement. The bungles that occurred may be charitably attributed to those accidents which, as the proverb asserts, will occur in the best-regulated systems. A slight epitome of the racing will answer all the demands it has upon our records. The Foal Stakes came off a match, whereof the Old Commodore, with 6 to 4 on him, had the worst, succumbing, after a very poor struggle, to "Miss Judy Macau." The Racing Stakes, six subscribers, brought the whole half-dozen to the post: Hind-of-the-Forest—labelled to be sold for £40—was the winner. The Castle Park Stakes, 17 subscribers, induced seven of the two-year-olds to show. They backed Prime Minister at 6 to 4 on him, and they were right, for he won, having the race in hand from the start. He is a son of Melbourne, and no discredit to his lineage. The Leamington Stakes —*the* handicap of the meeting—had 100 nominations, and of these sixteen went to the post, and fifteen got off—Lye, on Priestess, who did not go when the flag fell, making one of the "bungles" aforesaid. As she was the favourite, at 7 to 2 against her, this was a heavy blow to her backers. With a bad start, then, off they went somehow; and after a various scurry round about, once settled into the straight ground for home, Doubt was hailed as the winner—a salute which she merited, being first past the chair by two lengths. The Juggler was second....."Thou juggler, Fortune!" Estimating by the future, this was a race thrown away. The Corinthian Stakes—an amateur display—brought four of the six entered to the outrance: won by Captain Little on Magician, in two heats. The Queen's Plate of 100 gs introduced Little Jack to the ring, at 4 to 1 on him: he won the first heat as he pleased, and walked over for the second. "Somewhat too much of this." Here endeth the first day's list.

Wednesday had its feature, which was the *debût* of a certain Irish nag subsquently named Rushborough, then known as the Cruiskeen colt for the St. Leger. From 30 to 1 he sprang to 18 to 1, and was very near ——, but we must not anticipate. The great Warwickshire

Stakes being a walk over for Milcote, the Town Plate brought to the post five, whereof Joc o'Sot had "the call," at 6 to 4 against him. This too was a "gentleman jock" affair: the winner, Ægis: the rider, Captain Little. The County Stakes—41 nominations—mustered but half a dozen starters. They laid 7 to 4 on Uriel; but they were wrong, for the German, Turnus, was the conqueror; the crack a very bad third; Little Jack being second. The Avon Stakes, for two-year-olds, had another half-dozen exhibitors. They took 5 to 4 that Harriet won—and so she did in a canter, by a couple of lengths; Turtle second. The Borough Handicap, 6 subscribers, was run a match between Little Jack and Jack Briggs, the little-'un winning by three lengths in a canter. The Warwick Gold Cup, 22 subscribers, came off a quartette. They laid 6 to 5 on Priestess—which she justified—beating her field in a canter; the second being four lengths behind her. Scarborough won the Scurry Handicap, beating five others. Defaulter did the same by the Selling Stakes in two heats, four starters; and the programme was run out. In the newspaper returns of the running, the report of the Cup race is as follows....."The race never was in doubt, Priestess taking a decided lead at starting, never being approached, and winning in a canter by four lengths. Collingwood and Madesafe were beaten off at the T.Y.C. post the second round, *and did not pass the chair*." Was not this the head and front of Blucher's offending?

Lincoln Races fell on the 5th *ult.* They were not of a character to call for their details here, more especially as from the crowd of provincial meetings which occur at this period of the year, space can only be found in these pages for those of the first class, or which involve more than mere local or temporary interest. For this reason mention was not made of the racing at Egham—which indeed was no great loss—Paisley, Derby, Eccles, Stourbridge, Taunton, Stirling, Canterbury, Rochester, and Chatham, Morpeth, Weymouth, Barnet, Wilmslow, Ayr, *cum multis aliis*. Advancing into September we come to Lichfield—in days to which my memory turns with many a fair recollection, a pleasant place. A drought of nearly three weeks had baked most of the county courses as hard as "the kissing crust" of the rural loaves, and thin fields and diminished sport were the consequence. Thus while each of the days on Whittington Heath had its four races, five was the outside muster at the post for any of them. Axbridge, it must be said—but with all respect—comes within the class "Leather Plate:" may it have a happy deliverance! ditto Folkestone; but Radcliffe ranks among the legitimates. This sporting Lancashire tryst came off on the 9th, 10th, and 11th *ult.* It has a pretty course, plenty of rural patronage, and occupies a locality in which the taste for speculation in Olympics is not second to its more serious enterprize. There was nothing, however, in the three days' running to claim more particular reference. Knutsford cannot be passed without a word of memorial—pleasant English Knutsford! where, lang syne, we used to go forth for a race or two,

and return to dinner and a bottle of claret or two (or three), and then go back and race the sun to bed, and then—ah! forbear, audacious minister! ink, flow not! pen, trace not! remember the warning of the oracle of Abbotsford—"Let byegones be byegones!"..... Leicester Races occupied the 11th and 12th *ult.*, with a sufficiently agreeable gathering for all whom it concerned. Townsfolk and country-folk mingled together in hilarious good fellowship. I wish the same could be said of places of higher pretension. Lynn Races were near enough to the metropolis of the turf to command a good supply of currency, if only fair value be proposed in exchange..... Totness and Bridgetown, the Liverpool Hunt Club Autumn Meeting, Over Hoylake, Abingdon, Bungay, Cheadle Dover—the very catalogue of localities without one item of their respective properties, is "a caution," as Jonathan says. And all this in a country going to the dogs! In districts made desolate by the repeal of the corn laws; among people labouring without food or rest, and losing money by their toil—behold

> "Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter, holding both his sides."

Where is the rural ruin of which so much is said and sung? Where are the farmers, the yeomen, the labourers who cultivate a graceless land, that refuses them bread in return for the sweat of their brows? In what nook or corner of rural England lies hidden the famine, the nakedness, the despair, whose universal existence is howled forth by venal voices? Is this rural ruin proclaimed by the jovial troops of hearty husbandmen that gather together at the national merry-makings whose number is Legion?

We now come to the most popular of all the autumnal meetings—Doncaster Races. Shakspeare speaks of "a tide in the affairs of men," which suffered to pass without advantage being taken of its flood, henceforward all is "bound in shallows and in miseries." Homer is not the only poet who sometimes nods. The logic of the Swan of Avon is shown to be naught by the modern instance at issue. The once imperial Olympic Games of the north had dwindled, between apathy and mismanagement, to the shortest space, when, long after the tide of ebb had set in, there sprung up a favouring gale—a fair trade wind which bore them hourly against the current. But a few years back, and the Leger was on its last legs: in the season of 1850 it has arisen like a giant refreshed. The *race* of the Hambletonians is itself again Indignant and invincible it arose. First came one hero of the Derby to the rescue—then another—and last not least, Voltigeur—"the third is the charm."

Nothing like the late incursion upon the land of the Tykes is extant in men's memories. The onslaught cry was—"York, you're wanted!" and lo! in millions they went forth, even in chariots drawn by fiery drag—ons. "Since its first establishment"—say

one of the historians of *the* day—"the St. Leger was never witnessed by such an incalculable mass of human beings.....Thousands were disappointed, from the impossibility of obtaining carriages for their conveyance. This was especially the case at Sheffield, where, although any available carriage was pressed in the service, and loaded inside and out, an immense crowd was left behind. At Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, York, and other populous localities north and south, extending from Edinburgh to London," (!!) "a similar spirit prevailed, and the excitement produced admits of no parallel"—not even Miss Lind's apotheosis by the Yankees. "Such was the crowded state of the special train on the Great Northern from London, that it was impossible to receive the throng waiting for conveyance at the intermediate stations—a remark equally applicable to trains proceeding in other directions, whether special or regular. To calculate on the number of persons thus wafted to their destinations, is utterly beyond our powers, but judging from the influx of both sexes arriving on the platform at Doncaster, from an early hour in the morning till the afternoon had far advanced, there must have been between *forty* and *fifty thousand*. And when to these are added those who came by other conveyances, the assemblage may be described *as unequalled in numerical extent*. It was not, however, till all had assembled on the race course, that any notion could be formed of their amount; and then, when viewed from the Grand Stand, it seemed perfectly miraculous that such a multitude could have been collected by human agency in so short a time, and from such distant quarters. From the area around, it was estimated that at least a hundred thousand persons were present." Faugh!

"I stifle while I scribble, 'pon my soul!"

Here we breathe to venture on a peep into the town....."The Subscription Rooms were opened early:" (do crocodiles shut their mouths against their prey?)—"and were speedily thronged; while the congregation of anxious inquirers in front almost blocked up the High-street! after exposing themselves to the risk of being crushed under the wheels of vehicles of every description, which came in rapid succession, the travellers cheering most vociferously as they pursued their route."....

The gentle reader who accompanies me to Doncaster may judge from these particulars what he has to expect during his visit. Peradventure he might foregather with more worshipful company; but sayeth not Flaccus, *Dulce est desipere in loco?* Sunday, the 15th *ult.*, drew all the world and its mother to Hyde Park Corner. The Sabbatarians have not as yet burnt their fingers with Tattersall's..... "Plate tin with gold."....There *is* something not quite tuneful to an English ear in the recitative of such passages as these..... "In the golden age of the turf, *the betting on the Sunday* immediately preceding the races took place at Doncaster; but, thanks to

the increased facilities afforded by the railways, this *necessity* has ceased, and business is carried on as usual at the Corner, and on Sunday last the assemblage in this locality was unusually numerous."

With your leave, we will take up the thread of our narrative from the dawn of Monday, the 16th. It was of course distinguished by a rendezvous at the scene of future action. The ground was "as hard as a hammer," according to the "touts." A good show of horses, however, rewarded the early birds; but the *on dits* then and there current would now be as flavourless as one of ——'s jokes. The advent of the conquering hero may be worth mention, as emphatically *infradig*. "Voltigeur arrived early on Monday afternoon..... He was accompanied by his trainer and two London policemen, *bringing not only his own corn, but two water-casks, filled from the Richmond pump.*" As the day advanced, the promise of sport grew with its growth. Teams continued to arrive from every point of the compass. "Entertainment for men and horses" became hourly more and more in request, and a sporting week no longer a matter of question. Anon business, grim and downright, became the order of the day. An objection was made against Cloth-worker—("the *course* of 'plating' never did *run smooth*")—for the Great Yorkshire Handicap; but it was over-ruled on faith of the following notice, duly stuck against the wall of the Rooms....."The Stewards are of opinion that Cloth-worker is not disqualified under the Doncaster Rules." At nightfall, within the *sanctum* of the High-street, was gathered together as motley a multitude as ever graced a carnival.....

"English, French, Irish, Dutch, and Scots in 'trews,'
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos."

They debated "*de cunctis rebus et quibusdem aliis*;" but absenteeism was by far the most general topic. With what interest they spoke of the Levant; and how eloquently —— expressed himself on the late voyage of a friend for the eastern shores of the Mediterranean!

"'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
As partings often are, or ought to be;
And their presentiment was quite prophetic
That they should never more each other see."

But we mustn't lapse in scandal. It was a fair average of gossip and gammon—the reunion aforesaid. The best thing we can do is to retire and see what comes of it on the morrow.

Tuesday—first of the eventful four—rose fair and fresh as a dawn of Tempe. Men and horses were astir with the sun, and the *ensemble* of town and stranger-folk bespoke a provincial festival at hand. On the course all manner of people and rumours were afloat. There was Voltigeur—divested of his corn and water-casks—going like

steam at high pressure. There was the Flying Dutchman, blazing away as though he defied Fate.....

"*Legs* are not stone, and stone is rent;
Legs are not steel, and steel is bent."

The Irishman, hight Russborough, gallopped on gaily: so did many another, loss known to fame, and right heartily to the accompaniment of cold grouse, broiled ham, brown bread, toast, and tea sublimed with cream fragrant as primroses. Their merits and demerits were presently discussed. By noon the town was full; the chief features in the market being the *prestige* attaching to Storm, who was backed against the field for the Champagne, while Mark Tapley ruled at 7 to 4 for the Handicap. The odds at this time on the St. Leger were 5 to 4 on Voltigeur; 9 to 2 against Pitsford; 9 to 1 Windischgratz; the same Beehunter; and 25 to 1 against anything else. The scene—and a heart-stirring scene it was—opened with the Fitzwilliam Handicap. There were nine subscribers, whereof four paid; consequently the field numbered five. Of these Gladiole was the favourite, 5 to 2 against her; 5 to 2 Pilgrim; no other backed. The distance was a mile. Vanguard, who waited till within half-a-distance of home, came then in earnest, outstrided his horses, and won easily by two lengths—the favourite second. A Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each for four-year-olds, Cup Course, five subscribers, came off a match between Vatican and Don Juan. They laid 10 to 1 on the former, who did as he would with the race from end to end, winning by nearly a quarter of a distance. The Champagne Stakes, for two-year olds, &c., &c., had 34 nominations and eight runners. The distance is from the Red House in. It is scarce necessary to say, that this is one of the most interesting issues of the meeting—the St. Leger excepted, of course. The close of the betting was 6 to 4 against Storm; 2 to 1 the filly by Bay Middleton out of Venus; 5 to 1 Hippolytus; and 6 to 1 Confidence. On the flag being lowered, the favourite bolted round, was left behind, and *his* chance was bowled over. Along they came, as hard as they could crack (alas! it was indeed a "splitter!") the Venus filly leading all through, and winning easily by a couple of lengths! The tailing was shocking bad. The Selling Stakes, St. Leger Course, for all ages but two-year-olds, came off a quartette. Snowdrift was fancied at 5 to 4 against him; and Polonaise was backed at a point more. The finish was a fierce set-to between the favourite and Gardenia, the former winning on the post by half a head. Colonel Anson's Sister to Sweetheart being permitted to walk over for the 200 Sovereigns Sweepstakes for fillies, the winding-up of the last was The Great Yorkshire Handicap, St. Leger Course, 87 subscribers, 52 of whom declared. The field mustered a baker's dozen, the whole thirteen finding friends at one price or other. Mark Tapley maintained his town quotation, being freely backed at 7 to

4 against him; they took 4 to 1 about Minimum; 6 to 1 The Castle; 10 to 1 Strongbow; the same Priestess; 12 to 1 Cloth-worker—unhappy Cloth-worker! whose proper name is Strife-worker—and 16 to 1 The Jigger. There were of course many changes and chances from the post to the hill, and up and a-down it. It boots little to say how they came of a ruck past the Red House, and scurried by the distance. Then the front rank consisted of The Castle, Haricot, Cloth-worker, and two or three others—in their rear being the crack. Anon he worked himself abreast the leaders, and opposite the Stand girt up his loins for the final struggle. Of this he had the best; barely, however, defeating Haricot by a head; Priestess a good third; and ditto Cloth-worker fourth. As usual, there was for this handicap a tail such as you might expect had the weights been settled lottery-wise by drawing them out of a hat. This issue disposed of, people made the best of their ways homewards—"home, sweet home!" especially about dinner time on holiday occasions.

Wednesday, The Leger Day!—Let us take it easy at starting, that there may be something to finish with. The weather was fine—dry even unto suffocation, for the dust outdid all the poetry of simooms, and there was nothing to drink! But I anticipate. Imagine the course gained: you have heard of a "sea of heads?" now you may see it yourself. In the ring this excitement was not shown. The betting was far from animated. Industry had got up Pitsford to 5 to 2; and many said, and by no means a few believed, that—pshaw! what matter about it, now that we know it was all moonshine? The Marchioness d'Eu, saluted by one of the oracles for the winner of the St. Leger, it was understood would not even make the attempt, and thus also was declared not to put in an appearance—but would it not be better to deal merely with fact, and skip over the apocryphal? The list—a very sporting one—commenced with the Doncaster Plate—handicap—Red House in, seven subscribers, and all at the post. The favourite was the Cocktail—what's in a name?—at 2 to 1 against her; and abundance of the remainder found friends or fanciers, or whatever people are called that want to turn a penny by you—at miscellaneous valuations. It was a rattling spurt; won, however, all the way by Eliza Middleton—finally by two lengths. The Municipal Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., for two year-olds, &c., &c., Red House in, eight subscribers, brought out three, at 6 to 5 against Croupier; 7 to 4 against Ban; and the same against Conciliation. This was an out-and-out fight, the trio coming locked together from the Stand, and ending The Ban first by a head, and Croupier beating Conciliation by the same distance for second places. Now comes the question "To be or not to be"—shall another Derby winner carry off another St. Leger? Men and legs by thousands—by tens of thousands——by ten times tens of thousands debate the problem. The Ring—that crucible of rumour—is brimful, pressed down, and running over. Behold that mighty multitude; those acres of people; that mosaic

of humanity, jammed and rammed and crammed together like the anatomy of a tubular bridge! What come they forth to see? A steed with a silken skin: a mannikin bedecked with red. Voltigeur win t'Leger! Do not smile: it is nothing to laugh at: the honour of York is in the balance. This day makes it or undoes it quite..... The race-course of Doncaster is the Waterloo of the Tyke....." The great event," observed *Bell's Life*, " was at last proclaimed, and then came such a getting up stairs!" With what different eyes the same scene may be viewed! As the names of the starters appeared affixed to the telegraph on which they are announced, expectation stood on tip-toe, and even men held their breath as the coursers themselves came forth. The field, it will be seen, consisted of eight, and as the story-books of old used to say at foot of their wooden illustrations— See! here they are:—

The ST. LEGER STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.. for three year-olds; colts, 8st. 7lb., fillies. 8st 2lbs.; the second to receive 300 sovs. out of the stakes. and the third 100; the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards expenses and 25 sovs. to the judge; St Leger Course; 95 subs.

Lord Zetland's	br	c.	Voltigeur, by Voltaire	J. Marson	†	1
Mr. Mangan's	ch.	c	Russborough	J. Robinson	†	2
Mr. W. Edwards	ns b.	c.	Bolingbroke	W. Boyce	3	
Captain Archdall's	b.	c.	Windischgratz	F. Butler	0	
Lord Enfield's	b.	c.	The Beehunter	Flatman	0	
Mr. Hill's	ch.	c	Pitsford	A. Day	0	
Mr Meiklam's	br.	c.	The Italian	Templeman	0	
Mr. Watts's	b.	c.	Chatterbox	Foley	0	

Marlow weighed for Mildew, and cantered him down the course, but the horse was found to be lame, and was sent home.

Betting at starting: 13 to 8 on Voltigeur, 5 to 2 agst. Pitsford, 12 to 1 agst. Windischgratz, 12 to 1 agst Beehunter, 20 to 1 each agst. Russborough and Chatterbox, 25 to 1 agst. Bolingbroke, and 40 to 1 agst The Italian.

The course is cleared, the judge is on the bench, the usual parade has been performed, and the movement is towards the post. The site is one of the most convenient that the turf can boast of. It is roomy enough for the three regiments of household cavalry to manœuvre on, and near enough to the stand to place its doings under wholesome surveillance. The flags are down: they are off. The start was an admirable one. The first from the post was Beehunter; the Irish horse Russborough next him; then Bolingbroke; in the centre the other Irishman, Windischgratz, and Voltigeur, Pitsford and The Italian bringing up the rear. As they closed the hill, Windischgratz took the second place, and up the ascent Pitsford mended his position. Down the fall from the mile post, he showed that he was in earnest, making the running, on rounding the Red House turn, in the van. At this point of interest, Russborough and Voltigeur were behind the body of horses. Thus they came to the distance, where Pitsford was beaten and Beehunter fell astern. It was here that Voltigeur got the lead, followed by Bolingbroke. The Italian next, and Russborough "coming." Abreast of the stand a collision took place among the leading

horses, Bolingbroke fouling Russborough, who was thus driven athwart The Italian. Voltigeur, clear of the crowd, was now making fair way for the chair, when Robinson, with one of his electric rushes, caught him on the post, and made it a "dead heat between Voltigeur and Russborough." Bolingbroke was third, beaten about three lengths; The Italian fourth, close to him; Beehunter fifth; Pitsford sixth; Windischgratz a bad seventh, and Chatterbox boots. In what figure of speech—by what aid of comparison might I hope to do justice to what followed? The crowd—the infinite, irresistible multitude swept all before it as it thundered towards the recording telegraph. In sooth, it was a tremendous sight. The police gave way like thistledown to the hurricane. Do you suppose a brigade of artillery could have stopped it? As Liston was wont to say, when desirous of being especially emphatic—"You might as well expect to bolt the door of Newgate with a boiled carrot."

As soon as the weighing in was accomplished, Lord Zetland called for an examination of Russborough's mouth. I grieve that such a practice ever found toleration among gentlemen. Gloss it with courtesy as you will, it is an imputative dishonour that no man has a right to cast upon another. It is a perilous process; and albeit there are precedents to favour the idea that it may be peacefully persisted in, if I know anything of manly spirit, it "will draw blood another day." Mr. Mangan, it was understood, made no objection to submit his horse to the scrutiny of a veterinary surgeon, and accordingly he was examined *after the dead heat and before starting for the final one* by Mr. Holmes of Thirsk and Mr. J. Shaw of the Third Dragoon Guards, who returned the following certificate—"This is to certify that we have examined the chesnut colt, called Russborough, and are of opinion that the said horse is only three years old." Hereupon Mr. Mangan was released from the charge, as the transport is graciously pardoned when it has been proved that he was unjustly convicted. At a meeting of the Jockey Club held in the year 1844, among sundry other resolutions the following was adopted:—"When the age or qualification of a horse is objected to, either before or after running for any race in which he is engaged, the stewards, or those whom they may appoint, being members of the Jockey Club, shall have power to order an examination of the horse's mouth by competent persons, and to call for all such evidence as they may require; and their decision shall be final, unless they shall think fit that the question in dispute be carried into a court of law." By the letter of this resolution, any one having a horse engaged in a race, may, to gratify private malice, or to offer sheltered offence, *without assigning any grounds whatever*, call upon another to show that he is not a rascal and compassing a cowardly swindle. As *amende honorable*, I trust that Mr. Mangan was put in possession of the source whence Lord Zetland derived his suspicions as to the age of Russborough. Those who are aware of the jealous seclusion in which race horses under the most ordinary circumstances are kept, will understand what manner of annoyance, if not of practical injury, it may inflict, to require the owner of an animal which has just run a dead heat for

such a race as the St. Leger, and is about to start for the conqueror, to submit it for trial before a jury of veterinary surgeons.

The deciding heat—the odds 6 to 4 on Voltigeur—was run under considerable disadvantages. The mob broke into, and so smothered up the course, that Russborough, who led, made the play at but bad speed. Inside the distance the set-to began, and after a desperate race from the Stand to the chair, Voltigeur was proclaimed the victor "by a very short length." Handicap the loser a recent voyage from Ireland, and a trial for an attempt by false pretences, &c., &c., *extra*, and Paddy has "no call" to be ashamed of his performance.

A Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for two and three-year-olds, Red House in, seven subscribers, Haricot, with 6 to 4 on her, won, beating four; and Woolwich having done the same by Her Majesty's Plate, beating a brace, with the odds 4 to 1 against him, the list was run out. Not so the run home, which then and there began. The graphic picture of this *sauve qui peut* retreat is thus wound up:—"The scramble towards Doncaster by the pedestrians was baulked by the density of their own impeding masses; and such was the overpowering effect of the dust which was raised, that all seemed involved in a November fog, friends and foes being alike ignorant of their proximity. These were, however, not among the worst of the vicissitudes, for it became impossible to obtain refreshments of any kind: the beer-cellars were exhausted, and solids were equally beyond reach. Thousands, who had not the forethought to come provided with the requisite comforts for the inward man, were famishing; and this was aggravated by the necessity of gaining their trains within a given time. The bolt to the station was perfectly terrific, and the crush for admission produced its customary evils—many fainted, and others were squeezed as flat as flounders. But this was not all. Some got into wrong trains, and were conveyed they knew not whither; while others were altogether left behind *sans* food, *sans* bed, *sans* everything, and were seen wandering about the town throughout the night, some actually begging to be taken into custody, as the only means of obtaining shelter and nourishment. The trains were kept in motion till after midnight. Some idea may be formed of the number conveyed by steam, when we state that the Sheffield train alone brought 13,000 passengers, and the South Yorkshire upwards of 12,000!".....

Thursday.—The settling in the forenoon came off more easily than such adjustments have lately done—by grace of the hedging induced by the dead heat. The attendance was moderate, which was a grace too. A very brief recapitulation will do all justice to the sport. I begin with a Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs., for two-year-olds, &c., Red House in, eleven subscribers; eight came to the post, and Pirouette won, after a smart race, by half a length. She was as good a favourite as anything. A Handicap Stakes of 10 sovs., &c., for three-year-olds, a mile and a quarter, 4 subscribers. This came off a match, won by Gladiole, 5 to 4 on her, beating Cantab by a length. The Cleveland Handicap, 10 subscribers, brought out a trio, whereof Woolwich was the best by a length, 7 to 4 on him. A Sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for two-year-olds, T. Y. C., 24 subscribers, mus-

tered a field of half-a-dozen. Storm was backed at 6 to 4 on him, and proving a fair wind this time, he brought home Frank Butler with flying colours first by half a length. Voltigeur walked over for the Scarborough Stakes: and the catalogue was run out.

Friday, the *finale*. This was a "bumper at parting," and one piquant of flavour too. Among the *on dits* current was one to the effect that The Flying Dutchman had become the property of a company, "in ten shares of £500 each." What that portends is more than I can say. The wind was as lavish in interest. Let us proceed to witness it. A Handicap Plate of 70 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards, a mile and a quarter, opened the festivities. Half a score went for it, and Strongbow won, with 10 to 6 against him. The Eglinton Stakes—altogether a new feature—of 15 sovs. each, for two and three-year-olds, T. Y. C., had sixty-three nominations. Of these nine came to the post. Betting: 6 to 5 on Payment, 6 to 1 each about Beehunter and The Black Doctor, and 10 to 1 each against Mark Tapley and Nancy. The real battle began at the distance, where The Black Doctor, Beehunter, and Nancy were foremost in the fray. A slashing struggle home between the foregoing lot finished in the places respectively assigned them as above. The Park Hill Stakes—a race which bears the same relation to the St. Leger that the Oaks does to the Derby—twenty one subscribers, dwindled to three at the post. The odds were 5 to 4 on the Marchioness d'Eu, and 2 to 1 against Tiff. The pace—which was regulated by the Marchioness—was bad to the distance, where Tiff went up, took the lead presently, and won easily by a length. Mr. Watts showed his sense in paying forfeit for the Marchioness in the St. Leger: had he done the same by the Park Hill, it would have been no reproach to his judgment. The Doncaster Cup, value 300 sovs., &c., &c., two miles and a half.....Reader, permit me to place this before you in the form of a match between The Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, the young one receiving 19lbs. Imagine to yourself the *mise en scene*—to help you to some notion of the result, conceive a rencontre between the occupants of Hanwell and Bedlam, to the accompaniment of an eruption of Vesuvius multiplied by fifty thousand, and it will convey a faint idea of the miraculous catastrophe. They laid at first 11 to 2 on The Dutchman (on some parts of the course they would lay anything you liked), but at starting the professional price was 4 to 1. The favourite had, by some means or other, parted with that profound self-possession which distinguished all his former appearances in public. He "played up old gooseberry" on his way to the post, and bolted with Charley before the flag fell. At length off they went. It was a most eccentric course: now The Dutchman went like an electric despatch; anon he took his time, even like Miss Lucy in the song. As they hove in sight the last time at the descent of the hill, the tartan was some ten lengths in front. Rounding the Red House turn, and up for the distance, however, this gap was greatly diminished, and opposite the stand, Flatman was overhauling his invincible opponent, "hand over hand." To it they set, grim death and no quarter, Voltigeur finishing half a

length before The Dutchman. How this conclusion affected the company of ten is a secret; how it acted upon the company at large was "like the crack of doom." Had the world given up the ghost then and there, the *coup de théâtre* would have been about complete.

Let me hasten over what remains, even as we rush from the odours of an expiring pantomime.....The Don Stakes Bolingbroke won, beating Harriott and Mildew. The Nursery Plate Entre Nous carried off in a field of eight. Garforth walked over for the 200 Sovs. Sweepstakes. A couple of matches were "off by consent," and so were the audience by the earliest opportunities befalling their convenience. And thus ended the most marvellous meeting in the records of Doncaster Olympics. Should future years increase and multiply like unto that whose narrative has just been told, the *venue* must be changed to Salisbury Plain, or to one of the boundless savanas of Bamangwato, where Mr. Gordon Cumming shot giraffes three times as tall as Life Guardsmen and said—"Now I can die happy."

Among the minor meetings which succeeded the leviathan, in time for a notice in this work, was that of Basingstoke, in Hampshire. As a local merry-making, it was a most well-devised and pleasantly-conducted reunion. Many a place of far more pretension can claim no comparison with it as regards its course. There cannot be a better bit of turf, and with a few more shoulders to the wheel—I would give it "a turn" in my own humble way—Basingstoke by-and-bye may catch the front rank.....The racing season wanes rapidly, and with the three Newmarket weeks it will close. These will be lavish of sport. With horse-flesh, whose name is legion, the stables will all have a scramble for something to pay for the winter's keep. The handicaps in the Second October and the Houghton Meetings promise fertile occupation for the industrious. The curtain will drop upon a drama replete with action, by no means deficient in character, and need I say profuse of plot!—*London Sporting Review, for October*, 1850.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

SEVERAL gentlemen met yesterday morning on the Galle face to witness rifle practice at distances before unheard of in Ceylon. A target about 6 feet square was pitched on the sea road of the Galle face, which was, when we approached, placed at the enormous distance of 900 yards from where the gentlemen practising stood. Of course a tripod stand was used in which in a groove the rifle was placed as a rest. After witnessing several shots from the stand, we left for the target, near which three artillerymen were stationed. To our surprise we noticed that although the bull's eye was not pierced, there were several shot holes in a good direction above it, as well as below, perforating the inch planking of which the target was made with a

well defined round hole, similar to what a common rifle would make at a distance of 100 yards, a proof of the enormous range and power of the rifles used. We may instance a curious fact in acoustics on this occasion. On leaving the firing place for the target, when about 200 yards off, we heard the rush of the ball followed at a perceptible interval by the sound of the rifle; getting further off, the period between the two sounds visibly decreased until at the target, the sound of the explosion reached us *before* that of the ball. Sound of course would travel at its accustomed rate of 1,080 feet a second, but where the balls had at a range of 900 yards the velocity necessary to pierce an inch plank and fly far beyond it, it would be a fair presumption that the velocity would even be greater than sound. We state however the fact which may be learned at future experiments, by any one who has no objection to place himself with those who watch the target, albeit in rather close proximity to the range of the whistling messengers.

Through the kindness of the Comte De Belloy, and his friends, Messrs. Salzmann, Uchard, and Odier, we had an opportunity of examining the rifles used on this occasion, which consisted of two rifles made by Messrs. Manceaux of Paris, being four grooved rifles.

The pieces themselves differed in nothing in weight or length from the rifles in common use, and the marvel of their vast range must consist therefore in the form and make of the ball used. These were made in the shape of a fir cone, rather smaller than the bore and with a hollow orifice in the centre, running from the base to the apex. Before placing the ball in the piece, a small capsule of iron is slightly affixed to the exterior of the hollow in the ball, which is then rammed down. In the act of firing, the explosion of course forces the iron capsule *up the whole length of the hollow in the ball*, and in so doing it expands the cone, which of course fills up the grooves of the rifles, exposing the whole base of the bullet to the action of the powder without allowing the slightest windage, which takes in ordinary rifles so much off the explosive force of the powder. The invention is simple but highly effective as we have shown.

At first sight, we imagined that the rifles used were the far-famed "needle guns" of the Prussians, which have so immense a range and which bid fair to be such formidable opponents to field artillery, where the effective striking force of the rifle-ball is 800 or 900 yards distance, with equal certainty with that of the common musket or rifles, namely 200 and 250 yards respectively. Colonel Wilson and Lieut. Margesson, R. A., Capt. Lewis and some other officers of the 37th, and C. R. R. were present at the practice.

We may be pardoned for mentioning that the Comte and his friends are visiting Ceylon with the intention of speculating largely in Coffee cultivation, should they meet with suitable tracts of land, We wish them every success both in the field of sports as well as that of cultivation.—*Ceylon Times.*

CRICKET MATCHES.

CALCUTTA CRICKET.

During the late festive season two Cricket Matches came off, one on the 1st December, and the second on the 28th, between eleven of the Chowringhee and the Artillery stationed at Dum-Dum. In both matches it will be seen that the Chowringhee Club was victorious; had there been a larger field of the Artillery to choose from, the result might have been different; as it was, the contest went off very well and there was no lack of good play. The following are the scores:—

Chowringhee Club.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Mr. W. Morrison, c Scott, b Ducker	...	8	Run out	...	32
Mr. W. Wilson, b Ducker	...	4	b Butt	...	10
Mr. W. Snell, run out	...	24	b Butt	...	5
Mr. Lowther, b Ducker	...	3	b Butt	...	3
Mr. Draw, b Butt	...	1	b Ducker	...	2
Mr. Francis, b Butt	...	7	b Butt	...	7
Mr. McLeod, b Ducker	...	5	c Chamberlain, b Ducker	...	11
Mr George, c Keenan, b Butt	...	2	Run out	...	4
Mr. Heysham, b Scott	...	10	b Ducker	...	3
Mr. Lochner, b Scott	...	3	Run out	...	0
Mr. Reguile, not out	...	6	Not out	...	0
Total	...	80	Total	...	68
Byes	...	7	Byes	...	0
Wide balls	...	0	Wide balls	...	0
No balls	...	0	No balls	...	0
Total	...	7	Total	...	0
Overs	...	21	Overs	...	18

Dum-Dum Artillery.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Gunner Keenan, b George	...	5	c Draw, b Draw	...	7
„ Maunders, b George		2	b Heysham	...	3
„ Scott, b George	...	10	c McLeod, b George	...	9

Serjt. Potter, c Lowther, b George	...	12	b George	...	11
Bombr. Chamberlain, b McLeod	...	3	b Draw	...	1
Mr. Butt, leg bef. wicket	...	7	b George	...	23
Serjt. Ducker, b Draw	...	1	Not out	...	11
Serjt. Mortimer, b Draw	...	3	Run out	...	2
Mr. Edwards, b George	...	4	b George	...	3
Bugler Willshire, b George..		7	b Heysham	...	5
Serjt. Barbour, not out	...	2	c Reguile, b Heysham	...	0
Total	...	61	Total	...	84
Byes	...	4	Byes	...	3
Wide balls	...	0	Wide balls	...	3
No balls	...	1	No balls	...	0
Total	...	5	Total	...	6
Overs	...	18	Overs	...	27

SECOND MATCH.

Chowringhee Club.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*		
Mr. McLeod, b Ducker	...	13	Run out	...	2
Mr. W. Wilson, c Barbour, b Butt	...	13	c Tierney, b Butt	...	13
Mr. Snell, c Willshire, b Ducker	...	1	b Butt	...	4
Mr. Wood, b Scott	...	4	c and b Butt	...	9
Mr. Reguile, b Butt	...	1	b Butt	...	0
Mr. George, b Butt	...	14	c and b Scott	...	7
Mr. Heysham, b Scott	...	0	Not out	...	9
Mr. Morrison, run out	...	8	c Tierney, b Butt	...	4
Mr. Francis, stumped out	...	*26	b Scott	...	2
Mr. W. Fare, c and b Scott..		10	b Scott	...	2
Mr. E. Kerr, not out	...	5	Not out	...	1
Total	...	100	Total	...	57
Byes	...	9	Byes	...	4
Wide balls	...	3	Wide balls	...	0
No balls	...	1	No balls	...	0
Total	...	10	Total	...	4
Overs		23	Overs	...	19

DUM-DUM ARTILLERY.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Mr. Butt, b Heysham	...	2	c Heysham, b George	... 5
Gunner Maunders, c Francis, b George	...	2	c George, b Heysham	... 12
Gunner Scott, c Reguile, b Heysham	...	10	c Reguile, b George	... 5
Bombardier Chamberlain, run out	...	9	b George	... 22
Serjt. Ducker, b Heysham	...	0	c Wood, b George	... 2
„ Potter, leg bef. wicket	..	0	b Heysham	... 7
„ Mortimer, b George	...	5	Not out	... 1
Gunner Keenan, b Heysham		0	b Heysham	... 25
Mr. Tierney, b Heysham	...	6	b George	... 10
Serjt. Barbour, b George	...	5	Run out	... 12
Bugler Willshire, not out	...	2	c and b George	... 0
Total	...	44	Total	... 112
Byes	...	3	Byes	... 11
Wide balls	...	0	Wide balls	... 0
No balls	...	0	No balls	... 0
Total	...	3	Total	... 11
Overs		13	Overs	24

Morning Chronicle]

CRICKET AT BENARES.

The Artillery with Lieut. Malleson given against the Station.

THE ARTILLERY AND LIEUT. MALLESON.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Lieut. Malleson, bd Kennedy.		4	bd Kennedy	 32
Sergt. Major Carrau, bd Kennedy	...	0	bd Kennedy	... 0
Sergt. Dillow, ct and bd Campbell	...	3	bd Campbell	... 12
Gunner Vincett, not out	...	40	bd Kennedy	... 1
„ Gordon, bd Kennedy	.	3	ct Campbell, bd Kennedy	... 11
Bombr. Downing, bd Kennedy	...	0	ct Campbell, bd Kennedy	... 12
Gunner Hone, bd Campbell	.	3	bd Kennedy	... 1
„ Mitchell, ct Dorin, bd Kennedy	...	9	bd Kennedy	... 0

Gunner Newman, bd Campbell	...	3	ct Campbell, bd Kennedy	...	2
Gunner Webster, ct Robinson, bd Kennedy	...	1	Not out	...	1
Gunner Kelly, run out	...	6	ct Stubbs, bd Kennedy	...	0
Byes	...	5	Byes	...	8
Total	...	67	Total	...	75

THE STATION.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*		
Mr. Dorin, ct Malleson, bd Dillow		1	ct and bd Dillow	...	9
Mr. Kennedy, bd Dillow	...	2	bd Malleson	...	0
Mr. Longmore, ct Dillow, bd Malleson	...	7	bd Dillow	...	1
Mr. Chalmers, ct and bd Dillow	...	82	bd Malleson	...	27
Mr. Row, ct Dillow, bd Malleson	...	3	bd Malleson	...	2
Mr. Campbell, bd Dillow	...	7	ct Dillow, bd Malleson	...	20
Mr. Robinson, run out	...	12	bd Dillow	...	23
Mr. Stubbs, bd Malleson	...	2	bd Dillow	...	1
Mr. Tulloh, bd Malleson	...	0	ct Vincett, bd Dillow	...	11
Mr. Lawford, run out	...	9	Not out	...	2
Mr. Mallock, not out	...	0	Run out	...	5
Byes	...	11	Byes	...	3
Total	...	136	Total	...	104

The Station winning the Match by 88 runs.

The Artillery with Lieut. Chalmers v. *An Eleven of the Station.*

AN ELEVEN OF THE STATION.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*		
Mr. Tulloh, run out	...	6	bd Vincett	...	0
Mr. Mallock, ct and bd Dillow		0	bd Dillow	...	0
Mr. Longmore, ct Vincett bd Dillow	...	0	bd Dillow	...	0
Mr. Waterfield, bd Dillow	...	5	bd Vincett	...	8
Mr. Dorin, not out	...	2	Run out	...	0
Mr. Campbell, bd Vincett	...	0	bd Dillow	...	5
Mr. Row, bd Vincett	...	0	hit wicket bd Dillow	...	9
Mr. Robinson, bd Vincett	...	0	bd Dillow	...	27
Mr. Brust, bd Vincett	...	0	Not out	...	9
Mr. Harris, bd Dillow	...	1	ct Curran, bd Dillow	...	0

Mr. Lawford, bd Vincett	...	3	ct Curran, bd Vincett	...	3
Byes	...	2	Byes	...	2
Total	...	19	Total	...	48

THE ARTILLERY WITH LIEUT. CHALMERS.

Gunner Kelly, bd Campbell,	...	...	...	0
Gunner Gordon, bd Robinson,	...	...	...	2
Mr. Chalmers, ct and bd Dorin,	...	...	...	85
Sergeant Dillow, bd Campbell,	...	...	...	94
Gunner Vincett, not out,	...	...	...	64
Sergt. Major Curran, stumped Robinson,		...	...	1
Bombr. Downing, bd Dorin,	...	...	...	10
Gunner Webster, run out,	...	...	...	0
Mr. Mitchell, ct and bd Lawford,	...	...	...	12
Mr. Newman, ct and bd Lawford,	...	...	...	8
Mr. Taylor, bd Campbell,	...	...	...	9
Byes,	...	...	...	13
Wide balls,	...	...	...	14
No balls,	...	...	...	2
			Total	314

The Artillery thus winning in one innings, with 247 runs to spare. Various causes prevented the assemblage of the *Station Eleven*, or the match would, to say the least, have resulted in so easy a victory. —*Mofussilite.*

THE AGRA CRICKET MATCH.

THE first Match of the season was played at Agra to-day, between the eleven of the men of the Fusiliers, and eleven of the Agra Cricket Club. The day was delightfully cool and pleasant. The game commenced at half-past 10 A. M., the gentlemen going in first, but their stay at the wickets was short and sweet, as they could not stand the bowling of the men; which was first rate, as was also their fielding. I have the pleasure to send the score: the gentlemen had first innings.

Captain Boyd, bowled Simpson,	...	...	...	3
Lieutenant Eccles, bowled do.,	...	...	...	3
Lieutenant Lumsdaine, bowled do.,	...	...	...	9
Lieutenant Campbell, hit wicket,	...	...	...	0
Lieutenant Ogilvie, bowled Simpson,	...	...	...	3
Lieutenant Templer, bowled Vallaly,	...	...	...	1

Lieutenant Tulloch, bowled Simpson,...	0
Lieutenant Kemp, bowled do., ...	1
Lieutenant Elliot, bowled Vallaly	1
Lieutenant Fraser, not out, ...	7
Byes, ...	0
No balls, ...	0
Wide balls, ...	0
Total ...	28

2nd Innings.

Captain Boyd, not out, ...	10
Lieutenanl Ogilvie, caught Pierce, bowled Vallaly, ...	1
Lieutenant Fraser, caught Carter, bowled do., ...	2
Lieutenant Baldwin, caught Flecher, bowled do., ...	0
Lieutenant Campbell, caught Pierce, bowled do., ...	1
Lieutenant Eccles, bowled Vallaly, ...	13
Lieutenant Lumsdaine, bowled Simpson, ...	7
Lieutenant Templer, bowled Vallaly, ...	4
Lieutenant Tulloch, bowled do., ...	0
Lieutenant Kemp, caught Flecher, bowled do., ...	6
Lieutenant Elliot, not out, ...	4
Byes, ...	1
No balls, ...	0
Wide balls, ...	0
Total	49
1st Innings ...	28
Grand Total ...	77

MEN, 2ND FUSILIERS.

Corporal Coleman, not out, ...	9
Corporal Pierce, bowled Lumsdaine, ...	2
Private Simpson, bowled Tulloch	17
Corporal Buxton, run out, ...	4
Corporal Farmer, bowled Tulloch, ...	0
Corporal McEvoy, run out, ...	[illegible]
Private Vallaly, run out, ...	0
Private Carter, caught Lumsdaine, bowled do., ...	10
Private Weldon, bowled do., ...	1
Private Flecher, bowled do..	16
Private Carey, bowled Tulloch,...	8
Total ...	67
Byes, ...	17
Wide balls, ...	3
Grand Total ...	87

AGRA CLUB.—*1st Innings.*

Lumsdaine, bowled Simpson, caught Pierce, ...	1
Eccles, run out., ...	0
Boyd, bowled Vallaly, ...	10
Baldwin, bowled Simpson, ...	0
Timbrill, do. do., ...	3
Ogilvie, do. do., ...	1
Millett, bowled Vallaly, caught Fletcher, ...	1
Campbell, caught Carter, bowled Vallaly, ...	11
Tulloch, run out, ...	2
Kemp, bowled Simpson, ...	2
Templer, not out, ...	2
Byes, ...	0
Wide balls, ...	0
Total ...	33

MEN, FUSILIERS.—*2nd Innings.*

Vallaly, bowled Lumsdaine, ...	2
Simpson, do. do,.	7
Carey, do. do., ...	17
Pierce, do. do., ...	9
Carter, bowled Ogilvie, ...	10
Buxton, bowled Boyd, ...	19
Coleman, run out, ...	12
Farmer, bowled Boyd, caught Tulloch, ...	6
Weldon, do. do., ...	0
Flecher bowled Lumsdaine, ...	5
Bartles, not out, ...	1
Byes, ...	4
Wide balls, ...	3
Total ...	93

Return Match, 2nd Fusiliers against the Agra Cricket Club, played on Saturday, October 26th.

The gentlemen were again beaten by the men in one innings, but not from want of play: their fielding had much improved, and the round hand bowling of Lieut. Lumsdaine was very steady and effective, as was the slow and under hand bowling of Captain Boyd; and I think it no disgrace to the gentlemen to have been beaten by the second best eleven in India, which the 2nd Fusiliers eleven is considered to be. I send you the score. The men went in first this time.

1st Innings.

Vallaly, bowled Lumsdaine,...	24
Simpson, run out, ...	38

Carey, bowled Tulloch, ...	1
Pierce, run out, ...	1
Carter, bowled Lumsdaine, caught Timbrill,... ...	0
Buxton, do. do., caught Campbell, ...	5
Coleman, not out, ...	1
Farmer, bowled Lumsdaine, ...	7
Weldon, bowled Tulloch, ...	4
Flecher, bowled do...	9
Bartles, bowled Lumsdaine, caught do., ...	0
Byes,..	17
Wide balls, ...	20
Total ...	125

CLUB.—*2nd Innings.*

Lumsdaine, caught Vallaly, bowled do., ...	12
Ogilvie, bowled do...	2
Millett, bowled Flecher, ...	3
Kemp, bowled Vallaly, ...	0
Templer, do. do , ...	0
Baldwin, do. Flecher, ...	6
Timbrill, do. Vallaly, ...	2
Tulloch, do. do., ...	8
Campbell, do. do.,..	9
Eccles, do do., ...	0
Boyd, not out, ...	0
Byes, ...	0
Wide balls,...	0
Total ...	48

The men again winning in one innings.

The Club play a match during the Race week against the *Kranies*, when some good play is expected; and next Wednesday, the Officers of the Fusiliers play the Officers of the Native Corps.

Should you think this worth a place in your columns, I will send you the score. The station is very gay. A station Ball on the 14th after the Races, and all sorts of sport going on, shooting matches, &c.

Your's truly,

FELIX.

Delhi Gazette.]

CRICKET MATCH AT RAWUL PINDEE—H. M. 53RD *vs.* THE STATION.

STATION.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Mr. Cadel bowled Langton...	2	bd. Langton ...	44
Mr. Ross, ct. Hillier, bd. Langton ...	18	bd. Walton ...	1
Mr. Stothert, bd. Langton	4	bd. Langton ...	2
Mr. Walker, ct. Langton, bd. Walton ...	3	bd. Langton ...	8
Mr. D'Aguilar, bd. Walton	1	Run out ...	13
Mr. Cooke, bd. Langton ...	4	bd. Langton ...	18
Mr. Smith, bd. Langton ...	2	bd. Walton ...	14
Mr. Philpots, bd. ditto ...	0	Run out ...	1
Mr. Cronier, bd. Langton...	0	Not out ...	1
Mr. Warden, touched the ball	0	bd. Walton ...	0
Mr. Orchard, not out ...	1	bd. Langton ...	0
Byes, (Hillier) ...	7	Byes, (Hillier) ...	30
Total ...	42	Total ...	132

H. M. 53RD.

1st Innings.		*1st Innings continued.*	
Captain Hillier, bd. Ross ...	11	Tarent, bd. Ross ...	2
Captain Walton, bd. Ross ...	42	Hudhead, bd. Smith ...	3
Langton, bd. Smith ...	8	Byes (D'Aguilar and Orchard) ...	52
Whiting, bd. Smith ...	6	Wide balls, (Smith 6, Cadell 2, Ross 1) ...	9
Hathings, bd. Ross ...	15	Total ...	185
Acton, ct. Walker, bd. Smith	3		
Budd, bd. Walker ...	15		
Fletcher, bd. Ross ...	13	H. M. 53rd Winning in one innings and 11 runs.	
Lier, not out ...	6		

REMARKS.—H. M. 53rd winning the toss, put the Station to the wickets. The bowling and fielding on the former side were so good, that few runs were made, and wickets rapidly disappeared. The Innings of the 53rd was characterized by the lamentable fielding, on the part of the Station, hardly to be wondered at, however, when some of the players had not handled a bat this season. Some leg hits of Messrs. Walton and Hillier were much admired. In the 2nd Inning of the Station, the bowling on the opposite side became, after the first few overs, rather loose, and was punished in good style by Messrs. Cadell, Cooke and Smith. A return match was to take place in a few days, an account of which I will take an opportunity of sending you.

A LOOKER ON.

Rawul Pindee, 4th October, 1850.—*Lahore Chronicle.*

DELHI CRICKET.

To the Editor of the Delhi Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—Herewith I have the pleasure to send to you the score of a Sky Match of Cricket that was played on Saturday, the 30th of November. The sides were chosen by Messrs. Carnell and Fitzgerald, and were thought to be pretty even, but the play proved otherwise, the batting of Mr. Aitken keeping the field continually on the qui vive.

Another Match is to be played to-morrow. The 13th and 53rd Regiment versus the Station, with Sergt. Cam, given, the result of which will be duly chronicled by

Your's faithfully,

POINT.

Delhi, 2nd December, 1850.

MR. CARNELL'S SIDE.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Aitken, 13th N. I., run out	43	Run out ...	58
Francis, do, bd Plowden ...	2	b Kimpton ...	15
Carnell, do. bd w b Kimpton, ...	0	b Fitzgerald ...	0
Thomson, do., bd Fitzgerald	13	b Fitzgerald ...	24
Wilson, do., bd Plowden ...	10	b Kimpton ...	6
Germon, do., run out ...	5	b Plowden ...	2
Waterman, do., bowled Plowden ...	2	Run out ...	10
Jellicoe, 53rd N. I, bd Plowden ...	0	b Plowden ...	1
Tomkinson, do., not out ...	3	b Kimpton ...	6
Serjt. Barry, 13th N. I., ct Lewis, bd Plowden ...	0	Not out ...	4
Drumr. Tiel., 50th N. I., bd Plowden ...	0	b Fitzgerald ...	0
Byes, (long stop, Serjt. Cam,) ...	15	... ...	15
Wide balls, (Kimpton,)	1	... ...	7
Total...	94	Total...	148

MR. FITZGERALD'S SIDE.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Kimpton, Esq., ct and bd Carnell ...	8	b Carnell ...	0
Plowden, 50th N. I., ct Aitken, bd Thomson ...	19	b Ditto ...	14

Fooks, do., ct. Wilson, bd. Thomson,	...	0	b. Carnell,	...	6
Mathias, do., bd. Carnell,	...	0	b. Thomson,	...	0
Lewis, Arty. bd. Carnell,	...	0	b. Carnell,	...	0
Lamb, do., bd. Thomson,	..	0	Not out,	...	0
Fitzgerald, 53rd N. I., ct. and bd., Carnell,	...	4	Not out,	...	22
Glasgow, do., run out,	..	2			
Master, do., bd. Carnell,	...	2			
Serjt. Cam, do., bd. Thomson,		2	ct. Jellicoe, b. Carnell,	...	17
Drumr. Norton, 50th N. I., not out,	...	0			
Byes, (long stop, Francis,)		6	Long stop, Aitken,	...	10
Wide balls, (Thomson,)	...	1			
Total,		44	Total,		69

Given up by Mr. Fitzgerald's Side. A.—*Delhi Gazette.*

WUZEERABAD CRICKET MATCH.

To the Editor of the Delhi Gazette.

Sir,—The subjoined is the score of the Return Match, between H. M. 9th Lancers and H. M. 10th Foot, played on the 20th Instant. The Lancers being again the Victors in one Innings with eight runs to spare.

H. M. 10th Foot.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Private Pacey, ct Webb, bd Hurndall	...	4	Ct. Rush, bd Ronayne	..	9
Private Quigley, bowled Hurndall	...	7	Bd. Hurndall	..	6
Private Welch, bd Hurndall		5	Ct. Ronayne, bd Hurndall	...	3
Private Slaymaker, bd Ronayne	..	13	Ct. Walker, bd Hurndall	...	7
Private Gorey, bd Ronayne		6	Leg before wicket, bd Ronayne	...	23
Private Gardiner, ct Webb, bd Hurndall	...	7	Bd Hurndall	...	1
Private Leggatt, ct Walker, bd Ronayne	..	5	Ct Rush, bd Ronayne	...	7
Private Waffron, bd Ronayne		0	Bd Ronayne	...	17

Private Wall, stpd Hurndall bd Ronayne	... 4	Bd Hurndall	... 0
Private Workman, not out	... 2	Bd Ronayne	... 2
Pte. Stone, bd Hurndall	... 0	Not out	... 2
Byes, ...	5	Byes	... 4
Leg byes, ...	3	Leg byes	... 0
Wides, ...	5	Wides	... 3
No balls, ...	0	No balls	... 0
Total...	66	Total...	84
		Grand Total...	150
Overs	27	Overs 29 and 3 balls.	

H. M. 9TH LANCERS,—*1st Innings.*

Private Wm. Whitehead, bd Waffron,	... 17
„ Wm. Howell, bd Pacey,	... 20
„ Thos. Walker, bd Waffron,	... 33
„ Wm. Clarke, bd Waffron,	... 15
„ Jas. Barter, ct Quigley, bd Waffron,	... 26
„ Jas. Webb, ct Wall, bd Pacey,	... 8
„ Wm. Hurndall, bd Pacey,	... 10
Corp. Jno. Ronayne, bd Pacey,	... 0
Serjt. D. Rush, not out	... 10
Pte. Wm. Lawes, leg before wicket, bd Waffron,	... 6
Serjt. Ed. Richardson, run out, bd. Pacey,	... 3
Byes, ...	... 6
Leg byes, ...	... 1
Wides, ...	... 3
No balls, ...	... 0
Grand total...	158

Overs 39 and 5 balls.

H. M. 10th Foot deserve credit for the spirited manner they endeavoured to overhaul their opponents in their 2nd Innings, but the Lancers fielding and bowling proved too good for them.

Yours,

AN ADMIRER.

Wuzeerabad, 23rd Nov., 1850.

DUGSHAI CRICKET MATCH.

To the Editor of the Delhi Gazette.

Sir,—I hope you will find room in your paper for the score of the conquering match at cricket, played between the 60th Royal Rifles and H. M.'s 22nd Foot, at Dugshai, on the 20th November. The play commenced about ½ past 10. The 60th having won the toss, put their opponents in first, who were not disposed of until their score amounted to 102, out of which, the scores of Kinder, Franklin and Adcock speak for themselves, and had it not been that Adcock was most unfortunately run out, I am certain by his very steady batting he would have doubled his score. "Towards the close of the first innings, a large concourse of spectators were assembled on the ground to witness the game, amongst whom were his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief, his Staff, also Colonels Bradshaw and Boileau, with numerous other officers of the 60th and 22nd." The 60th then took the bats and handled them so well that they succeeded in coming within 16 of the 22nd, and the manner in which the scores of Joyce and Sims were made is deserving of all praise, (the former being a most excellent batsman.) The 22nd in the 2nd innings again left the 60th 102 to go in against, out of which Franklin added 25 to his former laurels, leaving him to have made the greatest score during the game, and most assuredly he is a very *pretty batsman*. The 60th again took the bats with a full determination of carrying off the palm. But the bowling of Pavey and Connor was so good that nothing could stand against it. The former in particular, who as fast as they came in, lowered their wickets one after the other in a most superb manner, that with all the best endeavours of the 60th, they could but muster 38, when the last wicket fell, leaving the 22nd winning by 64, but had it not been for the superior bowling of the 22nd, it must have proved a very tight match, and it would have been difficult to say which would come off victorious.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your humble servant,
One of the Spectators.

Her Majesty's 22nd Regiment.

First Innings.			*Second Innings.*		
Mr. Deane, bd Waller	...	2	Mr. Deane, bd Waller	...	12
Mr. Young, run out	...	2	Mr. Young, bd Simms	...	9
Pte. Pavey, ct Edmonds	...	0	Pte. Connor, bd Toole	...	7
Corpl. Adcock, run out	...	21	Corpl. Kinder, bd Toole	...	3
,, Kinder, bd Waller	...	35	,, Wyett, bd Campbell.		1
,, Franklin, not out	...	23	,, Adcock, bd Toole	...	1

Corpl. Puppington, bowled Waller	...	0	Corpl. Puppington bowled Toole	...	0
,, Linsdell, bd Campbell	...	4	,, Wilkinson, caught Adams	...	1
Sergt. Connor, bd Simms...		1	,, Linsdell, bd Simms		10
,, Wyett, bd Campbell.		8	,, Franklin, bd Waller		25
,, Wilkinson, bd Waller..		0	,, Pavey, not out	...	0
Byes	...	6	Byes	...	17
Wide Balls	...	0	Wide Balls	...	0
No Balls	...	0	No Balls	...	0
Total..		102	Total..		86

HER MAJESTY'S 60TH RIFLES.

First Innings.			*Second Innings.*		
Couchman, bd Connor	...	6	Sir E. Campbell, Bart., bd Pavey	...	0
Joyce, bd Pavey	...	30	Joyce, bd Pavey	...	3
White, bd Connor	...	4	Simms, bd Connor	...	3
Daghurst, run out	...	4	Toole, ct Adcock	...	5
Sutton, bd Pavey	...	0	Daghurst, not out	...	0
Waller, bd Connor	...	1	Sutton, bd Pavey	...	4
Simms, not out	...	18	Waller, bd Pavey	...	3
Toole, bd. Pavey	...	0	Edmonds, bd Pavey	...	0
Edmonds, bd Pavey	...	0	Hawkins, bd Pavey	...	1
Hawkins, ct Connor	...	3	White, bd Pavey	...	0
Sir E. Campbell, Bart., bd Pavey	...	4	Couchman, bd Connor	...	9
Byes	...	15	Byes	...	9
Wide Balls	...	0	Wide Balls	...	0
No Balls	...	0	No Balls	...	1
Total...		86	Total...		38

Delhi Gazette, Nov. 30.]

CRICKET AT UMBALLAH.

H. M.'s 3RD DRAGOONS AGAINST A PICKED ELEVEN FROM UMBALLAH AND THE NEIGHBOURING STATIONS.

Umballah, 17th October, 1850.

UMBALLA.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
W. Wynyard, bd by Stagg...		2	Bowled Private Stagg	...	6
Corporal Field, run out	...	6	Run out	...	1
E. C. Warner, bd Root	...	7	Bowled Private Root	...	2
Serjt. Pearce, bd Root	...	10	Bowled ,, Root	...	3

G. Cleveland, bd Root	...	12	Bowled Private Root	...	13
Sir E. Campbell, bd Root	...	3	Bowled „ Root	...	7
Serjt. Wainwright, bd Root	...	1	Bowled „ Stagg	...	1
Serjt. Battye, bd Pearson	...	4	Run out	...	18
R. O'Shea, bd Pearson	...	4	Bowled Root	...	10
C. V. Cox, run out	...	0	Not out	...	3
Serjt. Crow, not out	...	0	Run out	...	6
Byes	...	2	Byes	...	4
Wide balls.	...	1	Wide balls	...	0
Overs.			*Overs.*		
Stagg	...	8	Stagg	...	12
Root	...	10	Root	...	12
Pearson	...	2			
Total...		72	Total...		98

H. M.'s 3rd Dragoons.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Corporal Frost, ct Sir E. Campbell, bd do.	...	9	Not out	...	0
Private Walker, ct Battye, bd Campbell	...	8	Not out	...	0
„ Ratford, not out	...	42	Not out	...	5
„ Root, bd Sir E. Campbell	...	2	Not out	...	0
„ Stagg, bd Serjt. Crow		4	Not out	...	7
S. Pearson, bd Sir E. Campbell	...	7	Ct Field, bd Sir E. Campbell	...	2
Private Goff, bd Sir E. Campbell	...	7	Not out	...	0
Serjt. Cooper, bd Battye	..	0	Not out	...	0
Private Alder, bd Sir E. Campbell	...	5	Not out	...	0
„ Winterbourne, bowled Battye	...	6	Not out	...	0
„ Luck, bd G. Cleveland	...	1	Not out	...	0
Byes	...	17	Byes	...	2
Wide balls	...	4	Wide balls	...	0
Overs.			*Overs.*		
Battye	...	13	Sir E. Campbell	...	2
Sir E. Campbell	...	13	Battye	...	2
G. Cleveland	...	1			
Serjt. Crow	...	3			
Total	...	143	Total	...	20

H. M.'s 3rd Dragoons winning with nine wickets to go down.

H. M.'s 3RD DRAGOONS AGAINST A PICKED ELEVEN FROM UMBALLAH AND THE NEIGHBOURING STATIONS,

Umballah, 18th October, 1850.

2ND MATCH.

UMBALLAH.

1st Innings		*2d Innings.*	
W. Wynyard, bd by Stagg..	18	Bowled Root ...	43
Serjt. Pearce, bd Stagg ...	24	„ Stagg ...	8
E. C. Warner, ct and bd do.	1	„ S. Pearson ...	12
G. Cleveland, ct Root, bd do.	2	„ Root ...	30
Battye, bd Root ...	0	„ Stagg ...	4
Maj. Mayne, hit wicket ...	0	„ S. Pearson ...	17
B. Ward, bd Stagg ...	6	Ct and bd Stagg ...	3
Sir E. Campbell, bd Root ...	0	Not out ...	2
G. Pakenham, not out ...	6	Ct Goff, bd Stagg ...	10
C. V. Cox, ct Winterbourne.	2	Ct Stagg, bd S. Pearson ...	4
Serjt. Crow, bd Root ...	0	Bd S. Pearson ...	0
Byes ...	1	Byes ...	6
Wide balls ...	0	Wide balls ...	0
Overs.		*Overs.*	
Private Stagg ...	11	Private Stagg ...	10
„ Root ...	12	„ Root ...	10
S. Pearson ...	2	S. Pearson ...	7
Total...	85	Total...	166

H. M.'s 3RD DRAGOONS.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Pte. Root, ct G. Cleveland, bd Battye ...	9	Bd G. Cleveland ...	1
Corpl. Frost, bd G. Cleveland ...	21	Run out ...	11
Pte. Walker, bd Battye ...	8	Bd G. Cleveland ...	17
„ Ratford, bd Battye ...	0	Bd Battye ...	3
„ Stagg, not out ...	37	Bd G. Cleveland ...	0
S. Pearson, bd Cleveland ...	0	Ct Cleveland, bd Battye ...	2
Pte. Goff, bd do. ...	0	Stpd. by Cleveland ...	13
„ Winterbourne, bd Serjt. Crow ...	6	Bd Battye ...	8
Sergt. Cooper, ct Ward, bd Cleveland ...	0	Run out ...	0
Pte. Luck, run out ...	2	Not out ...	0
„ Alder, bd G. Cleveland.	0	Bd Battye ...	0
Byes ...	15	Byes ...	8

Wide balls	...	2	Wide balls	...	1
	Overs.			*Overs.*	
G. Cleveland	...	13	G Cleveland	...	11
Battye	...	12	Battye	...	11
Sergt. Crow	...	1			
	Total...	126		Total...	86

Umballa and neighbouring stations winning by 36 runs.

H. M.'s 3RD DRAGOONS AGAINST A PICKED ELEVEN FROM UMBALLA AND NEIGHBOURING STATIONS,

Umballa, 21st October, 1850.

3RD MATCH.

UMBALLA.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
W. Wynyard, bd Wright	...	31	Bd by Wright	...	0
B. Ward, run out	...	0	Not out	...	0
G. Pakenham, bd by Stagg..		21	Not out	...	0
G. Cleveland, bd by Stagg...		13	Not out	...	32
Maj. Mayne, bd A White	...	22	Not out	...	0
Battye, leg before wicket	...	22	Bd by Wright	...	20
E. C. Warner, run out	...	3	Not out	...	9
C. V. Cox, bd by Stagg	...	5	Not out	...	0
Sergt Pearce, ct Stagg, bd Wright	...	4	Not out	...	0
R. O'Shea, ct Pearson, bd Root	...	9	Not out	...	0
Sir E. Campbell, not out	...	3	Not out	...	0
Byes	...	2	Byes	...	3
Wide balls	...	0	Wide balls	...	4
	Overs.			*Overs.*	
Root	...	4	White	...	7
Wright	...	8	Private Stagg	...	6
Pearson	...	2	,, Wright	...	4
White	...	7	Root	...	1
Stagg		11			
	Total...	167		Total...	86

H. M.'s 3RD DRAGOONS.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Pte. Ratford, bd Cleveland...		8	Ct Battye, bd Cleveland	...	1
Corporal Frost, ct Ward, bd Battye	...	5	Run out	...	11

Private Walker, leg before wicket	...	1	Bd Cleveland	...	2
,, May, bd Cleveland	...	4	Not out	...	0
,, Goff, bd Cleveland	...	13	Run out	...	1
,, Wright, bd Battye	...	23	Run out	..	31
A. White, bd Cleveland	...	6	Ct Mayne, bd Cleveland	...	2
Private Stagg, ct O'Shea, bd Cleveland		1	Ct Sir E. Campbell, bd do	...	30
,, Root, bd Battye	...	9	Bd Cleveland	...	1
S. Pearson, not out	...	2	Bd Sir E. Campbell	...	23
Pte. Winterbourne, ct Cleveland	...	6	Bd Battye	...	0
Byes	...	10	Byes	...	10
Wide balls	...	8	Wide balls	...	4
Overs.			*Overs.*		
Battye	...	12	Battye,	...	12
Cleveland	...	11	Cleveland,	..	14
			Sir E. Campbell,	...	5
Total...		113	Total...		156

Wickets drawn at sunset leaving the stations with 7 wickets to go down and only 12 runs to get.

GENTLEMEN AGAINST THE PLAYERS WITH MAJOR MAYNE GIVEN IN ONE INNINGS.

Umballa, 19th October, 1850.

GENTLEMEN.

G. Cleveland, bd Root, ct Frost,	...	...	47
S. Pearson, bd Stagg,	...	...	21
Sir E. Campbell, bd Stagg,	...	...	4
W. Wynyard, bd Stagg,	...	...	0
Q. Battye, bd Root, ..	...	...	0
E. Warner, bd Root, ...	...	...	11
J. Harrison, bd Root, ..	..	...	3
G. Pakenham, bd Root, ...	...	...	0
B. Ward, ct Alder, bd Stagg,	...	...	7
C. V. Cox, bd Root, ...	...	...	6
R. O'Shea, not out, ..	...	...	3
Byes, ...	..	..	0
Wide balls,	...	...	0
No balls, ...	...	..	0
	Overs.		
Pte. Stagg, ..	...	...	13
,, Root, ...	...	...	12
		Total...	127

PLAYERS.

Serjt. Pearce, bd G. Cleveland,	...	...	1
Pte. Goff, bd Q. Battye, ...	...	...	5
„ Ratford, ct G. Cleveland, bd Battye,		...	1
„ Walker, bd G. Cleveland,	...	...	0
Major Mayne, bd Q. Battye,	...	...	15
Pte. Root, bd G. Cleveland,	...	...	0
„ Stagg, bd G. Cleveland,	...	...	4
„ Frost, bd G. Cleveland,	...	...	3
„ Winterbourne, bd G. Cleveland,		..	0
Serjt. Cooper, not out,	..	..	1
„ Alder, bd G. Cleveland,	...	...	1
Byes, ...	..	...	4

Overs.

Q. Battye, ...	...	...	... 11
G. Cleveland, ..	...	...	... 11

Total... 57

The Gentlemen winning by 67 runs.—*Delhi Gazette, Nov.* 9.

CRICKET AT UMBALLAH.

NORTH AND SOUTH ENDS OF UMBALLAH,
4th November, 1850.

SOUTH.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Serj. Field, bd Watson, Esq. ...	0	Rivers, Esq., stumped Russell, Esq. ...	
Sejt. Mitchell, bowled Russell, Esq. ...	0	Lambert, Esq., bd Pearce, ct Wynyard, Esqs. ...	
Rivers, Esq., bd Watson, Esq. ...	0	Batty, Esq., run out ...	
Batty, Esq., not out ...	57	Batty, jun., Esq., bd. Watson Esq. ...	
Lambert, Esq., bowled Russell, Esq. ...	4	Duffin, Esq., bd. Watson, Esq. ...	
Garstins, Esq., bd Russell, Esq. ...	0	Serjt. Field, bd. Russell, Esq. ...	
Cowell, Esq., bd Russell, Esq. ...	4	Cowell, Esq., bd Russell, Esq. ...	
Olsely, Esq., bd Watson, Esq. ...	0	Garstin, Esq., bd Russell, ct ditto ...	
Batty, jun., Esq., bd Pearce	6	Serjt. Mitchell, not out ...	

Private Allen, bd Watson, Esq.	...	17	Private Allen, ct Cox, bd Watson, Esq.	...	1
„ Garrett, bd Russell, Esq.	...	1	„ Garrett, run out	...	3
Byes	...	5	Byes	...	2
Overs	...	28	Overs	...	20
			Wide balls	...	1
Total	...	94	Total	...	105

NORTH.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings,*		
W. Wynard, Esq., bd Batty, Esq.	...	17	W. Wynyard, Esq., bd Duffin, Esq.	...	0
Watson, Esq., run out	...	4	Corp. Barham, run out	...	6
Serjt. Pearce, bd Batty, ct Garstin, Esq.	...	3	Watson, Esq., bd Duffin, Esq.	...	0
Russell, Esq., bowled Duffin, Esq.	...	0	Warner, Esq., bowled Batty, Esq.	...	11
Warner, Esq., bowled Duffin, Esq.	...	0	Cox, Esq., bd Duffin, Esq., ct Field	...	8
Cox, Esq., bd Duffin, ct Lambart, Esq.	...	16	Serjt. Pearce, bd Duffin, ct Lambert, Esq.	...	8
Gunner Fuller, bd Duffin, ct Duffin, Esq.	...	7	Gunner Drew, bd Duffin, Esq.	...	5
„ Drew, bd Batty, Esq.		15	„ Fuller, bd Duffin, Esq.		0
Serjt. Saunders, bowled Duffin, Esq.	...	9	Harrison, Esq., bowled Batty, Esq.	...	0
Harrison, Esq., bowled Batty, ct Batty, Esq.	...	5	Russell, Esq., bd Batty, Esq.		3
Corpl. Barham, not out	...	0	Serjt. Sanders, not out	...	1
Byes	...	16	Byes	...	7
Wide balls	...	1	Wide balls	...	1
Overs	...	20	Overs	...	18
Total	...	93	Total	...	59

The South end winning by 47 runs.

2ND MATCH,—11*th Nov.* 1850.

NORTH.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Watson, Esq., bd Rivers, Esq.	...	15	Watson, Esq., bd. Duffin, Esq.	...	1
Sergt. Pearce, run out	...	1	Serjt. Pearce, run out	...	30
Harrison, Esq., bd Rivers, Esq.	...	9	Harrison, Esq., bowled Batty Esq.	...	1

Wynyard, Esq., bd Batty, Esq.	...	21
Warner, Esq., bd Batty, Esq.	...	11
Cox, Esq., run out	...	13
Gunner Drew, bd Batty, Esq.	...	4
,, Fuller, ct Batty, bd Batty, Esq.	...	6
Sergt. Saunders, bd do, ct Lambert, Esq.	...	26
Hoodly, bd Batty, Esq.	...	7
Corp. Barham, not out,	...	4
Byes	...	5
Wide Balls	...	4
Overs	...	28
Total...		126

W. Wynyard, Esq., ct Rivers, bowled Duffin, Esq.	...	0
Warner, Esq., bd Duffin, Esq.	...	3
Cox, Esq., bd Duffin, Esq....		0
Corpl. Barham, bowled Batty, Esq.	...	16
Gunner Drew, bowled Batty Esq.	...	3
,, Fuller, bowled Duffin		1
Serjt. Saunders, not out	...	6
Hoodly, bd Duffin, Esq...		3
Byes	...	4
Wide Balls	...	1
Overs	...	17
Total...		69

SOUTH.

1st Innings.

Rivers, Esq., bd Sergt. Pearce	...	30
Cowell, Esq., hit wicket	...	6
Batty, Esq., bd Pearce	...	1
Lambert, Esq., bowled Watson, Esq.	...	0
Serjt. Mitchell, bowled Watson, Esq.	..	18
Batty, jun., Esq., ct. Wynard, bd Pearce	...	0
Garstin, Esq., bowled Watson, Esq.	..	0
Duffin, Esq., ct. Pearce, bd Watson, Esq.	...	11
Serjt. Field, ct Warner, Esq. bowled Watson	...	12
Private Allen, not out	...	2
,, Garrett, run out	...	0
Byes	...	5
Wide Balls	...	0
Overs	..	25
Total..		85

2nd Innings.

Rivers, Esq., bd Serjt. Pearce	...	14
Lambert, Esq., ct Warner, bd Watson, Esq.	...	13
Batty, Esq., bd Watson, Esq.	...	6
Cowwell, Esq., hit wicket ...		1
Duffin, Esq., bd Watson, Esq.	...	3
Serjt. Field, bd. Watson, Esq.	...	7
Serjt. Mitchell, bowled Pearce	..	19
Garstin, Esq., bd Watson, Esq.	...	2
Batty jun., Esq., bd Pearce		4
Private Allen, not out	..	1
,, Garret, bd Pearce..		0
Byes	...	2
Overs	...	25
Total..		72

The North end winning by 38 runs.—*Delhi Gazette.*

CRICKET MATCH—ALLAHABAD.

To the Editor of the Delhi Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—I have the pleasure to send you the result of a Cricket Match played on the 4th inst., between the "Station" and "H. M. Recruit Depôt," and should feel obliged by your inserting the score in your valuable paper.

Your's faithfully,

COVER POINT.

Allahabad, Nov. 27th, 1850.

H. M. RECRUIT DEPOT.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*	
Capt. Hough, ct Snell, bd by Lumboo	...	0	Bowled by Lumboo ...	6
Dr. Crawford, bowled by Lumboo	...	1	Not out ...	21
Fendall, Esq., ct Lemarchand, bd Lumboo	...	11	Bowled by Lang ...	23
Sergt. Morris, bowled by Lumboo	...	13	Stumped Lumboo, bd Snell	0
Mountain, run out	...	1	Bowled by Snell ...	2
Nicolls, run out	...	2	Bowled by Lumboo ...	4
Dawson, ct Lemarchand, bd Lang	...	9	Stumped Lumboo, bd Snell,	5
Robinson, bd by Lang	..	1	Ct Berrill, bd Lang ...	8
Riches, bd by Lang	...	3	Ct Lemarchand, bd Lumboo ...	4
Holland, ct Lumboo, bd Lang	...	1	Stumped Lumboo, bd. Snell ...	0
Palmer, not out	...	6	Bowled by Lumboo ...	0
Byes	...	4	Byes ...	1
			Wide Balls ...	4
	Total...	52	Total...	72

STATION.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*	
Nicholson, Esq., bd by Morris	...	0	Nicholson, Esq., not out ...	2
Snell, Esq., bowled by Fendall	...	10	Cahill, Esq., bowled by Morris ...	5

Cahill, Esq , bowled by Fendall	...	12	Mr. Berrill, not out	...	4
Lumboo, bd by Morris	...	9			
Mr. Berrill, bowled by Fendall	...	0			
Lemarchand, Esq., bd by Fendall	...	0			
Lang, Esq., bowled by Fendall	...	18			
Wright, Esq., bowled by Fendall	...	12			
Lind, Esq., not out	...	19			
Chisholm, Esq., bowled by Fendall	...	13			
Nott, Esq., ct Dawson, bd Dawson	...	0			
Byes	...	12			
Wide Balls	...	9			
	Total...	114		Total...	11

H. M. Recruit Depot.

1st Innings.....	52
2nd Innings,.....	72
Total...	124

Station.

1st Innings, ...	114
2nd Innings, ...	11
Total...	125

and 9 wickets to go down.—*Delhi Gazette.*

CRICKET MATCH AT CAWNPORE.

To the Editor of the Delhi Gazette.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed is the score of the first Cricket match that has taken place this season at Cawnpore. The Benedicts against the Bachelors. The play commenced at 10 o'clock on Monday morning by the former, who had won the toss, sending Cuthbert and Whistlecroft to the wickets, to the bowling of Switzer and Tofield. Both played very steadily for a short time, but, in trying to get 4 runs for a good hit of Whistlecroft's, Cuthbert was unfortunately run

ent. Sergt. Miller, who filled the vacancy, played the first ball he received from Tofield on his wicket, and had to retire, sorrowing, to the tents. Mr. D. Cumberland, who succeeded, followed the same example, and yielded without a struggle to a trimmer from Tofield. Immediately afterwards, Whistlecroft gave a chance, which Robinson at the long field cleverly took advantage of. Four wickets done for 23 runs. Dr. Cheek next took the bat. The first use he made of it, however, was to hit a ball up in the air, but his star being in the ascendant, as well as the ball, it slipped through the fingers of the party who stood ready to receive it. However, after adding 5 to the score, Switzer found his wicket. Berry, Capt. Cooper, and Winderbank next succeeded each other rapidly, none of them being able to make a stand against the straight and steady bowling of the Bachelors. Mr Money got 8 runs in good style, but at last he hit across to a ball of Tofield's and the consequence was, an immediate rattle in his timber yard. Sergt. Winderbank next hit a ball directly into Mr. Beatson's hand, and Considine fell before a splendid ball from Switzer. Col. Goodwyn, who played very finely, headed their score with 13 runs, and brought out his bat in triumph. First innings of the married men being nothing remarkable.

Robinson and Biggs first shewed at the wicket, on the single side, but the latter did not stay long, being run out in a rash attempt to get 2 runs for a single hit. Switzer came next, and after some steady play, Robinson got a fine hit for four to the one. The next ball he gave a chance to the same spot, but the married man who was there, did not think it worth his while to accept it. Immediately afterwards, however, Switzer was beautifully stumped by Col. Goodwyn. Mr. Maker now joined Robinson, who, after making a fine hit, for which he scored 5, was bowled by one of Miller's peculiars. Mr. Beatson then took the bat, and, in a few minutes, the Benedicts discovered that they had got a couple of troublesome customers. For nearly three quarters of an hour these gentlemen kept up their wickets, playing the ball to every part of the field, wearying the bowlers, and disgusting the outside, till at length Col. Goodwyn floored Mr. Beatson's wicket with a very fine shooter, but not till he had added 29 to the score, without giving a single chance. His list comprised a three, seven twos, and the remainder singles. Mr. Sim, who followed, after one hit, for which he got 3, was also disposed of by Col. Goodwyn. In the meantime Mr. Maker, not at all disheartened by the loss of his partner, continued to drive the ball about, and obtained fives and fours in right merry style, but at last, after all the field had had in turns an opportunity of catching him out, Mr. D. Cumberland cleverly availed himself of a chance, and he had to retire to the tent with 40 opposite his name. Corporal Tofield, who took the bat after Mr. Sim, played remarkably well, but lost, Mr. G. Cumberland in his first over. Mr. Cochrane too, stayed no time at the wicket, being caught by a hit to the off. After Mr. Boulton joined Tofield, the latter was beautifully caught at the slip by Mr. D. Cumberland, and Mr. Linn showed in his place. In a few minutes Mr.

Linn placed two fours on his score, by two excellent hits, but had to carry in his bat without further distinguishing himself, as Mr. Boulton was given leg before wicket to Col. Goodwyn's bowling. The total score of the Bachelors being 111, a good proportion of which was no doubt obtained by the extremely loose fielding of their adversaries.

In the second innings of the married side, Sergt. Miller and Whistlecroft obtained respectively 30 and 31 runs by extremely good play, but with the exception of Col. Goodwyn, who got 10 runs very cleverly, no one else particularly distinguished himself, the bowling of Switzer and Tofield being much too good for the ruck.

At 4 o'clock, the Bachelors found they had only got 48 runs to make to win, but until Switzer and Mr. Beatson handled the willow, there were some doubts entertained whether they would do so, as the first four wickets fell very rapidly. However, their steady play restored confidence, and the single men beat the married by four wickets to go down, after a very interesting and well contested match. Before closing, it would be a pity not to record the magnificent fielding of Sergt. Berry of the Artillery. The amount of ground he covered, the rapidity with which he handled the ball, and the precision with which he threw it in, were equally admirable. He was unfortunate with the bat on this occasion, but he has made so many long scores, that he can afford to be unlucky for once.

If the return match, which is fixed for Monday, be as exciting a one as the last, you will probably have an account of it also from your's sincerely,

LONG FIELD.

SINGLE.

	1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Lt. Lowry, H. M. 96th Foot, not out	...	11	Not out	... 0
,, Beatson, 1st L. C., bowled Goodwyn	...	29	Not out	... 5
,, G. Cumberland, H. M. 69th Foot, bowled Goodwyn	...	0	Run out	... 6
,, Maher, H. M. 10th Regt., ct R. Cumberland, bd Money	...	40	Bowled by Miller	... 7
,, Sim, Engr., bd Goodwyn		3	Not out	... 0
Ens. Cochrane, H. M. 96th Foot, ct Windebank, bd Goodwyn	...	3	Bowled by Windebank	... 6
Boulton, Esq., leg before wicket, bd Goodwyn,	...	2	Bowled by Miller	... 9
Serjt. Robinson, H. M. 96th Ft., bd Miller	...	14	Run out	... 6
Private Switzer, H. M. 99th Foot, stped Col. Goodwyn		2	Not out	... 10

Private Biggs, Arty., run out	...	1	Bowled by Miller	...	0
Corporal Tofield, H. M. 96th Foot, ct Cumberland, bd Money	...	4	Not out	...	0
Byes	...	1	...	...	0
Leg Byes	...	0	...	...	0
No Balls	...	0	...	...	0
Wide Balls	...	1			
	Total...	111		Total...	49
					111
				Grand total...	160

Overs.			*Overs.*		
Col. Goodwyn	...	5	...	...	0
Money	...	13	...	...	4
Miller	...	6	...	...	4
Windebank	...	2	...	...	2

Married.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Col. Goodwyn, Engr., not out	...	13	Bowled by Tofield	...	10
G. Money, Esq., C. S., bd Corpl. Tofield	...	8	Bowled by Tofield	...	0
Lt. Cumberland, H. M. 96th Foot, bd Corpl. Tofield	...	0	Bowled by Tofield	...	2
A. Cheek, Esq., M. D., bd Switzer	...	5	Bowled by Switzer	...	1
Mr. Constantine, H. M. 96th Ft., bd Switzer	...	6	Run out	...	0
Captain Cooper, Arty., bd Switzer	...	2	Not out	...	5
Serjt. Berry, Arty., bd Tofield	...	0	Bowled by Switzer	...	0
„ Miller, H. M. 96th Ft., bd Tofield	...	0	Bowled by Switzer	...	30
„ Windebank, H. M. 96th Ft., ct Beatson, bd Switzer	...	2	Caught Switzer, bowled Tofield	...	12
Private Cuthbert, H.M 96th Ft., run out	...	12	Bowled by Tofield	...	7
„ Whistlecroft, H. M. 96th Ft., ct Robinson, bd Tofield	...	11	Bowled by Tofield	...	31
Byes	...	0	...	...	0
Leg Byes	...	0	...	...	0

No Balls	...	0	...	...	0
Wide Balls	...	0	...	...	1
Total	...	59	Total	...	99
					59
			Grand Total	...	158
	Overs.		*Overs.*		
Tofield	...	7	Tofield	...	8
Switzer	...	7	Switzer,	...	9

Delhi Gazette.]

THE RETURN MATCH.

To the Editor of the Delhi Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—As was expected, the return match, between the married and single at this station, was productive of even more excitement and interest than the former one, and was more closely contested. Both sides had suffered a loss, the one in Col. Goodwyn, the other in Mr. Sim, but nevertheless the two elevens brought to the scratch, were so perfectly equal that the betting was even, if any thing, the bachelors had the call.

The match commenced last Monday by the bachelors, who had lost the toss, sending Mr. G. Cumberland and Mr Boulton to the wickets to the bowling of Mr. Money and Serjeant Miller. The former had no sooner taken the bat than he commenced with two pretty hits to the off for 4 and 3 respectively. Mr. B. followed suit with a fine cut, for which, however, he only scored 1, and Mr. C. kept up the game by another hit for 3. Miller, who bowled the second over, had his first ball driven forward for 3 by Mr. C., and Mr. B. cut another beautifully square, and obtained the same number, but immediately afterwards he lost his partner, who sent one up into the air only to alight in Serjeant Berry's hands. Serjt. Robinson filled the vacancy, and after some steady stopping, stept out to a ball of Miller's and drove it forward for 3. In trying the same again he gave a chance to Berry, but strange to say, it was not taken advantage of. However, Mr Boulton was now finely caught in the slip by Miller and Switzer followed. Robinson, who took too great liberties in stepping out to Miller's bowling, was next stumped, (in a manner) by Mr. R. Cumberland and Biggs, who took the bat from him and of whom great things were expected, was bowled the second ball very easily by Miller. Ralfe joined Switzer, who was playing very beautifully, but was almost immediately caught, in the most magnificent style, in the long field by Serjeant Berry. It was one of those catches so often tried, but so seldom accomplished! The ball was driven for-

ward by Ralfe with the force of a catapult, over Berry's head, and almost out of his reach, but, springing up, he caught it with his left hand in a style that drew down cheers from every part of the field. Mr. Beatson now joined Switzer, who was still playing admirably, but after a pretty cut for 2, and a couple of singles, his stumps were ripped up by a shooter from Miller. Immediately afterwards Mr. Money took off Switzer's right bail, leaving every thing else standing with as fine a ball as could possibly be delivered, but not till he had put 18 on the scoring paper. Mr. Maher and Mr. Cochrane, who had filled the vacant places, speedily succumbed to the steady bowling of the married men and were succeeded by Mr. Lowry and Serjeant Tofield, but the latter, after making a fine square leg hit for 3, had the misfortune to lose his partner, and brought out his bat again this time, as on the former occasion.

The total of the innings being 62, the married men grew quite "bumptious," and confident. Whistlecroft and Miller first took the bats, the former was caught at the wicket by Mr. Beatson, after only obtaining 3, and the latter was quickly bowled by Tofield for 8. Cuthbert commenced with a fine square leg hit to the tents for 4 bats, a ball from Switzer found his wicket after he had increased his score to the same number. Dr. Cheek, who came next, commenced in the same style as Cuthbert, but he had no opportunity of doing more, for Mr. G. Cumberland held a ball he sent into his hands at Cover point. Berry and Windebank were now at the wicket, and the play becoming more steady, the hopes of the married men "riz" in proportion. The latter, however, after driving three balls of Tofield's forward in succession, and thereby getting 10 runs, was fortunately knocked off his perch by a fine ball from Switzer, and the coalition was dissolved.

Mr. Money filled the vacant place, but after putting 3 on the paper, an overpitched ball from the same "tiger" caused a rattle in his timber-yard. Mr. R. Cumberland followed, but was run out without greatly fatiguing the scorers. Capt. Bird (a migratory bird, from another station) succeeded. In the meantime Serjt. Berry had been playing very well, when he got an opportunity, but shortly after Capt. Bird's joining him, he was beautifully caught at the point by Sergt Tofield. Mr. Garstin next made his appearance, and led off with a fine hit for 3, but Capt. B. immediately afterwards took wing again to the tents. Mr. Apothecary Considine showed last, but had no chance of exhibiting, for Mr. Garstin meekly gave up the ghost to one of Switzer's peculiars, and the Innings closed, leaving the Benedicts in a majority of 9.

Time here was called, and the usual interlude of tiffin followed.

In the second Innings of the Bachelors, Mr. G. Cumberland obtained 34 runs by steady play, and brilliant hitting, and Mr. Boulton brought out his bat with a score of 19 most elegantly made, but, with these two exceptions, the rest of the batting was extremely "shady." Capt. Bird's bowling proved remarkably teazing, and the

fielding of the married men was better than usual. The total of their score 81 left the others 73 to make to win, and they consequently went to the wickets in the highest spirits, and with the greatest assurance, but their hopes were doomed to disappointment. The fielding of the Bachelors *in general* was far too good for them, and the wicket-keeping of Mr. Beatson, *in particular*, unpleasantly sharp! That gentleman alone having stumped two of their eleven most beautifully, run out a third, and caught a fourth.

It was a very close match, nevertheless, being only won by 7 runs, and the interest and the excitement towards the close became immense, the married men indeed becoming rather captious and ill-natured at their second defeat. Young as we are, we would beg to remind them that spectators at the tents *cannot* (however strange it may appear!) judge so well whether a man is out or not, as the umpire at the wicket, and that it looks exceeding ill to see players constantly running into the play to caution that functionary that this man bowls over his shoulder, or the other steps over the line. Such conduct is not "*cricket*," would be condemned by Mr. Felix, and ought to be discountenanced by every true lover of the game. If it is not in mortals to command success, let them rest satisfied with deserving it, if they think they did, but squabbling and discord should be as far from a cricket field as from a lodge of Master Masons. With this hint we take our leave of them and of you, and remain, my dear Mr. Editor, as before,—Your's, beyond measure,

LONGFIELD.

Cawnpore, November 30, 1850.

MARRIED.

1st *Innings.*		2nd *Innings.*	
Capt. Bird, bd Switzer ...	0	Leg before Wicket ...	11
Adjt. R. Cumberland, 96th, run out ...	2	Ct. Beatson, bd. Tofield...	4
Lieut. Garstin, 96th, not out	6	Stumpt Beatson ...	6
Money, Esq., bd Switzer...	3	Bd Tofield ...	0
Dr. Cheek, ct G. Cumberland, bd Tofield ...	3	Ct Tofield, bd Switzer ...	11
Apothecary Considine, bd Tofield ...	1	Ct Robinson, bd ditto ...	5
Serjt. Windebank, 96th, bd Switzer ...	10	Not out ...	10
Serjt. Berry, Arty., ct Tofield, bd Switzer ...	21	Stumpt Beatson ...	6
Serjt. Miller, 96th, bd Tofield ...	8	Bd Switzer ...	10
Pte. Cuthbert, 96th, bd Switzer ...	6	Run out ...	0

Pte. Whistlecroft, 96th, ct					
Beatson, bd Switzer	...	3	Bd Switzer	...	0
Byes,	...	6	Byes,	...	0
Wide Balls,	...	0	Wide Balls,	...	0
No Balls,	...	0	No Balls,	...	1
Total	...	71	Total	...	65
Tofield,	...	7	Tofield,	...	7
Switzer,	...	8	Switzer,	...	7

SINGLE.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Lieut. Beatson, 1st Lt. C., bd Miller	...	4	Bd Capt Bird	...	7
Lieut. Maher, H. M. 10th, bd Miller	...	4	Ct Berry, bd Money, Esq.		0
Lieut. Lowry, 96th, not out		3	Bd Capt. Bird,	...	1
Lieut. G. Cumberland, 96th, ct Berry, bd Miller	...	13	Bd Capt. Bird	...	34
Ensign Cochrane, 96th, bd. Money, Esq.	...	2	Bd Capt. Bird	..	6
Bolton, Esq., ct Miller, bd Money, Esq.	..	0	Not out	...	19
Serjt. Robinson, 96th, stpt. Cumberland	...	5	Bd Windebank	...	4
Corp. Tofield, 96th, bd Miller	...	0	Bd Money, Esq.	...	0
Private Rolfe, 96th, ct Berry, bd Miller	...	3	Bd Capt. Bird	...	11
Private Switzer, 96th, bd Money, Esq.	...	18	Bd Money, Esq,	...	2
Private Biggs, c. A., bd Miller,	..	0	Ct Lieut. Garstin, bd Capt. Bird	...	2
Byes,	...	1	Byes,	...	5
Wide Balls,	...	0	Wide Balls,	...	0
No Balls,	...	0	No Balls,	...	0
Total...		62	Total...		81
Money, Esq.	...	7	Capt. Bird,	...	7
Serjt. Miller,	...	6	Money, Esq.,	...	8
			Serjt. Miller,	...	2
			Serjt Windebank,	...	1

N. B.—Single men winning by 7 runs.

Cawnpore, Nov. 25, 1850. [*Delhi Gazette.*

DELHI CRICKET MATCH.

To the Editor of the Delhi Gazette.

DEAR SIR,—Agreeably to promise, I enclose for insertion in the next issue of your *Gazette*, the score of a match of cricket. The 13th and 53rd Regts. *versus* the Station of Delhi, with Serjeant Cam, given, which was played on Wednesday last on the 50th ground. The Station having won the toss, placed their opponents at the wickets, who were soon disposed of, for the small score of 69 runs. Not so, however, the Station eleven, who were not content to retire until they had troubled the scorers to register them for a hundred runs. The Regiments in their second innings, owing to the very effective bowling of Mr. Gubbins, who lowered seven of their wickets, were compelled to retire for 91 runs, which left "the combined forces" the small score of 61 runs to tie and 62 to win: these were rubbed off with the loss of 7 wickets, leaving the Station the victors, with three wickets to spare.

Your's faithfully,
POINT.

THE STATION.

1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
Gubbins, Esq., C. S, bd Carnell ...	2	Bd FitzGerald ...	0
Metcalfe, Esq., C. S, bd Carnell ...	0	Ct Carnell, bd FitzGerald	1
Kimpton, Esq., bd Thomson ...	8	Bd FitzGerald ...	4
Harper, Esq., ct Master, bd Thomson ...	8	Bd FitzGerald ...	3
Lewis, Arty., not out ...	27	Not out ...	5
Lamb, Arty., bd Carnell ...	0	... ...	0
Nicholl, 50th, ct Carnell, bd Thomson ...	21	Bd FitzGerald ...	21
Plowden, 50th, bd Thomson	1	Not out ...	20
Fooks, 50th, bd Thomson...	13	Bd FitzGerald ...	1
Mathias, 50th, ct Carnell, bd Thomson ...	0	Run out ...	4
Serjt. Cam, 53rd, bd Carnell	5		
Byes, (long stop, Aitken,)...	11	(Long stop, Aitken,) ...	0
Leg Byes, ...	3		
Wide Balls, (Carnell,) ...	1	(Thomson,) ...	3
Total ...	100	Total..	62
		1st Innings ...	100
		Grand Total ...	162

The Station winning with 3 wickets to spare.

THE 13TH AND 53RD REGIMENTS.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Wilson, bd Nicholl	...	1	B Nicholl	...	0
Francis, bd Gubbins	...	10	Gubbins	...	0
Carnell, bd Nicholl	...	7	L. e n bd Nicholl	...	8
Aitken, ct Lewis, bd Nicholl		17	Ct and bd Nicholl	...	1
Day, not out	...	2	Bd Gubbins	...	8
Thomson, bd Nicholl	...	5	Bd Gubbins	...	49
FitzGerald, ct Plowden, bd Nicholl	...	9	Bd Gubbins	...	7
Jellicoe, ct Nicholl, bd Kimpton	...	3	Bd Gubbins	...	0
Tomkinson, bd Gubbins	...	9	Bd Nicholl	...	6
Master, run out	...	0	Bd Gubbins	...	1
Serjt. Barry, bd Gubbins	...	0	Bd Gubbins	..	0
Byes, (long stop, Fooks,)	...	6	(Long stop, Fooks,)	...	9
Leg Byes,	...	0	Leg Byes,	...	2
Wide Balls,	...	0	Wide Balls,	...	0
Total...		69	Total...		91

Delhi, December 5, 1850.

CRICKET AT LAHORE.

HOSHYARPOOR *versus* JULUNDUR.

THIS Match was played on the 25th and 26th ult.; nine officers of the station of Julundur and two Privates of H. M. 32nd Regt. coming over to Hoshyarpore for the purpose. Monday morning was very cold and stormy, notwithstanding which, the wickets were pitched at 10 o'clock, and the Julundur eleven having won the toss sent in their opponents. Messrs. Pontet and Carey first took the bat and made an admirable stand against the very steady bowling of Walker and Capt. King. About 17 runs were scored in as many overs, till at last Mr. Pontet got the ball away for 3, Mr. Carey still playing steadily and marking singles. The play was now interrupted by a shower, and soon afterwards Mr. Carey got his leg before wicket to the bowling of Mr. Satchwell, having scored 15, one 2, one 3, and the rest singles. Col. Wheler went in and led off with a hit to leg for 3, but after marking a couple of singles more, Mr. Satchwell found out his wicket, as also that of Mr. Pontet, who however scored 23 by very

steady play. Mr. Laing was unfortunately caught at the wicket off the India rubber of his glove, after adding 4 to the score. Gunner Bygrave and Mr. D'Oyley now made another stand against the bowling, and the former had scored 15 by some admirable cuts to the off, when he was beautifully caught by Col. Markham at point. Mr. Arnold joined Mr. D'Oyley, who was soon caught in nearly the same way as Mr. Laing, leaving 10—well made—upon the score. A tremendous storm and Tiffin came on about the same time. After Tiffin it was found necessary to change the position of the wickets, the original ground being a swamp. The innings was now soon finished. Mr. Richardson was bowled by Walker without troubling the scorers, Mr. Patton ran out rashly, having scored 8, Messrs. Arnold and Ellis were both baffled by the severe underhand of Capt. King, and Mr. Fendall carried his bat out. Score 111. Col. Wilson and Mr. Patterson first appeared at the wickets on the Julundur side, and were both sent back by Mr. Laing, after scoring the former 1, the latter 4, Mr. Satchwell, however, had come in and evinced no intention of going out again, while Col. Markham, who succeeded Mr. Patterson, was likewise beginning to score rapidly, when his progress was arrested by Mr. Laing. Walker joined Mr Satchwell and began hitting the bowling about in a way that called for a change, Col. Wheler accordingly took the ball, and ere long disposed of Walker, who had made 17 by some fine hitting. Capt. King was bowled and Ellicock run out, without materially affecting the score; when Mr. Williams appeared and made 10, before Col. Wheler gave him notice to quit. Shortly afterwards, at the conclusion of a luckless over a lucky ball took Mr. Satchwell's leg stump, not however before he had scored 24 by admirable play. Messrs. Bruce and Dirom made a final and very successful effort to bring up the innings, the former scoring 14 before he was run out; Major Kinleside came in last, and was also run out after making 7, Mr. Dirom carrying out his bat, having scored 8 by neat play. The score exactly tied that of the opposite party—111. The sun was now fast sinking, but the Julundur eleven made preparations for going out. The evening closed gloomily for Hoshyarpore, 3 wickets having been taken with only 14 runs, when the stumps were drawn at sunset.

Matters did not seem to mend much when play was resumed the next (Tuesday) morning. Col. Wheler and Mr. Richardson made 6 and 5 respectively, when both were bowled by Capt. King. A stand was now made by Mr. Pontet, who resumed the steady play of the previous day, and hope began to revive when Bygrave went in and laid off with a 2 and a 4. But this hope fell altogether, when first Mr. Pontet's, and shortly afterwards Bygrave's, wickets were lowered, the first having scored 11, the second 8. The score now stood at 61, and so with the exception of 3 byes it remained, the 2 last wickets being disposed of without the scores being effected. The Innings with a good allowance of byes and wides only amounted to

64, and the match was considered as good as lost; when, however the first 6 wickets of the Julundhur eleven including three of the best on the side, had, by the very steady bowling of Mr. Ellis and Bygrave, been got down for 22, of which 7 were wides, all given in one over! Matters began to assume a different aspect, and Hoshyarpore was evidently preparing to make a struggle for it. Notwithstanding, however, the straightness and steadiness of the bowling, Ellicock continued to drive the ball forward for 2 and 3 and 4, while Mr. Williams showed no mercy by two or three long hops which were given at this critical juncture, and had made 9 out of the small number required before Mr. Ellis could persuade him to leave the wicket. Mr. Bruce was bowled and Mr. Patterson out leg before wicket, and only 2 added by them to the score, but Ellicock continued to make runs at an alarming pace, and Major Kinleside the last wicket led off with a 3, which was by no means promising to the outside. The game was now most intensely exciting as was evident from the looks of the field, and the vehement cries which issued from the tent at every make, and every ball stopped or let by. The two last wickets were in with 6 to tie, and 7 to beat, when Major Kinleside gave a chance to point, which by an extraordinary fortuity was missed by a gentleman who probably never missed a catch before in his life, and never will again. Ellicock now made a hit to leg for 3 furiously applauded, and Major Kinleside with a 2 and a 1 reduced the matter to a tie, when his wicket was lowered by a ripper from Mr. Ellis, thus actually leaving the match drawn, the scores on both side in each innings being exactly even, a coincidence probably unparalleled in the annals of Indian Cricket. The Julunder 11 had to return to their own station that evening, so the match was left drawn. We annex the score.

HOSHYARPORE.

	1st Innings.		*2nd Innings.*	
—Pontet, Esq., bowled Satchwell	...	23	bowled Walker	... 11
T Carey, Esq., leg bef. wicket; bd Satchwell	...	15	leg bef wicket, bd King	... 3
Col. Wheler, bd Satchwell	...	5	bowled King	... 0
F. Laing, Esq., ct Ellicot, bd Walker	...	4	bowled King	... 3
Gr. Bygrave, ct Markham, bd Satchwell	...	15	bowled Satchwell	... 8
C. D'Oyley, Esq.	...	10	bowled Walker	... 0
W. D. Arnold, Esq., bd King		8	Not out	... 0
F. Ellis, bd King	...	0	bowled Walker	... 0
R. Patton, Esq., run out	...	8	bowled King	... 5
J. Fendall, Esq., not out	...	0	bowled Satchwell	... 0
L. C. Richardson, Esq., bd Walker	...	0	bowled King	... 5

Byes,	...	8	Byes,	...	10
Wide Balls,	...	15	Wide Balls,	...	4
	Total...	111		Total.	64

JULUNDUR.

1st Innings.			*2nd Innings.*		
Col. Wilson, bd Laing	...	1	ct Carey, bd Ellis	...	5
— Patterson, Esq., bd do....		4	leg bef. wicket, bd Ellis	...	2
— Satchwell, Esq , bd Wheler	...	24	bowled Bygrave	...	0
Col. Markham, bd Laing	...	9	bowled Ellis	...	0
Pte. Walker, bd Wheler	...	17	bowled Ellis	...	0
Capt. King, bd Laing	...	0	bowled Bygrave	...	5
Pte. Ellicock, run out	..	2	Not out	...	22
— Williams, Esq., bd Wheler	...	10	bowled Ellis	...	9
— Bruce, Esq., run out	...	14	bowled Bygrave	...	0
— Dirom, Esq., not out	...	8	Run out	...	1
Major Kinleside, run out	...	7	bowled Ellis	...	7
Byes,	...	11	Byes,	...	1
Wide Balls,	...	3	Wide Balls,	...	8
	Total...	111		Total.	64

Lahore Chronicle.]

PROSPECTUSES OF RACES TO COME.

MOZUFFERPOOR RACES.

ENTRANCE.—*First Day.*

1*st Race.*—Entrances on the 1st October.

Mr. Mortlock's	b. n.s.w.m.	*Queen Bee.*

Entrances on the 1st December.

Mr. Cloud's	n.s.w.c.	*Eugene Sue.*

Third Day.

1*st Race.*—Entrances on the 1st October.

Mr. Black's	b.a.g.	*Pilgrim.*
Mr. Mortlock's	b. n.s.w.m.	*Queen Bee.*

Entrances on the 1st December.

Mr. Mortlock's	b. n.s.w g.	*Nimrod*

Fourth Day.

1*st Race.*—Entrances on the 1st October.

Mr. Mortlock's	b. n s.w.m.	*Queen Bee.*

Entrances on the 1st December.

Mr. Mortlock's	b. n.s.w.g.	*Nimrod.*
Mr. Black's	b.a.g.	*Pilgrim.*

W. ROCHFORT,
Secretary.

CLOSED NOMINATIONS FOR UMBALLA MEETING,—1851, UP TO 10TH NOVEMBER, 1850.

Umballa Derby.

Mr. Johnson's.....	b.	e.	m.	*Rosalie.*
,, ,,,names	b.	a.	h.	*Tamor.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Rector.*
Mr. Rawlin's	g.	a.	h.	*Akali.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Ptarmigan.*
Major Fredericks	g.	a.	h.	*Mameluke.*
Captain John's	g.	a.	h.	*Surplice.*
Mr. Francis's	g.	a.	h.	*Passover.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Blue Peter.*

Sweepstakes, 1st Day.

Mr. Johnson's	g.	a.	h.	*Rector (maiden.)*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Copenhagen.*
Major Frederick's	b.	a.	h.	*Nutcut.*
Mr. Rawlin's	g.	a.	h.	*Akali.*
Mr. Francis's	g.	a.	h.	*Passover (maiden.)*

Open Stakes.

Mr. Johnson's	b.	e.	m.	*Rosalie (maiden.)*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Rector (maiden.)*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Copenhagen.*
Mr. Rawlin's	g.	a.	h.	*Akali.*
Mr. Francis's	b.	v.d.l.	c.	*Pharisee (maiden.)*
,, ,, ...	b.	v.d.l.	g.	*Lunatic.*
Major Frederick's	b.	a.	h.	*Nutcut.*

Give-and-Take.

Major Frederick's	g.	a.	h.	*Pam.*
Mr. Johnson's	g.	a.	h.	*Rector (maiden)*

Colonial Stakes.

Mr. Francis's	b.	v d.l.	g.	*Lunatic.*
,, ,, ...	b.	v.d.l.	c.	*Pharisee.*
Mr. Rawlin's	b.	c.	h.	*Pilot.*
Major Frederick's	bk.	c.	h.	*Black Hawk.*

Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse.

Mr. Johnson's	g.	e.	g.	*Free Gift.*
Captain John's	g.	a.	h.	*Surplice.*
Major Hickey's	c.	c.	h.	*Montagu.*
Mr. Francis's	g.	a.	h.	*Passover.*

Champaigne Stakes.

Mr. Francis's	b.	v.d.l.	g.	*Lunatic.*
,, ,, ...	b.	v.d.l.	c.	*Pharisee.*
Mr. Rawlin's	g.	a.	h.	*Ptarmigah.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Paragon.*
Mr. Johnson's	b.	a.	h.	*Copenhagen.*
,, ,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Rector.*
,, ,, ...	b.	e.	m.	*Rosalie.*
Captain Johnson's	g.	a.	h.	*Surplice.*
Captain Frederick's	bk.	c.	h.	*Black Hawk.*
,, ,, ...	b.	a.	h.	*Nutcut.*

For Galloway Plate.

Major Frederick's ..... g. a. h. *Pam.*

Lottery Handicap.

Major Hickey's ..... c. c. h. *Montagu.*
Mr. Johnson's ..... g. e. g. *Free Gift.*
" " ..... g. a. h. *The Snatcher.*
Mr. Rawlin's ..... g. a. h. *Akali.*
Captain John's ..... g. a. h. *Surplice.*

W. NEMBHARD,
Secretary.

Umballa, Nov. 11, 1850.

NOMINATIONS FOR LUCKNOW RACES.

CLOSING 1ST DECEMBER.

First Day.

Second Race...Mr. Chance ..... One Nomination.
" The Minister ..... Ditto ditto.
" Mr. Hope ..... Ditto ditto.
" Mr. Vansittart ..... Ditto ditto.
" The Major ..... Ditto ditto.
" Nawab Mahomed Ally Khan..... Ditto ditto.

Second Day.

First Race.....Mr. Hope ..... One Nomination.
" Nawab Mahomed Ally Khan..... Ditto ditto.
" Mr. Chance ..... Ditto ditto.
" The Minister ..... Ditto ditto.

Second Race...Mr. Vansittart..... One Nomination
" The Major ..... Ditto ditto.
" The Minister ..... Ditto ditto.
" Mr. Hope ..... Ditto ditto.
" Mr. Chance..... Ditto ditto.
" Nawab Mahomed Ally Khan..... Two ditto.

Third Race....Mr. Vansittart ..... One Nomination.
" Syud Ahmud ..... Ditto ditto.
" Nawab Mahomed Ally Khan..... Two ditto.
" Mr. Hope ..... One ditto.
" Mr. Chance..... Ditto ditto.
" The Minister ..... Ditto ditto.

Third Day.

Second Race...	Mr. Hope.....	One Nomination.
,,	Nawab Mahomed Ally Khan	Two ditto.
,,	Mr. Chance.....	One ditto.
,,	Mr. Vansittart	Ditto ditto.
,,	The Major	Ditto ditto.
,,	The Minister	Ditto ditto.

Fourth Day.

First Race...	The Minister	One Nomination,
,,	Syud Ahmud	Ditto ditto.
,,	Mr. Hope	Ditto ditto.
,,	Mr. Chance	Ditto ditto.
Second Race...	Mr. Chance.....	One Nomination.
,,	Mr. Vansittart	Ditto ditto.
,,	The Major	Ditto ditto.
,,	Mr. Hope	Ditto ditto.
,,	Syud Ahmud	Ditto ditto.
,,	The Minister	Ditto ditto.
,,	Nawab Mahomed Ally Khan.....	Two Ditto.
Third Race...	The Minister.....	One Nomination.
,,	Mr. Hope	Ditto ditto.
,,	Mr. Chance.....	Ditto ditto.

Fifth Day.

First Race...Mr. Vansittart.....b. v. d. l. g. Lunatic.

CALCUTTA RACES.

The Indigo Planters' Purse of 100 G. M. by Subscription for all Horse—to be run for on the fifth day of the first Meeting To be handicapped by the Stewards or parties nominated by them. St. Leger Course. Five Gold Mohurs entrance for all Horses named.—Horses' names to be given in by 2 P M. on the 4th day of the Meeting, and weights declared by 9 A. M. the day before the Race.

PROSPECTUS OF THE JESSORE SKY RACES.

First Day, Saturday, 8th February, 1851.

1st Race.—10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M. For all horses. English 12st., Colonial 11st. 7lbs., Arabs and Country-breds 10st. 7lbs. Distance R. C.

2nd Race.—10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M. For Country-breds. 11st. each. 1 mile heats.

3rd Race.—Buggy Stakes. 6 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. 12st. ¾ mile heats.

4th Race.—Pony Stakes. 5 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch weights. ½ mile heats.

Second Day, Monday, 10th February, 1851.

1st Race.—15 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. M. For all Arabs. 10st. 7lbs. each. Distance R. C.

2nd Race.—Spear Stakes. 10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M. For horses that have taken one bonâ fide First Spear. 12st R. C.

3rd Race.—Give-and-Take. 5 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M.—14 hands, to carry 10st. ; 7lbs. to be allowed for every inch below, and 7lbs. to be put up for every inch above 14 hands. 1 mile.

4th Race—Hack Stakes. 5 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. The winner claimable for 300 Rs. Catch weights above 10st. ½ mile heats.

Third Day, Wednesday, 12th February, 1851.

1st Race.—10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 3. G. M. For all Arabs. 10st. 7lbs. each. The winner of the 1st race 2nd day to carry 5lbs. extra. R. C.

2nd Race.—10 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 2 G. M. For all horses. The winner of the 1st race 1st day to carry 5lbs. extra, English horses 12st., Colonial 11st. 7lbs., Arabs and Country-breds 10st. 7lbs. R. C. and a distance.

3rd Race.—Free Handicap. 7 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. R. C. heats.

4th Race.—Pony Race. 6 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. Catch weights. ¾ mile heats.

Fourth Day, Friday, 14th February, 1851.

1st Race.—Cup presented by Baboo Ram Rutton Roy. Entrance 3 G. M. English 12st., Colonial 11st. 7lbs., Arabs and Country-breds 10st. 7lbs. R. C. and a distance.

2nd Race.—Lady's Purse. Entrance 3 G. M. Weight for inches. R. C. heats.

3rd Race.—Forced Handicap. 7 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1 G. M. For all winners; optional with losers to stand the Handicap. 1 mile heats.

4th Race.—Consolation Purse of 8 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 1. G. M. Catch weights. R. C.

5th Race.—Hurdle Race. 15 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 3 G. M. Six flights of hurdles, each hurdle to be 4 feet high; the last hurdle at the winning-post to be first gone over and then removed, so as to leave a clear run in. R. C. and a distance.

RULES, &c.

1st.—All horses running and winning at this Meeting to be claimable (on the usual terms) for one thousand rupees; the horse to be delivered and paid for by sunset of the day on which he is claimed.

2nd.—All horses must be the bonâ fide property of the parties entering them. This rule not to apply to Assistants running horses belonging to their respective Factories.

3rd.—No person, not a resident of the districts of Jessore, Kishnaghur, Pubna, and Furreedpore, can enter a horse at this meeting, although he may have subscribed.

4th.—No horse shall be allowed to walk over more than once during this meeting, and any public money accruing from the observance of this rule, to be at the disposal of the Stewards.

5th —Sealed nominations and entrance money to be sent to the Secretary by 4. P. M. the day before the race. The nominations to be opened at the Ordinary.

6th.—In all races the owner of each horse entered shall declare to the Stewards at the Ordinary before the race, when the nominations are opened, whether his horse is to run or not, which declaration shall be deemed obligatory if in the affirmative, and if in the negative, his name shall at once be erased from the list.

7th.—No horse to start whose owner has not subscribed 2 G. M. to the race-fund, and no person to nominate a horse who has not subscribed a like sum. Hack, Pony and Buggy Stakes to be qualified by a subscription of 1 G. M. All confederacies to be declared.

8th.—The word "off" once given by the person appointed to start the horses is decisive, and all horses must start or be distanced.

9th.—The Secretary to purchase a Standard, and ½ inch allowed for shoes or plates.

10th —In all other cases the Calcutta rules to be applicable.

11th.—All disputes to be decided by the Stewards with right of appeal to the Calcutta Turf Club. Length of course 1½ mile and 5 yards.

W. SHORT, *Secretary.*

JULLUNDUR DOAB RACES.

Amended Prospectus.

On account of some of the Races published in the first Prospectus not filling, the Stewards now publish an amended Prospectus with the nominations :—

Frst Day, Tuesday, 14th January, 1851.

1*st Race.*—The Jullundur St. Leger of 20 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. 5 G. M. forfeit. One Mile and three quarters. For all Maiden Horses. N. I. Turf Club weight for age. Closed.

Kinloch's	g.	a.	h.	*Oh ! Charles.*
Mr. Rawlin's	g.	a.	h.	*Ptarmigan.*
Mr. Hawksley's	g.	a.	h.	*Beppo.*
Mr. Hope's	g.	a.	h.	*Gun Cotton.*
Mr. James's.....	g.	a.	h.	*Secunder.*
Sir Walter's.....	g.	a.	h.	*Sirbaz.*

2*nd Race.*—The Crouther Stakes of 10 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 G. M. each. P. P. For all horses. ¾ mile Heats. G. R. Arabs and C. B. 10st. ; Colonials 10st. 7lbs. ; English 11st. 7lbs. Closed.

Mr. James's.....	g.	a.	g.	*Secunder.*
,, ...	g.	a.	h.	*Peshawur.*
Sir Walter's.....	b.	a.	h.	*Wukeel.*
Mr. Hickey's		a.	h.	*Roderich.*
Mr. Barber's	g.	a.	h.	*Never give-in.*

3*rd Race.*—Purse of 5 G. M. for all Hacks. ½ mile Heats. G. R. 11 stone each. 2 G. M. entrance. Winner to be sold for 400 Rupees, if claimed in quarter of an hour. Close and name by 2 P. M. the day before the Race.

4*th Race.*—A purse of 3 G. M. for all ponies, 1 G. M. entrance. ¼ mile Heats. Weight for inches. 13 hands to carry 9 stone. Close and name by 2 P. M. the day before the Race.

2nd Day.

1*st Race.*—" The Cornwall Cup," value 50 G. M., given by the Officers of H. M.'s 32nd Regiment, for all horses. Two miles. Arabs and C. B. 10st. ; Colonials 10st. 7lbs., and English 11st. 7lbs. Winner after the 1st November, 1850, to put up 3lbs. extra for every race. Professionals to put up three lbs. *extra.* Three horses bona fide, belonging to different stables, to start, or the Cup will be withheld. 10 G. M. entrance. H. F. Close and name 15th December.

2nd Race.—A Purse of 15 G. M., added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. H. F. For all Arabs. 9 stone each. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Two miles. Closed.

Mr. James's.....	g.	a.	h.	*Peshawur.*
Mr. Hope's.....	g.	a.	h.	*Gun Cotton.*
Sir Walter's	b.	a.	h.	*Wukeel.*
Mr. Rawlin's	g.	a.	h.	*Ptarmigan.*
Mr. Hawksley's	g.	a.	h.	*Beppo.*
Kinloch's.....	g.	a.	h.	*Oh! Charles.*

3rd Race.—The Shorts, 10 G. M. from the fund. For all horses. G. R. ½ mile heats. 5 G. M. entrance. Arabs and C. B. 10st. 7lbs.; Colonials 11st.; English 12st; Maidens allowed 5lbs. Close and name by 2 P. M. the day before the Race.

3RD DAY.

1st Race.—A forced Handicap for all winners, Hacks excepted, optional to losers; R. C. and a distance; 10 G. M. from the fund, 5 G. M. entrance.

2nd Race.—The Loser's Handicap, for horses that have run for and not won public money during the meeting. 10 G. M. from the fund, 5 G. M. entrance, 2 G. M. forfeit. A mile and quarter heats.

3rd Race.—The Charger Stakes of 5 G. M. from the fund, for all bonâ fide chargers. 3 G. M. entrance. ¾ mile. G. R.

4th Race.—The Consolation Purse of 100 Rupees, weight for valuation, 1,000 Rupees to carry 11st. and 7lbs. allowed by every 100 Rupees under. 3 G. M. entrance. Winner to be sold for valuation if claimed; last horse to pay 2nd horse's entrance. ¾ mile. Close and name by 2 P. M. the day before.

N. I. Turf Club Rules to be in force.

Rates of Subscription.

Nominations to any race	50	Rupees.
Hacks, Chargers and Consolation	32	,,

All horses trained and galloped on the course to pay 4 Rupees; winners 8 Rupees, ponies excepted.

C. HICKEY, *Secretary.*

COL. MARKHAM,
,, WHELER,
CAPT. SHORTREED,
,, C. KING,
} Stewards.

RACING CALENDAR

FOR

1850-51.

INDEX TO THE RACING CALENDAR.

	Page.
Bangalore Races	11
Paharpore Races—1850	14
Kurrachee Races	16
Sonepore Races	19
Spring Meeting of the South African Turf Club	23
Lahore Races	27
Agra Races	31
Umballa Sky Races	33

RACING CALENDAR.

BANGALORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, October* 8, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Bangalore Derby. 500 Rupees. For Maiden Arabs. Distance 2 miles. Weight 8st. 4lbs. 5 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st of April, 10 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st of June, and 20 G. M. between that date and the 1st of August, when the Race will close. Winners of the Rajah's Plate, Commissioner's Plate, or Rajah's Cup at Mysore 7lbs. extra, of two of these Races 10lbs., of all the three 1st. Other Winners before the 1st October, Handicaps excepted, 3lbs. extra. An entrance of 20 G. M. for each horse declared to start.

Mr. Smollett's	g.	a.	h.	*Eugene Aram*,	8st. 11lbs.	(Brewley) ...	1
Capt. O'Leary's	g.	a.	h.	*Amulet*,	8st. 11lbs.	(Abdoollah)...	2
Mr. Ireland's	b.	a.	h.	*Rattan*,	1st. 11lbs.	(Goode) ...	3
Mr. Boynton's	g.	a.	h.	*Blacklock*,	8st. 7lbs.	(Sherborne)...	4
Mr. John's	b.	a.	h.	*Emerald*,	8st. 4lbs.	(Smith) ...	5

23 Forfeits.

Time.—½ mile 1m. 1s.—1 mile 1m. 57s.—1½ mile 2m. 59s.—2 miles 4m. 2s.
Won easy.

Eugene the favourite at even against the field. Amulet next. Rattan and Blacklock also had their supporters. At the second attempt the lot got off well, with the exception of Rattan, who lost some lengths. Blacklock made the running to the stand, when Eugene went up to and passed him, Blacklock fell to the rear, Emerald took the second place, Rattan third, Black fourth, and Amulet holding last; at the mile Amulet drew up and took the 3rd place, at the ½ mile from home, Emerald was beaten and fell back, Amulet took the 2nd place, but could not catch Eugene, who came in an easy winner by 10 or 12 lengths.

SECOND RACE.—The Colt's Plate. For all Colts having a Colt's tooth on the 1st May. 1½ Miles. Weight for age. 5 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st June, when the Race will close. 20 G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of 10 G. M. for horses declared to start.

Mr. Smollett's	b.	n.s.w.	c.	*Mischief*,	... 8st. 5lbs.

2 Forfeits.

THIRD RACE.—The Welter, for all Horses. 10st. Maidens allowed 5lbs. 1 Mile heats. Gentlemen Riders. Horses named on or before the 1st June, 2 G. M.; on or before the 1st July, 5 G. M.; on or before the 1st September, 10 G. M., when the Race will close. 25 G. M. from the Fund, and 10 G. M. for horses declared to start.

						[his legs.
Mr. Ireland's	b.	c	h	*Hero*, 10st. 7lbs. (Capt. Knox)	1 2 0	broke
Mr. Smollett's	b.	n.s.w.	h.	*Mischief*, 10st. 2lbs. (Capt Berkeley)	2 1 1	
Mr Boynton's	b.	a.	h.	*Robin*, 9st. 9lbs. (Mr. Howell)	2 2 0	dr.

3 Forfeits.

Time—1st heat, ½ mile 55s.—1 mile 1m. 59s.

2nd heat, ½ mile 56s.—1 mile 2m.

3rd Time not taken.

Mischief the favourite at any odds. Hero led off, and maintained a good lead to the distance, where Mischief caught him, and a beautiful race home terminated to the surprise of all in Hero's favour, beautifully ridden, by half a length. Robin nowhere.

2nd Heat.—Hero off with the lead; at the ½ mile Mischief caught him, but unfortunately just as an interesting race was beginning, Captain Knox's stirrup leather broke, which obliged him to pull up at the distance.

3rd Heat.—This terminated most unfortunately. At the ¼ mile from home, Hero was seen to stagger, and as his jockey was pulling him up, fell; on examination, it proved that he had broken his leg at the fetlock joint. Hopes are entertained of saving the horse.

It rained heavily all night until within an hour of the start for the 1st Race; the course consequently extremely heavy.

SECOND DAY, *Thursday, October* 10, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Arab Stakes. 500 Rupees. For all Arab horses. Distance 2 miles and half. Weight 8st. Maidens allowed 3lbs. Winner previous to the first day of the Meeting to carry 7lbs. extra. 5 G. M each for horses named on or before the 1st of April, 10 G M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of June, and 20 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st of August, when this Race will close. An entrance of 50 G. M. for all horses declared to start.

Mr. Smollett's	g.	a.	h.	*Eugene Aram*,	8st. 4lbs. (Brewtey) ...	1
Mr. Boynton's	g.	a.	h.	*Pickaxe*,	8st. 7lbs. (Sherborne) ...	2
Mr. Ireland's	g.	a.	h.	*Cawroush*,	8st. 7lbs. (Goode) ...	3
Capt. O'Leary's	g	a.	h.	*Amulet*,	8st. 7lbs. (Abdoollah) ...	4

Time—¼ mile 29s.—½ mile 57s.—1 mile 1m. 57s.—1½ mile 2m. 55s.—2 miles 3m. 57s.—2½ miles 5m. 3s.

Eugene the favourite. Pickaxe led for the 1st mile, when Eugene went to the front, was never afterwards headed, and won easily by several lengths.

SECOND RACE.—The Whim Plate. A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., H. F., with 20

G. M. from the Fund. For all Horses. Weight for age and inches. 1¼ Miles. To close on the 1st September, and name the day before the Race.

Mr. Ireland's	b.	a.	h.	*Rattan*,	8st. 5lbs. (Goode) ...	1
Capt. O'Leary's	g.	a.	h.	*Wullundaze*,	8st 6lbs. (Abdoollah).	2
Mr. Smollett's					Declares forfeit.	

Time—¼ mile 28s.—½ mile 53s.—1 mile 1m. 54s.—1½ mile 2m. 56s.—1¾ mile 3m. 29s.

A most beautiful race, the two ran together, first one with his head in front then the other; at the ½ mile from home it seemed Wallundaze's race, but in the next quarter he failed, and Rattan, beautifully ridden, won by half a length.

THIRD RACE.—A Cup for all Horses. 9st. Maidens allowed 7lbs., English 2lbs. extra. 5 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st of April, 10 G. M. for horses named between that date and the 1st of June, and 20 G. M. for horses named on or before the 1st of August, when the Race will close. 1½ Mile heats, (if no Cup, 25 G. M. from the Fund.)

Mr. Smollett's	b.	n.s.w.	h.	*Mischief*,	8st. 7lbs.	(Brewley) ...	1 1
Capt. O'Leary's	ch.	c.	h.	*Jeereed*,	9st.	(Smith) ...	2 2
Mr. Boynton's	g.	a.	h.	*Grey Momus*,	9st.	(Sherborne) ...	3 3

Time—1st heat, ½ mile 53s.—1 mile 1m. 50s.—1½ mile 2m. 54s.
2nd heat, ½ mile 54s.—1 mile 1m. 50s.—1½ mile 2m. 55s.

Mischief in both Heats went off with the lead, which he increased to several lengths and won as he pleased.

FOURTH RACE.—A Hack Stakes of 5 G. M. from the Fund, 2 G. M. entrance, P. P. For all horses not trained before the Meeting. 10st. 7lbs. Gentlemen Riders. ½ Mile heats. To close and name at the Ordinary the night before the Race.

Mr. Howell's	b.	a.	h.	*Sir Henry*,	10st. 7lbs.	(Mr. Howell) ...	1 dist.
Mr. Goldfrap's	g.	a.	h	*Connaught*,	10st. 7lbs.	(Capt Berkeley) ...	2 1 1
Mr. Grant's	g.	a.	m.	*Taglioni*,	10st. 4lbs.	(Mr. Grant) ...	3 2 2
Mr. Marshall's	w.	a.	h.	*Lightning*,	10st. 7lbs.	(Capt. Knox) ...	4 dr.

Time—1st heat 59s.
2nd heat 56s.
3rd, Not taken.

Sir Henry came in first, easy for the two first Heats, but his jockey was unfortunately short of weight. Connaught won the 3rd Heat easily.

DE SYMONS BARROW,
Secretary.

THE PAHARPORE RACES—1850.

Round Course, 7 Furlongs, 11 Yards.

FIRST DAY, *Monday, October 7.*

FIRST RACE.—The Paharpore Derby Stakes, for Maiden Arabs. One Mile. Calcutta weight for age. Horses that have never started before the days of naming, allowed 5lbs. An Entrance of 1 G. M. each, for horses named on or before the 1st August ; 3 G. M. for horses between that date and the 1st October, when the Race will close. 5 G. M. from the Fund. Declarations to be made the day before the Race.

Mr. Return's	b.	a.	h.	*Perhaps*, (Duncan)	... 1
Mr. Guy's	b.	a.	h.	*Commissioner*,	... 2

Before the Race Commissioner had been freely backed by his friends, and he sold at 7 to 6 in the Lottery, the superior training of Perhaps enabled him, however, after a good race, to win on the post by half a length.

SECOND RACE —The Colonial Stakes for Maiden, Cape, Australian and Country-bred Horses. R. C. Terms the same as in the Derby.

Mr. Return's	c.	cb.	c.	*Massaroni*,	Scratched.

THIRD RACE.—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., for all horses. R. C. 8st 7lbs. each. English horses to carry 10lbs. extra. Maidens (English excepted) allowed 7lbs. Close and name 1st October, 1850.

Mr. Return's	bl.	west au.	h.	*Garroogin*, (Duncan)	... 1
Mr. Holdhard's	b.	cb.	m.	*Malvina*,	... 2
Mr. Return's	c.	cb.	c.	*Massaroni*, (declared above 2lbs.)	... 0
,,	b.	a.	c.	*Pam*,	... 0
,,	g.	a.	c.	*Slam*,	... 0

Garroogin held to within a couple of lengths of the post, when he won as he liked.

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday, October 9.*

FIRST RACE—.The Paharpore Cup, for all Horses. One mile. Added to a Sweepstakes of 2 G. M. To be handicapped by the Stewards, and to close and name the day before the Race.

Mr. Pye's	b.	n.s.w.	m.	*Fenella*, 9st. 3lbs.	(Duncan)	... 1
Mr. Holdhard's	w.	cb.	h.	*Hannibal*, Feather		... 2
Mr. Pye's	b.	n s.w.	h.	*Vanish*, 9st. 7lbs.	(declared above 2lbs.)	.. 0
,,	b.	n.s.w.	m.	*Datura*, 8st 7lbs.		... 0

Hannibal's jockey exerted all his equestrian skill to steal the race, but all in vain; Fenella won easy on the post.

SECOND RACE.—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M., for all horses, English excepted. 8st. 7lbs. each. ½ mile. Name and close the day before the Race.

Mr. Return's	bl.	west au.	h.	*Garroogin*,	(Duncan)	... 1
Mr. Vivian's	b.	cp.	h.	*Typhoon*,		... 2
Mr Return's	g.	a.	c	*Trump*,		... 0
,,	g.	a.	h.	*Pyramus*,		... 0
,,	g.	a	h.	*Reserve*,		... 0
,,	b.	r.	c.	*Peradventure*,	(declared above 2lbs.)	0

Won easy.

THIRD RACE.—Sweepstakes of 5 G. M, for Arabs and Country-breds only. 8st. 7lbs. each. ½ mile. Name and close the day before the Race

Mr. Guy's	g.	a.	h.	*Fac Simile*,	(Duncan)	.. 1
Mr. Holdhard's	w	cb	h.	*Hannibal*,		... 2
Mr. Guy's	g.	a.	h	*Cossack*,	(declared above 2lbs)...	0

The Country-bred's forte being bottom, he was expected to come out better in this his second heat of the day. Horses running in all shapes however was not verified in this instance, for Hannibal was beaten again ea-ily, and his owner has wisely ordered him off the turf.

FOURTH RACE.—A Match of 100 Rs., 200 yards, between

Mr. Felix's	bl.	a.	h	*Jim Crack*	(Mr. Sharp)	... 1
Mr. Vivian's	g.	a.	h.	*Honeysuckle*,	late *Young Honeysuckle*,	2

Was won by a neck.

For the Forced Handicap of this day there were only 2 winners of the previous day, both out of the same stables, it was therefore no Race.

THIRD DAY, *Friday*, *October* 11.

FIRST RACE.—The Trial Stakes, for Maiden Arabs. ½ mile 8st. 7lbs. each 3 G. M. from the Fund. 1 G. M. Entrance.

Mr. Vivian's	g	a.	h.	*Honeysuckle*,	Owner	.. 1
Mr. Guy's	b.	a.	h.	*Commissioner*,		.. 2

Good race, won by half a length—time 58 seconds.

SECOND RACE.—Hack Stakes of 3 G. M. ½ G. M. Entrance. ½ mile. For all horses. Arabs 9st. 7lbs., Cape and Country-breds 10st, English 11st.

Mr. Lovic names	b.	cb.	m.	*Malvina*.	(Mr. Lovick)	... 1
Mr. Vivian's	b.	cp.	h.	*Typhoon*,		... 2
,,	g	a	h.	*Crisis*,		... 3
Mr. Duncan names	g.	a.	h.	*Sly Boots*,		... 4

From the known good qualities of the horses, much excitement was caused by this race; they were all freely backed. but the Cape had the call at the Lottery. After one false start, they all got off together, Malvina and Sly Boots with the inside rating it for the first ¼, the mare then drew a-head and maintained her posit: to the end, winning by about a length in 58 seconds.

THIRD RACE.—A Hurdle Race 3 G. M. from the Fund. 1 G. M. Entrance. Over 4, three feet high, stiff hurdles. in about 1 mile.

Mr. Holdhard's	b. cb. h.	*Douglas.*	Owner	...	1
Mr. Sharp's	b nsw h.	*Falcon,*		...	2
Mr. Guy's	b. a. h.	*Commissioner,*		drawn.	

Falcon the favourite but his rider's stirrup leather unfortunately broke at the first jump, this caused a slight delay, during which the old horse managed to get such a considerable lead, that he won, though he nearly went head over heels at the last jump.

Foot races and other amusements were got up during the intervening days.

H. HOLM,
Secretary.

Dinagepore, Oct. 19, 1850

KURRACHEE RACES

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday, September* 24, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—A Sweepstakes of Rupees 200 from the Fund, 4 G. M entrance. 1 G M. forfeit for all maidens—one and a half miles—weight 9 stones.

Dr. Archer's	b. a. h.	*Don Juan,*	9st.	Baloo	...	1
The Confederate's	g a. h.	*Oster,*	9st.	Mr. Birch	...	2

Four horses paid forfeit.

Don Juan had it his own way from the start to the finish. The grey, Oster, making no struggle.

Time,—1*st heat*, ½ mile, 1m 6s.—2*nd heat*, ½ mile, 1m. 4s.—3*rd heat*, ½ mile, 1m. 1s.

SECOND RACE.—The Hack Plate for all horses, Rupees 100 from the Fund, 1 G. M. entrance. The winner to be sold for Rupees 300; ¾ of a mile heats. Gentlemen riders. Weight 10 stones 7 lbs.

Mr. C.'s.	g a. h.	*Vexation,*	10st. 7lbs.	Owner	...	1	1
Mr. Walker's	g. a. h.	*Fugleman,*	10st. 7lbs.	Mr. Webb	...	2	2

The first heat was won with ease by Vexation, in 1m. 33s The second was better contested but with the same result in 1m. 37s.

THIRD RACE.—A Poney Plate of Rupees 75 from the Fund, for all ponies—13 hands and under—Rupees 10 entrance—½ mile heats—Catch weights.

Mr Bell's	c. p.	*Harlequin.*	...	1
Mr Birch's	g. p.	*Oliver.*	...	2
Captain Stirling's	b. p.	*Charlie,*	...	3

Harlequin was too nimble for his opponents, and the others were drawn after the [illegible]st heat.

Time—1m. 2s.

SECOND DAY, *Friday, September* 27, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—An untrained Plate of Rs. 200 from the Fund, with Rs. 10 entrance for all untrained Horses, ½ mile heats—weight 10 stone—winners of any public money 7 lbs. extra.

Mr. Travers's	b.	a.	h.	*Sukker Bukker and Roree,*	10st. 0lb.
Mr. Gordon's	b	a.	h.	*Frolic,*	10st. 7lb.
Capt. Stirling's	b.	a.	h.	*Orlando,*	10st. 0lb.
Mr. Conybeare's	g	a.	h.	*Lavernock,*	10st. 0lb.
Capt. Twining's	b.	a.	h.	*Clock-maker,*	10st. 0lb.
Mr. Birch's	g.	a.	h.	*Rory O'More,*	10st. 0lbs.

Won easily by Sukker Bukker and Roree.

SECOND RACE.—A Plate of Rs. 150 from the Fund, 2 G. M. entrance for all Galloways—weight for inches—14 hands 10 stone—¾ mile heats—Gentlemen riders.

Mr. Bell's	.....			*Rocket,*	9st. 0lb.
Mr Forester's	c.		g.	*Flat Catcher,*	9st. 0lb.
Confederates'	g.	a.	h	*Oster,*	9st 12½lbs.

Won easily by Rocket—Rocket, for the 2nd heat, cantered over.

THIRD DAY, *Tuesday, October* 1, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Welter of Rs. 200 from the Fund, for all Horses—2 G. M. entrance. R. C. Gentlemen riders Maidens of the season (not winners) allowed 7lbs. weight 11 stone.

Captain James'	g.	a.	h.	*Feramoze,*	... 11st.
Mr. C.'s	c.	a.	h.	*Druid,*	... 11st.
The Confederates'	b.	a.	h.	*Garnet,*	... 11st.

Well away together. Druid and Garnet for a mile let Feramoze lead as if it did not matter where he was, although at the ¾ post the thing became interesting. Feramoze was not to be caught and the Druid by a sharp struggle reached his quarter at the run in ; but the old Grey was landed a handsome winner.

Time 3 minntes and 3 seconds.

SECOND RACE.—The Give-and-Take of Rs. 150 from the Fund, 2 G. M. entrance for all horses—weight for inches—14 hands—9 stone. R. C.

Mr. Bell's	c.	a.	g.	*Rocket,*	... 8st.
Mr. C 's	c.	a	h.	*Druid,*	... 9st 5½lbs.

A nother unexpected event! Rocket went away at score, took the lead at once and kept it throughout, winning by a couple of lengths.

Time—3m. 3s.

THIRD RACE.—The Consolation Stakes of Rs. 200 from the fund, for all horses, 2 G. M. entrance—weight for value ¾ mile heats. The winner to be sold for his declared value. If Rs. 800,—10 stone, 7lbs. 7lbs. allowed for every hundred rupees.

Dr. Archer's	b.	a.	h.	*Don Juan,*	..	9st.	2	1 1
Mr. Travers's	b.	a.	h.	*Sukkur Bukkur and Roree*		9st.	1	2 2
Mr. Charles's	g.	a.	h.	*Vexation,*	...	8st.	3	3 3

1*st Heat.*—Vexation led for a quarter mile, when Sukkur and Juan closed,—the former showed in advance at the turn, and rated it in three or four lengths a head.

Time—1m. 31s.

2*nd Heat.*—Sukkur was badly handled by his rider at the start, and lost his place—Don Juan won handsomely, the Grey in close attendance.

Time—1m. 32s.

3*rd Heat* was run in the dark, and was the best contested, being won by the Don by nearly half a length.—No time taken.

FOURTH DAY, *Friday, October* 4, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Forced Handicap for all winners, Rupees 100 from the Fund. 4 G. M. entrance. Optional to losers ; 1½ miles and a distance.

Mr. C 's	c.	a.	h.	*Druid*,	9st. 10lbs.	Mr. Birch	... 1
Capt. James's	g.	a.	h.	*Feramoze*,	10st. 0lb.		... 2
Mr. Bell's	c.	a	h.	*Rocket*,	8st. 7lbs.	Porus	... 3
Dr. Archer's	b.	a.	h.	*Don Jaun*,	8st. 7lbs.	Mr. Alexander	... 4

The horses did not get away together, and Druid and Don Juan passed the stand several lengths a-head. Feramoze closed at the ½ mile, and rated it at Druid's quarter to the turn in. The Don and Rocket were left behind. Druid was not to be collared, and won by a couple of lengths.

Time—3m. 32s.

SECOND RACE.—The Beaten Handicap of Rupees 100 from the Fund. 2 G. M. entrance for all beaten horses. One mile.

Mr. Charles's	g.	a.	h.	*Vexation*,	9st. 7lbs.	Owner	.. 1
Mr. Blenther's	g.	a.	h.	*Rory O'More*,	9st. 7lbs.	Owner	... 2

Rory O'More pulled up at the quarter, and Vexation cantered in.

THIRD RACE—A Hurdle Race of Rupees 200 from the Fund. 2 G. M. entrance, over 5 hurdles 2½ feet high, 10st. 9lbs. R. C. Gentlemen riders.

Mr Du Canes'	g.	a.	h.	*Buck Jumper*,	Mr. Moultra.
Capt. the Hon. Talbot's		b.	p.	*The Creeper*,	Owner.
Mr. C.'s	c.	a.	h.	*Smuggler*,	Mr. Blowers.

The three took the first jump together in excellent style. Creeper fell at the 2nd and 3rd hurdles; but his rider was soon in the saddle again. Buck Jumper declined one or two jumps at the back of the course, but his resolute rider was not to be denied, and taking the last two hurdles handsomely, landed a winner, closely waited on by little Creeper, who was badly handled. Smuggler, although the favourite, lost his chance early.

SONEPORE RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Tuesday*, *November* 12, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Sonepore Derby Stakes for Maiden Arabs R. C * Sonepore weight for age. Horses that have never started before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1850. 10 G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 15th of September, when the Race will close. 40 G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of 10 G M. each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M the day before the Race.

Mr. Holdfast's	b.	a	h.	*Do-the-Boys*,	8st.	12lbs.	Barnes ...	1
Mr Charles'	b	a.	h.	*Goodwood*,	8st.	12lbs.	Joy, . .	2
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	a	h.	*Mameluke*,	8st	9lbs.	Stubbs. ...	3
Mr. Monghyr's	b.	a.	h.	*Shereef*,	9st.	3lbs.	Smith, ...	dist.

Time—R. C., 3m. 14s.

Four did not declare.

In the Maiden Arabs, at one time, the field had the call, at the ordinary however, Do-the-Boys became the favourite, and won his race cleverly. Some few contretemps took place during the morning's running, by Shereef's not starting at the word off amongst them.

SECOND RACE.—The Sonepore Colonial Stakes for Maiden Cape, Australian and Country-bred Horses R. C Sonepore weight for age. Horses that have never started in India before the day of naming allowed 3lbs. 5 G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 15th of September, when the Race will close. 40 G. M. from the Fund, and an entrance of 10 G. M each for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M the day before the Race.

Mr. Holdfast's	b. v d.l. g.			*Van Dieman*,	7st.	12lbs.	Barnes, ...	1
Mr. Charles'	b n s w. m.			*Manuella*,	8st.	6lbs	Buxoo ...	2
,,	b. n.s.w.		h.	*Physician*,	8st.	12lbs.	Joy. ...	dist.
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g. n s w.		g.	*Faughaballagh*	7st	12lbs.	Stubbs. ...	blt

Time—R. C. 3m. 6s.

Eleven did not declare.

A capital race and done in good time Physician if any thing a little short of work from a mishap previous to the meeting—Joy on Physician was beaten by a length, but on coming to the scales, was found short of weight, attributable, I imagine, to a weight dropping from the saddle cloth.

THIRD RACE.—A Cup value ———, presented by Maharajah Roodur Sing

* One mile and a half and one hundred and fifty eight yards.

Bahadoor, of Durbungah, added to a Sweepstakes of 15 G. M. each, 10 F, for all Horses. 8st. 7lbs. R. C. To close and name on the 15th September, 1850.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	c.	b.	g. *Pretender*,	8st. 4lbs. Barnes....	1
Mr. Charles'	g.	n.s.w.	g.	*Boomarang*,	8st. 4lbs. Joy. ...	2

Time—R. C. 3m. 1s.

Two forfeits.

The best race, as regards time, ever ran over the Sonepore Course, time first rate—Boomarang beaten by half a length going the ½m. in 2m. 51s.

Fourth Race.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 F., for all Arabs. One Mile. Sonepore weight for age. Maidens allowed 10lbs. To close on the 15th September, 1850.

Mr. Holdfast's	b.	a.	h.	*Do-the-Boys*,	8st. 2lbs. Barnes. ...	1
Mr Charles'	g.	a.	h.	*Don Juan*,	9st. 3lbs. Joy. ...	2

Time—½ mile in 53s.—1 mile 1m. 52s.

Another good race—both jockies at work from half way up the distance—the Don beaten by a head and no dishonor to him considering the weight and time.

Fifth Race.—The Syud's Plate of fifty gold mohurs, presented by Syud Mehendee Alli Khan, Syud Kassim Alli Khan, Syud Looft Alli Khan, and Syud Willayut Alli Khan, for all Maiden Horses. Weight for age, 1½ Mile, to be run for on the first day of the Sonepore Races, 1850. Horses that have been beaten in the Derby or Colonial Stakes, saving their distance, to be allowed 5lbs. English horses to carry 1st 7lbs. extra. To close and name on the 15th September. Five gold mohurs for all horses named and an entrance of ten gold mohurs for those declared to start.

Mr. Holdfast's	b.	v.d.l.	g.	*Van Dieman*,	8st. 0lb. Barnes. ...	1
Mr. Monghyr's	b.	a.	h.	*Shereef*,	9st. 3lbs. Smith. ...	2
Mr. Charles'	b	n.s.w.	h.	*Young Zorab*.	did not start.	
Mr. Fitzpatrick's	g.	n.s.w.	g.	*Faughaballagh*,	did not start.	

Time—1½m. in 3m. 3s.

Four did not declare.

Won easily by the Waler.

Second Day, *Thursday, November* 14, 1850.

First Race.—The Chumparun Cup value ———, presented by Maharajah Nowul Kishore Sing Bahadoor, of Bettiah, for all Horses. Craven weights and distance. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner of the Durbungah Cup to carry 5lbs. extra. Entrance 15 G. M. 10 F. To close and name on the 15th of September, 1850.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	c.b.	g.	*Pretender*,	9st. 3lbs.	Barnes w. o.
Mr. Holdfast's	b.	v.d.l.	g.	*Van Dieman*,	7st. 13lbs.	did not start.
Mr. Charles'	b.	n.s.w.	h.	*Young Zohrab*,	8st. 2lbs.	did not start.

SECOND RACE.—The Doomraon Cup, value ———, presented by Maharajah Moheshur Buksh Sing, of Doomraon for all Maiden Horses. R. C. Sonepore weight for age. The winner of either the Derby or Colonial Stakes 7lbs. extra. Entrance 15 G. M. 10 F. To close and name on the 15th of September, 1850.

Mr. Holdfast's	b.	v.d l.	g	*Van Dieman*,	8st. 8lbs.	Barnes ...	1
Mr. Charles'	b.	e.	f.	*Catherine of Arragon*,	8st. 8lbs.	Joy, ...	2

Time—R. C. 3m. 10s.

A waiting race, but to no purpose.

THIRD RACE.—The Sonepore Welter for all Horses, 11st. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1½ Mile. Gentlemen Riders. 20 G. M. from the Fund. Entrance 10 G. M. each, H. F. To close on the 15th September 1850.

Mr. Charles'	g.	n.s.w.	g.	*Boomarang*,	walked over.	

Five forfeits.

FOURTH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M., 10 F., for all Maiden Horses on the day of the Race. Sonepore weight for age R. C. To close on the 15th of September, 1850.

Did not fill.

THIRD DAY, *Saturday*, *November* 16, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Civilian's Cup for all Horses. Sonepore weight for age. One Mile and three quarters. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race 10lbs. The winner of the Durbungah Cup, Chumparun Cup, or Doomraon Cup 7lbs. extra. 5 G. M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June 1850. 10 G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 15th of September, when the Race will close. An entrance of 10 G. M. each for Horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M. the day before the Race. Three subscribers or the Cup to be withheld.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	cb.	g.	*Pretender*,	9st. 2lbs.	Barnes ..	1
Mr. Charles's	b	n.s.w.	h.	*Young Zohrab*,	7st. 8lbs	Stubbs ...	btd.

A fatality would appear to attend Mr. Charles's stable,—another miserable failure, Zohrab having run off the course. Pretender cantered in at his ease.

SECOND RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all Maiden Country-bred Horses. Sonepore weight for age. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. To close on the 15th of September, 1850.

Did not fill.

THIRD RACE.—The Modenarain Cup, for all Horses, added to a Sweepstakes of 10 G. M. each. H F. Weight for age as below. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Craven distance. Gentlemen Riders. To close and name on the 15th of September, 1850.

3 years old,	...	...	...	9st. 5lbs.
4 „	...	..	..	10st. 2lbs.

5 years old	..	...	...	10st. 10lbs.	
6 years and aged	...	..	..	11st. 0lb.	
Mr. Charles's	b. nsw.	h.	*Young Zohrab*,	walked over.	
,,	g. nsw.	g.	*Boomarang*,	did not start.	

Three forfeits.

FOURTH RACE.—A Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. 10 F. for all Horses. Sonepore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. R. C. To close on the 15th of September, 1850.

Did not fill.

FOURTH DAY, *Tuesday, November* 19, 1850.

FIRST RACE —The Behar Turf Club Cup, value ———, with 50 G. M. guaranteed from the Fund, for all Horses Two Miles. Sonepore weight for age. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race 10lbs. The winner of the Civilian's Cup 5lbs. extra. 5 G M. each for horses named on or before the 1st of June, 1850. 10 G. M. each for horses named between that date and the 15th of September, when the Race will close. Entrance 10 G. M. for horses declared to start. Declarations to be made to the Secretary by 2 P. M the day before the Race.

Mr. Holdfast's	c.	cb.	g.	*Pretender*,	9st. 0lb.	Barnes ...	1
Mr. Charles's	g	nsw.	g.	*Boomarang*,	9st. 0lb.	Joy ...	2

Time—2 miles 3m. 54s.

A pretty race to the eye of the public, but the knowing ones consider it might have been easier; Boomarang beaten by half a length.

SECOND RACE —A Purse of 20 G. M. for all Maiden Horses. Heats 1½ mile. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F. To close and name the day before the meeting. Weights to be declared by 9 A. M. the day before the Race.

Did not fill.

THIRD RACE.—A Purse of Rs. 200 for all Horses 11st. each. Gentlemen Riders. One Mile. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Entrance 3 G. M. The winner to be sold for Rs. 500.

Mr. Charles's	b. nsw	m.	*Manuella*,	...	1
,,	g. a.	h.	*Sicklowee*,	...	2
Mr. Holdfast's	g. a.	h.	*Sultan*,	distanced.	

FOURTH RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 G. M. each, 10 F. for all Horses. 8st 7lbs. each. Maidens allowed 7lbs. Maidens on the day of the Race 1st. R. C. To close on the 15th of September, 1850.

Did not fill.

FIFTH DAY, *Thursday, November* 21, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Hutwa Cup, value ——, with Rs. 500 added from the Fund, for all horses. 2 Miles. To be handicapped by the Stewards. Entrance 10 G. M. 5 F. To close and name on the 15th of September, 1850. Weights to be declared by 9 A. M. the day before the Race.

Mr. Charles's	g. n s.w. g.	*Boomarang*,	9st. 0lb.	Joy ...	1
Mr. Holdfast's	b. n.s.w. g.	*Van Dieman*,	8st. 8lbs.	Barnes ...	2

Time—2 miles 3m. 55s.

Eight Forfeits.

Boomarang took the lead and was never headed.

SECOND RACE.—A Purse of 20 G. M. for all Horses that have started for but not won either Cups or Public money. To be handicapped by the Stewards. R. C. Entrance 10 G. M. H. F.

Did not fill.

THIRD RACE.—The Consolation Purse of 20 G. M. from the Fund for all Horses. To be valued by their owners, and the winners to be sold if claimed at the prices fixed. To carry weight as specified below. Heats one mile. Entrance 5 G. M.

Valued at Rs.	1,000	10st.	0lb.
,, ,,	900	9st.	8lbs.
,, ,,	800	9st.	3lbs.
,, ,,	700	8st.	12lbs.
,, ,,	600	8st.	7lbs.
,, ,,	500	8st.	0lb.
,, ,,	400	7st.	9lbs.

Did not fill

K. HAWKE,
Secretary.

SPRING MEETING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TURF CLUB.

FIRST DAY, *Monday, September* 16, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Breeders' Purse, on its terms. A Sweepstakes of £5 each, H F., for all three years old Colts and fillies, bred by certain Breeders who have each subscribed £15 per annum to this Purse. Colts, 7st. 10lbs. ; Fillies, 7st. 7lbs. One Mile and a half.

Mr. Beyer's	b.	c.	*Young Tallyho*, by *Tallyho*, dam by *Patagonian*, bred by Mr. T. B. Bayley ..	1
Mr. Hoffman's	c.	c.	*Murillo*, by *Gustavus*, bred by Mr. Van der Byl...	2
Mr. Meyburgh's	c.	c.	*Pilot*, by *Discount*, bred by Mr. Kotzee ...	

All three horses cantered for the first half mile, when the pace began to mend. Pilot was soon beaten off, and Tallyho had made Murillo safe before they came to the last turn, from whence he cantered in, winning, hard held, by many lengths.

SECOND RACE.—The Merchants' Cup and Purse, value ——, for Horses that have not won on the Green Point Course. Weight for age. Heats, one mile and a half. Entrance £1 10. Two horses to start, or no Race.

Capt. Knox's	c. h.	*Napoleon*,	6 years	...	1	2	2
Mr. Brink's	b. c.	*Jan de Boer*,	4 years	...	2	1	1
Mr. Hoffman's	b. c.	*Unknown*,	4 years	...	0	0	0
Mr. Meyburgh's	c. c.	*Noble*,	4 years, by *Sideboard*, dam by *Morisco*	..	0	0	0
Mr. Green's	b. c.	*Metternich*,	4 years, by *Metternich*	...	0	0	0

1*st Heat.*—Jan de Boer and Noble went away with the lead, Metternich lying close behind them for the first mile, when he died away. Noble soon after followed his example and Napoleon began to creep up. He had clearly the best of the race at the distance, but the Boer struggled manfully and was only beaten at last by half a length.

2*nd Heat.*—The heat was contested virtually only by Napoleon and Jan de Boer, but the heavy state of the course and the strong gale of wind in their teeth. were all in favor of the latter, who won easily by a length.

3*rd Heat.*—Won easily by Jan de Boer (alias John the Farmer.)

THIRD RACE.—The Turf Club Purse of £30, and Cradock Cup, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, H. F., for all Horses. Weight for age. Heats, two miles. Maidens allowed 7lbs. The winner to pay £5 to the Race Fund. If the winner of the race is an English horse, the Cradock Cup shall be given to the Cape-bred horse, which has the best of the Race.

Mr. Hoffman's	blk. h.	*Sideboard*,	6 years	...	1	2	3
Mr. Beyers's	b. c.	*Young O'Connell*,	4 years	...	2	3	2
Mr. L. Cloete's	b. h.	*Catalonian*,	5 years (allowed 7lbs.)		3	1	1

1*st Heat.*—O'Connell took the lead and kept it for a mile, when Sideboard began to close, but did not make his push till they reached the distance, when he came out, and after a good struggle won the heat cleverly by a neck. *Catalonian* being out-paced early in the race, saved his distance.

2*nd Heat.*—All three well together for about one mile and a half, when O'Connell began to drop, Catalonian then challenged Sideboard, and beat him easily by a length.

3*rd Heat.*—Won easily by Catalonian ; Sideboard being dead lame

---

SECOND DAY, *Wednesday*, *September* 18, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—His Excellency the Governor's Purse, of £25, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, H. F., for all Horses. Weight for age. Two Miles. A winner on the first day to carry 7lbs. extra.

Mr. Beyers'	b.	c.	*Young O'Connell,*	4 years ..	1	0
Mr. Hoffman's	g.	c.	*Wildrake,*	4 years ..	2	0

Wildrake the favourite, but he was evidently getting the worst of the race, when suddenly he fell about half a mile from home, and was of course distanced. The jockey was not much hurt—and the horse not at all.

SECOND RACE.—The Newmarket Sweepstakes, of £3 each, H. F., with £20 added by the Turf Club, for all Colonial-bred Horses. Heats, one mile. Six years old and aged Horses to carry 10st. 4lbs.; five years old, 10st.; four years old, 9st. 4lbs.; and three years old, 7st. 10lbs. A winner once, to carry 7lbs. extra; twice or oftener, 14lbs.

Mr. Hoffman's	c.	c.	*Murillo,*	3 years (7 lbs. extra) ...	1	1
Mr. Beyer's	b.	c.	*Young Tallyho,*	3 years (7 lbs. extra) ...	2	3
Mr. Green's	b.	c.	*Metternich,*	4 years ...	3	4
Mr. Brink's	b.	c.	*Jan de Boer,*	4 years (7 lbs. extra) ...	4	2
Mr. Meyburgh's	c.	c.	*Noble,*	4 years ...	5	3

1*st Heat.*—A good start and capital race all through, Murillo winning cleverly, by a length, the others well up.

2*nd Heat.*—An excellent race again, and won only by a half a head, the third and fourth being close at hand.

THIRD RACE.—The Welter Purse of £25, added to a Sweepstakes of £5 each, H. F., for all Colonial-bred Horses that have not won before the first day of the meeting. One Mile and a half. Six years old and aged horses to carry 11st. 3lbs.; five years old, 11st. 1lb.; four years old, 10st. 8lbs.; and three years old, 9st. 7lbs.

Mr. Cloete's	b.	h.	*Catalonian,*	5 years ..	1
Capt. Knox's	c.	h.	*Napoleon,*	6 years ..	2
Mr. Hoffman's	b.	c.	*Unknown,*	4 years ..	bolted.

Catalonian kept the lead for half a mile, when Napoleon closed with him and the two went along at a great pace through the deep ground. This told upon Napoleon before they came to the last quarter, and he was beaten easily by two lengths.

THIRD DAY, *Friday, September 20.*

FIRST RACE.—The Visitors' Handicap, made up by the Turf Club to £30, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each, H. F., for all Horses that have run during the meeting. To be handicapped by the Stewards. One Mile and a half.

Mr. Beyer's	b.	c.	*Young O'Connell,*	4 years	8	12	... 1
Mr. Hoffman's	g.	c.	*Wildrake,*	4 years	8	7	... 2
Mr. Beyer's	b.	c.	*Young Tallyho,*	3 years	7	0	... 3
Mr. Cloete's	b.	h.	*Catalonian,*	4 years	10	0	... 4
Mr. Brink's	b.	h.	*Jan de Boer,*	4 years	8	12	... 5
Mr. Hoffman's	c.	c.	*Murillo,*	3 years	7	0	... 6

All the horses got off well, except Murillo, who went out of the course and Tallyho who lost half a distance in the start. O'Connell and Wildrake made

running, and the pace was so good that Jan de Boer and Catalonian were many lengths in the rear before they got to the last turn. Wildrake was beaten at the distance, O'Connell winning easily by three lengths. Tallyho who had recovered his lost ground in a surprising manner, beat Catalonian by a length for the third place.

Time—3m. 2½s.

SECOND RACE.—The Consolation Purse of £20 given by His Excellency the Governor's Personal Staff, added to a Sweepstakes of £3 each, H. F., for all Colonial-bred Horses that have not won during the meeting. Heats, one mile. Same weights as for the Newmarket Sweepstakes. The winner to be sold for £100.—If to be sold for £80, allowed 5lbs.; if for £60, allowed 10lbs; if for £40, allowed 20lbs. The winner shall be put up to sale by auction, immediately after the Race, and whatever sum he may realize beyond the price in the Race, the same shall be added to the Race Fund.

Capt. Knox's	ch.	h.	*Napoleon,*	(£40)	...	1	1
Mr. Meyburg's	ch	h.	*Pilot,*	(£40)	...	2	3
Mr Brink's	ch.	h.	*Pioneer,*	(£40)	...	3	2
Mr. Green's	b.	h.	*Metternich,*	(£60)	...	4	4
Mr. Hoffman's	b	h.	*Unknown,*		...	bolted.	

1st Heat.—Two or three ran out of the course at starting, and the race was entirely between Napoleon and Pioneer up to the turn, when the latter gave way. Pilot took his place, but could not reach Napoleon, who won easily in 2m. 2s.

2nd Heat.—Won easily by Napoleon in 2m. 6s.

THIRD RACE.—The Hunters' Stakes, a Sweepstakes of £5 each. Open to all horses, that have been regularly hunted with the Union Hounds. Two Miles. 10st. 7lbs; a winner on the Green Point Course to carry 7lbs. extra. Three horses to start or no Race.

Mr. Holland's	b.	h.	*Mickey Free,*	(Mr. Woodgate) ...	1
Mr. Vigor's	b.	h.	*Don't Trust Me,*	...	2
Mr. ———	b.	h.	*Sandolle,*	...	3
Mr. ———	b.	h.	*Auctioneer,*	...	4
Mr. ———	gr.	h.	*Sir Harry,*	...	5

A very good race up to the distance, when Mickey Free, who had been going at his ease, came forward with the race in hand and won with great ease. The patience and judgment of his accomplished amateur jock were most commendable.

FOURTH RACE.—Hack Race, a Purse of £5, added to a Sweepstakes of £1 each. P. P. Post entrance for horses that have not won on the Green Point Course. Heats, half a mile. Gentlemen riders. Catch weights, not under 11st. The winner to be sold, if claimed, for £40.

Mr. Carson's	b.	h.	*Diamond,*	Mr. Vincent	...	1	3	2	3
Mr. R. Cloete's	b.	h.	*Baronet,*	Owner	...	2	2	4	0

Mr. Drever's	bl.	*Salonica,*	Mr. Marais	...	3	1	3	2
Mr. Nisbet's	b.	*Brilliant,*	Mr. G. Prince	...	4	4	5	0
Mr. Vigor's	b.	*Don't Trust Me,*	Mr. Woodgate	...	5	5	1	1

1*st Heat.*—Won cleverly by a length.

2*nd Heat.*—Won by half a length after a good race.

3*rd Heat.*—Won easily by Don't Trust Me, who, after his 2 miles in the Hunters' Stakes, had been judiciously nursed in the first two heats of this.

4*th Heat.*—Won by half a length and not without a shake.

The course was so extremely heavy on the first and second days of the Races, that the time cannot be given as any criterion of the actual speed of the horses engaged. It was much better on the third day, but not as it ought to have been.

WEIGHT FOR AGE FOR THE SPRING MEETING.

2 Years old	Feather	5 Years old	9st. 9 lbs.
3 ———	7st.	6 ———	10st. 1 lb.
4 ———	8st. 12lbs.	Aged	10st. 4 lbs.

CAPT. MAYDWELL,
MR. R. SULLIVAN,
MR. R. CLOETE, } *Stewards.*

FOURTH DAY, *Tuesday, November* 19, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Sillidar Cup. Arabs 10st.; Colonials 10st. 7lbs.; English 11st.; Maidens allowed 7lbs.; Mares 3lbs; and Geldings to carry 5 lbs. extra. Entrance 10 G. M., half forfeit, R. C. Professional jockeys to carry 3lbs. extra. 7 forfeits.

Mr. James's	g.	a.	h.	*Peshawur,*	10st.	Blue and Red, (Sir Walter)... 1
Mr. Johnson names	g.	a.	h.	*Zamor,*	9st. 10lbs.	Blue and Red (West) ... 2
Mr Kinloch's	c. n.s.w.		h.	*Prince Charles,*	10st. 7lbs.	Tartan, (Mr. Machell) ... 3
Mr. Francis's	g.	a.	h.	*Passover,*	9st 10lbs.	Red and Blue, (Barker) ... 4

Time—3m. 32s.

Peshawur jumped off with the lead which he kept, all the others close up, Peshawur winning by 2 lengths.

SECOND RACE.—The Give-and-Take. 10 G. M. each, 5 forfeit, 1 mile [illegible]

Mr. Hickey's	b.	a.	h.	*Roderick,*	[illegible] forfeit.
Mr. Fox's	g	a.	h.	*Rory O'More,*	

Sir C. Oakley's	b.	e.	h.	*Oregon,*	9st. 3lbs.	... 5
Mr. Rawlin's	g.	a.	h.	*Paragon,*	7st. 8lbs.	... 6
Mr. Hawksley's	g.	a.	h.	*Chanticleer,*	7st. 0lb.	... 7

1st half 57s., 2nd half 56s., 3rd half 57s.—Total, 2m. 50s. Won by half a length, and about 8 lengths between the 2nd and 3rd horses.

THIRD RACE.—Sweepstakes of 25 C. M. each. 10 forfeit for all Arabs. 9st 1 Mile. Maidens allowed 7lbs. 1 Nomination.

Mr. Johnson's	b.	h.	*Copenhagen,*	9st.	... 1
Mr. Hickey's	b.	h.	*Roderick,*	9st.	... 2

1st half 55s. The mile in 1m. 58s. Won easy.

FOURTH RACE.—Charger Stakes of 5 G. M. each. 10 G. M. added. ½ mile heats. 10st. 7lbs. G. R.

Mr. Need's	c.	a.	h.	*Barabbas,*	10st. 7lbs.	...	1 1
Mr. Boyd's	c.	a.	h.	*Selim,*	10st. 7lbs.	...	2 2
Capt. Chambre's	g.	a.	h.	*Snowdrop,*	10st. 7lbs.	...	3 3
Mr. Edward's	b.	a.	h.	*Saladin,*	10st. 7lbs.	...	4 4

1st heat won by a length, 2nd by half a length.

---

entirely between Napoleon and Pioneer up to the turn, when the latter gave way. Pilot took his place, but could not reach Napoleon, who won easily in 2m. 2s.

2nd Heat.—Won easily by Napoleon in 2m. 6s.

SECOND RACE.—The Shorts of 5 G. M. each. Arabs 10st. 7lbs.; Colonial 11st. English 12st. ½ mile heats. G. R.

Mr. James's	b.	a.	h.	*Wukeel,*	10st. 7lbs.	...	1 1
Mr. Sam's	b.	v.d.l.	h.	*Muley,*	11st. 0lbs.	...	2 2
Mr. Hawkslcy's	b.	e.	m.	*Volumina,*	11st. 11lbs.	...	3 dr.

Time—1st, 59m. by 2 lengths easy; 3rd, 59m. by a neck.

Muley only started for both heats. Wukeel had it all his own way for first heat; and won the last by a neck after a hard race for last 100 yards.

THIRD RACE.—A Sportsman's Purse of 10 G. M. for all Arabs. 8st. 7lbs., ¾ Mile. Maidens allowed 5lbs. Winner of Derby, G. G.'s Gilbert or Dragoon Cup of '49-50 to carry 7lbs. extra of any two 10lbs., of all 12lbs. Entrance 10 G. M., 5 forfeit.

Mr. Hickey's	b.	h.	*Roderick,*	8st. 7lbs.	...	1
Mr. Johnson's	g.	h.	*Rector,*	8st. 12lbs.	...	2
Mr. Hawksley's	g.	h.	*Chanticleer,*	8st. 7lbs.	...	3

Time—1st, ¼m. 27s., 2nd, ¾m. 1s.; 3rd, 26½m. by a length and a half.

going str[illegible] made the running at a great pace; at the ½m., he was 4 lengths in front get to the [illegible]n the straight running Rector closed up a little, but was unable to backing him freely [illegible]Much money changed hands on this event. The Rector party, [illegible] to 1 on him, finding no want of takers.

THIRD DAY, *Saturday, November* 16, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Ladies and Bachelors. No Declarations.

SECOND RACE.—The Champion Stakes of 25 G. M. each. 20 G. M. added for all horses. 9 stone 1¾ Miles. 3 Nominations.

Mr. Kinloch names	b. v.d.l. g.	*Lunatic*,	8st. 11lbs.	(Barker)	...	1
Mr. Johnson's	b. c. h.	*Pilot*,	2st.	(West)	...	2
Mr. Francis's	g. [illegible]	[illegible],	11st. 0lb.	...	1	1
Mr. John's	g. a. h.	*Rhoderick*,	10st. 7lbs.	...	2	drawn.
Mr. Frederick's	b. a. h.	*Remnant*,	11st. 0lb.	...	3	2

SECOND RACE.—A Cup given by His Highness the Rajah of Bhurtpoor, for all Arabs. Entrance 50 Rs., 8st. 7lbs. each. 1½ mile. Two horses *bonâ-fide* from different stables to run, or no race.

Mr. Francis's	b. a. h.	*Soldier Lad*,	8st. 7lbs.	..	1	
Mr. John's	g. a. h.	*Shere Sing*,	8st. 7lbs.	...	2	
Mr. Bland's	c. a. h.	*Easy Goer*,	8st. 7lbs.	...	3	

Run in 3m. 5s.

THIRD RACE.—Hack Purse of 4 G. M., 11st. each. Arabs allowed 7lbs. Entrance 1 G. M. ¾ mile heats. The winner to be sold for 400 rupees.

Mr. Littlefield's	g. a. g.	*Sir Hugh*,	10st. 4lbs.	...	1	2	2
Mr. Frederick's	b. a. h.	*Remnant*,	10st. 7lbs.	...	2	drawn.	
Mr. Francis's	g n.s w.	*Sailor Lad*,	10st. 4lbs.	...	3	1	1
Mr. Seth's	g. a. h.	*Nonparade*,	10st. 7lbs.	...	4	drawn.	

FOURTH RACE.—Poney Purse of 200 Rupees. Weight for inches. 13 hands. 9st. Entrance 8 Rs. ¼ mile heats.

SECOND DAY, *Tuesday, November* 12, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—The Taj Purse of 200 Rupees, for all Horses. Entrance 20 Rupees. 1¼ mile heats. Arabs and Country-breds 9st, Cape and N. S. Wales 9st. 7lbs., English 10st. 7lbs. The Winner of the Agra Purse or Bhurtpore Cup, to carry 5lbs. extra.

Mr. Francis's	g. a. h.	*Gay Lad*,	9st. 5lbs.	..	1	1	
Mr. John's	g. a. h.	*Shere Sing*,	8st. 7lbs.	...	2	2	
Mr. Bland's	g. c.b. h	*Nightshade*,	8st. 7lbs.	...	3	drawn.	

SECOND RACE.—A Cup given by Seth Lokmee Chund, for all Horses. Purse to try-breds and Arabs 9st., Cape and N. S Wales 10st, English 1[illegible] 50 Rupees. 1½ mile heats. The Winner of the Bhurtpore Cup

carry 5lbs. extra. Maidens allowed 7lbs., Mares and Geldings 3lbs. Two Horses to start *bonâ-fide* from different stables or no Race.

Mr. Francis's	b.	a.	h.	*Soldier Lad,*	9st. 5lbs.	...	1
Mr. Bland's	g.	a.	h.	*Easy Goer*	9st. 0lb.	...	2 drawn.
Mr. Seth's	g.	a.	h.	*Nonparade,*	8st. 7lbs.	...	3 drawn.

THIRD RACE.—Galloway Purse of 4 G. M. Entrance 1 G. M. Weight for inches. 14 hands. 9st. 7lbs. ¾ mile heats.

Mr John's	g.	a.	g.	*Rhoderick,*	13	3⅝	8	11	6	...	1	1
Mr. Francis's	g.	a.	h.	*Sweet Lad,*	13	3¼	8	12	4	...	2	2
Mr. Bland's	g.	c.b.	g.	*Old Clo,*	13	2¼	7	12.	12	...	3	3
Mr. Seth's	c.	a.	g.	*Mootee,*	13	2	8	0	0	...	4	4

FOURTH RACE.—Hack Purse of 4 G. M., for all Horses. 11st each. Arabs allowed 7lbs. Gentlemen riders. Entrance 16 Rupees. 1 mile heats. The winner to be sold for 400 Rupees. The Winner of Hack Purse, 1st day, to carry 5lbs. extra.

Mr. Littlefield's	g.	a.	g.	*Sir Hugh,*	... walked over.

MATCHES.

FIRST MATCH, A QUARTER OF A MILE.

Mr. Arthur's	g.	a.	h.	*Soubadar,*	12st. 0lb.	..	1
Mr. Hugh's	g	a.	g.	*Moselle,*	11st. 10lbs.	...	2

SECOND MATCH, HALF A MILE.

Mr. Arthur's	b.	a.	g.	*Qr. Master,*	9st. 12lbs.	.	1
Mr. Prettyman's	b.	a	g.	*Cupid,*	9st. 0lb.	..	2
Mr. Rawson's	b.	a.	g.	*Voltigeur,*	9st. 7lbs.	...	3

THIRD MATCH, HALF A MILE.

Mr. Hugh's	g.	a.	h.	*Comrade.*	11st. 10lbs.	...	1
Mr. Prettyman's	g.	a.	h	*Fly-by-night,*	10st. 7lbs.	...	2

ED. SISSMORE,
Secretary.

UMBALLA SKY RACES.

FIRST DAY, *Friday, November* 29, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—Purse of 5 G. M. for all Horses. ¾ Mile. 10st. 7lbs. Entrance 1 G. M.

Mr Slender's	g.	a.	h.	*Spectre,*	(Mr. Garstin) ...	1
Major Frederick's	b.	a.	h.	*Chinaman,*	(Major Nembhard)...	2

A good start, the horses making severe running to the ¼ mile from home, where the pace slackened to a common canter, the nags being untrained ; at the distance post they again put on the steam, Spectre winning a well-contested race by a head.

Time—1m. 40s.

SECOND RACE.—Give and Take. A Purse of 4 G. M for horses that never won public money. 14 hands to carry 10 stone. ¾ Mile. Entrance 1 G. M.

Mr. Slender names	g.	a.	h.	*Khurrymuttee,*	10st. 3lbs. (Mr. Warner) ...	1
Major Frederick's	c.	a.	h,	*Harlequin,*	9st. (Major Nembhard)	2
Mr. Yorkshire's	b.	a.	h.	*Boots,*	10st. (Major Nembhard)	3

Khurrymuttee and Harlequin off at the word at a rattling pace, running out the ½ mile in a minute ; here Khurrymuttee's stride told, the little chesnut (who could not be held) being fairly cut down. Khurrymuttee winning very easily—Boots who lost at least 20 lengths at starting, beaten off.

Time—1m. 40s.

THIRD RACE.—Hurry Skurry, 2 G. M. from the Fund. ¼ mile heats. Entrance 1 G. M. No dismounting between heats. C. W.

Captain Bones'	g.	a.	h.	*Sir Harry,*	(Mr. Warner) ...	1	3 4
Mr Owen's	g.	c b.	p	*Pale-face,*	(Major Nembhard) ..	2	2 3
Mr. Yorkshire's	c.	c.b.	h.	*Rob Roy,*	——— ...	3	4 2
Mr. Slender names	b.	a.	h.	*Peishwa,*	(Mr. Garstin) ...	4	1 1
Major Frederick's	b.	c.b.	h	*Wall Eye,*	did not start.		

1st Heat.—A beautiful race with the first three, Sir Harry winning by a nose.

2nd Heat.—Sir Harry, Pale-face and Rob Roy, neck and neck to the distance post, where Peishwa went up, headed his horses in a few more strides and won cleverly by a neck.

3rd Heat.—Peishwa full of running won this heat by a length, scarcely a pin to choose between the other three who almost ran a dead heat for 2nd place.

Time—1st heat, 29½s.—2nd heat. 30s.—3rd heat, 22s.

SECOND DAY, *Saturday, November* 30, 1850.

FIRST RACE.—Forced Handicap for all Horses that started the previous day. ¼ mile heats. Entrance 20 Rs., half forfeit.

Major Frederick's	b.	a.	h.	*Chinaman*	10st 2lbs.	(Mr. Garstin)...	1 1
Mr. Owen's	g.	c.b.	h.	*Pale-face,*	9st.	(Owner) ...	2 2

Mr. Yorkshire's	b. a. h.	*Boots*,	9st. 7lbs. (Owner)	...	3 3
Maj. Frederick's	b. c.b. h.	*Wall Eye*,	8st. 7lbs. (Ditto)	...	4 4
Mr. Slender's	g. a. h.	*Pasha of Egypt* (late *Khurrymuttee*),	11st.	...	drawn.
Mr. Slender's	g. a. h.	*Spectre*,	10st. 7lbs.	...	ditto
Mr. Slender's	b. a. h.	*Peishwa*,	10st.	...	ditto
Maj. Frederick's	c. a. h.	*Harlequin*,	9st. 12lbs.	...	ditto
Capt. Bones's	g. a. h.	*Sir Harry*,	9st.	...	ditto
Mr. Yorkshire's	c. c.b. h.	*Rob Roy*,	8st. 7lbs.	...	ditto

1*st Heat.*—Chinaman and Wall Eye made play at a strong pace the 1st quarter mile, where the latter gave way, Pale-face then went up to the bay and forced the running, Chinaman winning a beautiful race by a head. Boots a very good third.

Time—1 minute.

2*nd Heat.*—Chinaman made all the running, about a 100 yards from home Pale-face challenged, but was cleverly beaten by a neck.

SECOND RACE.—Gram Purse of 20 Rs. for all Line-horses. ¼ mile heats. Entrance 5 Rs. No dismounting between heats.

Major Frederick's	*Doorjun Sing*,	(Major Nembhard)	...	1 3 1
Mr. Slender's	*Shah-in-Shah*,	(Mr. Garstin)	...	2 1 2
Mr. Slender's	*Mota*,		...	3 3 3
Mr. Seedy's	*Ramdeen*,		...	4 4 4
Mr. Yorkshire's	*Durriow Sing*,		...	5 6 5
Mr. Quintin's	*Quintin Durward*,		...	6 2 6

Rare Sport. Officers choosing their nags from the lines, some of the animals full unto bursting, the Jacks having blown them out with gram, chuppatees and water, under the impression it would improve their running in the morning. 1*st* and 3*rd Heats* well contested.

THIRD RACE.—Hurdle Race. Purse of 4 G. M. ¼ Mile. 6 hurdles 3 feet 6 inches high. Entrance 1 G. M. 10st. 7lbs.

Mr. Yorkshire's	c. c.b. h.	*Rob Roy*,	(Maj. Nembhard)		1
Mr. Slender's	b. a. h.	*Peishwa*,	(Mr. Garstin)	...	0
Mr. Owen's	g. c.a.b. p.	*Grey Momus*, 9st. 7lbs.	(Owner)	...	0
Mr. Quintin's	g. a. h.	*Spectre*,	(Ditto)	...	4
Maj. Frederick's	g. a. h.	*Mameluke*,		...	drawn.

Spectre away with the lead at racing pace, his rider losing a stirrup had no control over him, and the horse refusing the first hurdle, his chance was gone. Peishwa led over the 1st jump, but refused the second ; Rob Roy, who took all his jumps steadily, going in an easy winner several lengths in advance of Peishwa and Grey Momus who ran a dead heat for 2nd.

AUTHORITIES FROM WHICH THE RACING CALENDAR IS COMPILED.

Bangalore Races	*Madras Athenæum.*
The Paharpore Races—1850	*Morning Chronicle.*
Kurrachee Races	*Kurrachee Advertiser.*
Sonepore Races	*Morning Chronicle.*
Spring Meeting of the South African Turf Club	*Ditto.*
Lahore Races	*Lahore Chronicle.*
Agra Races	*Delhi Gazette.*
Umballa Sky Races	*Mofussilite.*
Ferozepore Races	*Delhi Gazette.*
Cawnpore December Meeting—1850.	*Ditto.*